



FORTRESS FOR FREEDOM



388TH BOMBARDMENT GROUP (H) ASSOCIATION INCORPORATED

**8th Air Force, 3rd Air Division, 45th Combat Wing
Station 136, Knettishall England, 1943-1945**

333 Total Missions

306 Combat Missions, 19 Aphrodite Missions, 5 Chowhound Missions, 1 POW Mission, 2 Revival Missions

388th Bombardment Group Headquarters

Station 136 Weather Detachment, Fersfield Air Base (Aphrodite Project), 434th Headquarters Squadron,
860th Squadron, 684th Squadron, 434th Air Service Group, 1211th Quartermaster Company, 1284th Military Police Company,
273rd Medical Dispensary 1751st Ordnance Supply and Maintenance Company, 2019th Engineering and Fire Fighting Platoon,
452nd Sub Depot, 29th Station Complement, 587th Postal Unit, 877th Chemical Company, 214th Finance Detachment
560th Bombardment Squadron, 561st Bombardment Squadron, 562nd Bombardment Squadron, 563rd Bombardment Squadron

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388th Memorial at Knettishall



THE 388TH BOMBARDMENT GROUP (H) ASSOCIATION, INC.

PRESIDENT: JAMES MORROW

333 Wedgewood Drive, Mooresville, NC 28115-2833
704-664-3486 jmmj@mi-connection.com

1st VICE PRESIDENT: GREG STAPLES

4715 W Larchwood Ct, Spokane, WA 99208
509-466-9557 gstaples@aoipro.com

2nd VICE PRESIDENT: LARRY ROME

5995 W 26th St., Greeley CO., 80634
970-339-4533 alkrome@comcast.net

SENIOR DIRECTOR: GEORGE SUNDBLAD

15456 Admiralty Circle nr 9
North Fort Myers, FL 33917
239-543-9855 goransundblad@aol.com

DIRECTOR: JEFF BAETHKE

3619 W. Lupine Ave. Phoenix AZ. 85029
602-365-5441

SECRETARY: LINDA SOO

3013 Mount Baker Circle, Oak Harbor, WA 98277
360-279-8531 linda388@fiddlybits.com

TREASURER: BIT SNEAD

ASSISTED BY MARVINNA SNEAD

2449 SW 328th St., Federal Way, WA 98023-2565
253-719-8314 bfsnead@comcast.net

CORPORATE AGENT: HENRY CURVAT

1624 Hammond Blvd, Jacksonville, FL 32221
904-783-4442 twinn-c@att.net

HISTORIAN: DICK HENGGELER

2708 Old St Johns Lane, Ellicott City, MD 21042
410-750-3605 388bg@comcast.net

PARLIAMENTARIAN: KELLY MOORE

33 Rockwood Dr., Ottawa, KS 66067
785-242-5270 k17moore@sbcglobal.net

NEWSLETTER EDITOR: TOM DENNIS SR.

801 Magnolia Ave. Apt. 225, Corona, CA 92879
Hm 951-734-7418 CI 951-733-0076

Dennis388@sbcglobal.net &

NEW BG388th-Newsletter@yahoo.com

REUNION ORGANIZER: RACHELL RARY

16208 11th Ave. N.E. Shoreline, WA. 98155
206-364-2667 beautynthebeast12@yahoo.com

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From the President's Desk *Preserving the 388th Heritage*

If you venture to Eastern Anglia you will see a number of signs pointing to sites where the Mighty Eighth Air Force had opened bases to attack the Nazi war machine on the European continent. If your travels steer you to a particular destination, such as Knettishall, you will see signs that guide you to other points of interest, such as churches and pubs. Then there is a very specific point, where a Memorial has been erected, to commemorate the men who had sacrificed so much to preserve liberty, freedom and democracy, and ensure that coming generations will not forget their efforts.

The Memorial of the 388th Bombardment Group, is located at the entrance to Station 136, and was dedicated in 1986. It has been cared for by a Memorial Committee. The Chair of this Committee, Tony Goff, has advised us, that the Memorial now is in dire need of repair. The British weather has, after 23 years, left its mark, and the lettering and paint has begun to flake and fade. The original stonemasons, Perfitts, have made a recommendation that the Monument be completely stripped down and repainted, at a cost of less than 1,000 USD. At the same time the 8th Air Force insignia would be painted in red, white and gold.

