

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



NEWSLETTER 120th EDITION OCTOBER 2011

PRESIDENT

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Headquarters Squadron

63rd Squadron

Charles Rauch (2012)
Robert R. Richardson (2013)

64th Squadron

Robert W. Cooper (2012)
Charles F. McClenny (2013)

65th Squadron

James W. Eide (2012)
Samuel F. Commons (2013)

403rd Squadron

Robert P. Mangan (2012)
Francis J. Drab (2013)

Past Presidents

Robert Butler 1981-1984*
George L. White 1985-1987*
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
Eldon "Bud" Lawson 2009-2010
*=Deceased

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

The 2011 Reunion in Arlington, VA/Washington DC is now apart of the 43rd history. Approximately 76 members and family attended, a listing of all attendees is in the Reunion Report below. It was a fun-filled Reunion. Many thanks to **Susan and Michael** for their many hours of planning.

Robert Richardson of Willington, NC will become your President on January 1, 2012.

Arvid Houghlum

Arvid, I will once again take advantage of your laconic writing to tell of your final adventure at the reunion.

An e-mail to you dated 9/22/2011:

Dear **Arvid and Gerry**, it seems that every reunion must have a BOO-BOO. The one that occurred, the final night, during the Dinner/Dance was a LU-LU!!!!

I was very embarrassed and wish to apologize for the omission of the presentation of your cane. As we were closing down, I was called to accept a gift, after which I asked "What about the cane?"

Michael rushed back behind the area where all of the awards were and brought me the cane. I made a short speech about the tradition of presenting a cane to a retiring officer. After which, I asked you to come forward and receive one of Joe Snyder's masterpieces.

When there was no reply, my comment was "This isembarrassing!" Which brought a bit of laughter, as someone told the audience that you were departing at 5:00 in the morning and had retired for the night.

I am very sorry for how your cane was delivered! I hope you will forgive all of us. Ed
For the reader's information, it required some heavy knocking on the door with my metal cane to awaken Arvid.
An e-mail from Arvid, dated Sept. 22, 2011—"No Problem. I liked the way you delivered it" Now there is a true forgiving gentlemen!

*******BOARD OF DIRECTORS*******

Minutes of the board of directors meeting on September 16, 2011 at 6:30 PM, in the Reagan Room of the Sheraton National Hotel, 900 South Orme Street, Arlington, Virginia.

ATTENDEES: Arvid Houghlum, President; Edward Gammill, Secretary; Charles Rauch, 63rd Director; Richard Richardson, 63rd Director; Robert Cooper, 64th Director; James Eide, 65th Director; Robert Mangan, 403rd Director, attended the reunion but fell ill prior to the Director meeting;

Susan Lanson and Michael La Vean, 2011 Reunion Hostess and Host and Nancy Solomon, 2010 Reunion Hostess.

Members and Guest: James Dieffenderfer, Scott Dieffenderfer, "Jimmee Dee" Dieffenderfer, Sylvia Chatterton, Sid Briere, Scott Miller and Dr. Sharon Leon.

1-Dr. Leon, History Department, Science and News Media Center of George Mason University, proposed initiating the recording Ken's Men oral history and reported the status and continuation of scanning data, diaries, photos and any other information concerning the history fo the 43rd Bomb Group. The storage of prior submitted material is now complete and the oral history was initiated by Scott Miller during this reunion.

2-Susan Lanson presented the physical and financial status of the 2011 Arlington, VA Reunion. Even though there were many problems with finances, Susan reported the program slightly under budget with expected additional income and very limited future cost. Considering the problems they faced, due to the banking and scheduling, Susan and Michael deserved the "**WELL DONE!**" delivered by the Board.

3-Scott Miller presented the plans for oral/video interviews with 43rd Bomb Group veterans. This is an on going operation for the George Mason :University archives.

4-A motion, to approve the 2010 Board Meeting minutes, as published in the October 2010r Newsletter, was made by James Eide, second by Robert Richardson and passed.

5-The Membership Committeeman reported issuing only one invitation and the signing of no new members during the 2010/2011 period. The Association Mailing List, recently received from Elain Pierce, yields this summary of membership status: **222-LIFE MEMBERS, 121-COMPLIMENTARY MEMBERS, 80-2011 DUES CURRENT MEMBERS, 57-DELINQUENT DUES MEMBERS. TOTAL MEMBERS=480**

As a point of interest, in the 1988 Roster (the earliest in my collection) there were **1400 members**. The 2005 Roster (the last issue) there were **745 members**.

6- Prior to the Treasurer's Report, the Secretary read the following message from Treasurer "Bud " Lawson.

"After attending the 43rd Reunions for 27 consecutive years, since 1984, I would like to be there with you today, but I'll make this brief. My wife, Betty is home-bound, and she is barely ambulant. I must be herewith her. Although we have the means to employ caretakers, that is just not our choice. Betty has had serious medical problems since her heart by-pass surgery several years ago. She was hospitalized three times in the months before the Orlando Reunion. After the Orlando reunion, she asked me not to be away from her again. After 67 years of marriage her wish is my command. As for my role as Treasurer, I will continue as long as I am needed. I would like to go on record with all the names of the many who have made this association one of the very best. But those names are too numerous to list here. To all of you until we meet again, GOD BLESS YOU!!"

Eldon E. Lawson

Due to the confusion concerning the installation of a new Treasurer and relieving Elain Pierce/Wilson Motors of much of their activities, this accounting can only be from data furnished by COMMUNITY BANK OF SNYDER. Our account balance **August 31, 2010 was \$27,678.31**. It was necessary to cash the Money

Mkt. Acct #1130676 to be able to issue \$10,000 startup funds for the 2011 Reunion. Banking activities for the year has resulted in an account balance **August 31, 2011 of \$20,726.29.**

NEW BUSINESS

1-The Secretary must apologize, for I did not remember that squadron Directors are elected for three year terms. Therefore the status of the squadrons required no action.

2-At the General Meeting the Nominating Committee will recommend the following to be our 2012-2013 officers: Robert Richardson for President, Vice President will remain open, Eldon "Bud" Lawson for Treasurer and Edward Gammill for Secretary.

3-The limited data received from Elaine indicated that our quarterly expenditure is approximately \$1200. The major cost item is printing and mailing the quarterly newsletter. A motion to issue the newsletter on a biannual schedule was made and passed.

Starting in 2012, only two newsletters, January and July issues will be published and mailed by Elaine. . Also, it was proposed that some time in the future, the newsletter will be made available on our website or a new venue will be created specifically for the newsletter, there by, avoiding printing and postage cost. Once this is accomplished everyone will be able to log on the internet, either from your own computer or use your local library computer, for this information

4-Kens Men website <<http://www.kensmen.com>> will continue with Tracy as the Web Master.

5-Since our BY LAWS and CERTIFICATE OF INCORPORATION are anchored in Texas, the COMMUNITY BANK OF SNYDER will continue as our bank. We do not wish to go through what we did this past year with the changing of Treasurers. **Moving out of Texas would be far more difficult.**

6-There has been extensive correspondence with Michael Musumeci concerning placing a memorial at the Mareerba Airport to honor the men who died ,September 14, 1942, in the crash of B-17 "Hoomaliali. The crash and explosion occurred just after takeoff. This is thought to be the first complete crew lost by the 43rd Bomb Group. The crew had joined the 63rd Squadron just one month prior to the crash.

There was much discussion and some disagreement about honoring Michael's request for \$1700 financial assistance. Michael's request was partially resolved by a motion by Jim Dieffenderfer and second by Jim Rodella to provide \$500, which was approved by a unanimous vote. Two \$500 pledges from un-named members for a total of \$1500 will be sent in support of the HOOMALIMALI MEMORIAL. The text and photograph of the Memorial is an attachment.

7-Michael La Vean present the story of the monuments on the Main Drive into Arlington and the dedication of a tree with a memorial plaque. Michael asked the Directors to provide funds, for one or the other, to honor and recognize the 43rd Bomb Group. The Board agreed to set aside \$3000 and directed Jim Dieffenderfer to investigate placing a tree with plaque in Arlington.

OLD BUSINESS

The Secretary reported this years correspondence with **Larry Hickey** concerning the status of our history book. Larry was told of our declining membership and this possibly being our last reunion. Larry was ask to publish and send a copy, or if not possible, to send an unedited draft copy, for display at the reunion.

The day before I departed for Arlington, I received the attached e-mail from Larry. It sounds good, but we must wait to see if true. I am still hopeful.

Minutes of the General on Sunday, September 18, 2011 at 1:30 PM in the Memorabilia Room, Sheraton National Hotel, 900 South Orme Street, Arlington, Virginia.

President Arvid Hougum called the meeting to order and gave a brief report and directed the various officers and committeeman to report the past years activities.

REPORTS

1-The Secretary's Report-A motion from the floor to accept the minutes as published in the October 2010 Newsletter was made and seconded. The motion passed with the thanks from a grateful Secretary.

2-Treasurer's Report-Prior to the report "Bud" Lawson ask that this message be read to the attendees;

"Good morning . I'm sure t you've all enjoyed another fine reun I am so sorry that I could not attend this year. As a member of the 43rd Association since August 1981, I planned to attend the first one in San Antonio in December 1981. But could not make one until 1984. It was there in the D.C. area and I've been fortunate to attend all for the past 27 years.

"We have all recently been re-minded of the 10th anniversary of that terrible attack of Sept. 11, 2001. It is still one more reminder of the price of freedom. But, sadly, our traditional American pursuit of freedoms, as the "separation of church and state" issue is so often mis-interpreted and as so many other issues, needs more passionate support by our government. The best counter-attack, to strengthen these traditional American values, is more diligence of the role of the schools and other public groups to assure that freedom of religion and patriotic traditions are accurately presented. We must continue to support the VFW, American Legion, and all religious meeting places, the axiom of "The Truth Shall Make You Free" demands that lessons of history cannot be de-valued by revisionism.

"I do not know if the 43rd will host another reunion, and if there is one, how many of us can attend? Our **Chaplain Roland "SMOKIE-ONE" Fisher** will have a fine message for you today. My association with all of you and the 43rd Bomb Group, in war and peace, has been of high honor for me. Thank you all. Have a good, safe trip home. 'till we meet again!"

