

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



NEWSLETTER 79<sup>th</sup> EDITION  
JULY 2001

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\*\*\*\*\* FROM MAX M. AXELSEN, PRESIDENT \*\*\*\*\*

My wife, Margaret, and I attended our grandson's graduation from Princeton University on the 5<sup>th</sup> of June. We arrived a few days early since we had not had the opportunity to be in that part of our country previously. We were most favorably impressed with the beauty of the countryside, the turnpikes in New Jersey & Pennsylvania, and the overall courtesy of drivers in those states. We were driving a rental van with Virginia plates, and perhaps such courtesy is normal in that area. You folks in that area may disagree, but come back to Texas and see the "cowboys of the road."

Following most interesting days at Princeton, a most charming community, and the impressive graduation ceremonies, we moved on to Philadelphia to spend a couple days with Sam & Helen Commons. These nice hosts assured we would see the most of their fair city, "The City of Brotherly Love," in the limited time available. It's the birthplace of our nation, and the history of the area is noteworthy. "This may sound like a travelogue," but I believe that we too often forget the trials and difficulties that our forefathers endured in the formation of this nation. To visit Valley Forge, Independence National Historic Park, the Liberty Bell, and the many historical attractions gave us greater appreciation of the blessing we had had in being Americans.

We have just experienced another Memorial Day. A day set aside to honor ordinary people who made an extraordinary sacrifice in defense of our liberty. And so it was at Valley Forge when Washington's men created an army to defeat the British, and leaders thereafter arose to lead our forces to victory and preservation of our freedoms. You men of the 43<sup>rd</sup> were a part of these forces. You should be most proud of your service, and I'm most proud to have served with you. God Bless you and yours.

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**A Book Report from Max.**

Last year I visited Ron Neilsen, at Austin, TX, who has been the printer & binder for Larry Hickey's books. He has been associated with Larry over the years and his association with Larry is beyond a business association, since he looks at Larry as one of his best friends. He visited Larry at Boulder, CO, reviewed his status with respect to book drafts/production and was positive that he, Neilsen, would have the product ready for print before the end of last year. I accepted that as "gospel" and so stated in one of our past newsletters. Obviously, it did not come to pass, and we are still in this dilemma as to our book – the history of the 43<sup>rd</sup>.

The 22<sup>nd</sup> Bomb Group had a [written] contract with Hickey; our organization did not. The 22<sup>nd</sup> went to court and won their suit against Hickey, and subsequently was awarded a sum of \$100,000, which Hickey has paid. Those funds are being used by the 22<sup>nd</sup> to return all funds that their members had forwarded for publication of their book and to pay costs of the legal [suit] against Larry. The 22<sup>nd</sup> Group is still expecting the book to be produced by Hickey. I have consulted with an attorney and we also have legal grounds to pursue in order to get our book in print. We are looking at all issues at this time in order to put this matter to rest. TO SEE OUR BOOK IN PRINT!!!

I received a nice note from Arlene Roth. As you may recall, Bob has been under the weather from a stroke but is holding his own. He enjoys hearing from all of us, so drop him a line. His current address is **Bob & Arlene Roth, 10 Terracina Blvd. #328, Redlands, CA 92373-4975. Telephone 909-792-7488.**

**Tracy Tucciarone**, our gal that established our website, will be our special guest at Nashville this year. This most special person has put us on the web, and that has been most beneficial in making our organization known to others. She has done that without cost to us, and though we have offered to pay her for her good work, she has not accepted our money. MAKE SURE WE MAKE HER MOST WELCOME AT NASHVILLE!!

\*\*\*\*\* FROM JIM CHERKAUER, SECRETARY \*\*\*\*\*

## BOARD OF DIRECTORS 43<sup>rd</sup> BOMBARDMENT GROUP (H) ASSOC.

2001

<u>DIRECTOR</u>	(Term expiration)		
63 <sup>rd</sup> Roland T. Fisher	(2003)	64 <sup>th</sup> Joseph R. Jancosko	(2002)
63 <sup>rd</sup> Charles "Chuck" Rauch	(2001)	64 <sup>th</sup> Steve W. Blount III	(2003)
65 <sup>th</sup> Eldon E. "Bud" Lawson	(2002)	403 <sup>rd</sup> Joe Snyder	(2002)
65 <sup>th</sup> L. C. "Chalky" White	(2001)	403 <sup>rd</sup> Arthur G. Durbeck	(2003)
Headquarters James T. Pettus	(2001)		

The Secretary is to notify the squadrons whenever a director's term is about to expire. Each squadron with an expiring directorship is to hold an election at the annual meeting to fill the vacancy. Directors' terms are for three (3) years. This will serve as his notice to each squadron of whose terms expire at the end of 2001: Charles Rauch, 63<sup>rd</sup>; L. C. White, 65<sup>th</sup>; and Headquarters Squadron for the late James Pettus.

\*\*\*\*\* FROM JIM CHERKAUER, EDITOR \*\*\*\*\*

Our members sometimes overlook two important positions handled by volunteers from our association. The editor reminds the readers that we have these two men helping our organization remain viable. They are **Eldon "Bud" Lawson** who serves as our Group Historian and **Edward L. Gammill** who serves as our recruitment person. The editor sends to **Bud** the historical materials that he receives from our members such as diaries, crew listings, episodes that took place during our combat, etc. **Ed** uses the Internet extensively to help locate those who served in the 43<sup>rd</sup> but who have not as yet been located by any of us. He has been having modest success in his endeavors.

Although there are reunion materials at the end of this Newsletter, our hostess and host, **Bonzella and Bethel Ray**, have asked that these reminders be brought to our readers special attention.

1. If you do not have a badge to bring to the reunion, **please make a note of that fact on your registration form.**
2. You **MUST** make your hotel reservation by **FRIDAY, SEPT. 28, 2001** to get the rate quoted on the reservation form.

As of May 31<sup>st</sup> they had received 21 registrations for the reunion.

If any of you are in Hawaii and wish to visit the grave of our late commander, Col. **James T. Pettus**, it is located in the Punchbowl in columbarium #5, wall S (sierra), niche 303, Honolulu, HI.

Members of the 19<sup>th</sup> **Bomb Group Association** will hold a reunion on October 31 – November 4, 2001 at Crowne Plaza Powers, Ferry NW, Atlanta, Georgia. Contact Gerald Michael, President, 5946 Linton Lane, Indianapolis, IN 46220. Phone: 317-253-9265. E-mail: gmichael@indy.net.

The 22<sup>nd</sup> **Bomb Group Association** will hold its 52<sup>nd</sup> annual reunion in Orlando, FL, at The Guest House Hotel, 7900 S. Orange Blossom Trail, from 10-31-01 to 11-04-01. Among their tours is one to the Fantasy of Flight where are all three planes this group flew are shown – the B-26, B-25 and B-24.

The Group has published the 1986 draft manuscript of the history of the 22<sup>nd</sup> BG by their own Walt Gaylor. In their lawsuit against **Lawrence J. Hickey**, they won the rights to this manuscript. They have printed it in unedited form and have made it available at cost to the association members. [This editor has purchased a copy of the 2 volume 697+ page manuscript and is finding it fascinating reading. They still have hopes of receiving the **Hickey** version of their history by the time of their 2001 reunion.]

A bit of information in their March 2001 Newsletter should be of great interest to many of you. Here is a direct quote.

In the mid-1930's, Howard Hughes designed an airplane, the H-1. He offered it to the U.S. Army, claiming it was the fastest in the sky then, and flew it from California to New Jersey at an average speed of 332 mph. But the Army tuned it down. So Japan's Mitsubishi Ltd., bought the design, and in 1937 came out with their famed World War II plane, the Zero. *(And the early ones had P-W engines.)*

**Ed Gammill**, 63<sup>rd</sup> Crew Chief and our current recruitment officer from Phoenix, AZ, sent the editor some humor he found in the Garrett Retirees Club's newsletter. In early April they had a meeting at which the guest speaker was retired Big. General Joe Foss, Medal of Honor, Past President of the NRA and of the AFL football league that merged with the NFL, ex governor of S. Dakota, etc. **Ed** writes that even at 86 Joe is going strong and presented an excellent talk that covered many subjects and included a good deal of humor.

As the treasurer of their club **Ed** had a long talk with Joe and presented to him a copy of the 43<sup>rd</sup>'s Newsletter which he found of great interest.

In the process **Ed** found two members of the club who were in the 63<sup>rd</sup> Sqd. as maintenance men during the B-29 era. He had known these men and worked with them for years and was not aware of their service in the 63<sup>rd</sup>. Like a good recruitment officer, he is working on them to join our association.

**Ed** enclosed some humor that the editor has had on hold for some time now, as it is a bit long for a newsletter like this one.

A later letter, via snail mail, (US Postal System for those of you who are not on the Internet) from **Ed** reports that he is having computer problems. He writes that he contacted several folks about becoming new members of the association. He hopes that his efforts have been successful. As his custom, **ED** enclosed a bit of humor.

He hopes that this editor's successor will do equally as well with the Newsletter. The editor is sure that **Howard K. "Andy" Anderson**, 64<sup>th</sup> Radio Operator/Gunner from Los Angeles, CA, will do a terrific job. (See story on page 6.)

Several of our members who remained in the Air Force after WWII worked on or flew the Consolidated *Vultee* B-36. **Lewis H. "Lew" Daws**, 65<sup>th</sup> Aircraft Maintenance and Crew Chief, has been able to locate the out of print book, *RB-36 Days at Rapid City* by John F. Welch, on the Amazon.com for about \$30.00. He writes that the book brings back many memories. One story in the book that **Lew** recalls vividly is that when the B-36 was being towed a person would walk in front of the wheels and kick any stones, etc., out of the path of the plane. One airman doing this job was caught by a tire and run over, but **Lew** says that he although he was driving the tow vehicle, he did not see the airman. Although a doctor was on the scene quickly to administer aid, but the airman died later.

**Lew** notes that the B-36 had a pressurized tunnel with a cart that ran from the front to the rear of the plane. On a mission one day this tunnel blew. He recalls it rather vividly, as it was around June 1<sup>st</sup>, the opening day of fishing and a team had come from Hill AFB to repair the tunnel. The team had brought summer clothes with them only to find that there was snow for 3 days at that time. A good many people who had taken time off for fishing were rather disappointed with those days of snow.