This leads me to the reason for this lengthy introduction: It is an appeal to all our members, to contribute *generously* to the Memorial Fund, so that the cost towards this restoration can be met and even surpassed. There is an annual cost for insurance of the Monument as well as for the very fine Museum operated by the Memorial Committee. So, please, open your hearts, and your checkbook or wallet and contribute as much as you can afford. Then, on your next trip to Knettishall, you can go and visit the Monument, have your picture taken, and proudly say: "I did that, together with my friends in The 388th Bombardment Group Association!"

Thank you



George Sundblad

You might have notice that in the column to the left there are some new names to the list of officers. At the general meeting we elected **GREG STAPLES** as 1st Vice President and **LARRY ROME** as 2nd Vice President followed by **JEFF BAETHKE** as Director. In addition we also filled the position of Corporate Agent with **HENRY CURVAT** and the final vacancy of Parliamentarian has been filled by **KELLY MOORE**. Please join me in welcoming them to the Board and give them all the support and encouragement that you can. More to come, in the next issue of the Newsletter.

Welcome New Members

- John Daugherty, son of Daryl Daughert 561st Squadron
 - George Nicolau,** 560th Squadron*
 - William Lane, friend of Walter Harpold 562nd& 561st Sqd
 - Bob Peters, son of Marvin W Peters, 563rd Squadron.
 - Robert E Staples, son of Donald E. Staples 560th Squadron.
 - Skip Vacca, son of Robert Shroats, 561st Squadron.
- * Original 388th BG Man

Thank You For Your Donations to the General Fund

Ammons, Frances	Goldacker, C.B.(Goldie)	Rome, Ray
Beck, C.E.	Harpold, Walter	Siess, Christine
Berklund, Patricia	Heckler, Walton	Shroats, Robert
Bewig, Cliff	McReynolds, Donald	Sundblad, George
Blasdell, Dottie	Meyer, Charles	Sundblad, Rickard
Cotton, Jim	Moore, Kelly	Thompson, Dick
Daniels, Wayne	Morrow, James	Turner, Clifford
Dellinger, Jack	Peeples, Alan	Vann, Jack
Dennis, Tom	Price, Alfred	Walker, Neil
	William Rowling	

If I missed anyone that made a donation I apologize. This was pleasantly, a very long list. Please notify me and I will be sure you are included in the next issue.

Knettishall Memorial Update

Based on the information available, when this issue went to print, the original stone masons, at Knettishall, are completing the restoration. They will be restoring it to its original state with color being added if possible.



These are a few of the "BEFORE" Restoration. The next issue of the Newsletter will hopefully be able to show the "AFTER" photos.

Continue to send your donations for the Memorial fund so there will be sufficient funds to maintain this reminder of all that the 388th stood for.

Check to be payable to the 388th BG Assn. In memo section indicate Memorial Fund & Mail to Bit Snead, Treasurer. Address is on page 2.

The Lighter Side



Childish Humor:

After a crew finished 25 missions (early months), pilots were held over, as needed, to act as instructors for new crews. Gene Keck, Don Hayden and I were three of them. Many times we would be in the air at the same time. New pilots only needed an introduction into the type of formation we were using. After they proved they could do just fine, Don, Gene and I would take over for some entertainment. One way was to pair up two ships, fly over the airport at 1000 ft. Then, in a preplanned pattern and airspeed, we fly in opposite directions about a mile, turn at the same time to head back toward the runway. One ship would request permission to dust the runway (buzz west-to-east), and when approved plane #2 would request a buzz east-to-west. Refusal was issued immediately, but ignored. Now the tower operator is faced with two planes approaching from opposite directions to buzz the same runway. Each pilot is well aware of the situation and sticks to the right side. This gives them a clearance of about 50+ ft. We were never reprimanded for this childish demonstration which we did several times over the coming weeks. In fact the tower used to invite friends to watch our antics. But please don't tell Col. Cox.

If you enjoyed the new LIGHTER SIDE column we would like you submit your story to share with the 388th. I am also sure that many of you had your husband, brother, father or grandfather in the 388th tell you an amusing story or two.

Please submit your humorous story to the Editor by mail or email to be published in a future issue of the 388th BG Newsletter. Looking forward to hearing from those of you that we spoke with at the reunion. Don't forget you promised us a story.