Eldon

After finishing reading Bud/s remarks, the Secretary reviewed the data and proposals made during the Director's Meeting. President Houghlum asked for comments. There was agreement that we should continue as directed by the Board.

3-Susan Lanson gave a brief report of the physical and financial status of the 2011 Reunion.

4-The Membership Committeeman gave his report

NEW BUSINESS

1-President Houghlum reported the Board of Directors offered the following candidates for Officers of the Association: President-Robert Richardson, Vice President-remains open, Treasurer-Eldon "Bud" Lawson and Secretary-Edward Gammill. When President Houghlum asked for nominations from the floor, there was no response. The President declared, by executive order, that the membership approved the 2012-2013 officers as presented.

2-The floor was open for discussion of a 2012 Reunion. After much talk, **Jim Rodella** presented a motion to have the reunion in Dayton, OH, The motion was seconded by **Jim Dieffenderfer**. The call for a vote resulted in an approval and the direction to investigate utilizing ARMED FORCES REUNIONS, INC. To handle our nest reunion. **Robert Cooper** has attended two reunions handled by this organization and reports that they do a good job. Your Secretary will start the activity, if you have any desires, wishes, concerns or recommendations, please send me an e-mail

UNFINISHED BUSINESS

The Secretary read the pertinent parts of the attached e-mail from Larry Hickey.

THE WASHINGTON DC-ARLINGTON VIRGINIA REUNION

My daughter, Hazel, and I arrived in the evening of September 15. After we settled in, we went to the dinning room and were joined by Susan and Michael. Received a briefing on the reunion status and finished the evening at a very good "Watering Hole" in the hotel.

September 16--When I looked out the window of our room, I saw approximately a city block of old one and two story brick homes siting in middle of the hotel and government buildings. On beyond these homes, in our view, the WWI Navy Buildings, the Air Force Memorial, the Pentagon and the Washington Monument. Also, older sections of the Arlington National Cemetery were in view. We were told that the WWI Navy Buildings and the old neighborhood would ultimately be eliminated and the area would become a part of

Arlington Cemetery.

After assisting in setting-up the Sign In Table and Memorabilia Room, which by the way, was not as spectacular as previous reunions because "Bud" Lawson was unable to attend, Hazel and I walked to the Air Force Memorial. As I strolled around taking photos, I stopped at the Medal of Honor Wall. The listing of Air Force recipients starts with WWI and continues on to the present. Three names came to my attention immediately: **Kenneth N. Walker, Joseph R. Sarnoski and Jay Zeamer, Jr.** all three were Kents Men. I wondered how many units, Army, Navy or Marines, had three Medal of Honor recipients in their history!

When we returned to the hotel, the Marine Corp had arrived! There were Marines, all in full dress uniforms, from colonels on down. All had lots of fruit salad on their chest, but there was only one who the gathering was for.--**Sgt. Dakota Meyer**, who had just been awarded the Medal of Honor. Sgt. Meyer and all of the Marines visited with the 43rd people. It was very good get together.

Jo Bachi made an impression on one of the colonels, when she told him, "My, the Marines of today are taller, have broader shoulders and are more handsome than they were back in my courting days".

We met **SFC Paul Geiger II** who was in charge of the AF ROTC Cadets; **Charlie Carley, Ian Madison, Wayne Mowery, Robert Nesko, Todd O'Brien, Jessica Rothmeier and Gal Zeira**. These young folks, with the permission of Col. Robert Pecoraro, USAF Commander of the local AF ROTC, volunteered to participate in our reunion. They provided help and assistance during all activities of the reunion. They did an excellent service to those who were using canes, walkers and wheel chairs.

At Susan's suggestion, Bob Cooper gave SFC Geiger and each Cadet one of the small metal/ceramic 43rd Bomb Group Insignia and the 64th Squadron patch. Bob proclaimed all to be honorary members of the Group and of his 64th Squadron.. They wore the patches continually during the reunion.

We spent the remainder of the day visiting with new arrivals and ended the day with the Board of Directors Meeting.

September 17--Prior to departing, the wreaths were brought into the Memorabilia Room. It was a beautiful floral arrangement. A bright blue sash, which had gold "**43rd Bomb Group**" printed on it. The sash ran diagonally across the circular arrangement. A card, at the bottom of the sash, had the 43rd Insignia on the cover. When opened all Kents Men had signed the card! The wreaths were placed on one of our buses and we boarded (one full and one half size). Susan was narrator for the large bus and Michael was the narrator for the smaller bus. First stop--the Air Force Memorial, where the cameras became very busy. **USAF Col. Robert Pecoraro, Marine Col. Peter Collins, LTC Mathew Rodman** with **SFC Paul Geiger** acting as proffer, presented the Asiatic Pacific Campaign Medal, the Army Presidential Unit Citation and the Philippine Presidential Unit Citation to each 43rd veterans present.

Historical information: The 43rd Bomb Group was awarded four Presidential Unit Citations: Southwest Pacific Area, Battle of the Bismarck Sea, Huon Peninsula Campaign and The Army Air Force in World War II and eleven Battle Stars on the Asiatic Pacific Campaign Medal.

Arvid Houghlum and Jim Dieffenderfer, with the aid of SFC Paul Geiger, placed a wreath at the base of one of the Memorial spires. After which, we boarded the buses and departed for Arlington National Cemetery.

The buses arrived and we were escorted, by **Colonel Charles Comelisse, USAF Senior Chaplin** and **Captain Anthony Wade, USAF Chaplin** Arlington National Cemetery, to all of our destinations.

LTC Stevenson, USA of Arlington was very helpful in providing grave site locations and securing permission for the 43rd to utilize private buses in the cemetery. Our Memorial Service would not have been possible without his assistance.

A Memorial Service was conducted at these grave sights; **Kenneth Walker, Jay Zeamer**, The crew of B-24 S/N 42-40475 --**Robert Colman, Kenneth Cassidy, Irving Schechner, George Walinder, Paul Miecias, Albert Caruso, William Fraser, Robert Frank, Robert Morgan, Joseph Thompson and Ronald Ward**; The crew of B-24 S/N 42-40972--**William Hafner, Arthur Armacost, David Eppright, Charles Feucht, James Lascelles, Wilburn Rozzell, Alfred Hill, William Cameron and Raymond Cisneros**; The crew of B-24 S/N 42-40886--**Richard Heuss, Robert Miller, Robert Streckenbach, Edward French, Charles Bode, Ivan Kirkpatrick, Roy Suriban, William Musgrave, James Moore and Lucian Oliver, Jr.** Followed

by services for Susan's father **Leo** d "**Johnny**" **Clark**, **Nicolas Arabink** id **Arthur Curran**.

At each grave site Colonel Comelisse, a family member and a selected person placed the wreath, which was followed by a short message. An example: **Colonel Peter Collins, USMC** accompanied **Barbara Zeamer** for the Memorial to Jay Zeamer. Col. Collins made the closing message for the Jay Zeamer Memorial Service.. Col. Collins also represented the Culver Academy, from which, he and Jay Zeamer graduated.

This was the procedure of conduct for all grave site Memorials.

Susan invited me to assist her in placing the Memorial Tribute at her father's grave. It was a special honor, for which, I thank you and shall always remember.

Our Memorial Service ended with the sounding of TAPS as render by SFC Paul Geiger. As those emotional 27 notes, echoed off the many head stones, there was not a dry eye as Col. Charles Comelisse, USAF, Senior Chaplain, gave the final prayer.

As we departed Arlington, a WWI poem by John McCrae seemed to be appropiate. The following is an excerpt:

*In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly*

Box Lunches and on to the World War II Memorial. There was a large crowd and we made quite entrance as we gathered at the Pacific Pavilion. The Kens Men lined up, with a wreath on display, it was spectacular. The crowd was large and the photoing and cheering was equal to an Oscar opening. As we departed the Memorial, the wreath was placed at waters edge. A busy day ended with the Squadron Meetings.

Afterwards, while lounging in the hotel Watering Hole, the TV suddenly displayed our spot lighted wreath on waters edge with a news story about the honoring of WWII veterans! Thus ended a very successful and emotional day.

September 18--After brunch in the Memorabilia Room, Michael La Vean opened the meeting with some informal discussions and some presentations. **Douglas Walker**, son of BG Kenneth Walker, gave a report on his MIA activity. He asked for information and support to help close the many outstanding MIA cases.

Bob Butler's son, **Greg** presented the 43rd Bomb Group Association a flag which was flown over the United States Capitol on September 11, 2011. Jim Dieffenderfer thankfully accepted. The flag will be added to our archives. The certificate honoring the 43rd Bomb Group Association is an attachment.

LTC Richard Dunn, USAF Ret told of the P-38 activity at Rabaul and of the need for and the developement of self sealing fuel tanks for our aircraft.

LTC Mathew Rodman, USAF, Professor of History at the Air Force Academy, spoke about the History of the 43rd Bomb Group . He also present a review of his book "**A WAR OF THEIR OWN**".

Jimmee Dee presented LTC Rodman a copy of the **DOWN UNDER** for his 43rd History collection.

Both speakers donated autographed copies of their books, which were prizes in a raffle later. Following the General Meeting, a Memorial service was conducted; The following members answered the "FINAL ROLL CALL" in 2011. There were no reported death in the **63rd SQUADRON!**

Betty Bavor read the names for **HEADQUARTERS SQUADRON-C. McAllister, Georgia DeRusha Wife of Larry, Gordon Francis Bavor.**

Robert Cooper presented the **64TH SQUADRON**—**Jesse James Fulton, Gladys Stevens Wife of Edwin, Emma Mozelle Grubb Wife of Ralph, John Q. McCabe, J. B. Young, John "Davey" Crockett, Nick Malouta, Jane S. Burnett Wife of Russell.**

Jim Eide read the names for the **65th SQUADRON**—**Albert Pepe, Eugene Murari, J. T. Young and Kathy Jamison Wife of Tom.**

Joe Snyder read the names of the 403rd SQUADRON—Anna Marie, Mark Wife of Leonard, Belford M. Frisby, Lillian Mae Frisby Wife of Belford, Jack K. Miniere, William L. Welch, and Everett Lind.