The death of **David Hassemer**, Headquarters B-17 Pilot from San Antonio, TX, was reported the April Newsletter. **Dave** was one of the "early birds" to be assigned to the SW Pacific Theater. He resided in AF Village in San Antonio but had been in poor health for sometime.

Just 3 days after **Dave's** passing, his wife, **Phyllis**, passed away.

A memorial service was held at the Air Force Village I Chapel on March 26<sup>th</sup> for both of them. They were interned in the Fort Sam Houston National Cemetery.

**Doris "Teddy" Gustafson** of Stow, MA, reported the death of her husband, **Edwin A. Gustafson**, 65<sup>th</sup> Aircraft Mechanic, on April 2, 1999.

He had suffered from Parkinson's disease for several years but died of a heart attack. A private burial was held in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery in Concord.

**Doris** reports that she too had been ill but is not in fine shape. She found that being a caretaker is not an easy thing to do.

Our President, **Max M. Axelsen**, was in contact with the family of our late C.O., **James T. Pettus**, immediately upon receiving word of **Jim's** passing. **Jim** had a number of materials and microfilm he had been using while helping author our history. His daughter, **Lisa P. Hamilton**, of Oceanside, CA, assured **Max** that these materials would be forwarded to **Laurence J. Hickey** in Boulder, CO, Associate member and military author who is writing our history.

**Larry** in turn contacted **Max** after hearing from him and indicated that in putting the 22<sup>nd's</sup> history together he is learning a lot that "... will greatly shortcut the completion of your project." [Editor's remark: The 22<sup>nd's</sup> history is a long way from being completed, so when ours will be is anyone's guess.]

Shortly after the April Newsletter was received by the membership, dues for 2001 arrived from **John J. Fahey, Jr.**, 65<sup>th</sup> Pilot from Singer Island, FL.

Dues for 2000-1 also arrived from **Roy Baker**, 64<sup>th</sup> Waist Gunner from Apple Valley, CA, who also writes; "B-17s were the best planes ever built and the toughest!" [Roy did you ever fly in a B-24?]

Also remitting dues for 2001 is **Eulamae Miller** of Tahlequah, OK, and widow of the late **Robert Miller**, Headquarters Radio Operator.

**Dolly** and **Byrle**, 64<sup>th</sup> Radio Operator from W. Columbia, TX, report that he is now back playing golf, so watch out men at the Nashville tournament. **Dolly** says that her back is much better which translates into a better game also. It will be good to see the two of them back in competition at Nashville.

More sad news to report comes from **Barbara Stevenson** who reports that her husband, **Harry L. Stevenson**, 64<sup>th</sup> Pilot from San Diego, CA, passed away on January 29, 2001, after a long bout with cancer. [The editor and **Harry** attended the same college and knew each other at that time. Then when the editor joined the 65<sup>th</sup> in March 1945, **Harry** showed up at his tent a few days later to welcome him to the 43<sup>rd</sup> BG. When **Harry** completed his tour while at Clark Field, he again sought out this editor and they bid each other "Adieu." We did not meet again until a 43<sup>rd</sup> reunion a few years ago.] We wish you the very best and you have our condolences, **Barbara**.

Expressing great sorrow at the loss of our former Group commander, **James T. Pettus** Pilot from Honolulu, HI, and Dr. **Henry S. Blank**, 64<sup>th</sup> Flight Surgeon from Gainesville, FL, **Charles Farha**, Headquarters Intelligence from Rockledge, FL, wrote "Both persons were gentle men, and always concerned about the welfare of all the military in our group. May their souls rest in peace."

**Charles** has sent **Bill Wilson**, Treasurer, former President of our Association and Pilot from Snyder, TX, his 2001 dues. He says that he is sorry to have missed the 2000 reunion but he and his wife, **Ingrid**, plan to motor to Nashville this year.

He likes the Newsletters and included some humor [see the Oct. 2000 Newsletter, **Charles**] for possible use in the future. He also enclosed all 4 verses of "Waltzing Matilda not reproduced here.

Here is a bit of food for thought. The editor does not vouch for the accuracy of this information, but it is what a statistician might come up with.

If we could shrink the earth's population to a village of precisely 100 people, with all of the existing human ratios remaining the same, it would look something like the following. There would be:

57 Asians

21 Europeans

14 from the Western Hemisphere – both north and south

8 Africans

52 would be female

48 would be male

70 would be non-white

30 would be white

70 would be non-Christian

30 would be Christian

89 would be heterosexual

11 would be homosexual

6 people would possess 59% of the entire world's wealth and all would be from the United States [The editor believes 1 would be from Asia]

80 would live in substandard housing

70 would be unable to read

50 would suffer from malnutrition

1 would be near death; 1 would be near birth

1 (yes, only 1) would have a college education

1 would own a computer

Our good rivals the **90<sup>th</sup> Bomb Group (H) Association** is holding its 2001 National Reunion at the Hyatt Regency, Greenville, SC from Wednesday August 29<sup>th</sup> through Sunday September 2<sup>nd</sup>. The editor notes that the reunion has been arranged by the Armed Forces Reunions, Inc., at a cost of \$10.00 per person. If interested, contact Jim McMurria, 4 Blenheim Court, Greenville, SC 29607. Phone 864-297-6342.

While on the subject of reunions **Audrey** and our Vice President and 64<sup>th</sup> Pilot **Roger G. Kettleson**, our hostess and host for the 2002 reunion in Las Vegas, have announced that the arrangements for that reunion are being handled by the reunion BRAT (Bringing Rotated Americans Together) which is run by Linda D. Irving from Kennewick, WA. The reunion will be held in downtown Las Vegas at the Golden Nugget from 22<sup>nd</sup> September through 26<sup>th</sup> September 2002. Room rates have been established at \$69 per night plus tax which brings them to \$75 per night. The registration fees have not as yet been determined.

**Audrey** and **Roger** headed to Europe and Scandinavia on the 28<sup>th</sup> May and will return to their home in Las Vegas on June 30, 2001.

**Roger** also wants it announced that **Howard K. "Andy" Anderson**, 64<sup>th</sup> Radio Operator/Gunner from Los Angeles, CA, has agreed to accept nomination for Secretary of the Association at the Group Meeting in Nashville. If elected, **Andy** will also serve as editor. This editor and **Andy** have already exchanged e-mail with regard to the responsibilities he will be assuming pending his election. The editor trusts that you folks will give him the unqualified and helpful support that this editor has encountered in his years of service. Without your cooperation and steady supply of excellent material, this Newsletter would not be what it is. Keep the stories flowing.

**Ruth Webber**, wife of **Albert Webber** 63<sup>rd</sup> 2<sup>nd</sup> Flight Engineer from Phoenix, NY, writing on behalf of **Albert**, has sent **Bill** life membership dues for **Albert**. **Ruth** writes that **Albert** does not want to forget to pay his dues which so they opted for life membership.

They wonder if any of his crewmembers are still around so they sent the names of these men. A check in our 2000 Roster lists two (\*) of these men. Below are the names of the other crewmen, so if any of you knows of any of these men, please let **Albert** know about that.

**Al Gaasons**, Pilot, **Charles Phippen**, Copilot, **James O'Brien**, Navigator, **Bob Gordon\***, Bombardier from Savannah, GA, **Glenn Rogers**, 1<sup>st</sup> Flight Engineer & Nose Turret Gunner, **John McDowell**, Radio Operator (deceased), **Willard Ogle\***, Waist Gunner from San Antonio, TX, **Bruce Willingham**, Waist Gunner, **Charles Trusty**, Tail Gunner, and (?) **Walker**, Radio Operator.

The Webbers seem to have an address other than the one in the Roster. **894 County Route 57, Phoenix, NY, 13135**. E-mail address is <**WebberRuth@aol.com**>.

**Francis L. Walker**, 65<sup>th</sup> Flight Engineer from Eustis, FL, finds the Newsletter interesting although he has not found anyone he recognized from "The Good Old Days."

He reports that he had his own reunion in early April with the Navigator on their crew, **Clifford Miller, Jr.** from Claverack, NY. They "had several happy days chatting about New Guinea and many of the other Islands over there." **Francis** says that he sure appreciates **Clifford** coming from so far away just to visit him. He says their Pilot was **Al Turner**, and the rest of the crew are either gone or they have disappeared.

**Arthur L. Tassoni**, 64<sup>th</sup> from Toms River, NJ, writes that he is a Queen Mary alumnus along with his close buddy, **James R. Daly**, a Line Chief. They both were at Mitchell Field when it was a fighter base. After they left the service they each became insurance adjusters and met their wives to be at that job. **Jim** has since passed away, but their friendship lasted over 50 years.

Keeping up with his dues is Associate member, **John E. Sonto**, 447<sup>th</sup> Bomb Group 8<sup>th</sup> AAF from East Providence, RI. "Always enjoy reading the association's newsletter. Thanks!"

**James McGuire**, 63<sup>rd</sup> Radio Operator from Scarborough, ME, has sent **Bill** his dues through 2002. He wants to be certain that he does not miss any newsletters as "... there is a lot of information in them that will never be in any history book. We both enjoy the quarterly humor." That was signed by his wife, **Cynthia**.

She writes that they are both doing okay and are still up and going. **Jim** will be 80 in May and still does all of the yard work and maintenance of the house.

We have another new Associate member thanks to **Janice Olson**, Associate from Apple Valley, CA. He is **Charles "Chuck" Bowen, Jr.** nephew of the late **Henry "Billy" Bowen**. According to Janice, **Billy** was the Tail Gunner on B-17 #41-9234 on 8 January 1943 when that plane was "... badly shot up on this mission to Lae and crashed at Wau. All but two of the crew survived. Radio Operator **Albright** was also killed. Pilot **Ray Dau** and the rest of the crew were rescued by Aussies and Fuzzy Wuzzies and taken to Wau where they were evacuated back to 7-Mile via Hudsons. British author Robert Stitt and I are co-authoring an article about this plane and its escapades, due to be published next spring in the British historical aviation journal: *AIR ENTHUSIAST*."