Knettishall Site for Arbon Birthday Bash

What better way to celebrate your 90th birthday than with a picnic at Knettishall? These were former 561st Sqd. navigator Paul Arbon's thoughts as he arrived at the Coney Weston airfield on May 29. The longtime London resident was accompanied by his daughter Lady April and son-in-law Sir Mark Thomson in a Cessna, chartered and flown by Mark.

Paul and Dave Sarson, curator of The 388th Collection at Hillside Farm, have kept in touch ever since Paul visited the airfield in 1995 and was presented with the navigator's triangle he lost in 1943 when the B-17 in which he was scheduled to fly on Oct. 14, 1943 crash-landed on take-off. The triangle, in near-pristine condition, was among several artifacts excavated by Dave in the field where the plane, the *Hardluck*, exploded.

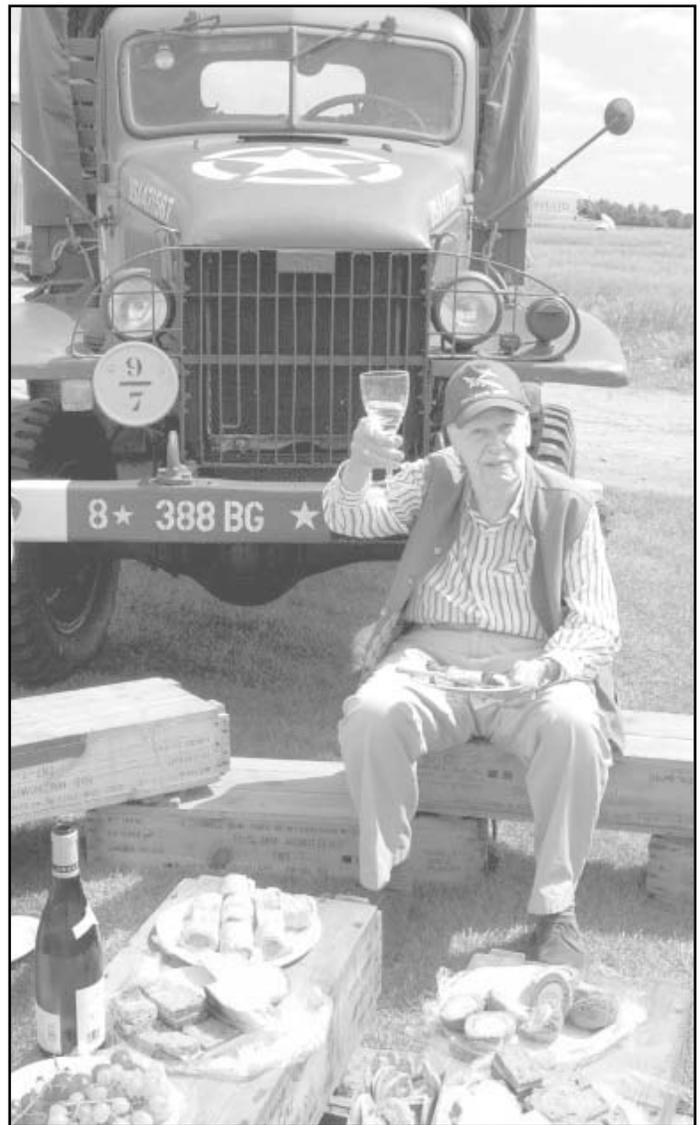
The welcome committee waiting to greet the Arbon family was made up of Dave, Deborah and Alastair Sarson, Tony Goff (388th Memorial Committee Chair), Percy Prentice, and Clive Stevens, whose 1941 Chrysler staff car caused Paul to quip, "I never did get to ride in one of these during the war."

The first stop of the day was a tour at the 388th Collection, where Paul was presented with a Wright Cyclone engine valve, polished and mounted by Dave.

Then, after a stop at the 388th Memorial, it was back to the airfield for a picnic lunch, with old ammo boxes serving as tables and benches. During lunch the partiers were treated to a special aerial display by radio control flying expert James Ladell, Chairman of the Bury Model Flying Club. Ladell "flew" two planes, his 1/5th scale, 9'6" wingspan P-47 Thunderbolt; and his 1/10th scale, 10'6" wingspan B-17, painted in 388th BG markings.

After four hours the Arbon family re-boarded their plane and headed back to Britain's capital, but not before a final farewell buzzing of the field.