Nothing beautiful in this world is ever lost...Those we cherish will always live on in our hearts and memory.

Chaplain Roland "SMOKIE ONE" Fisher's message was read by Rick Lloyd. His voice broke up a few times and there were many teary eyes. Roland's complete message is presented as a stand alone attachment, for I know many of you will wish to remove it and add this to Roland's previous messages.

September 19—During an early morning Buffet Breakfast, Justin Taylan, Pacific War Researcher and Traveler and the man behind PacificWrecks.com was our guest speaker. Justin told of his search and involvement in finding, gathering data from many sources which is logged into his website. It has become an excellent research and data source for anyone who is trying to find missing, lost, found aircraft and personnel. If you have not made a visit to <PacificWrecks.com> Do so, you are in for a real treat..

The remainder of the day was free time to visit, plan for the night or rest from all of the previous activities. The photography session started in early evening and at 7:00; Dinner Dance in the Galaxy Room on the 16th floor of hotel. What a beautiful view of the city!

Michael and Susan accompanied by Major General Delfin Lorenzana, from the Embassy of the Philippines welcomed all at the entrance.

After everyone settled down, Captain Anthony Wade, USAF Chaplain, Arlington National Cemetery deliver the invocation for the evening meeting. After which, Michael made opening remarks and introduced our guest. When MG Darrien McDew, USAF, Commander Air Force District of Washington was introduced, we learned that he was a former Commander of the 43rd. After his introduction, he and his Aide Major Justin Mokrovich walked around the room and talked to everyone as he shook their hand.

After a brief talk, General Lorenzana awarded the Philippine Liberation Medal to all 43rd veterans who had served in the Philippine Campaign and for some reason had not received the medal.

An excellent dinner was served, after which, General McDew talked of the 43rd, the Air Force and things of interest. General McDew then called several Kens Men forward and awarded them medals, which for some reason, had not been properly handled while they were in the service. During the fluid conditions of moving under combat conditions, this type of oversight was common. These men submitted the proper claims and the Air Force made the correction.

The program continued and as a final presentation, Susan surprisingly called me to the front. She made a very nice speech about my assistance and service as your Secretary and gave me a Kodak pulse))) digital frame. I have set it up and in use at the present. Thank you for an excellent means to review photos and data at my desk!

Then the *#@(% hit the fan, I asked about Arvid's cane! You know the rest from the message in the PRESIDENTS REPORT.

As I headed to Arvid's room, General McDew was making his goodbye tour of all present. When he came to me, he asked to see the cane. Joe, he was impressed with your wood working talent. As we walked out of the room, I was able to tell him about the time at the 2008 Atlanta Reunion, when all Kens Men were confused about how one could tell, who was who, when there was no indication of rank on the battle dress..

I hope you recall the story: "As I approached the elevator, a very large soldier, who had his back to me, as he entered before me. I ask, "How do you tell what rank a man is?" as he turned, I saw the two stars on the front of his jacket/shirt and exclaimed, "My GOD you are a Major General!" He laughingly advised me all identifiable insignia was attached so it could be removed easily. BG McDew also had a good laugh at this tale as we parted our ways.

By the time I returned to the Galaxy Room, the party was breaking up. A tired, but happy bunch of Kens Men headed for the sack.

September 20—Departures all day long, Hazel and I bid many good friends good by with hopes of meeting again in 2012. We departed Reagan Airport at 5:00 PM. When the good looking Flight Attendant asked if I

wished something to drink, I ordered Daniels on the Rocks. I usually only drink water on flights, but I just felt it was time to give all Kens Men a WELL DONE toast.

When I attempted to pay for the drink, she replied. "This one is on me! I like your tie!" The 43rd insignia on my jacket and the B-17 tie finally received the attention they deserve! It was a good feeling. As I departed the airplane, I thanked her again. She thanked me for the Kens Men card and promised to be on our website, as soon as possible, to learn more about the 43rd Bomb Group.

We arrived back home tired, but safe and sound. I wish to say, thank you to all who attended and a special THANK YOU to Susan and Michael for a WONDERFUL REUNION!

By the way we only had one casualty, Bob Mangan had a dizzy spell and fall, which required him being absent for awhile. Even though the bath tubs were as slippery as those in Florida last year, Jimmee Dee and I did not receive an Oak Leaf Cluster to be added to our Knights of The Order of Slippery Bathtub.

The list of 2011 Reunion attendees is Attachment 1. The following are the speakers and guest who participated in the events of the reunion. All Kens Men thank you!

Major General Darrien McDew, USAF, Commander Air Force District of Washington. The General is a former Commander of the 43rd.

Major General Delfin Lorenzana, Embassy of the Philippines

Colonel Peter Collins, USMC

Colonel Robert Pecoraro, USAF, Commander of AF ROTC Air Force District of Washington. The Colonel is a former Squadron Commander in the current 43rd.

Colonel Charles Comelisse, USAF, Senior Chaplain of Arlington National Cemetery

LTC Mathew Rodman, USAF, Professor of History at the Air Force Academy.

LTC Richard Dunn, USAF Ret.

LTC Stevenson, US Army, Arlington National Cemetery

Major Justin Mokrovich, USAF, MG McDew's Aide de Camp

Captain Anthony Wade, USAF, Chaplain, Arlington National Cemetery

SFC Paul Geiger, US Army

Dr. Jack Censer, Dean of Arts and Sciences, George Mason University

Scott Miller, George Mason Center for History and News Media

Dr. Sharon Leon, George Mason Center for History and News Media

Justin Taylan, Pacific War Researcher <PacificWrecks.com>

Sid Briere, Photographer

*****EDITOR'S AND MEMBER'S REPORT*****

"In questions of power, let no more be heard of confidence in man, but bind him from mischief by the chains of the CONSTITUTION." —Thomas Jefferson

In early July, I received the first of the expanded duties, i.e., all correspondence, dues, etc. should be addressed to me as noted in the INFORMATION section.

The first was: **Robert E. Flahart, 63rd Squadron, Aircraft Maintenance**, who sent his 2011 dues. A note from Geraldine: "He will be 95 years old in September and finds it hard to write."

Geraldine

George L. Sether, 63rd Squadron, Radio Operator sent his annual dues. July 22, I received 2010 and 2011 dues from **H. Grant Scoggins, Co-Pilot, 43rd**. July 25, **William McMurray, 63rd Squadron, A/C Maint**, paid his 2011 dues.

August 27, I received **Elmer J. Schwalbach's** 2011 dues. Since the data is not in the 2005 Roster, I do not know Elmer's squadron or duties with the 43rd.

Since I do not know the status of your dues payment, I request that you review your present status. Look at the notation on the address label of your Newsletter envelope, there is a code **"PD11 or LIFE" if it is less,**

then you are not up to date! I hope you will correct this soon.

At the 2011 Board of Directors Meeting a motion, to place a 5 year limit on non payment of dues, was passed. Therefore, if your dues are in arrears for 5 years or more, you will be dropped from our mail list. The Board also wants Life and Comp recipients to indicate your wish to continue receiving the newsletter. Because undeliverable mail is not returned by the Post Office, no response will indicate that the address can be dropped. We must reduce the mail cost.

Sometime in the near future, one of the late Bill Wilson's famous "BAD BOYS LIST" will be issued. I hope you will not be one!

On July 7, **Tony Fairbairn**, author of the B-58 article in the July Newsletter sent the following: "Thank you so much for the bumper bundle of material which arrived safely. I'm also grateful that you included my request for stories from the Group and look forward to hearing from anyone who feels they have a story to tell. I found your WW2 memories very interesting and you certainly had a different war in Australia. Loved the Irish girl joke--& so did my wife!

"You are quite correct in saying that the 43rd spent time in the UK during the Cold War and this was in the form of deployments. I looked up, the 43rd, in a very good book I have. It is entitled **Force For Freedom--The USAF in the UK Since 1948** by **Michael J. Bowyer** and found the following information:

"1949--As part of the regular USAF deployment rotation, the 43rd BG formed part of the Fifth TDY Deployment to the UK from Aug--Nov 49 with B-50As and KB-29Ms. The 63rd BS went to Sculthorpe (where the B-50s included Lucky Lady II); the 64th BS to Marham; and the 65th BS to Lakenheath.

"1953--First week in March, the three B-50 Squadrons of the 43rd moved into Brize Norton.

"1954--September--B-47s and KC-29Gs flew into Fairford.

"1964--January-- One of the 43rds B-58s visited Brize Norton on an Alarm Bell training flight.

"1964-1970--KC-135s were detached to Upper Heyford at various times.

"After I left the RAF I worked at Lyneham, the RAF's C-130 Base, and I see from my notes that C-130s from the 43rd AW visited on 7 June 2004.

"That's about all I can tell you for the moment, hope its of use, but please come back to me if you have any further queries. Meanwhile, thanks again for the newsletter, etc., and best of luck with Ken's Men"

Regards, *Tony*

Received a note from **William L. Jobe, 64th Squadron, Radio/Gunner**. William has a new address and phone number: 1774 Compass Blvd., Freeland, WA 98249--Phone (360) 331-1431. He said, "I hope this not too late for the July Newsletter. You do a fine job, which I really appreciate and I always look forward to reading it".

William L. Jobe

I called Bill and found that he did not receive the July issue. Bill, the July issue was mailed to you.

Received annual dues payment from **George Sether, 63rd Squadron, Radio Operator**. Thanks George.

Dear Mr. Gammill--"Last year I wrote a note to Mr. Eldon Lawson, to inform the 43rd Bomb Group of the passing of my beloved father, **Isadore B. Miller** on April 16, 2010.

"My dad was a proud World War veteran, and was rarely seen without his 43rd Bomb Group hat on! He shared stories of his war experiences with our family and for many years stayed in contact with many of his buddies. I am thankful that he and my mom were able to go to the World War II Memorial in Washington, DC several years ago. It meant so much to him. He looked forward to receiving his newsletters, but unfortunately never got to read the April 2010 Edition.

"The newsletters continue to arrive addressed to him, as he had been a life member. My mom has asked me to contact the Association to cancel all future newsletters".