Janice adds that **Frank Hohmann**, 65<sup>th</sup> Flight Engineer from Princeton Junction, NJ, had been contacted by **Chuck** via the 43<sup>rd</sup>'s Web Site who referred **Chuck** to her. "Chuck had taken a shot in the dark trying to find someone who knew his uncle. The fact that **Frank** referred **Chuck** to me while I was in the middle of researching the plane on which **Chuck's** uncle was flying when he was killed, can only be called an act of outrageous coincidence."

**Chuck** would like to hear from anyone who knew his uncle. His address is 1124 2<sup>nd</sup> Street SE, Valley City, ND 58072. His e-mail address is <dakotaduece@yahoo.com>.

Another of our missing comrades has found us and is now a paid up member of the Association. **Ernest MacQuarrie** who flew 20 missions while serving as Radio Operator/Gunner in the 403<sup>rd</sup> on the crew of **Art Humphries** made the Air Force his career and retired as a Lt. Colonel. **Ernest** served in the 43<sup>rd</sup> from February or March 1945 to November 1945. He writes that he is looking forward to our newsletter. Here are the vital statistics. Address – 6903 Carnation Drive, Carlsbad, CA 92009. His phone is 760-731-9710 and his wife's name is **Janice**. Welcome aboard!

A rather interesting story comes from **Frank Drab**, 403<sup>rd</sup> Armorer from Venice, FL. But first being a new member he has asked about our fiscal year when he sent his check to **Bill** for his dues. It is listed near the end of the newsletter before the pages added for any upcoming reunion. It is the same as the calendar year.

He also mentions that the Collings Foundation B-17 *NINE-O-NINE* and its B-24 *THE DRAGON AND HIS TAIL* flew into the Charlotte County airport in Florida. He did get to visit the planes for about a half hour and enclosed 5 colored photos that he had taken of the Dragon, him at a waist gun, a waist gun and his wife, **Peg**, standing by the port wheel and the side of the plane with the names of all of sponsors of the plane. Several of our members have their names on that plane. The editor will scan these photos and send them on to our Web Mistress, **Tracy Tucciarone** in Indianapolis, IN.

Now for his story he wrote a long time ago for the writing class to which he belongs. He says that any of us who were in New Guinea should remember the natives, especially the bright yellow hair, and many with bones in their noses and ears.

Attacked by cannibals in New Guinea, Nov. 1944

Since I first wrote this story in 1992 I have run across magazine articles in two different publications, the *National Geographic* and *Readers Digest* confirming that cannibalism is still carried on in New Guinea.

In the fall of 1944 I was being shipped to New Guinea for Air Force combat duty. I had not ever heard much about New Guinea, whose other names are Pawpaw and West. ...It was the second largest island in the world, 1500 miles long by 500 miles wide, just south of the equator. It had hot steamy impenetrable jungles which were infested with deadly snakes and insects, and populated by natives who are hostile cannibals. There is a ridge of mountains running down the center of this island with mountains as high as 16,400 feet some with year round snow-covered peaks. I was unloaded from the ship onto a small island off New Guinea called Biak.

On my second day there, which was a Sunday, on this beautiful tropical island I went to explore the beach clad only in shorts and a hat. After walking several miles from the camp, arriving at a spot where the pure white sandy beach was narrow, between the gently lapping crystal clear blue waters, and high coral cliff, rising straight up, I noticed two dugout canoes, a short distance out in the water with five natives in each.

They were paddling parallel to the beach. As I quicken[ed] my pace they paddled faster. When I slowed they did likewise. All eyes were on me, and when I turned back, they did likewise. Then, I knew they wanted me for Sunday dinner.

My only weapon, a sheath knife was already in my hand. I had no place to run. Finally the leader, a giant of a man, huge and muscular, dark brown skin, hair died yellow, stuck full of bright feathers, a strand of beads made out of teeth around his neck, wearing only a loincloth, stepped out of the dugout, and waded toward me. I was now so frightened that I could not move a muscle. He was holding in his hand what looked to me like a grenade.

He stepped up to me and with a large smile said "Hello Joe." He was not a giant at all but almost five feet tall. He was holding an old rusty soup can fill[ed] with beautiful cowrie shells. In his pigeon English he tried to barter for cigarettes or gum. Having none, I try to use American money, but he would only take Dutch Guilders.

As I had nothing to barter with, he said, "Good Bye Joe," turned and left me standing and shaking and shaking.

I now decided that combat had to be a breeze if I could face down a tribe of cannibals and still live to talk about it.

Another who took in an air show and saw the *NINE-O-NINE* and the *DRAGON AND HIS TAIL* was **Edward L. Gammill**, 43<sup>rd</sup> Assoc. Recruiter and 63<sup>rd</sup> Crew/Flight Chief from Phoenix, AZ. **Ed** and his daughter recently visited Falcon Field in Mesa, AZ, where the planes stopped on their annual tour. They also visited the Confederate Air Force Museum.

"These airplanes are as large and as impressive as they in the 1940s; but believe it or not they have shrunk internally! I explained to my daughter that I once could grab the upper frame of the small entrance door under the pilots' seats and swing up into the B-17 without a second thought. She asked if I could do it now and I had to inform her I wasn't sure I could even manage the ladder they had arranged for entrance. Once I followed her up the ladder, which was no problem, is when I discovered the reduction of the internal space (perhaps my increase of 30 pounds assisted Boeing in this redesign)."

His daughter was impressed by the fact that the men had to walk the catwalk through the bomb bay during open flight with the doors open. She thought that the ball turret would be a more exciting ride than any E ticket at Disney Land.

**Ed** also enclosed several colored photos he took of the two planes with him standing before the nose art of *THE DRAGON AND HIS TAIL*. The editor will scan these and send on to **Tracy** our Web Mistress.

Not to be outdone by those who saw those two great airplanes, **Rosemary** and **Kenneth Brown**, 64<sup>th</sup> Pilot from El Paso, TX, motored to Las Cruces, NM, in mid April to see the *DRAGON* and *NINE-O-NINE*. The **Browns** were met there by a son and grandson. All of them toured the



*DRAGON* and took photos. **Rosemary** included a newspaper article with colored photo of the two planes in flight. **Ken** had a long conversation with the pilot who had **Ken** sign his name on the lining of his jacket on which the nose art of *THE DRAGON AND HIS TAIL* was painted. **Ken** signed his name alongside that of **Russ Burnett**, 64<sup>th</sup> Flight Engineer from Conway, MA, and **Dayton Blanchard**, 65<sup>th</sup> Pilot from Cloudcroft, NM, at this time of year.

Here is a change address for each of you to put in your 2000 Roster. **William A. Smetts**, 63<sup>rd</sup> Pilot has moved from Florida to Ohio. The new address and phone number are **351 Walnut Lane, Mason Oh 45040** and **513-398-1889**. Welcome to north, **William**.

Electing to be a lifetime member is **Virginia M. Hoover** from Seabrook, TX. She is the widow of the late **William "Bill" "Radar" Hoover** a 63<sup>rd</sup> Navigator. She mailed **Bill Wilson** her lifetime dues so that she can be a lifetime member like **Virginia "Ginny" Hustad** from Hilton Head Island, SC, and widow of the late **Carl Hustad** and former 63<sup>rd</sup> Pilot.

In a previous issue of the Newsletter the editor inadvertently gave **Virginia's** phone number incorrectly. If you are one of those who makes the changes reported in the newsletters, here is one that needs correcting again. Her phone is actually **291-281-7576**.

**Virginia** writes that she is getting along fine and lives close to her daughter. Her granddaughter and her children, **Virginia's** great grandchildren live behind the daughter so all are within a block and a half of her home. Her community is located on a lake and she lives only two blocks from the lake, boat ramp, dock, etc. It is a sheltered community so she takes the dog for a walk or actually it is the other way around whenever she chooses to. Her dog is a mix of Chow and Lab and weighs over 100 pounds, so he keeps her active. He is an excellent watchdog so she feels safe at all times. She is enjoying her own home with 4 bedrooms. She has her master bedroom a guest bedroom and then she has turned the other two into a computer room and office and a sewing room.

**Virginia** plays a good deal of bridge at the Seabrook community house and a couple times a month at the Officers Wives Club from NASA. They have a luncheon once a month. When she wrote her letter, with no date on it, she was going to a fashion show and luncheon at the Gilruth Center on NASA.

She is an avid quilter and has become active in the Lakeview Quilt Guild. She is learning how to use her Bernina Deco sewing machine and how to put lots of designs on her work. Her son, Joe, a Methodist Minister has asked her to make him some stoles that she plans to start very soon. She is a designer at heart and took a course in dress designing at the Univ. of Hawaii.

We welcome aboard a new member, **Ladislaus A. Czopek**. On his application for membership he indicates that he served in Ordnance from April 1942 to 1944. He does not indicate a squadron, but attained the rank of Tech. Sergeant and earned a Bronze Star. He retired from G.M. in April 1980. He is married to **Eleanor**. Their address and phone number are **908 River Bank, Lincoln Park, MI 48146** and **313-928-2353**. If any of you remember **Ladislaus**, why not drop him a line or phone him?

**Athill W. Irvine**, 63<sup>rd</sup> Radio Operator from Winthrop, ME, paid his dues for 3 years. He writes that although he has never attended a reunion before, he expects to make the Nashville reunion. He has been enjoying the Newsletter. Due to some requirement with regard to 911 it has been necessary for him to make a change of address. Here is his new mailing address: **34 So. Upper Narrows Lane, Winthrop, ME 04364**.

**Leroy Jasmer**, 63<sup>rd</sup> Maintenance from Willmar, MN, has given the editor permission to reprint a story that he had published in *Air Classics*, September, 1995, Volume 31, Number 9. He says that he reads a couple of other newsletters and thinks that the 43<sup>rd's</sup> is "... miles ahead of the others." The staff appreciates comments like that. His story is about the two Japanese Bettys that flew to Ie Shima on August

19, 1945. It follows in its entirety sans the pictures that he had with his original publication. But first, a preface to that story also by Leroy.