Flying, it could be said, is in Paul Arbon's blood. He was two years old when, in 1921, he took his maiden flight in one of his



Paul Arbon, 90, raises a glass during his birthday celebration at Knettishall airfield. Behind Paul is Tony Goff's GMC *Lindy Lou*.



First Flight – two-year-old Paul with his father and aunt.

father's two airplanes from the family airstrip in Tulsa, OK.

Paul's father, Paul Arbon Sr., was a British-born mechanical engineer who came to Tulsa during the rise of the oil industry. By 1912 he had formed his own manufacturing company. Among his many inventions, Arbon's patented Prosser Socket became a necessary drilling equipment component.

At the outbreak of WWI, Arbon returned to Britain and enlisted in the Royal Flying Corps (later to become the Royal Air Force). After a year and a half of combat flying, he was wounded in action and, following a six-month recuperation, was sent to North America by the British Government to recruit pilots. It was on this assignment that he met Elizabeth Ashe. They were married in San Francisco after a month-long courtship. Paul Jr. was born in New York City in 1919. Arbon Sr. died at age 39 in 1927.

At age 20, young Paul bought his first plane and learned to fly at Palo Alto, CA. He enlisted in the U.S. Army prior to Pearl Harbor and, because he held a pilot's license for single engine aircraft, was able to transfer to the Army Air Corps. Having

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 05)

Arbon, CONTINUED FROM PAGE 04

washed out of flight school (“Perhaps because I was too confident and not as compliant as the instructors wished”) he signed up for navigator’s training and was commissioned a 2nd Lieutenant. He became part of the Paul Swift crew Feb. 28, 1943 in Boise, ID; and in April the crew joined the 388th BG, 561st Sqd. at Wendover, UT. The Swift crew was issued its plane, which they named *Virgin on the Verge*, in Sioux City, IA, and departed Bangor, ME with their squadron on June 14.

After 25 missions, theirs was the only B-17 in the 561st Sqd. remaining from its original ten aircraft; furthermore, only five of the ten men in the Swift crew would complete their missions.

Against the odds, says Paul, “I had an iron-clad conviction that I would survive.” He didn’t engage in the traditional bequeathing personal items in the event of not returning from a mission and, when asked by other flyers if they might inherit his Rolex, his consistent response was “I’ll be back.”

While the Swift crew’s first mission – Amsterdam, July 17, 1943, was “an easy expedition for us to cut our teeth on,” Paul said, “our real taste of rugged combat” was the July 26 mission to Hanover. Two days later, he was credited with the crew’s first shoot-down of an enemy plane over Oschersleben.

On the Aug. 17 shuttle mission to Regensburg, with two engines out from lack of fuel, the crew threw overboard all guns, ammo, and movable armor plate as Swift searched for the nearest landing field. Paul recalls Swift on the intercom saying, “If we’ve thrown overboard everything that is unnecessary to keep the plane flying, throw out the lead navigator.” Swift was able to land at a small RAF fighter strip at Bone on the African coast and a few days later the crew returned to England around the Spanish coast – the safest route for weaponless planes.

A spur-of-the-moment decision to wear his parachute (which he rarely did) spared Paul’s life during the Sept. 6 attack on Stuttgart. Over target a projectile smashed through the nose and hit squarely on the parachute buckle, throwing Paul to the back of the cabin and knocking him out. Though he quickly revived, the incident nearly brought his flying career to an end as it was policy to permanently ground any airman who had been made unconscious during flight. Fortunately, the head medic was a friend. “I was able to persuade him to forget that the event had ever happened and that someone ‘up there’ was looking out for me,” said Paul.

By early October, only five of the original squadron planes remained. Despite incoming replacement crews there was a shortage of experienced fliers; and Paul was assigned to fly the Oct. 4 Frankfurt foray with another crew. It was one of his most harrowing to date. Two engines had quit just as the formation was reaching target, and a third sputtered intermittently as the plane limped home.

On Oct. 14 Paul’s conviction of survival was tested yet again. With *Virgin on the Verge* down for repairs, the Swift crew was assigned to fly the *Hardluck*, Ken Eccleston’s plane, on the Schweinfurt mission. As their borrowed B-17 hurtled down the runway at 110 mph, the no. 3 engine suddenly burst into flames. Swift applied the brakes, which began to smoke. Swift had no choice but to lift the plane off the ground long enough to retract the landing gear, and then set it back down for a belly landing. *Hardluck* slid uncontrollably down the remainder of the runway, then into the field beyond, toward a grove of trees. Finally she

lost speed and stopped, her nose crushed by contact with a tree. “I still cannot imagine how we were able to help each other free ourselves from the plane and scramble out,” Paul said.