Thank You Very Much,

Sincerely,

Susan Miller Friedman

September 3, **Roger and Audrey Kettleson, 64th Squadron, Pilot, former President and former Treasurer** informed us that they are moving to an Assisted Living Facility, Willow Creek, San Martin. Their new address is **8374 Capovilla Avenue, Las Vegas, NV 89113, Apt. 257.**

Audrey writes: "I think and hope we will have the same phone number and e-mail address. Please keep all future e-mails and personal messages short, amusing pictures or articles, not political or new items that we see on the TV, for I read them aloud and "we" don't comprehend things like we once did.

"It is a hassle to move. Try to do something everyday so we will be ready to go! Moving from a four bedroom home into a two bedroom apartment means getting rid of many things. It is a nice place and Mike Kuhn said it looks pretty good.

"I will be in touch when we are settled, so hold off on your correspondence until then".

Audrey and Roger

A new Associate Member, **Donald L. Clauson, PO Box 214, Rollins, Montana 59931, Phone (400) 844-0590.** Don, a teacher, retired in 1997. He writes: "I first learned of the 43rd BG while researching to build a model B-17. I decided to do the "Mustang" and have been researching it ever since. I finally decided that I should become a member".

Address changes from Elain: **Jasmer, Naomi**, PO Box 41181, Plymouth, MN 55441-0181; **Marsaglia, Donald J.**, 605 S. Edward Dr. Apt. 211, Romeoville, IL 60446-6514; **Kocha, Clifford J.**, 1323 Starview Ln, Green Bay, WI 54313-7136; **Perry Jr, Roy L**, 11504 NE 26th Ave., Vancouver, WA 98686-4151; **Konopa, Lucian F**, 1118 N Butrick St, Waukegan, IL 60095-2706; **Wojdak, Edwin M**, 22261 Romar St, Chatsworth, CA 91311-2726; **Herbert, Paul J**, 7475 Gainey Ranch Rd Unit 17, Scottsdale, Az 85258-1522; **Cooper, Richard W**, 5 Tall Timbers Dr, Princeton, NJ 08540-4213 and **Behrns, Mildred**, 966 38 Rd, David City, NE 68632-6564.

*****MEMORIALS*****

On June 25, **Betty Bavor** reported the death of her husband, **Gordon Francis Bavor, Headquarters Squadron, Radio Operator.** Gordon's obituary is an attachment to this newsletter. Gordon had interesting adventures during his service in the USAAF. His edited diary is presented in an attachment.

July 12, 2011, as reported on our website: "I wish to report the death of my father, **John Q. McCabe, 64th Squadron, Engineering Officer.** He was on active duty with Ken's Men from October 28, 1942 through January 31, 1946.

"He and my mother (deceased 2001) attended at least two reunions of Ken's Men. Although our father did not talk much about his time in the military, we know he was proud of his service in the Army Air Force and enjoyed reuniting with fellow veterans. His children are proud of his service and extend out gratitude to the men and women who served with him.

"His obituary may be read at <http://www.chapman-black.com>"

D. Rozena McCabe

On August 2, **Erik Himmel** utilized our web site to report the death of **John A. "Davey" Crocket, 64th Squadron.** He also reported the death of **Rev. J.B. Young, 64th Squadron.** The Rev. Young had very interesting WWII service during the attack on Pearl Harbor, with the 19th Bomb Group and with the 43rd Bomb Group. The review, of his activities by **Randy Willis**, is included as an attachment to this newsletter.

Max Axelsen reports: "**Tom Jamison, 65th Squadron, Pilot** lost his beloved wife **Kathy**, on the 5th of August. Tom is a great man, and became a dear friend of mine over the years. The Jamisons were unable to attend our recent reunions due to Kathy's health.

"My best to the reunion attendees. Wish I could be there, but it isn't possible".

Max

A phone call from **Alexandra** reported the March 25 death of her husband **Nick Malouta, 64th Squadron.**

An e-mail from **Jim Cherk** reports the death of **Jane S. Burnett** wife of **Russell Burnett, 64th Squadron, Flight Engineer.**

*******SENIOR MOMENTS*******

A new section, to cover those things, for us, who have attained the high status of Senior Citizen

Because they had no reservations at a busy restaurant, my elderly neighbor and his wife were told there would be a 45-minute wait for a table. "Young man, we're both 90 years old" the husband said, "We may not have 45 minutes!" They were seated immediately.

An old married couple were at home watching television. The husband had the remote and was switching back and forth between a fishing channel and the pron channel.

The wife became more and more annoyed and finally said: "For goodness sake! Leave it on the pron channel. You already know how to fish!"

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

For our Bridge Players

A cleaning woman was applying for a new position. When asked why she left her last employment she replied, "Sir, the wages were good, but it was the most ridiculous place I ever worked."

"They played a game call BRIDGE, and last night a lot of folks were there. As I was about to bring refreshments, I heard a man say "Lay down and let's see what you got." Another man said, "I got strength, but not much length." And then another man said to a lady, "Take your hand off my trick." I pretty near dropped dead just when a lady answered, "You force me! You jumped me twice when you didn't have the strength for a good raise." Another lady was talking about protecting her honor. And, two ladies were talking and one said, "Now it's my turn to play with your husband while you play with mine."

"Well, I just got my hat and coat and was leaving, I hope to die, if one of them didn't say, "Well, I guess we can go home. This is our last rubber."

*******INFORMATION*******

This newsletter is published two times a year - **January and July..** Please send **membership applications and dues payments** to **Edward L. Gammill, 5337 E. Earll Drive, Phoenix, AZ 85018-8045.** Please keep in mind that annual dues are **\$20.00 per year.** Please make the check to the **43rd Bomb Group Association.**

Send items for the Newsletter to **Ed Gammill** at the **US Mail address above** 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.

*******ATTACHMENTS*******

- 1-2011 Reunion Attendees
- 2-Larry Hickey e-mail re History Book Status
- 3-HOOMALIMALI MEMORIAL—2 views
- 4-THE WAY WE WERE by Chaplain Roland Fisher—6 pages
- 5-Gordon Bavor Obituary and Diary—5 pages
- 6-J. B. Young Obituary and interesting history—4 pages
- 7-Flag Certification

63rd SQUADRON

Edward Gammill
Hazel Lundin
Jim Dieffenderfer
Scott Dieffenderfer
Ann Fletcher
Bob Fletcher
John Dieffenderfer
Chuck Rauch
Sylvia S. Chatterton
Shirley Richardson
Robert Richardson
Kim Hoppin
Emma Hoppin
Worth Bolton
Flo Stein-Sogaard
Maurice Walker
Ruth Walker
F. Neal Fugate
John Fugate
Ray Crawford
Dorthy Crawford
Jo Bachi
Christine Ware
Greg Butler
Jeff Butler
Lynn Butler
Douglas Walker
Robert Yeck
Louise Yeck
Alan Yeck
James Yeck

64th SQUADRON

Robert W. Cooper
Jim Rodella
Joyce Rodella
Alvin Haas
Loriaine Ross
Dan Grubb
Ralph Grubb
Arvid Hougum
Gerry Hougum
Garrett Minnick
Sally Jo Mitchell
Mike Mitchell
John Buslinger
David Buslinger

Paul Geiger
Sherri Geiger
And

CADETS

Charlie Carley
Ian Madison
Wayne Mowery
Robert Nesko
Todd O'Brien
Jessica Rothmeier
Gal Zeira

65th SQUADRON

Barbara Zeamer
Tracy Damon
Jim Eide
Frank Hohmann
Frank Hohmann, Jr.
Larry Hohmann
John Calder
Victoria Calder
Patrick Noonan
Robert Schwalback
Sam Commons
Donna Marchese
Christopher Eide

**HEADQUATERS
SQUADRON**

Betty Bavor
Kendra Bavor
Josph Curren
Dottie Curren

403rd SQUADRON

Susan Lanson
Michael La Vean
Max Long
Dorthy Long
Bob Mangan
Chris Lynch
Rick Lloyd
Gayle McCay
Brian McCay
Florence Anderson
Gwenn Capodieci
George Anderson
Douglas Flack
Eric Flack
Sarah Flack
Susan Flack
Joe Snyder
Sally Snyder
Nancy Solomon
Wade T. Kehr
Lucia Kehr

Subj: Re: KENSMEN; report and update
 Date: 9/14/2011 11:19:52 PM US Mountain Standard Time
 From: larry@irandpcorp.com
 To: Edgammill@aol.com
 Sent from the Internet (Details)

Ed,

Have had as many as five different staff people working for many months, trying to get the 43rd BG book out by the reunion. When we did our electronic page layout with photos/artwork and maps in place last April, it had turned into a 750-page monster, which is going through the third round of editing to cut it down to no more than 625 pages. Since five different people, including Col. Pettus, worked on various sections of the book, it has required a very strenuous editing process to unify all the styles and content. To speed things up, I hired one of the original co-authors who had left my company a couple of years ago, for three months this summer with the instructions to get it out by the reunion. He and another editor, working together, got through the first 22 of 28 chapters (plus massive appendices) before he had to leave a couple of weeks ago to attend grad school. The other editor and I, plus a writer to fix a couple of small problems with the text, are still working on this. We are very, very close. The other editor is now working on Chapter 24, and I'm doing the final run through and polish on Ch 1-23.

Anyway, obviously the book won't be ready for the reunion, but will be wrapping up over the next several weeks. We've just rebid it with the printer here in the US, and will be electronically uploading it to them just as soon as we complete the editing and final polish. Then it will be about 6-8 weeks to get it through the printer, and back to us for shipping to the public.

I'm very disappointed that this is not ready to go, but I work to exhaustion every day and the end is very near. A typical American novel these days is about 88,000 words with no photos/artwork or maps, and this project is about five times in length, plus the massive amount of other materials. If anyone from the 43rd Association lives nearby and would like to see the book, they would be most welcome to come visit here in my home-office and see what is about to be born. Have them contact me for an appointment should anyone want to come see it: (303) 499-0530.

And thanks to all the men of the 43rd for their incredible patience in seeing this project through to the end with me. It is a beautiful book, and will do them all very proud. This will be one of, if not the very best history of a WW II air unit ever published.