### Irony

We were thousands of miles nearer the action than the homefolks. They had newspapers and radios they trusted, and they received the news of Japan's surrender soon after the Emperor's plea for peace. There were no authoritative newspapers on Ie Shima. There were no radio stations, and we had no radios. We had learned the hard way that the truth leaked out of the news spread via word of mouth. Consequently, we habitually treated the news about the end of the war, and every other bit of news he heard, as rumor.

Hirohito announced Japan's surrender on the new day, August 15. It was welcomed on the home front on August 14, the old day. The new day begins at the International Date Line and reaches Japan when it is two hours old. The rest of the world is still wearing the old day. Encyclopedias note August 14 as the date the war in the Pacific ended. Actually, the date depends on where you were on the Earth when the event happened.

### BETTY'S FINAL MISSION

Two war-weary Japanese bombers held the destinies of million in their fat fuselages when they played their part in the drama that ended World War Two.

Those two Mitsubishi Betty bombers, which had scattered death and destruction across the Southwestern Pacific, had finally become instruments for peace. Bad luck dogged their mission. Both aircraft faltered, and one never completed the final leg of it journey home.

Shortly after high noon on 19 August 1945, two North American B-25s and a swarm of Lockheed P-38s escorted two Japanese Betty bombers into American controlled airspace over the island of Ie Shima. The Bettys were carrying emissaries whose task was to arrange the surrender of the Japanese Empire to end WWII. Tiny Ie Shima lies about three miles west from it larger neighbor Okinawa. The islands are part of the Ryukyu Archipelago which stretches to the southwest from the main islands of Japan.

The Allies gave the code name *Betty* to the twin-engine Mitsubishi G4M and nicknamed it the "Flying Cigar." The aircraft lacked protective armor and self-sealing gasoline tanks, making it a flying crematorium when hit by a tracer. The plane made up for being relatively slow by having an unusually long range. Powered by two 1530 hp 14-cylinder radial engines, the Betty could carry 1766 pounds of bombs and seven crewmembers. During the early part of the war, the Bettys proved to be formidable weapons by sinking tow British ships of the line, the battleship *Prince of Wales* and the battle cruiser *Repulse*. The two Bettys that carried the emissaries to Ie Shima were G4M1s.

The Allies needed simple, easily communicated names for Japanese aircraft. The Japanese names had too many syllables, making them difficult for Allied airmen to pronounce. The solution was to give girls' names to bombers and large airplanes and boys' names to fighters and other combat aircraft. The Americans with their talent for inventing derisive names and inspired by the round red insignia, called all Japanese airplanes "meatballs."

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At an Imperial Conference held very early in the morning on 10 August, Emperor Hirohito, his heart heavy for his suffering people, told his inner cabinet that Japan must surrender. The Japanese people could no longer endure the unimaginable destruction and horror wrought by atomic bombs and the conflagrations started by fire bombs. He urged that the conditions laid down at the Potsdam Conference, which demanded unconditional surrender, be accepted by Japan. A cauldron of intrigue had been boiling before the meeting. When the meeting was over, the cauldron was ready to boil over. Military men, imbued with the code of the ancient aristocratic *samurai*, dominated the cabinet. Accepting the reality that surrender was inevitable and that their country would be occupied by enemy soldiers left them shocked and stunned.

Many officers wrote their wills and performed an elaborate final ceremony before committing *hara-kiri* or *seppuku* with a short sword or dagger. Others chose handguns to commit suicide to atone for their failure to win the war.

The Emperor prevailed over the senior military officers, who in turn had a struggle putting down a coup mounted by junior officers. On Tuesday, 14 August, the Emperor made a recording to be broadcast to his nation on the following day. Rebellious conspirators sealed off the Imperial palace and nearly succeeded in preventing the 15 August broadcast of Hirohito's first message urging his people to end the war. On Thursday, 16 August, he broadcast again ordering that all hostilities cease.

South of Tokyo, Atsugi Airdrome seethed with intrigue. Pilots dropped leaflets over the city accusing the cabinet of misleading the Emperor. The fanatic who led the rebels became hysterical, and the revolt collapsed. Many officers clung to *Bushido*, the code of the *samurai*. They would fight to the death and the complete annihilation of their country rather than surrender.

General Douglas MacArthur, Supreme Commander of the Allied Forces, ordered the Japanese to send a delegation to Manila to disclose the disposition of their defenses and to arrange for the surrender. General Umezu, the Japanese Army Chief of Staff, flatly refused to go. The responsibility fell on Lieutenant General Kawabe, his Vice Chief of Staff, who chose 15 delegates, civilian and military, to accompany him on the mission. Ironically, it was Umezu who had to humble himself later to sign the surrender documents aboard the battleship *Misouri*.

The peace mission had to be planned in secret to avoid being sabotaged. The Japanese requested a 48-hour delay, and MacArthur agreed to postpone the mission to 19 August.

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Dawn on Sunday, 19 August, came with perfect flying weather for both *kamikazes* and the surrender mission. The emissaries assembled at Haneda Airport and from there they flew across Tokyo Bay to Kisarasu Air Base in several small planes. The contingent was then divided, eight persons to each of the Bettys. After all had boarded the battle-scarred bombers, the pilots opened their secret orders and the flight got underway on a course heading plotted to avoid *kamikazes* and suspicion. Other aircraft departed from Tokyo at the same time to act as decoys. *Kamikaze* translates to "divine wind." The pilots flew suicide attacks, crashing bomb loaded planes into their targets.

The distance from Tokyo to Ie Shima is roughly a thousand miles, but the dog leg course they followed was longer. They flew south over the open ocean and were met east of Kyushu by a swarm of aircraft, which they were relieved to recognize as American, not *kamikazes*. The Bettys had no windows for the passengers, but the fuselage of one of them had peep holes in it, courtesy of a bout with an American machine gun.

The Japanese pilot radioed the password, "Bataan." An American pilot responded, "We are Bataan's watchdog. Follow us."

Two B-25s escorted the Bettys, flying formation on the right and left of the two bombers. A host of P-38s rode herd on the peace mission to insure no intrusion by a fanatic *kamikaze*.

At least one Dumbo (a B-17 with a lifeboat slung under its belly) and two Catalina patrolled the China Sea around Ie Shima. Air-sea crash rescue boats crisscrossed the waters off the ends of the runway. Nobody on that little island wanted to chance losing the passengers in those two Betty bombers.

MacArthur had ordered that the Japanese aircraft be painted white and marked with green crosses. However, the round red *hinomaru* insignia on the sides of the fuselages showed clearly through the thin coat of white paint.

When they arrived at Ie Shima, each plane made a pass over the runway and circled to the left. The pilot of the first Mitsubishi touched down easily, but the second pilot forgot to ex-

tend his flaps, flared, and made a hard, jolting landing. They taxied to a waiting C-54 and, without ceremony, transferred to the larger plane. The emissaries were soon on their way to Manila to disclose their military secrets.

Late Monday afternoon on 20 August, the C-54 returned the tired Japanese delegation to Ie Shima and their waiting Betty bombers. They discovered that the plane that had made the hard landing had mechanical problem, so its return to Tokyo would have to be delayed. There was some concern among the Japanese about sabotage, but that was dismissed. Armed guards had watched over the airplanes which were parked in revetments surrounded by barbed wire. Kawabe elected to take the surrender documents and return in the other aircraft.

The trip home was noisy, dark, and cold. Kawabe and his seven companions drank whiskey to soften their discomfort in the drafty plane. Long before they reached their destination, the pilot discovered that he had serious fuel leak. They didn't tell Kawabe about the problem because they didn't want to alarm him. When the leak made reaching Tokyo impossible, he had to be told. The pilot changed his course to ditch as near to land as the remaining fuel would take them. One of the emissaries had been an Olympic swimmer, so he was entrusted with the precious surrender documents.

Fortunately, they were able to make a landfall on the coast somewhere southwest of Tokyo. A bright moon lighted the coastline, and the pilot was able to skip the Betty to a stop on the water without crashing. When the men climbed out, they discovered that the bomber was resting on the bottom in knee-deep water, and they easily waded ashore. Off to the northeast they could see Mt. Fuji in the moonlight, but they did not know exactly where they were. Ironically, the only man injured was the swimmer entrusted with the documents. He had injured his head and was dazed and bleeding, and he had to be helped from the airplane.

The pilot's distress signal had to summon help for the peace mission and avoid alerting conspirators who were bent on preventing the surrender. Kawabe and his men spent the greater part of an hour on the beach waiting for a rescue party, and neither help nor conspirators appeared. They eventually set off on foot and found a couple of fishermen who took them to a village where they were able to call the police. A truck delivered Kawabe and his men to a nearby airbase where they spent the rest of the night and got a few hours of sleep. Early next morning the exhausted delegates were flown to Tokyo to meet a worried cabinet, anxiously awaiting their return.

The second Betty was repaired and flown back to Kisarasu Air Base without incident.

The war was over. The Bettys had flown their final mission.

Unfortunately, neither of those two historic aircraft survived. The fate of the Betty that landed in the sea is not recorded, but it probably succumbed to wind and wave and salt. When MacArthur's Command ordered the destruction of Japanese military equipment, the Betty that had returned to Kisarasu was bulldozed into a pile with other Japanese warplanes and torched. Ironically, most of our airplanes met the same fate, dying ignominiously in funeral fires. Perhaps that was the most fitting end for killing machines.

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I was on Ie Shima on that fateful Sunday.

Rumors. We lived on rumors. The amazing thing about them was that most turned out to be true during August 1945. Events began to happen quickly, yet to me they seemed to happen in a strange kind of slow motion.

I was in the 63<sup>rd</sup> Squadron, one of the four squadrons in the 43<sup>rd</sup> Bombardment Group of the Fifth Air Force. Our squadron flew radar equipped B-24s, and their main target was enemy shipping. Our airplanes were painted black, and most of the missions were flown at night.

On a late afternoon, I don't remember the date, I was out on the line to see two airplanes off on a strike. They taxied out of their revetments to the end of the runway, turned around, and returned to their parking places. Before the props had stopped turning, the crew started throwing flight jackets, boots, and Mae Wests out of the waist windows. They were deliriously shouting, "The war is over! The war is over!"