The excitement was not over yet. A quick nose count revealed that Otto Bowman, bombardier, was missing. “Swift and I returned to the rapidly disintegrating plane and pulled him out. Then we watched from a safe distance as *Hard Luck* blew up.” But their bravery, it appeared, went unappreciated. “Back at base we were subjected to a roasting for having concentrated on saving lives rather than salvaging an expensive airplane.”

Virgin on the Verge was now the last of the original 561st Sqd. planes and, on Dec. 5, Swift and his men became the last of its original crews when Ken Eccleston’s ship was hit and left formation over Bordeaux. “That day Eccleston’s ground crew waited and waited, refusing to leave the plane’s parking spot,” said Paul. “We could see them standing in the rain and they stayed there half the night, willing they plane to make it back safely. They were sure that, by some miracle, their crew would return after going through so much over the months.” The Eccleston crew was officially declared MIA the following day.

When the Swift crew was scheduled for its final mission, Paul’s one-time assignment to another crew stood in his way of joining them. After his squadron commander refused his request to fly with his crew, Paul appealed directly to Col. William B. David, who reluctantly agreed to let him go. At the time, he was the only man to fly a 26th mission.

Now promoted to the rank of Captain, the options of finishing his military career behind a desk or as a flight instructor were not desirable for Paul, who wanted to continue flying combat missions. It took a year to wrangle his reassignment to a B-29 bomb group based at Northwest Field on Guam. Between April 27, 1945 and the end of the war he flew nine missions averaging 15 hrs each. Paul was discharged as a Major in November 1945.

In May 1946 he married Joan Alker, his childhood sweetheart, and the couple set up house in New York City, where Paul took a sales job at the investment brokerage firm of Hornblower and Weeks. Some years later he later accepted a position at Roosevelt & Son, where he would remain as a partner for 15 years.

In 1986 Paul and Joan moved to London, where Paul and his friend and business partner Julien Roosevelt planned to open a European office of Roosevelt & Son. But with Roosevelt’s death, Paul’s heart went out of the venture, and he decided instead to operate as an independent broker, working from home.

Although Paul still “dabbles” in the market, these days are spent largely just enjoying life with Joan, his wife of 63 years, in their London flat.



Captain Arbon in 1944.

Hello to all the members of the 388th.

We would like to introduce ourselves, especially to those of you that we have not had the pleasure of meeting. My name is Rachell and I am the daughter of Bit Snead (561st), and my husband Joel and I have excitedly taken on the role of your reunion organizers. Next year's reunion is going to be in Lexington Kentucky, the horse capital of the world, Wednesday September 1st thru Sunday September 5th. The location is at the beautiful Marriott Griffin Gate Resort and Spa. The resort sits on a wonderful golf course, so get out your clubs and get them polished and ready. Joel and I would also like to say thank you to all of you that have already offered your help and input for next year, it really means a lot. We just hope that we can make you all proud and give you a reunion that is enjoyable for everyone.

Our love to you all,
Rachell & Joel Rary



Future Newsletters available in digital format.

To help the association save on the cost of printing and postage, the Newsletter will be emailed to all those that request it. You may receive either the printed or the emailed version but the new digital format will be able to be received quicker and will include color and will help save a tree. There will still be a printed version for those that prefer.

Send an email to BG388th-Newsletter@yahoo.com and request your electronic copy, this will put your email on our list without typo errors.

Thank you in advance of your continued support of the 388th.Bombardment Group (H) Association, Inc.

Carry on the Tradition.

Planning for the reunions has been a fun and rewarding experience. As we look back on another year, it is exciting to see the large number of young members participating and attending as the association grows. Especially the grandchildren and great grandchildren. To actually be in the presence of and share time with truly great men, our WW II veterans, is an honor that few will understand if they have never sized the opportunity. Experiencing their personal accounts, to see, feel, and hear them share their own true stories and experiences, is something each of us will carry forever. But for those of us lucky enough to be a part of the 388th Bomb Group Assoc., it is personal and real, not just something you have to read or try to imagine. It's like trying to imagine what the ocean looks or feels like, verses actually being in it or walking on the waters edge, looking out over its vastness. How fortunate we are to have the opportunity to share time with these living legends.