Addressing your question about my health at the end of your latest email, as you know I had a cancer operation for a very serious recurrence of Parotid (Salivary) Gland cancer on the side of my face about two years ago, followed by many months of intensive chemotherapy and radiation to the side of my head. Prior to that I'd put on a tremendous amount of weight and my health was deteriorating rapidly. My cardiologist said I would be dead within five years. The 6-hr microsurgery by two surgeons saved my facial nerve and got the tumor out successfully. Since the radiation killed the taste buds on my tongue, I lost my sense of taste for about six months, and used that as an opportunity to break my addiction to sugar and bad eating habits, and I've since lost over 100 pounds. I now walk EVERY day, rain, snow, ice or shine, going 3.3 miles up over a nearby mountain ridge, gaining 1000 feet on every walk. I have walked about 1700 miles since the surgery. I've gotten my health back, all my blood chemistry is now normal (I was almost diabetic when I had the surgery and everything else was wildly out of whack) and was having very serious back problems. A couple of months ago I had my final follow-up from the cancer surgery and, according to the cancer docs, I've got a 90% chance of living at least 10 more years with no recurrence of the cancer. My health has now been restored to the best that it's probably been in at least 30 years. I still have atrial fib and some peripheral neuropathy (hereditary) in my feet, but even so am doing well, and plan to be a productive writer and book publisher for another 20 years, if the economy doesn't collapse and take me down with it. The radiation did not alter my thinking or writing skills, but all this exercise and dieting takes a couple of hours out of each of my days, seven days a week. However, I'm still putting in at least 10 hours a day on the book projects, and have the 43rd nearly ready to go out the door, plus histories of two other 5th AF bomb groups virtually finished and ready to follow immediately afterwards.

Regards,

Larry=

Thursday, September 15, 2011 America Online: Edgammill





In memory of the crew and the
United States Army Air Forces
B-17F Flying Fortress, Serial 44-24391 nicknamed
"Hoomalimail"

attached to the Fifth Air Force, 43rd Bombardment Group, 60th Bombardment Squadron, that crashed on the 14th September 1945 during take-off at Hoveet Field, Morotea.

At 03.30hrs "Hoomalimail" was one of many B-17's that were despatched to 7 Mile Field Port Moresby for a bombing mission. With its heavy bomb and fuel load, the aircraft began to taxi along the strip.

The aircraft began its take off late along the airstrip. The power was reduced causing the plane to lift off but due to the overloaded cargo and lack of power the aircraft flew for approx 1/2 a mile off the end of the airstrip crashing into a thick woodland causing it to explode on impact, instantly killing all crew.

Captain	Harshell R. HENSON	Pilot	Serial No 205550
2nd Lt	Frederic KENTZMACHER	Cof-Misc	Serial No 205550
1st Lt	James S. BASTION	Navigator	Serial No 205550
T/Sgt	John P. DORAN	Bombardier	Serial No 205550
T/Sgt	John A. SAMARA	Engineer	Serial No 205550
Sgt	Lawrence W. DONKER	Aux Eng	Serial No 205550
S/Sgt	Louis N. GAMPE JR	Radio Op	Serial No 205550
Corporal	Robert G. GABE	Radio Asst	Serial No 205550
Private	Jack G. KAYNOR	Tail Gunner	Serial No 205550

Their dedication to duty and honour should the way to peace.

THE WAY WE WERE

Since the formation of the 43rd Bomb Group Association by Bob Butler, I have enjoyed extraordinary pleasure in renewing our companionship that we began during the war. At each reunion I have replayed my feelings of the great privilege it was just to be one of such a fine group of men. You are the *best* of "The Greatest Generation." It was my privilege to be with you.

You added immensely to that privilege, when you elected me to be your Lay Chaplain after our wartime chaplain, Father Shea, passed on. You gave me a great trust. It was, indeed, an honor. I am grateful to you all for your trust and the honor. And, as a nice, kind of fringe benefit, it has allowed me to write an annual memorial essay in which I could describe how much I admire all of you.

So, again, as I have done so many times, I am writing a message for our coming reunion. Personal circumstances prevent my joining you. I cannot be with you to deliver it. So I write it in a style that someone can speak for me. Or it can speak directly to you; you can just read it.

Right up front, I tell you: this essay will be my last. And, painfully, it may very well be "GOODBYE".

Last January I observed my 90th birthday. Until then, my life's busy events obscured the insidious changes that have slowly altered my physical being. Until then, occasionally, I might pause, to reflect on my life, past and future; to reflect on what I had been and, maybe, what I might be.

But I gave little thought to *what I really am*-- until on a recent morning. I stepped out of the shower and inadvertently looked directly at a brightly lit, full image of me, reflected in a wall mirror. It was a shock! For there, in the glass, was a stooped, wrinkled, bleary eyed old man with white hair and flabby arms teetering on wobbly legs. That image, and a host of body aches and other unpleasant physical baggage, made me realize that most likely, to use the language of flying, I am on my life's final approach. I was pretty

certain that I am headed for my final landing. Not that I know when it will be. But it likely will be my last.

However, 'though the image in the mirror was real, it was unpleasant to see. I had a tough time accepting that it was me; that I was *that!* So I rejected what I saw and, in my mind, in that wonderful world of imagination, I began replacing it with images of a *me* with much more pleasing physical qualities.

For those images, I drew on memories: in a football uniform in school; leaning against the cannon in the wing of a parked Spitfire; standing under the pilot's window of my black painted, B-24 Snoop in tropical clothes, with a .45 Colt in a shoulder holster. These images made me feel better. I was not *seeing* them in the mirror—only in my mind. And yeah--- I was fantasizing.

Everyone has fantasies. I've had my share. In 1927 Lindbergh flew to Paris and I was filled with dreams of flying. I was just six years old but I devoured books about flying and in my mind I soared in the sky. In an agile SPAD, I became a wing mate of Eddie Rickenbacker and flew ferocious dogfights against Richthofen's flying circus. I stitched bullet holes in the black crosses painted on bright red Fokkers. I shot down huge Gotha bombers.

The 1920's, into which most of us were born, was a time of weak U.S. air power slowly built by a handful of dedicated patriots, Billy Mitchell, Hap Arnold and Jimmy Doolittle. It was a time of barn storming for pennies in old Jennies left over from World War I; of national air races in one of a kind planes built on a shoestring by budding young geniuses. It was also became the time of the worst economic depression in our history during which it was near impossible to find work for money.

No matter the lack of money for learning flying! In my mind, I flew! In my early teens I flew Boeing biplane fighters and won races in the barrel shaped Gee Bee monoplanes. I was a comrade of Jimmy Doolittle and Roscoe Turner. I shook Howard Hughes' hand when he flew nonstop across the nation in the HR-1

But these were just dreams; pleasant fantasies in an 18 year old mind. Then, just three months after I finished high school, a guy called Hitler attacked Poland and plunged the world into its greatest war. England needed planes and the idle U.S. aircraft industry stirred into action and offered jobs. I

hitched hiked from home in Denver, where there were no jobs, to Los Angeles and began earning a magnificent \$.75 per hour.

Walt Whitman in his "SONG OF THE OPEN ROAD" brings out that only in motion can people have a chance to bring dreams into reality. My move into a paying job brought my dreams to reality. I learned to fly.

In just three years this led me to become pilot in the 43rd Bomb Group, a reality far beyond my greatest dreams. And with the young men of the 43rd, I shared for three years, vivid experiences that, for me, became memories that stand out in my ninety years of life. They are memories of arduous living in a world so primitive, just living there was dangerous on top of the immense risk of fighting a ferocious enemy. And there was immense risk. For over 700 members of the 43rd died in World War II; 700 young men who were entitled to live life to its fullest.

Why did so many young Americans, along with those 700 who made such an immense sacrifice, make this concerted effort that exposed them to losing their life?

Because of ***THE WAY WE WERE.***

Seventy years ago we were young people, just entering adulthood. Our view of the world was fairly simple. Our country was experiencing what was called "Hard" times and getting any kind of job was a major accomplishment. But in spite of life's difficulties, we loved our country and felt we were blessed to be Americans.

Then a rush of events changed our lives. Our country's very welfare was threatened. Evil men were on a course of action that was to take over the world so *they* would dictate how we would live.

That ran counter to our beliefs: that we should be free to act as we wished within the framework of laws that we established by popular consent. This concept originated among some remarkable men who, at great personal risk, fought off an autocracy that controlled our ancestors' lives. These men gave us a country with a government that was *by the people and for the people*; a government of *free* people.

Seventy years ago this rush of events threatened our freedom and we young people were called upon to defend it; to face an enemy of our beliefs. There was huge personal risk. The enemy had built enormous war machines. They defeated nation after nation. They came after us.

We were not prepared. But two huge oceans between the aggressors and our nation buffered us and gave us time to build up our military. And guided by the ideas of our founding fathers who formed our country two hundred years before, we engaged our enemies on both sides of the world.

I look back to determine just why we willingly did this in spite of the aggressors' apparent superiority. The answer lay in *the way we were*. We were *young*. And when we are young, we have an amazing ability to ignore reality and an energy that pushes us beyond the edge of safety. We have a mental fire that spurs us on in spite of huge obstacles. We have skills that transcend what we are trained to do. With all these together, we have a will: a willingness to do what we knew we had to do.

We did it, but at a huge cost. WW Two histories have repeatedly documented that a half million young Americans willingly made that extraordinary effort and fell in the act. The young men of the 43rd, most just in their teens, were an important part of that effort. And over 700 of them died.

Seventy years are passed since then. Time has taken a severe toll. Many more of our comrades: affable Bob Butler; Jim Pettus, our great commander; Bill Wilson, our financial genius; hundreds of great guys, and some very lovely associates such as Helen Commons, have joined them.

So here I sit, thinking about them with moistening eyes, pecking away at a keyboard in a futile attempt to pay proper tribute to them, to praise them, to acclaim them, to celebrate them, to honor them. I feel particularly ineffective at this. They really should be glorified. I'm not able to do this. But perhaps, somewhere, Father Shea is working on this with the proper authorities.

