



388TH BOMBARDMENT GROUP (H) ASSOCIATION INCORPORATED

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

VOLUME 66

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SUMMER 2011



At just two and a half years old, Amelia-Charlotte Stevens is captivated by the extension to the 388th Bomb Group Memorial at Knettishall on Monday, May 9, 2011 ... the day of its completion. Although still too young to understand the significance of the countless American names she is studying, her parents Clive and Suzanne Stevens are keen to ensure that the importance of such memorials honoring the men of the USAAF who stood firmly alongside the British in the dark days of WWII is not overlooked by the latest generation of British children raised in the locality.

Photo: Clive D. Stevens

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From the President's Desk

Our newsletter editor tells me he has lots of content for this quarter's newsletter so I'll keep this short.

1. We still have a long way to go to pay for the addition to the memorial in Knettishall, England. I'm sure Tom has included pictures and from what I have seen, Perfitts Stonemasons has done an absolutely marvelous job. Funds were advanced so we could get this done right away but we do need to backfill the treasury. Please open your hearts and checkbooks.

2. If you haven't yet registered for the 62nd annual reunion in Colorado Springs, get with it. Joel and Rachell have put together a swell program of outings for us and the weather should be fantastic.

3. I sadly note the loss of one of the few remaining flyable B-17s in the world, the **Liberty Belle**. On a short hop the crew noticed a small fire in the wing and decided to make an immediate landing. They got the landing gear down and rolled to a stop in a corn field. After safely evacuating the plane, they sadly watched helplessly as the responding fire trucks couldn't cross the field and the fire spread to consume the plane. A sad end, but thankfully no loss of life.

4. We are slowly adapting to the internet age. We have a facebook page and many members have elected to receive this newsletter in their e-mail rather than a paper copy in "snail mail." If you're ready to make the change, just send me your e-mail address at president@388thbg.org.

5. Finally, join me in praying for the safety of our fighting men and women everywhere around our troubled world.



388th Bombardment Group Reunion 2013

WHERE shall the 2013 Annual Reunion be held? Your suggestion for a reunion site is needed! A suitable site should offer interesting attractions for group members & be within an hour's drive of a major airport. Contact Linda Soo, 388th Secretary with your recommendation!

linda388@fiddlybits.com.

The Lighter Side



After the early morning briefing for a mission, we would go to the parachute supply section of the base to pick up a parachute.

The sergeant in charge was always the comedian and had a good sense of humor.

His answer to the most common question asked of him...

ARE THESE PARACHUTES GUARANTEED TO WORK?

DON'T WORRY

..." No one has ever complained so far!!!"



Thank you for your donations

General & Memorial Funds

Richard Carr	IMO Al Bibbens
William Duane	Memorial Fund
Marceline Guerrein	General Fund
Frank W Rone Sr	General Fund
Donald H Scott Jr	General Fund
Ralph Sullenberger	General Fund
Jennifer Wammack	B-17 "City of Savannah"

If I missed anyone that made a donation I apologize.
Please notify me and I will be sure you are included in the next issue.

HISTORICALLY SPEAKING

By Dick Henggeler, Historian

Tour of Duty

At first a combat tour of duty consisted of 25 combat sorties. Later in the war the number was increased to 30 and then finally to 35. This would typically take 1 month of practice and 5 months of combat (if they were able to finish their tour- The Lucky Bastards). Thus most combat crewmen were not stationed long at Knettishall.

A combat sortie was any sortie for a combat mission that actually flew over enemy held territory (even if no bombs were dropped). So an abort over the English Channel on the way to the target did not qualify. The dreaded Berlin (Big B) mission counted the same as a milk run to France.

Ideally the original crew flew all of their combat missions together with no replacements. However crew members often were replaced either temporarily (e.g. minor injury, sickness) or permanently (e.g. death, serious injury, removal). Any crew member who missed a mission would have to make it up with another crew on another mission.