It has been an honor to represent the Bomb Group association as we have. To provide an exciting and entertaining event, in which all that attend can enjoy, has been our goal. Yes to, "Honor, Respect, & Remember" our original members for their sacrifice. One that we can only imagine as we live in a world full of free choices, as we do today. Who of us can grasp the patriotism, will and desire, real courage, it took for young teenagers to enlist and go to war. Or the sacrifice their parents made to let them go or help them sign up at a mere 17 years of age! It is almost unimaginable. Yet look at these men today, and who of us would not like to be them. They are proud, honorable, highly educated, successful, and most of all, know how to enjoy life.

There is a lesson here. Not just for our youth, but for us as well. If each of us will learn to live with the integrity, and lust for life that these men have, we will become a better person, a better society, a better world. When asked, what were some of our thoughts as we planned these reunions? For us, we were grateful for the opportunity to be included or allowed into their circle. We owe them an undying debt of gratitude for allowing us into their lives, for sharing time with us, and allowing us to learn from them. It is our pledge to each and every member, to do our utmost to help preserve the legacy of these true heroes'. It has been an honor to serve them and the entire 388th Bombardment Group, (H) Association.

Henry & Betty Curvat

Mail Call



July 31, 2009

Dear Mr. Snead:

I was a Navigator in the 560th Squadron until I was wounded in action on Aug. 16, 1944, losing a leg in the process. My pilot was Loren G Johnson of Columbia, Ohio, with whom I kept in touch with over the years.

He Died in March of this year & I attended his memorial service. While there I convinced his widow, Marty, whom I also knew over the years, to visit my wife Siobhan and I at our second home in Ireland. Along with a thank you note, she just sent me the Summer 2009 Edition of the Newsletter. Though I am in the database I never joined the Association, but decided to that today by sending my application to Ms. Soo.

In the Newsletter there was an article about the Group's Memorial at Coney Weston and its need of refurbishment. Many years ago I borrowed a friend's car in Aldeburgh in the hope of finding the airfield. After finding it and gunning the car on the runway, then being convinced by my wife that it would not take off, I went around the corner and there was the Memorial. Reading its story, knowing I was one of those carved in that stone, and looking at the fresh flowers at its base, I was overwhelmed. It was a moment I will never forget; one I have told my five children more than once as well as my grandchildren.

In the hope that my contribution will help, I am enclosing a check for \$500.00 toward the refurbishment effort.

Sincerely,
George Nicolau

Cc: Linda Soo
Tom Dennis

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The Association has received a valuable donation from Rona Gillette. Rona is the widow of Capt. Dale Gillette, the 388th Bomb Group Photography Officer. The donation consisted of Dale Gillette's photo album and his copy of the Brown Book.

The photo album included 170 original black and white photos. They provide a great visual portrait of the 388th that cover a wide range of subjects including local scenes, 388th celebrations, interiors of 388th buildings, mess hall, bars, bomb crews, individuals, damaged aircraft, and visiting dignitaries. Most of these photos appear in the Brown and Blue Books but some of them have not.




The 388th Online PX Is Open!

To purchase these items,
and many others, go to:

<http://www.cafepress.com/388thBG>.




Questions? Call or email
Marvinna or Bit Snead.
(253-719-8314)
(bfsnead@comcast.net)

(Note: shirts are 99% cotton and run large.)

The 388th at War is the nuts and bolts of our group's history. Packed with photos and graphics, the book features reports of all missions. It's a must for your reference shelf. To order, send a \$45 check payable to "388th BG Assn." to the treasurer Bit Snead, address found on page 2. Shipping and handling included in price. Please allow 4-6 weeks for delivery. All proceeds go to general fund.