I can tell you that my time in the 43rd composed about the most brilliant chapter of my life. My wartime memories are like precious gems. I still sense Jim Pettus' confidence when he asked me to run the Tacloban airstrip during those ferocious attempts by the enemy to neutralize it. I still feel Knobby Walsh dying in my arms at Leyte while he told me, "Don't worry,

Fish, I don't hurt". I still feel the faith I had in Murray, my navigator, when he guided me to base through six, long, dark hours using just a pocket compass after an enemy night fighter had shredded our aircraft. I still see all those fine young men, our cooks striving in the jungle at Owi to put palatable food in our mess tin, our mechanics sweating in a hot tropic sun to ready our planes for a mission, a sergeant setting up a movie in the OWI bowl. It was Margaret Obrien in "LOST ANGEL" and it brought Mike La Musta to tears.

The reunion years after the war added luster to my treasure of memories. I hear Nancy Solomon singing "Taps" in tones of pure gold. I hear Bill Wilson relating his terrific management of our funds in his laconic tones. I hear Helen Common's gentle but firm tones talking to Sam. I hear the buzz of many happy voices at reunion dinners, board meetings, planning sessions and tours.

So I have a vast repertoire of memories that compete with television and other activities in life and I frequently view them. But I also am aware my memory is imperfect. This after entering a room and failing to remember why I am there, or frequently forgetting my car keys until I climb into the car, or making a grocery list then arriving at the store to find I forgot to take it. So I review my memories with care. Perhaps I even embellish them with improvements.

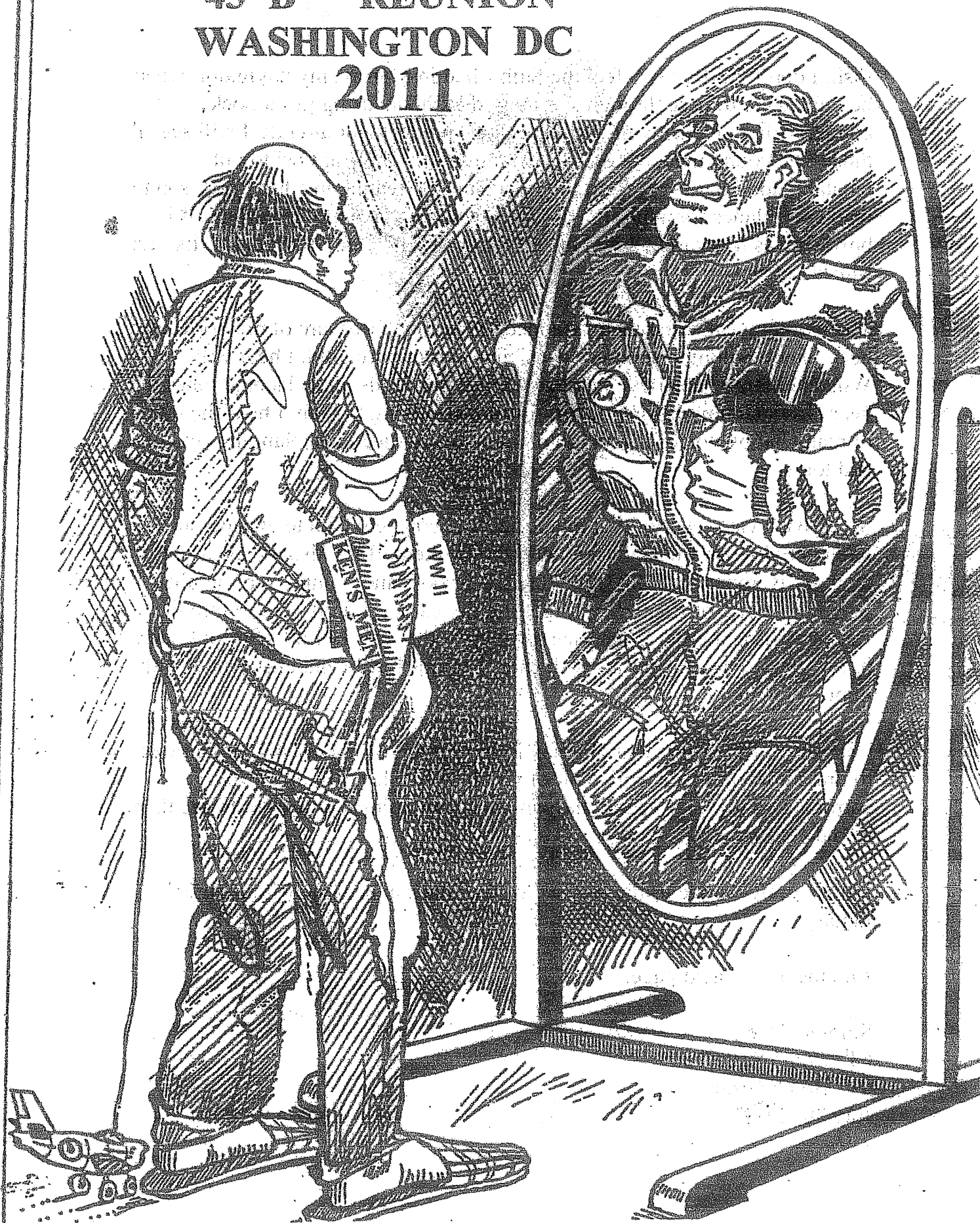
Certainly, after seeing that old man in the mirror, I think at 90 I am entitled to dress up that image with a bit of youth. And when I think of my comrades of the 43rd, I apply the same to them. I just don't want to see them as old geezers.

I much prefer to see us the way we were. That can be done with a bit of fantasy.

Join me on the next page.

Smokie One.
63rd Bomb Squadron
43rd Bomb Group
July 30, 2011

43 B C REUNION
WASHINGTON DC
2011



GORDON FRANCIS BAVOR

October 27, 1923 - June 23, 2011

SHARE

Facebook

BIOGRAPHY

NORWALK, CONN

Gordon F. Bavor, 87, died peacefully in Norwalk Hospital on June 23, 2011.

A loving husband to Elizabeth (Betty) for 54 years, and father to Deborah Warren and husband Stephen (Spokane, WA), Carlton Bavor and wife Kim (Norwalk, CT) and Kendra Bavor and partner Brent Murphy (N. Yarmouth, ME), as well as 3 grand- / 2 great-grand children.

A WWII Army Air Corp Radio operator for the 43rd Bomb Group HQ on General Whitehead's personal B17. He was the radio operator when Generals Whitehead, White, and Doolittle flew into Tokyo for the signing of the Japanese Peace Treaty.

Mr. Bavor retired from Machlett Lab after 38 years with 6 patents to his credit. A life time Amateur Radio Operator (WITOC) and 53 year member of Saugatuck River Sail & Power Squadron, Flotilla 72 USCG-AUX, and Cedar Point Yacht Club.

The Bavor family will receive friends on Wednesday, June 29, 2011 in Norwalk's Hoyt-Cognetta Funeral Home & Crematory, 5 East Wall Street from 5:00PM - 8:00PM. Gordon's funeral will be held on Thursday, June 30, 2011 in the Norwalk United Methodist Church, 718 West Avenue, Norwalk at 10:00AM. Interment will be held privately, at the convenience of the family.

In lieu of flowers, a donation may be made to a charity of your choice.

HOYT-COGNETTA is honored to assist the Bavor family with the arrangements.



FACTS

Born: October 27, 1923

Death: June 23, 2011

GUESTBOOK

Share your thoughts and memories in the guestbook.

JORDON BAVOR DIARY
JANUARY 1943 - NOVEMBER 1945

In January 1943, I was inducted into the Army and was sent to the Camp Perry Reception Center just west of Sandusky, Ohio. I had various written tests that would decide where I would best fit into the military. The test results indicated I would be suitable for the Army Air Force. A group of us were shipped to Atlantic City for basic training. We marched up and down the famous Boardwalk and sang for entertainment. Our living quarters were on the eleventh floor of a nice hotel, without the use of an elevator! This provided all the exercise and calisthenics that basic training required. Additional testing sent me to Communications and Teletype Maintenance School at Chanute Field Army Air Force Base at Rantoul, Illinois about forty miles south of Chicago.

It was good school with excellent instructors and I did very well. I had fun in a squadron glee club for some entertainment and as a Staff car driver in lieu of more KP duty.

I took a short intercity train trip to Decatur to visit Cousin Winifred Bavor in her family home on Pershing Road.

After finishing school and a short furlough at home, I boarded a troop train for a long ride to Kearns, Utah, near Salt Lake City. Long hikes over the rolling hills of the countryside as well as several weekends in town seemed to agree with me. Pistol range and aircraft identification was all that was accomplished here. We did some nonmilitary skiing at Alta Ski Resort on the 11,000 foot mountain using old fashion skis and no special boots, just leather toe straps.

Next, it was another train west to Pittsburgh, California. Camp Stoneman was a jumping off place for over seas. A day in sunshine, some uniform modifications and then a river boat ride down the Sacramento River and to a pier in San Francisco. We walked across the pier and boarded the Matson Line Cruise ship SS Monterey. My berth was a pipe/canvas bunk on the forward section of the port side of Promenade Deck. This was great because it was out in the open space rather than in a cabin below deck where it was hot. It was just a short distance forward to the open deck where we lounged and did nothing for twenty days.

We departed March 8, 1944 and must have left port at night, because I don't remember seeing the Golden Gate Bridge, for we had to pass under it on our way into the Pacific Ocean. We traveled unescorted and saw no other ships all away across the Pacific. Our first sight of life was on a somewhat foggy morning when we were approaching a group of ships and finally among them in Milne Bay, New Guinea. Our sister ship the Mariposa was signaling us by blinker light. A group went ashore in a DUK and traveled to a campsite of army tents. Details of this area escapes my memory, except for a lot of rain and mud. After a week or so I was moved, again by DUK to a transport vessel named Sea Barb. The troop accommodations were just an open cargo hold not too far aft of the anchor chain compartment. I lost track of time, but eventually we anchored after having preceded up the coast to the small town of Lae. We went ashore in DUKs and assembled in an open area where we were assigned to our new outfits. I was assigned to Headquarters Squadron, Communicating Section of the 43rd Bomb

Group (H), a B-24 bomber outfit made up of the 63rd, 64th, 65th and 403rd Squadrons. The group was located 20 miles inland at Nadzab, and airfield complex in the Markham River Valley.