A few minutes later, a clerk in operations told me that the mission had been called off and that was all he knew. During the supper hour, the men in the squadron were solemn and restrained, expressing both hope and doubt about the rumors.

Shortly after dark an air raid alert interrupted the subdued excitement of the bubbling rumor kettle, the usual signal for an air raid was three tracers fired across the sky from an ack-ack gun like a Fourth of July Roman candle. Ascending tracers gave an enemy pilot a pretty good idea where he might find his target, so the old signal had been replaced by a siren. A new air raid warning unit had set up just north of our tent area. Shortly after dark, they turned on their siren and we turned off our camp generator.

Naha, a city located near the lower end of Okinawa, was about 40 miles south of where we were on Ie Shima. The troops down there were having an air raid or big celebrations; we didn't know which it was. We stood around in the dark watching tracers going up from their anti-aircraft guns. The outfit with the siren never did blow an all-clear signal, so we went to bed. We never learned whether it was an air raid or a celebration. On Thursday, 16 August, we heard a rumor about a Japanese peace delegation that was supposed to arrive on Ie Shima on Friday, the next day. We hoped against all odds that they would appear on Friday then on Saturday, as each hour drained sluggishly away. We waited, almost afraid to express our impatience with the Japanese failure to show up.

Sunday, 19 August dawned bright and clear. I was there on Ie Shima to see the Japanese Bettys when they landed at midday, and they could not have more beautiful airplanes.

[The editor chose not to include the bibliography for the article above although Leroy did provide one.]

**Kent L. A. Zimmerman**, 63<sup>rd</sup> Pilot from San Antonio, TX, took his last flight on April 27, 2001, after suffering a stroke on April 21<sup>st</sup>. Memorial services were held on April 29<sup>th</sup> at Air Force Village I. He will be buried in Arlington National Cemetery on May 30<sup>th</sup> with full military honors. Our good President, **Max M. Axelsen**, attended the services in San Antonio on behalf of our association.

His wife, **Marty**, and at least one son and daughter survive **Kent**. **Marty's** snail mail address is in the 2001 Roster. Since **Marty** does not use the computer, anyone wishing to contact the family by e-mail may write to her daughter, Jennifer, at <[slattery@together.net](mailto:slattery@together.net)>. **Kent** was a frequent user of the Internet and e-mail after his mobility decreased.

A poem read at the funeral service written by Jennifer Slattery appears below.

#### DADDY'S POEM

By his daughter, Jennifer Slattery

It was my Dad who taught me to dance,  
Atop his shiny black shoes.  
Spinning around, laughing aloud,  
So handsome in his uniform blues.

Soon came the day I could follow his lead  
And match his steps with mine.  
Fox Trot and Two Step, I learned them all,  
And stood the test of time.

On my wedding day I was so proud,  
As my Daddy offered his arm.  
Our special dance, his "little girl,"  
Forever safe from harm.

Our last dance together, most special of all,  
As time had slowed his moves.  
Yet in his arms it was as before,  
Atop his shiny black shoes.

Our President, **Max Axelsen**, received a nice thank you note from **Martha** that reads as follows:

"Dear members of the 43<sup>rd</sup> Bomb Group Association. I wish to thank you for the beautiful basket filled with pastel colored flowers. **Max Axelsen** did an excellent job reading 'High Flight' at **Kent's** memorial service in San Antonio. **Kent's** interment at Arlington could not have been improved upon. I quote the chaplain at Arlington – 'We are here on this beautiful day in the valley of heroes.' It was a beautiful tribute to my hero.

I now have a great void in my life but so grateful for the wonderful 55 years we shared."

The 19<sup>th</sup> Bomb Group's history is now available. To order mail to **Turner Publishing Company, 412 Broadway, P.O. Box 3101, Paducah, KY 42002-3101** or phone **1-800-788-3350**. The cost is **\$52.50** each. Kentucky residents add **6%** sales tax. S/H: **\$6.00** first book, **\$3.50** each additional book. The book covers the 19<sup>th's</sup> History in the Philippines, Roster of the 7<sup>th</sup> Sqd., Roster of the 19<sup>th</sup> BG in Guam 1945, 19<sup>th</sup> BG in Korea, Special tributes and Personal stories, Biographical profiles of 19<sup>th</sup> BG vets as well as including hundreds of photographs.

**Lisa Hamilton**, a daughter of the late **James T. Pettus**, 43<sup>rd</sup> Bomb Group C.O. and Pilot, has sent to **Lawrence J. Hickey**, Associate member and Military Historian, all of the materials that **Jim** had in his possession which are related to the history of the 43<sup>rd</sup>. **Jim** was using these materials he wrote about the B-24 era. She also sent along the remaining copies of the painting of the 4 B-24s over Ie Shima.

**Lisa** reports that **Betty** has moved to the mainland to the **Orange County Nursing Home, 120 Dogwood Lane, Orange, VA 22960**. She will remain there until she can walk 50 yards with a cane, and then she will move to a nicer place. "Her stroke last summer left her with some real weakness which we hope therapy twice a day will remedy." **Betty** admits to not being happy leaving Honolulu, but now she is closer to her sons in Tennessee and South Carolina. We are praying for your recovery, **Betty**.

**Lisa** wishes the Bomb Group a happy reunion in Nashville. "The war and the comraderie it brought made these the happiest years of my Dad's life. I am sure he is happy in Punchbowl National Cemetery or wherever he is. He will be with you in spirit. Aloha."

**Robert E. Thompson**, 65<sup>th</sup> Aircraft Photographer from Scottsdale, AZ, decided it was easier to become a life member of the association than to keep track of paying his dues annually. He included a nice contribution to help offset the rising mailing costs.

He also wrote that he and his wife, **Jeanne**, had lived in Hawaii for 23 years and was not aware that our late commander, **Jim Pettus**, lived only a few short miles from their home. He wrote, "I'm sure that **Jim's** friendship and his outstanding leadership during a very difficult time in our lives will be sorely missed by all of us. We too would like to extend our heartfelt condolences and sympathy to his family and loved ones." He points out that like **Jim**, both he and his wife were born in St. Louis, MO.

**Bob** is listed in our 2000 Roster as having served in the 64<sup>th</sup> Squadron. He says that he has nothing against the fine group of buddies making up the 64<sup>th</sup>, but he actually was in the 65<sup>th</sup>. So correct those Rosters folks.

This information from **Bob** may be of some interest to many of you readers. About a year ago he sent a registered letter to "... our esteemed author, Mr. **Larry Hickey**, requesting a refund for my prepayment of the long-awaited history book. I never received the refund (or even a simple response from him), which makes me feel somewhat apprehensive as to his reliability and integrity. And I'm sure that many others in the 43<sup>rd</sup> Bomb Group feel the same way. At this point I have the feeling that I will just have to write it off and forget about it."

**Bob** compliments the staff for the fine newsletter and sends well deserved thanks to those dedicated buddies who are responsible for sending the staff such interesting information. He thinks of the Newsletter as being very much a history as it brings back "... many of those old recollections of that unforgettable and memorial period in each of our lives." He asks that we keep up the good work as he looks forward to each issue of the Newsletter.

More sad news comes with the death of **Kenneth L. Dawson**, 403<sup>rd</sup> Pilot from Cibolo, TX. **Ken** had been ill for a number of years with both heart and kidney problems. Services were held on May 2<sup>nd</sup> at Fort Sam Houston National Cemetery. Our faithful President **Max Axelsen** attended the services on behalf of the Association.

**Ray T. Melhus**, 403<sup>rd</sup> Pilot from Duluth, MN, mailed **Bill** a check for his 2001 dues along with a nice donation included. He thinks that the Association's newsletter is the greatest of all in the U.S.A, and so is the staff of dedicated persons who keep this association going.

**Ray** includes a suggestion for the association to think about. He suggests that instead of an annual reunion we hold our reunions every third year starting in 2003, 2004 or 2005.

Our host for the 1989 reunion in Colorado Springs, CO, **Harry Urban** 403<sup>rd</sup> Bombardier, took his last flight on Feb. 21, 2001. That was 11 months to the day of the passing of our hostess at that reunion, **Rachel Urban**.

**Naomi Shaddox**, wife of **M. L. "Shad" Shaddox** 64<sup>th</sup> Pilot from Friendswood, TX, is being treated for cancer of the liver and brain. At last word she was responding to treatment well and we all pray for her speedy recovery. Both **Naomi** and **Shad** have had more than their fair share of illnesses over the past few years, but both are fighters and have pulled through splendidly. Keep fighting Naomi.

A very interesting story worth repeating arrived from **Andrew Burochonock**, 65<sup>th</sup> Pilot from Stamford, CT. The editor knew **Andy** while at Clark Field but had no idea that **Andy** became involved in the B-32 saga. A few B-32s was stationed at Clark Field, Philippines, before they moved on to Okinawa. One of the pilots for those planes was **James Klein**, 65<sup>th</sup> Pilot from Stillwater, MN. **Jim** had completed his tour at Clark Field and returned to the States, but now he was back in a different squadron piloting a B-32.

**Andy** enclosed three photos of the B-32 Dominator. One in full color is an artist's portrayal of the last aerial combat of WWII showing a couple of Japanese fighters attacking a B-32 only to have one meet its fate and plunge earthward ablaze. This is the cover picture for the story that follows in a couple of paragraphs. The two black and white photos are identical except for size. The larger of the two appears at the end of this Newsletter.

**Andy** writes that **Arthur F. "Art" Mulligan**, was in charge of the B-32 project which involved men from the 43<sup>rd</sup> BG, the 22<sup>nd</sup> BG and the 380<sup>th</sup> BG. These men were being trained at Fort Worth, TX, to fly the B-32s against Japan. Before they were shipped overseas again, the Japanese had surrendered. Years later **Andy** met Gen George Kenney who was the guest speaker at a meeting that **Andy**

was attending. Andy told the general that he had been "one of his boys in the S.W.P.A. and asked him about the B-32 project." The general replied, "We are going to burn and flatten Japan from tip to tip." When the war ended, so did the B-32 project.

Andy enclosed a copy of the Special Orders dated 23 May 45 sending a group of men back to the States to take part in the B-32 Project. Below is a list of those 43<sup>rd</sup> officers who were included in these orders along with their hometowns and states at that time.