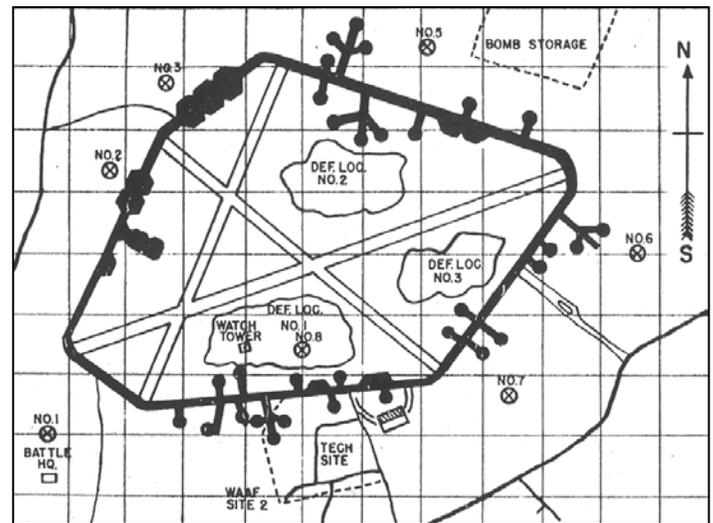


Nature Reclaims the Old Bomb Dump

Sixty two years ago it was a bustling center of activity where men often worked 'round the clock; but, as Dave Sarson found recently, the old bomb dump at Station 136 is now barely recognizable, having reverted to its natural state.

Dave, owner and curator of The 388th Collection at Hillside Farm, was invited to visit the now privately-owned property, which throughout the years has been used for a number of purposes, including a duck farm.

Located within a quarter mile of the northeast tip of the airfield, the wooded area provided natural camouflage for the the Dump, which was operated by the 1751st Ordnance Supply & Maintenance Company, Ammunition Section. The 18-man staff, augmented by four enlisted men from each squadron, handled the receipt, inventorying, assignment and salvage of bombs and their components, as well as cartridges, signals and chaff. Every man on staff was trained in the handling of bomb bodies, fuses, fins and arming wires, which were stored



The Bomb Dump shown in relation to the airfield. The numbered circles in the diagram indicate the locations of the Station's anti-aircraft batteries.

separately and assembled during the loading of the planes. Incendiary bombs and their fuses, kept in the same location, were the purview of the 64-man 877th Chemical Company.

Each squadron had its own revetment within the area, complete with unloading docks, blast shields and bomb shelters. At each dock was a wooden unloading stand built to the same height as the truck tailgates. Bombs were rolled off onto the stand, turned 90 degrees, then rolled down the dock's incline and onto the dump's hardstand area.

Categorized as "automatic issue," bombs were not requisitioned from the 3rd Division Depot; but rather, were delivered by convoy on a regular basis. In August 1944, 825 tons were delivered. These included 901 1000-lb.; 2,361 500-lb.; 424 250-lb.; 1,000 250-lb. fragmentation; and 500 sand-filled practice bombs. Of that delivery, 800 tons of live bombs and 400 practice bombs were dropped.

The practice of automatic issue led occasionally to

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 09)



Harold Pillsbury of Lillie, LA performs a routine inspection of bomb inventories. Note the ridge in the background.



The ridge is the only landscape feature that identifies the former location of the bomb rows.



Two of the four squadrons loading docks.

Bomb Dump, *continued.*

dangerous overstocks, forcing 1751st personnel to turn away incoming shipments and seek other stations willing to accept some of their surplus.

An “alert crew” – one non-com and two others – was on duty 24 hours a day to handle mission alerts. The scheduling of a mission put the entire Bomb Dump on alert. Bomb loading sheets with aircraft numbers, type bombs, delay settings and other information were picked up at the Group Armament Office by ammunition section personnel. Using a tractor crane, Squadron Personnel loaded the bombs onto trailers, and then headed to the fuse hut to collect fuses. Lot numbers of bombs loaded on aircraft and fuse lot numbers were recorded for each aircraft. The trailers then pulled up to the Fin Storage Hut for fin loading. Finally, the trailers preceded to the airfield’s perimeter tracks, peeling off at each squadron’s designated aircraft revetments.

The bombs and their components were assembled at the revetments just prior to loading. Each completed bomb load was then thoroughly inspected to ensure shackles had been attached accurately, fusing properly done and arming wires placed correctly.

This was a lengthy process with crews working through the night. For example, filling a bomb bay with a maximum load of 100-lb. bombs took two hours.

In August ‘44, 7,475 bombs were loaded onto 474 aircraft; 1,848 bomb were unloaded from 156 aircraft.

Today, only rotted sticks remain of the wooden loading platforms. The huts are gone, the revetment blast shields crumbled. But here and there, cement and brick peeks through the mulch and ivy, a reminder that when man leaves, nature will always reclaim its own.