Off by truck, up a muddy jungle sided road. Upon arrival, Captain McGinness, Communications Officer was happy to see us and began asking our specialties. When he came to me and I replied Teletype Maintenance. He replied that he didn't need a Teletype Maintenance man and what else could I do. When I replied, that I was an amateur radio operator and also very familiar with photography, he welcomed me as one of his radio operators. Beside radio, I also operated the telephone switchboard and performed maintenance as required.

While in Nadzab, June 8, 1944, I had a visit from my cousin, Herbert Janes. He was a member of the 55th Squadron, 575th Troop Carrier Group encamped on the other side of the airfield. He had just returned from a furlough to Australia and gave me an extra pillow he had brought back from civilization! It was a wonderful visit. We did not get together again until a short meeting at the landing boat dock on Biak Island.

As a radio operator, I had to monitor and record all communications between 5th Bomber Command and the aircraft of the 43rd Bomb Group during their combat missions. This consisted mostly of strike reports and conditions over target areas, such as flak, opposition from enemy aircraft and weather. Targets were Rabaul, New Britain and the north shore of Papua New Guinea west toward Hollandia. All communication was via CW Morse Code. There were no transmissions from our position. For future operations, I learned how to climb telephone poles and trees using linesmen's spurs. This was necessary at our next operations site.

On July 24, 1944, we packed everything and loaded it onto a B-24. I managed to secure a position in the tail turret, which gave me a wonderful view of the jungle below as we flew north along the Owen Stanley Mountains. I had a feeling of sitting out in open space as we moved along. Our destination was Owi Island near Biak Island in the Netherlands East Indies. Owi is a small coral atoll. There was one coral airstrip, down the elevated center of the island, its length was almost the full length of the Island. Our camp site was located below and at the end of the airstrip. We were at sea level, in a palm tree covered area that surrounded the island. Our tent was about 50 feet from the water next to a coral sand beach. The other squadrons of the 43rd Bomb Group, the 22nd Bomb Group and a Navy Sea Bee camp were our neighbors along the same beach.

In late October 1944, I was one of a party of three that operated a remote control station at the end of the strip for two nights at 2am to get our aircraft off on a mission. We didn't receive their strike reports until late in the afternoon as they were up in the Philippines. I set up a code practice position so squadron radio operator crewmen could practice as many of them never had a chance to operate and maintain proficiency. I traveled around the island with Clete Roberts, a war correspondent, from a stateside radio news network. We were making wire recordings of men to send messages back home. That was fun for a couple of days.

One day while walking up to the airstrip, I saw a shinny metal object beside the trail. I reached down to pick it up, almost had my fingers on it and recognized it as an unexploded Japanese bomb (2.5Kgm). That was a close one for me! I reported it to the CO, who called the Navy demolition team. They took it apart for transportation in a Jeep. The arming propeller had not come off to arm the bomb. A day later two fellows came across two more out on the coral-reef. One was picked up and it exploded. All I saw from my tent was a puff of smoke and heard the boom, that was that for one of the men.

November 7, 1944, on the move again to reduce the distance to our targets. So another pack up and board a Coast Guard LST in a convoy for eight days. We arrived in Leyte Gulf in the Philippines about a week after the invasion. November 15, 1944, there was a navigation mistake which resulted in landing about 30 miles south of Tacloban, our proposed destination, but close to our designated camp location! We debarked off of the LST ramp into water too deep for the truck and water drowned the engine. This required our vehicle to be towed the 30 miles, in pouring rain, over a muddy road. To make matters worse our truck ran over a tow cable and severed the brake hose. No Brakes! I do not know how we found the camp site, but it turned out to be an old Japanese bomb storage dump. Just what we needed! After burying one dead Japanese soldier, we proceeded to set up tents and a cooking area. Specific dates are confused in my log, but on Dec. 7, I went to the airstrip and installed some landing lights. We improved our signal supply quarters with radio positions and did a lot other jobs such as point to point Vhf to 5th Bomber Command. We had 115 volt electrical power from two 100

KW and one 50 KW diesel engine . . . en generators.

February 3, 1945, I departed, in one of our B-24's, on furlough in Australia. We stopped at Owi Island on the way south, Townsville on Feb.4, Brisbane on Feb.5 and Sydney on the 8th.

I enjoyed the theaters, the Taronga Park Zoo, horseback riding through Koala Bear Park, sailing on a 55 foot sloop over to Manly Beach, staying in nice apartment near Bondi Beach and meeting some nice girls. I left Sydney on February 20, 1945 for Brisbane and on the 23rd for Townsville. Visited Magnetic Island on the 25th. Departed Townsville on the Feb.26 and flew to Owi and arrived back at Tacloban on the 27th. A fun, active rest in different part of the world was over. Back to the old schedules of radio nets.

On March 16, 1945, I left Tanuan Field Leyte and flew to Clark Field Luzon, a new base for the 43rd Bomb Group. Setting up started all over again. On March 30, an all night truck ride north to Lyngian Gulf was made to pick up lumber for the construction of our new operations buildings. This was interesting from the standpoint of knowing when we were approaching another village along the way due to the odors. I don't recall ever seeing a toilet as an installation in a home! Lots of outhouses!

On April 2, 1945, I was asked by our Communications Officer, Captain McGiness, if I would like to be the radio operator on the General's personal B-17 airplane. I can't remember what my answer was but the next day I was up at Bomber Command to see Major Rera for a code test. The next step was to meet Major Glenn Ream, Pilot, Captain Raymond Crawford, Co-Pilot, Captain Fred Eppen, Navigator and Tech. Sgt. Leonard Lawson, Flight Engineer. A few days later I was transferred to Headquarters 5th Air Force as the radio operator on Lieutenant General Enis C. Whitehead's B-17 who was the Commanding Officer of 5th Bomber Command! I was promoted to Sergeant on April 25th and participated in several test flights in the "OLD MAN" B-17F, S/N 42- 24403. The bust of Uncle Sam was painted on the nose.

On May 13, 1945 we were informed that the crew was flying to the United States to pick up a new airplane via AATS. I went in a C-54 and commercial airlines from Clark Field to Nichols Field, to Tacloban and on to Saipan, Kwajalein, Johnston Island, Hickam Field Hawaii, Hamilton Field California, Kirtland Field Albuquerque, NM, Kansas City, Chicago, Cleveland and furlough at home until June 30th.

On July 5th, the crew met at Topeka, Kansas, looked over our new Boeing B-17G S/N 44-83555 and on July 7th headed for Clark field via the same islands we had stopped on our way to the states. We reached Clark on July 24, 1945. Six days later we flew to Kadena Field, Okinawa.

August 4-8, another round trip brought us back to Kadena, where we heard about the atomic bomb and on the 9th listened to the news and plans for surrender terms. Our new base of operations was at Motabu Airfield, Okinawa where we put our bomb bay fuel tanks back into the plane. The afternoon of September 1., 1945 we removed the top turret guns.

September 2, 1945, we took off for Atsugi Airfield in Japan! Generals Whitehead, 5th Air Force, White, 7th Air Force and James Doolittle, 8th Air Force were on board.. They were to attend the meeting and signing of the peace treaty on board the Battleship Missouri in Tokyo Bay. Late that afternoon, we gathered back at our plane preparing to head to Okinawa, but there was an active typhoon over Okinawa.

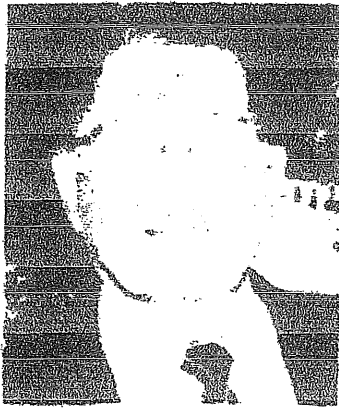
So we headed elsewhere, our overnight stop was Iwo Jima. While there, we observed General MacArthur's plane "Bataan" and walking from the plane was General Wainwright. He was the last General on Corregador at the entrance to Manila Bay, Luzon.

September 3, we flew to Yonton Field, Okinawa and arrived back at Motabu the following day. On the 5th we went back over Japan and returned to Motabu. I do not know what all the running back and forth was all about. On the 7th we flew to Clark and Nichols Fields, on Luzon, where we stayed at the 249th General Hospital. On the 8th we were back in Okinawa. On the 12th we flew to Tachikawa Feld, in Japan, where we stayed overnight. Yes, we actually had a chance to sleep! We drove to the little town of Showa where the Japanese turned their backs to us as a sign of some sort. The 13th found us flying back to Motabu Field, Okinawa. On the 19th on our way to Tachikawa and Atsugi where we stayed with the 481st Service Squadron in an old hanger. The aircraft required the 100 hour service.. We accomplished this and the required test flight took us over the famous 12385 foot high Mt. Fuji at 14500 feet. I photographed the crater. Later we roamed around caves at the

edge of the airfield. They appeared to be electronic workshops because of the various electrical instruments setting around on tables. I brought several instruments home as souvenirs.

September 30, 1945, we were informed that we were going home! October 5th we departed Tachikawa and on the 6th flew into Motabu to pick up the General and his Secretary, Mr. Raymond. Flew to Harmon Field, Guam for an overnight, 7th - Kwajalein, 8th - Johnston Island and Hickam Hawaii, 9th - Hamilton Field California and Kansas City, 14th - Washington, DC, 15th - Fairfax Field, Kansas and Muskogee Oklahoma. Back to Kansas City municipal airport for a home coming celebration. We attended a Cocktail Party at the Kansas City Club. The attendees included the Mayor of Kansas City, General Omar Bradley, Milton Eisenhower, General Enis C. Whitehead his wife and daughter who was an Army nurse.

On October 19th we returned to Washington, DC. October 22nd I hitched a ride on a small military plane to Patterson Field, Ohio and then a train ride to Cleveland. On November 10, 1945 I was discharged at Camp Atterbury, Indiana and headed for home. Good by military, it was quite an experience!