Lt. Col. Arthur F. Mulligan Ravena, NY

Maj. Lin Parker Jr. Arkansas City, AR

Capt. Andrew Burochonock Hastings on  
the Hudson, NY

Capt. John W. Adair Montgomery, AL

Maj. Horace A. Fay Brooklyn, NY

Capt. Allen D. Lewis Detroit, MI

Capt. David V. Swartz N. Baltimore, OH

Capt. James W. McKinley Manhattan, KS

Following is the story that Andy clipped from the **AIR FORCE Magazine**/September 1980 page 37.

This month marks the thirty-fifty anniversary of the end of World War II. Our cover, painted by Washington-area artist William J. Reynolds, depicts a B-32 Dominator exchanging fire with Japanese fighters. To the best of our knowledge this action, on August 18, 1945, was the last aerial combat of the war.

The B-32 on the cover, tail number 2108578, was piloted by Lt. John r. Anderson. His crew was one of two flying photo-reconnaissance missions over Tokyo that day when intercepted by fourteen Japanese fighters – Navy A6M2 Reizens (Zekes) and Army Ki-44s (Tojos). The other bomber (not shown) was the *Hobo Queen II*. It caught the first onslaught, beating off nine enemy passes.

Five-seven-eight didn't fare as well. After fighters knocked out it number three engine, they concentrated their attack on this B-32. In the frantic moments that followed, one photographer in the Dominator was killed and the other wounded in the legs. Tail gunner, Sgt. John T. Houston shot down one Zeke as it tried to sneak in behind. Sgt. Jimmie F. Smart, the upper rear turret gunner, hit another fighter, which rolled over and exploded below the B-32. The sergeant subsequently suffered a head wound and became unconscious.

The two B-32s fought their way clear and returned to Okinawa. Five-seven-eight carried one dead and two wounded airmen. The crew claimed destruction of two enemy fighters and one probable. *Hobo Queen II* claimed one probable. Japanese records indicated no fighters were lost in action against B-32s that day. Japanese Warrant Officer Sadamu Komachi officially claimed a B-32 as probably destroyed on August 18.

The only other aerial combat in which the B-32 participated took place the day before, when 578 became the first Dominator to shoot down an enemy plane. Another took credit for one damaged and one probable. The record shows that B-32s in World War II shot down three enemy fighters, damaged another, and received credit for three probables.

The B-32 was developed by Consolidated Aircraft, later know as Convair (and now part of General Dynamics), in competition with Boeing's B-29 Superfortress. Requirements for the aircraft emerged from the country's need for a high-altitude, long-range bomber. Gen. H. H. "Hap" Arnold, through the War Department, started action in 1939 for a four-engine bomber with a 2,000-mile radius. Douglas and Lockheed dropped out of the competition shortly after the preliminary design phase.

The B-32 was picked as backup to the B-29. Both aircraft were test flown for the first time in September 1942. Design problems, though, delayed further development of the Dominator. Initially, Consolidated patterned the B-32 on it sturdy and reliable twin-tailed B-24 Liberator. It was to be pressurized, with retractable turrets in the fuselage. When the first production model flew more than a year later, the plane's design had been changed to a single vertical tail, which soared thirty-two feet above the plane. Designers also abandoned the pressurized cockpit.



Problems plagued the aircraft throughout its life. Even the name ran into difficulty. Consolidated wanted to call it "Terminator," but the Army Air Forces insisted on Dominator.

Of the 1,706 B-32s the government ordered, only 118 were ever built. Of those, fifteen served in combat. Their achievement were minor, but the actions of August 17 and 18, 1945, earned the aircraft a footnote in US aerial combat history.

Painting is an avocation with cover artist Bill Reynolds. He was a fighter pilot in World War II, and is now the Air Force Region Director for Aerospace Education in the Air Force Liaison Office to the Civil Air Patrol.

A phone call from **Fred Wesche**, 64<sup>th</sup> Pilot from Westfield, NJ, a relatively new member of the association, revealed that he had found another member of his crew who also served in the 43<sup>rd</sup> from May '42 to June '43. **Ed Gammill** has already sent the forms for membership to the newly found crew-member. He is **Earl M. Rogers** who served as Radio Operator/Gunner on **Fred's** crew. Here are the vital data: 13206 Mindanao Way, Marina Del Rey, CA 90292-6310; phone 310-823-4161.

**Fred** said that **Earl** earned several medals while on the crew including the Silver Star. He said that many of you who knew **Earl** will remember him as **Earl M. Rosengarten**.

The history department at Rutgers University of which **Fred** is an alumnus has been interviewing selected alumni regarding their experiences in WWII. He was one of those selected and spent some time on the campus for his recorded interview. The department intends to create a web site in the near future to display these stories for anyone who uses the Internet to read. The URL of this site will be included in a future Newsletter when that site is up and running and the editor is informed.

Somewhat mixed news comes from **Alvin Haas**, 64<sup>th</sup> Crew Chief from Des Plaines, IL. Many of us had noticed his absence from the San Antonio reunion last year. **Alvin** writes that at that time he was having a pacemaker implanted. He had to undergo further tests a bit later and ended up in the hospital again on November 27<sup>th</sup>. There he had open-heart surgery to insert a new valve to replace a faulty one. "... While the surgeon had me opened up he gave me four bypasses. I asked why they did the bypasses and was told he didn't want to have to open me up again later on." **Alvin** says that all has turned out well and he has experienced very little pain. He goes to cardiac rehab and is told that he is doing well.

On May 10<sup>th</sup> his wife, **Loraine**, of 55 years passed away suddenly. "The doctors couldn't stop the poison that got into her blood." This is sad news for all of us. **Alvin** misses his wife very much as is to be expected, but he is managing. He plans to make it to Nashville this year. We wish you the very best, **Alvin**.

On the first of June a short letter arrived from **Irene L. Watson**, widow of the late **R. F. "Bob" Watson**, 65<sup>th</sup> Bombardier. She has sold the homestead in Lebanon, IL, and on June 14<sup>th</sup> she will be heading to "... hot-hot CA." Her address will be 73-251 San Carlos Drive, Thousand Palms, CA 92276-3927. Her phone number will be 760-43-2234.

She writes that if needed, she will be ready to work at Nashville for the reunion.

One evening in early June the editor received a phone call from a **Kirsten Tedesco** of the Pima Air & Space Museum in Tucson, AZ. She had been in contact with a **Rick Vaughn**, the son of the late **William Vaughn**, 65<sup>th</sup> Squadron and probably a navigator, who had flown with **Jay Zeamer, Jr.**, 65<sup>th</sup> Pilot from Albuquerque, NM, and the late **Joseph R. Sarnoski**, 65<sup>th</sup> Bombardier, on that fateful day when their B-17 was attacked by several Japanese fighters and was badly shot up with **Jay** being severely injured with several wounds from enemy fire. **Joseph** stayed at his post as the nose gunner despite receiving mortal wounds. It was for that mission that these two brave men were awarded the Medal of Honor. **Kirsten** gave the editor **Rick's** phone number, and the editor called **Rick** the next day. **Rick** reported that his father had died this year. **Rick** was attempting to find out as much information about his father during his service in the 43<sup>rd</sup> as he could. He had **Jay's** address and had been in contact by

phone with **J. T. Britton**, 65<sup>th</sup> Pilot from Las Chavez, NM. **J. T. Britton** had been the replacement copilot on that mission when the regular copilot had been taken ill.

If any of you has additional information to give Rick regarding his father, **William**, you may phone him at **520-770-2121**. That is his business phone, but it is all that the editor has.

A phone call from **Douglas Flack**, 403<sup>rd</sup> Photographer/Gunner from Washington, DC, was made to learn about our upcoming reunion. **Doug** has been a bit remiss with his dues so he is not in the current Roster, but he promised to send **Bill** his dues. The editor mailed **Doug** an April Newsletter. His address is **2233 Bancroft Pl. NW, Washington, DC 20008**. His phone is **202-232-3555**.

Late breaking news that is sad indeed comes from **Doris** and Robert **H. Butler**, 63<sup>rd</sup> Bombardier and founder of our association from Fayetteville, NC. They report the passing of **J. C. "Chunky" Wilfert**, 63<sup>rd</sup> Navigator from Lake Charles, LA. **Chunky** had been ill for about three weeks, but his death from pneumonia was not expected. **Bob** writes that **Chunky**, "Had never missed a reunion and is loved by everyone. He will be missed."

Also late news from **Arnold M. Huskins**, 65<sup>th</sup> Bombardier from Pittsfield, MA, brings word that **Henry J. Bartnick**, 65<sup>th</sup> Nose Gunner from Brockport, NY, passed away. **Arnold** included a fine story about **Henry** in his letter. This will appear in the October Newsletter.

\*\*\*\*\*TAPS - LAST ROLL CALL\*\*\*\*\*

**Henry J. Bartnick** 65<sup>th</sup> Nose Gunner from Brockport, NY, on March 20, 2001. Reported by **Arnold M. Huskins**. God Bless.

**Kenneth L. Dawson** 403<sup>rd</sup> Pilot from Cibolo, TX, on April 25, 2001. Reported by **Max M. Axelsen**. God Bless.

**Edwin A. Gustafson** 65<sup>th</sup> Aircraft Mechanic from Stow, MA, on April 2, 1999. Reported by his wife, **Teddy**. God Bless.

**Loraine Haas** wife of **Alvin Haas**, 64<sup>th</sup> Crew Chief from Des Plaines, IL, on May 10, 2001. Reported by **Alvin**. God Bless.

**Phyllis Hassemer** widow of the late **Dave Hassemer**, Headquarters Pilot from San Antonio, TX, on March 21, 2001. Reported by **Max Axelsen**. God Bless.

**William H. Smith** 64<sup>th</sup> from Highlands, TX, on January 6, 2001. Reported by his wife, **Jeanne**. God Bless.

**Harry L. Stevenson** 64<sup>th</sup> Pilot from San Diego, CA, on January 29, 2001. Reported by his wife **Barbara**. God Bless.