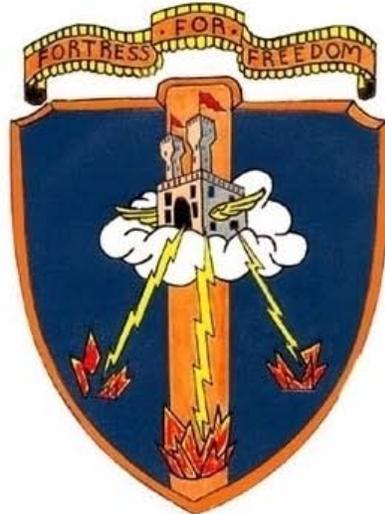


Using specially built wooden loading platforms, Bomb Dump personnel roll bombs onto one of the loading docks.



One of the Dump’s bomb shelters peeks through.

388th Bombardment Group



Annual Memorial

September, 2009

Charles Jffland, 560th
 John Marcinik, 560th
 Clyde Richardson, 562nd
 William Vanderhaak, 563rd
 Loyd P. Humphries, 562nd
 Melvin Carson, 560th
 Kermit Lofdahl, 1751st
 Don T. Wonderly, 562nd
 Juan P. Woodburn, 563rd
 Wallace Yeager, 560th
 James E Burke, 563rd
 Robert E. Doherty, Honorary
 Marquis A. Fjelsted, 560th
 Mervin Fribush, 561st
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 Paul Patten, 563rd
 Winton G. Ramsey, 561st
 John E. Schultz, 562nd
 Robert J. Vogt, 562nd
 William W. Whitcotton
 388th BG Wives:
 Monna Pack
 Gloria Horn
 Sue Rutherford
 Mae Ness Ryan

To all those we have lost over the years we offer this simple Toast...

"...Until We Meet Again."

Taps



Bruce Mitchell Muirhead
1920-2009

Bruce Muirhead, 89 passed away peacefully on August 20, 2009. Enlisting in the Army Air Corps in 1942, he received his wings and was commissioned in August, 1943. He began combat as a B-17 pilot on May 1, 1944 and flew 33 missions over Europe, earning the Distinguished Flying Cross.

Following his service to his country, he enrolled at the University of Illinois and earned a degree in accounting, while supporting his wife and child. Later, he served his country again for 21 months during the Korean conflict. Most of his working career was spent as Finance Manager of the Physical Plant and Construction Dept. at the University of Colorado in Boulder. Upon retirement in 1980, he and his wife Mary made Pagosa Springs their residence for the remainder of their lives.

He and Mary built an experimental aircraft while in Boulder, and they enjoyed trips together in the Vari-Eze. They also participated for many years in Senior Olympics. In 1994, Bruce co-founded the Archuleta County chapter of Habitat for Humanity, served as its first president in 1994-95.

He is survived by his sons, Barry (Lynne) of Crested Butte, CO, and George (Linda) of Pagosa Springs, CO, as well as his daughter Joanne (Bill) Wheeler of Crested Butte, CO. Bruce will be dearly missed by his family, friends, and the community of Pagosa Springs

Ray R Newmark

Ray R Newmark passed away on May 13, 2009 in Atlanta GA. Ray graduated August 1943 Air Force Cadet School as 2nd Lieutenant in the U S Army Air Corp. He flew combat missions as a member of the 561st squadron from August 1943 to March 1944. Was shot down March 6th 1944 and was a German POW until Feb. 1945. Services were held June 25th at Arlington National Cemetery. Ray is survived by his wife Jackie. She said that Ray loved the Bomb Group and really enjoyed the times that they visited Knettishall.

Paul H Patten
1921 – 2009

Paul Patten, 88 passed away in Felton, CA April 13th. Mr. Patten served as a B-17 Pilot with the 563rd Squadron stationed at Knettishall. He was credited with 35 missions and 262 combat hours. After the war he joined the Air Force Reserves until 1961. Paul was a concrete contractor working in Santa Cruz as Superintendent and remained there for 30 years until retirement in 1982. He is survived by his son John and his daughter Paulette Devonshire.

In Memory Of.....

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Paul Patten by Judy Peterson
Ralph Reese by Basil and Maxine Smith
Julian Heimendinger by Jack Edwards
Paul Patten by Garren Benson
Ralph Reese by Nancy, Linda & Al Soo

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