Rev. J.B. Young Rev J.B. Young, a resident of Wimberley for the past 51 years, went to be with his Lord on May 21, 2011. J.B. was born in Romayor, Texas on March 30, 1916. J.B. was pastor emeritus at the First Baptist Church in Wimberley where he was pastor from 1951-1955 and 1958 until his retirement in 1982. He was preceded in death by his wife: Arline, son: Alton, daughter: Linda, and grandson: Ty Young. He is survived by two sons, Cary Young of Huntsville and Gary Young and wife Judy of Cypress, Tx. Daughter-in-law Vicky Young of Leander. Three

grandchildren: Paige Hilton and husband Clint of Chicago, Il, Kelly Onhaizer and husband Chad of Houston and Caleb Young and wife Kristi of Houston. Three great grandchildren. One sister: Velma Fling of Lumberton, Tx. J.B. was a survivor of Pearl Harbor and retired from the Air Force after flying 66 combat missions in WWII. He was one of the most decorated men in the Air Force and his portrait hangs in the Pentagon. A viewing will be held at the Pennington Funeral Home, 323 N. Comanche St., San Marcos, Tx from 6:00 - 8:00 p.m. on Wednesday May 25th. Funeral will be at the First Baptist Church of Wimberley, Thursday May 26th at 2:00 p.m. followed by the graveside at the Wimberley Cemetery. The family would like to thank the wonderful staff of Deer Creek Facility for their genuine love and care of J.B. during his final months. Arrangements by Pennington Funeral Home, San Marcos, Texas, 512.353.4311. Obituary and guestbook online at www.penningtonfuneralhome.com

Published in Austin American-Statesman on May 25, 2011

Pearl Harbor 50 years later:

Wimberley resident recalls 'Day that will live in infamy'

**By Randy Willis
Special to the View**

"Tora...Tora...Tora..."

Japanese Commander Fuchida signaled the code word for success at 7:53 a.m., even before the first bomb fell December 7, 1941, on Pearl Harbor.

Next door to Pearl at Hickam Field, young Sgt. J.B. Young was just finishing his shower, getting ready to go eat pancakes and attend Ohua Baptist Church, as he had done every Sunday morning for the past 19 months while stationed at Hickam Field as a soldier in the United States Army Air Corp (Air Force).

At 7:55, Young heard several bombs! "I heard the first bombs drop and thought it was our Navy. However, when the bombs kept hitting the ground, I knew it wasn't the Navy dropping bombs. I saw the fire station burning and hangers being blown up."

Young tried to wake his roommate, Sgt. Pyrga, but he simply would not believe that the island was under attack by the Japanese. Pyrga snapped at Young: "Go to bed, I've heard the Japs were bombing before". He then went back to sleep. Pyrga was killed a few minutes later when a Japanese bomb ripped through the roof of the barracks.

Young ran outside the barracks towards his B-17 bomber. To his right, more than 100 American soldiers were being strafed and killed by Japanese Zeros. "They were trying to shoot the Zeros with Army rifles."

Young emptied his 45-calibre pistol into an approaching low-flying Zero and was grazed across his chest by a bullet (the first two Purple Hearts he was to receive). He continued toward his plane.

"I ran over to our B-17 and started the engine. I found 35 bullet holes in it." After hasty repairs, the bullet-riddled B-17 (nicknamed "Frank Buck" and piloted by Capt. B. Allen) took off from Hickam Field at 10:30 a.m. loaded with bombs in search of the Japanese Fleet.

This was the first combat mission flown in World War II by anyone. Seven and one-half hours later, the crew of the "Frank Buck" returned to Hickam. World War II was on and the world would never be the same.

After a brief assignment in Maui sandbagging the Navy Air Station for a possible Japanese land invasion, Young was sent back to Hickam to train new air crews from the States and fly submarine patrols.

On May 16, 1942, his group was transferred to join the 19th Bomb group in Australia. Side-tracked for six weeks in New Caladonia flying photo missions and submarine patrol, the group sank one submarine and possibly two.

Joining the 19th Bomb Squad in August of 1942, in Marceba, Australia, the action quickened again. Rabaul Harbor in New Guinea was the main supply base for the Japanese Navy in the Southwest Pacific. The round trip from their Australian base to Rabaul Harbor was 6 1/2 hours. This would allow about 2 hours of fuel to bomb and harass the enemy.

The Japanese were masters in the following weather fronts for protection from detection. But one day in 1942, they guessed wrong. A Japanese convoy was spotted in open water under clear skies.

Once again the "Frank Buck" was sent into action with a support squadron of P-38's. After a 1 hour, 20 minute flight, the "Frank Buck" spotted a 10,000 ton Japanese troop transport loaded with Japanese soldiers. Bombardier Sgt. 1st Lieutenant James P. Stringfellow released one 2,000 pound bomb with precision accuracy, threading the ship's smoke stack.

The Japanese ship sank within 14 minutes: there were no survivors. The crew of the "Frank Buck" received its first Silver Star.

Suddenly there appeared 14 Japanese Zeros. The "Frank Buck" shot down three of them before their support squadron of P-38's routed the others (Silver Star #2).

Early on the morning of September 16, 1942, the B-17 "Frank Buck" was headed home from her Australian base after a successful night raid on Rabaul. Somewhere over the southern New Guinea coastline, trouble developed. Her pilot, Lieutenant R. E. Hosey, spotted a desolate beach below and by a miracle of skill and luck, put her down safely. Then their worries really began.

"Over 400 natives came out of the jungle," Young said. The crew announced to the natives: "We need your help. We are friends." The chief stepped forward speaking perfect English, having been taught by Australian missionaries. The natives were friendly and helpful during the crew's 17 day stay on the island.

"We were able to radio the 43rd Bomber Group at Port Moresby, the main staging area for the American troops in that part of the Pacific. The navy received our message and sent a boat with adequate supplies and fuel."

The bomber squad that started out with 18 B-17's was down to 5, so the "Frank Buck" was desperately needed. There was only one problem: the beach was way too short for a flying fortress like a B-17 to take off.

On October 2, 1942, with the plane repaired and using a makeshift runway, the "Frank Buck" and crew attempted the impossible. So daring was the attempt that Life Magazine covered the story. With only 645 feet of runway and many prayers, the "Frank Buck" lifted off the beach, dipping its right wing into the ocean at the far end.

"As far as we know this task has never been repeated," Young said.

With the "Frank Buck" back in action, Rabaul Harbor and the Japanese were in for trouble. Overloaded with 23 pound bombs and flares, the "Frank Buck" set out to harass the enemy at Rabaul Harbor. After flying all night at 10,000 feet over the harbor, dropping the small bombs and 1 million candle light flares, the enemy guns literally burned out, then came in a squadron of American 17s with the big bombs.

Needless to say, this very dangerous mission for the "Frank Buck" and crew was an over-whelming success. The crew received the Air Medal.

When Young was sent home from the war in the Pacific in 1943, he had flown 66 missions, been awarded two Silver Stars, two Purple Hearts, two Flying Crosses, and four Air Medals and had received a Presidential Citation.

Of all the missions J.B. Young would attempt, none would surpass the one he began in 1940. On May 7th of that year, Young disembarked a converted cattle boat the navy was using to transport troops to Hawaii. He was met by Rev. E.K. Begley, pastor of a little mission church by the name of Ohua Baptist Church.

One day while visiting Begley's home, Young saw a church newspaper from Macedonia, Aransas. What caught his eye was a picture in the paper of a good looking Christian girl.

Since Begley was from Macedonia, Young asked him: "Do you know this girl?"

"Sure" Begley replied. "She is Arline Frank from Madeconia, why don't you write her?"

This began a correspondence by mail that lasted until June 21, 1943; that was the day Young arrived at Macedonia, Arkansas, to meet Arline face-to-face for the first time at 10 a.m. The next day at 8 a.m., the two became husband and wife.

Forty-eight years, four children and four grandchildren later, the two are still "one" in Wimberley.

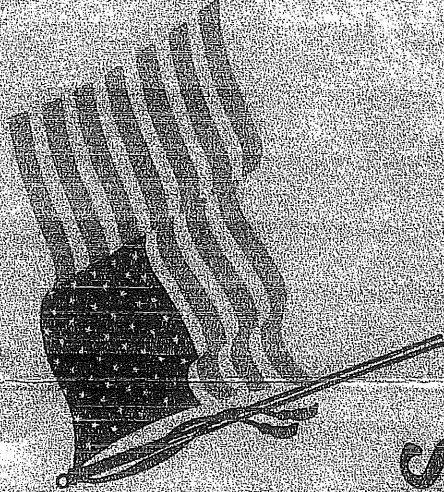
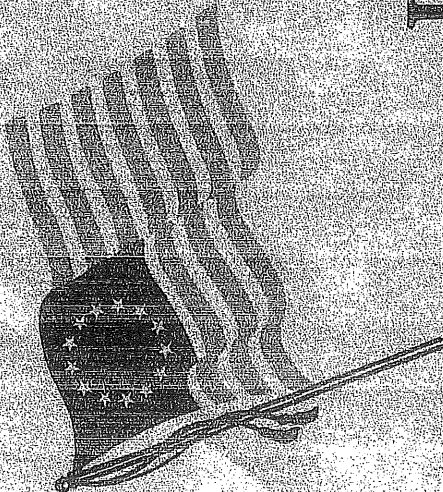
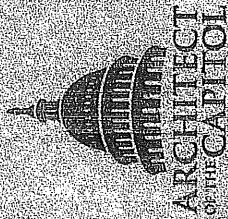
Brother Young, as he is affectionately known by everyone in Wimberley, was called to preach Jesus in 1947 and was ordained that same year by Rev. Coleman at Floresville Baptist Church in San Antonio.

Young was called as pastor of the First Baptist Church of Wimberley on March 10, 1951, while stationed at Randolph Air Field in San Antonio. He remained the church's pastor (except for a 3-year Air Force assignment in Naples, Italy) until his retirement from First Wimberley in 1981.

He retired May 31, 1959, from the Air Force after 22 years and 2 days of service to his country.

At age 75 years young, he continues to "supply" for local Baptist churches.

Randy Willis
12319 Blue Water Drive



THE FLAG OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

This is to certify that the accompanying flag was flown over the
United States Capitol on September 11, 2011.

At the request of the Honorable Patrick T. McHenry, Member of
Congress, this flag was flown for the 43rd Bomb Group
Association-Ken's Men, 5th AFF 43rd BG, in recognition of
their service during World War II.

Stephen T. Ayers, AIA, LEED AP
Architect of the Capitol