**Harry Urban** 403<sup>rd</sup> Bombardier from Colorado Springs, CO, on February 21, 2001. Reported by **Arthur G. Durbeck**. God Bless.

**William Vaughn** 65<sup>th</sup> Navigator from New Mexico in 2001. Reported by his son **William Vaughn**. God Bless.

**J. C. "Chunky" Wilfert** 63<sup>rd</sup> Navigator from Lake Charles, LA, on May 17, 2001. Reported by **Doris and Robert H. Butler & James Diefenderfer**. God Bless

**Kent Louis Aaron Zimmerman** 63<sup>rd</sup> Pilot from San Antonio, TX, on April 27, 2001. Reported by **Max M. Axelsen and Kent's son and daughter, Jennifer Slattery**. God Bless.

\*\*\*\*\*

A third and final episode from the book, *MY LUCKY DICE*, by **Paul L. Nichols** 65<sup>th</sup> Pilot from Pica-yune, MS.

On 3-6-45 fighting was still going strong in the mountains of Luzon. Our next mission was to be a memorable one, again in support of the infantry at a place called "Belete Pass," in the mountains.

At this morning's briefing the officer in charge relayed the commanding officer's orders to go below the expected overcast in order to reach the target area. Knowing these infantry fighting areas to be very rough terrain, most of us were somewhat skeptical of this type of direction to be given at a briefing without actually knowing the conditions that we would be facing over the target area. We were to lead the 65<sup>th</sup> Squadron and would be flying (about 3 minutes) behind the lead squadron which was the 403<sup>rd</sup>. Just enough to keep them in visual contact but far enough back to give them time to drop their bombs and get out of our way so that we could drop ours. The 403<sup>rd</sup> Squadron lead plane had the commanding officer flying observer. If it wasn't the C.O., it was one of his assignees. We followed, descending into a valley whose background was totally covered by dark threatening rain clouds and the mountains on either side were forming a "V" with the point somewhere up ahead in those rain clouds. The tops of the mountains seemed to be well above the altitude of the 6 little dots ahead of us that were the 403<sup>rd</sup>. We were now descending at such rate that we would be unable to make a totally visual turn with our 6 planes. There were other mountains both to our right and to our left. Every second that passed gave us just that much less time to negotiate a 180-degree turn and rise up out of that deadly situation.

Radio silence or not, I told Tom that I was going to break radio silence and with waiting for an answer I called "Gangway One leader this is Gangway Two leader – do you recommend that we follow." The answer came back just as they were disappearing into the cloudbank. It was "Hell no, stay the hell out of here."

Tom says that he feels he must have been on the interphone with the bombardier. It was obvious that the 403<sup>rd</sup> had only one hope of ever getting out their situation. They could only give their planes full throttle, drop all their bombs, maybe drop flaps to ½ position and pray that the wing men would be able to follow and stay in formation. Without a doubt there would be a large quantity of prayers asking for "His" help.

We immediately hit the throttle and began a rising right hand turn which appeared to have the most room for us to negotiate a 180-degree turn with 6 airplanes flying in tight formation. We came very close to those mountains on our left as we completed our 180 degree turn, which were still well above our altitude as we rose and fought for altitude. Another minute or two would have placed 6 B-24s and their crews in jeopardy for their lives. We circled the valley and reached enough altitude to fly above the black rain clouds and the mountains. We knew pretty much where the target was located from where we were but to pinpoint the target we needed to get a break in the clouds under us. The clouds miraculously opened up and we were able to see the infantry smoke signals below us. Hank did a magical job again that day and we dropped our (8) 1000-pound bombs and those of the rest of our squadron on the target.

Because of radio silence, it was not until we got back to base that we found out that the 403<sup>rd</sup> hadn't fared so well. When we last saw them, they decided to give it full throttle and get up out of that black hole, if God was willing. He wasn't! The three planes in the lead element

just barely cleared the cliffs of an unseen mountain, and so did the lead plane of the second element, but both wing planes of the second element went into the mountains. I have only recently found out that one plane blew up and the other grazed the cliff top, broke in two with one half going down the other side while the other half was completely destroyed. With U.S. Infantry help several of the crewmembers in the front half lived. Probably at least 15 men died that day because of a decision gone awry. Decisions had to be made. It could have easily been worse. We could have led 6 more planes into the abyss and its resulting misery. We felt terrible, but lucky, and perhaps a little bit aware at the time that perhaps we had done something right. Again it seemed like we were too often our own worst enemy.

\*\*\*\*\* QUARTERLY HUMOR \*\*\*\*\*

### THE OIL SHORTAGE

There are a lot of folks who can't understand how we came to have an oil shortage here in the USA. Well, there's a simple explanation. Nobody bothered to check the oil. We just didn't know we were getting low. The reason for this is purely geographical. All the oil is in Oklahoma, Texas, Louisiana, Wyoming, Alaska, etc. All the dipsticks are in Washington, DC.

Now those who solved the oil shortage problem so neatly should turn their attention to find out what is really behind the power shortage in California.

A first grade teacher explains to her class that she is a Yankees fan. She asks her students to raise their hands if they, too, are Yankees fans.

Everyone in the class raises a hand except one little girl. The teacher looks at the little girl with surprise and says, "Janie, why didn't you raise your hand?"

"Because I'm not a Yankees fan."

The teacher, still shocked, asked, "Well, if you are not a Yankees fan, then who are you a fan of?"

"I'm a Red Sox fan and proud of it," Janie replied.

The teacher could not believe her ears. "Janie, why pray tell are you a Red Sox fan?"

"Because my mom is a Red Sox fan, and my dad is a Red Sox fan, so I'm a Red Sox fan too!"

"Well," said the teacher in an obviously annoyed tone, "That is no reason to be a Red Sox Fan. You don't have to be just like your parents all of the time. What if your mom were a moron and your dad were a moron, what would you be then?"

"Then," Jamie smiled, "I'd be a Yankees fan."

Reprinted from the Taiwan Daily Gazette by staff writer Wun Wing Lo. [Taken off the Internet. Note the writer's name. That's humor.]

In an heroic dogfight fought over international waters off the mainland China coast, a 60's era American built Lockheed Electra propeller airliner with 24 US Navy passengers/observers aboard chewed up one of China's best state-of-the-art supersonic fighter aircraft.

The Americans, utilizing the infrequently seen combat tactic of straight and level flight, often accomplished by relying solely on autopilot, engaged the unfortunate single seat combat jet and knocked it out of the air using only one of the EP-3's four formidable rotating air mass propellers.

After the action the crew and passenger/observers dropped in on China's Hainan Island Resort for some much deserved R&R as guests of the Chinese government.

### Small & Ponderable Truths

Drive carefully.

It's not only cars that can be recalled by their maker.

Nobody will ever win the battle of the sexes.  
There's too much fraternizing with the enemy.

The facts although interesting are irrelevant.

The only difference between a rut and a grave is the depth.

Never wrestle a pig. You both get dirty and the pig likes it.

Respectively Submitted – Jim Cherkauer, Secretary/Editor

A bit of advice from those who run the registration desk at the reunions.

**BRING YOUR NAMETAG WITH YOU TO THE REUNION.**

Those who work at registration at the reunions say that we are running out of nametags since so many members forget to bring along their nametags. The supply is now very limited. Thanks for your cooperation.

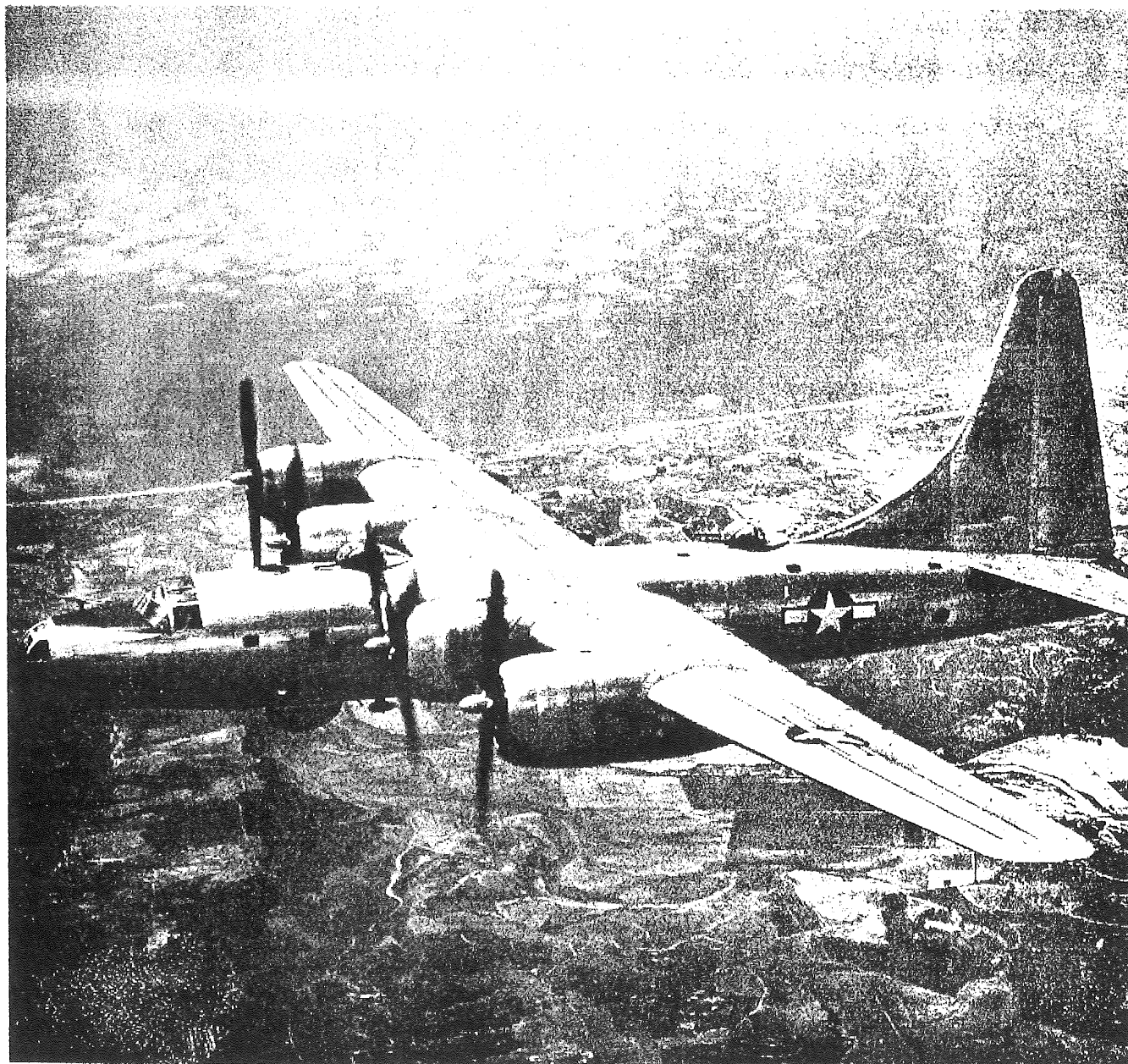
The Newsletter is published 4 times each year – **January, April, July and October**. If you have any news that you want in the Newsletter, please have it in the editor's hands absolutely no later than the 15<sup>th</sup> of the month before publication. Late arriving material will be included in the following Newsletter. **PLEASE WRITE LEGIBLY. AVOID SENDING MATERIAL AT THE LAST MINUTE IF YOU CAN SEND IT EARLIER- PLEASE.**

Dues (**\$15 Per Year** or **\$100 Life**) may be sent directly to BILL WILSON, Treasurer, or to JIM CHERKAUER, Secretary. (Addresses are at the beginning of the Newsletter.) Make the check out to **43<sup>rd</sup> Bomb Group Assoc.** Check the mailing label on this edition to find out your status with respect to paid up dues. The Association's fiscal year is the same as the calendar year.

You may send E-Mail to the Secretary/Editor at <[cherrj@buffnet.net](mailto:cherrj@buffnet.net)>. **PLEASE DO NOT SEND ATTACHMENTS YOU DID NOT CREATE. TO AVOID DOWNLOADING A VIRUS, THE EDITOR DOES NOT OPEN ATTACHMENTS THAT DO NOT ORIGINATE WITH THE SENDER.**

**The Post Office department will not forward the Newsletter.** If you have a change of address, please send BILL WILSON, Treasurer, this change **as soon as possible**.

## Forgotten Bomber



Overshadowed by the B-17, B-24, and B-29, the Consolidated B-32 Dominator nevertheless had an important part in World War II combat aviation history. Other than the B-29 Superfortress, it was the only very heavy bomber produced during the war. It also had innovative, reversible inboard propellers that could be used for braking on landing. Fourteen orders—447 total delivery of

115 production aircraft—the B-32 was pressed into service by Far East Air Forces at the urging of Lt. Gen. George C. Kenney. In the closing days of World War II, B-32s earned the distinction of fighting what is cited as the final tactical combat when, on Aug. 18, 1945, B-32s bombed the Japanese home islands. Just three years after the first B-32 prototype had rolled off the runway at San Diego assembly

line, the B-32 program was canceled. The last six bombers went directly to disposal centers.

Following are tours's available 2001, 43rd BMB GRP Reunion.  
Individuals will order (request) tours at Tel. 615-889-9490.  
Pick up in front of hotel.

**1) GRAND OLE NASHVILLE - 24.35**

*Approximately 3 hours*

- See the homes of legendary stars, including Ronnie Milsap, Pam Tillis and the late Hank Williams, Minnie Pearl, Tammy Wynette, and Webb Pierce.
- Take a self-guided tour of the historic Ryman Auditorium®, inner home of the Grand Ole Opry® (Admission included in tour price.)
- See exciting points of interest including Fort Nashboro, Historic Second Avenue, the Capitol, Music Row, the Parthenon and the Governor's Mansion.

**2) Country Legends - 22.72**

*Approximately 3 hours*

- See the homes of the stars, including Reba McEntire, Porter Wagoner, Johnny Cash, Tracy Lawence, Lorrie Morgan, Ann Margret and late greats Roy Orbison, Conway Twitty and Roy Acuff.

**3) Music Country - 23.26**

*Approximately 3 hours*

- See the homes of the hot country stars, including Alan Jackson, Dolly Parton, Kix Brooks, Faith Hill, and Tim McGraw, Amy Grant, Alison Krauss, Lorianne Crook and the Little Jimmy Dickens.

**4) Inside Music - 23.80**

*Approximately 3 hours*

- See exciting points of interest: Historic Second Avenue, Fort Nashboro, Wildhorse Saloon® and the Ryman Auditorium.
- Learn about the booming Nashville music industry with a visit to Music Row and a recording studio.
- Admission to Country Music Hall of Fame included in the admission price.

**5) Grand Ole Opry Studio - 8.65**

*Approximately 1 hour*

- Go behind the scenes of the world famous Grand Ole Opry; stand where the Opry greats have performed; see backstage dressing rooms used by Opry stars; visit the studios where premiere TV shows are taped. You may even see an Opry Star! Then catch legends immortalized as you visit the Grand Ole Opry Museum.

**6) Opryland Hotel Tour - Guided Tour 11.36**

*Approximately 1 1/2 hour*

Couple - Free walk thru - NOT GUIDED

- Take a group tour of the Opryland Hotel, the world's largest hotel and convention center under one roof! Experience the charms of its lush gardens, winding river and cascading waterfalls, while learning fascinating tidbits about the spectacular hotel and it's features. Conclude your tour with a relaxing ride aboard a Delta River flatboat. (Involves extensive walking and some steep climbing.)

**7) The Hermitage - 23.26**

*Approximately 3 hours*

- Take a guided tour of the Hermitage, the beautifully restored mansion of President Andrew Jackson (Admission included in tour price.)
- Visit Tulip Grove, the historic home of Andrew Jackson Donelson, Jackson's private secretary and associate.
- The tour takes you by the Two Rivers Mansion, one of Nashville's stately, restored antebellum homes.

**8) Historical Mansions - 23.80**

*Approximate 3 hours*

Tour will feature 1 of the 2 mansions below:

- Belle Meade Mansion - Queen of Tennessee Plantations, former home of the Harding family. See one of the largest antique carriage collections in the South.
- Belmont® Mansion - Former Home of Adelia Hayes. See what architectural historians call the most elaborate domestic space built in antebellum Tennessee.
- Both tours take you by The Parthenon, Centennial Park and the Bicentennial Mall.



## REUNION INFORMATION

MUSIC CITY, U.S.A.  
Nashville, Tenn.  
28 October-4 November 2001

Our Reunion hotel the Radisson at OPRYLAND is located in an urban area that has many restaurants nearby. Shoney's, Cracker Barrel, Bob Evans, McDonald's, Appleby's (inside the Radisson), Cock of The Walk, (one mile), Spanish (0.5 mile), and a wide variety of restaurants and lounges, thirty unique shops, and nine areas of enclosed gardens and waterfalls across the street located inside OPRYLAND Hotel. Individuals may visit and tour anytime, or visit tour office in the SE corner of Radisson and join a tour group to go through on a guided tour. Trolley runs to all areas of the urban complex. Grand Ole Opry, Bell South Roy Acuff theater, Gibson Blue Grass theater, Nite Life, and The Nashville Palace are nearby.

The following is important information about reunion 2001 at Music City USA, Nashville, Tennessee. The Coordinator would be blessed and highly pleased, if every attendee if humanly possible, send registration with fee at least 1 (one) month prior to date of reunion (28 Sep 01). Transportation and meals has deadlines of payment if not met there is a penalty. THANKS.

RV Park is 1 (one) mile from Radisson Hotel. Park has pull thru parking available. MODEM hookup is available. Toll free number will be written upper right corner map that will come in a later newsletter.

SEE YOU IN THE VOLUNTEER STATE



# **THE YEAR 2001! REUNION OF THE 43<sup>rd</sup> BOMB GROUP ASSOC.**

**Held at the Fantastic RADDISON HOTEL situated in the beautiful Hills, Rivers, and Valleys of Tennessee – the VOLUNTEER STATE.**

**28 October – 4 November 2001**

**OPRY LAND across the street has 15 (fifteen) restaurants and lounges. Nashville Palace and Acuff Theatre are nearby. Opry Mills, entertainment and commercial complex are also nearby.**

**29 Oct. – 3 Nov.**

**Registration Monday to Saturday: 900AM – 12:00 Noon. Adjacent Steps to Atrium  
Hospitality Room and Memorabilia Room – Bellvue Room 9:00 AM – 4:00 PM**

**Wednesday, 31 Oct.**

**Board of Directors meeting at 8:00 PM – Donelson Room**

**Thursday, 1 Nov.**

**Golf day. 8:00 AM Golfers meet in Motel Lobby**

**7:00 PM Squadron Meetings.      63<sup>rd</sup> – Donelson Room “A”  
   64<sup>th</sup> – Brentwood Room  
   65<sup>th</sup> & Headquarters Sqd. – Donelson Room “B”  
   403<sup>rd</sup> – McGavock Room**

**8:00 PM – Ladies Program – McGavock Ballroom**

**Friday, 2 Nov.**

**6:30 AM – 8:00 AM Continental Breakfast**

**9:00 AM – Depart for Hermitage**

**Arrive at Hermitage at 9:40 AM. Tour takes 2 hours. Return to Motel**

**5:00 PM – ‘til? Cocktail party, dinner and entertainment and dance**

**5:00 – 6:30 PM Cocktail party – ATRIUM (Cash Bar)**

**6:30 – 9:30 PM Dinner and Dance. Dress Country/Western (Casual) in the  
McGavock Room**

**Saturday, 3 Nov.**

**7:30 AM – 9:00 AM Breakfast Buffet (Country) McGavock Room**

**9:30 AM – 12:00 Noon Group Meeting – McGavock Room**

**5:00 PM – 6:30 PM Cocktail Hour – ATRIUM (Cash Bar)**

**6:30 PM – 10:00 PM Banquet Dinner & Dance – McGavock Room**

**Sunday, 4 Nov.**

**8:30 AM – Memorial Service – McGavock Room**

**9:00 AM – 11:00 AM Farewell Brunch – McGavock Room**