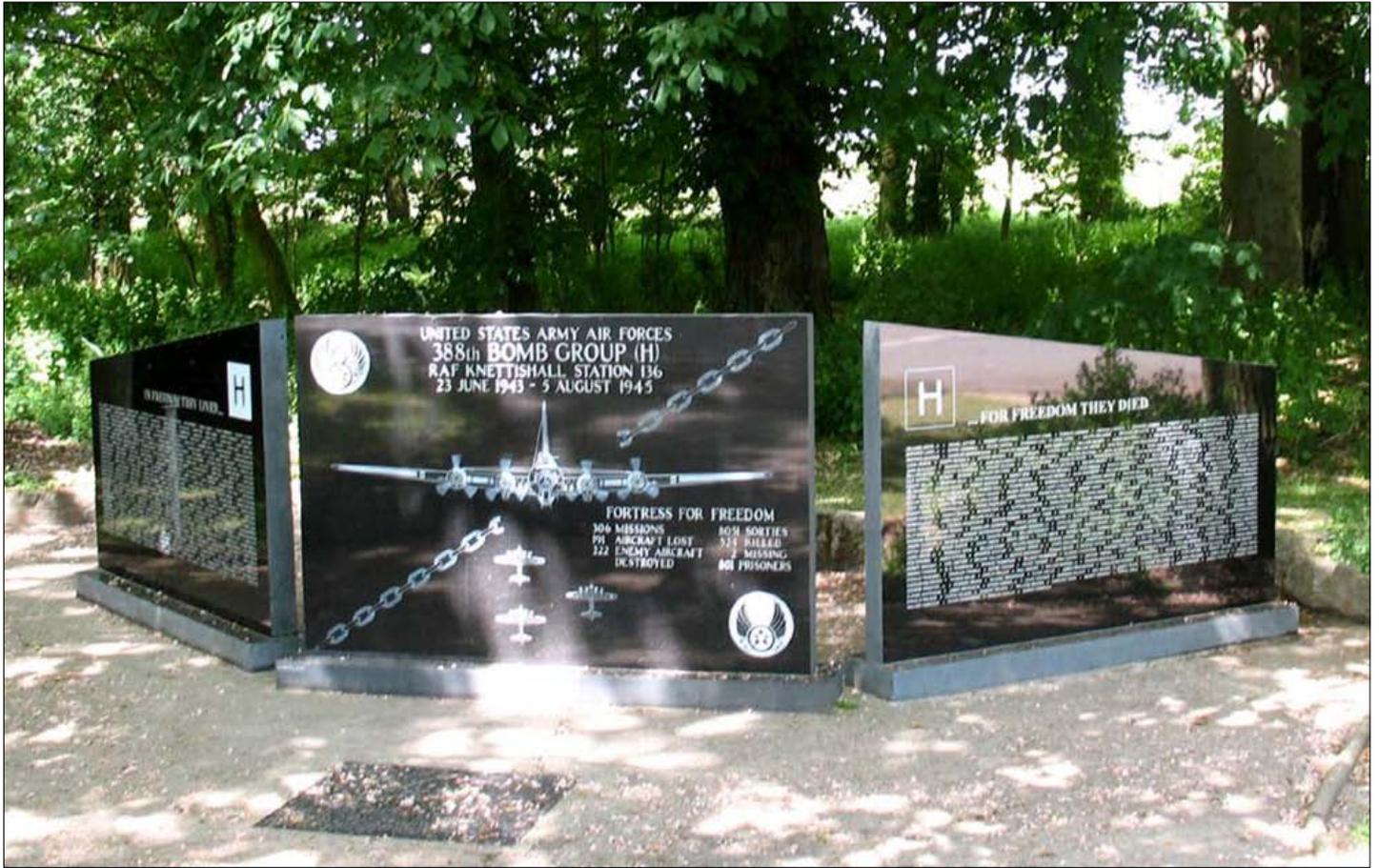
If a crew had a temporary vacancy, usually another man from the same squadron would be assigned to the crew. Some men wanting to get their tour over quickly would volunteer for such vacancies.

It is not very common that a crew flew all of its missions without a replacement but the vast majority of missions were flown by the original crew.

Once the tour was completed the crew members could go back home. There was an option to take a 30 day R&R in the states and then return for a second tour. Sometimes individuals would take this option but rarely would an entire crew do this.

New Members:

Charles W Gehring son of Wm J Gehring	563 rd Sqd
Doris Hild wife of Joseph C Hild	562 nd Sqd
William Pierce, Jr Nephew of I B Teachey	KIA
Frank W Rone, Jr son of Frank W Rone Sr	561 st Sqd
Rand Thomas grandson of Andrew T Honeycutt	



Memorial Dream Becomes Reality

On the afternoon of May 9, a truck from H.L. Perfitt Ltd. Stonemasons arrived at the site of the 388th BG Memorial with its precious cargo – two granite stones, bearing the names of 623 men of our organization who lost their lives in service to their country and in the cause of freedom.

Within four hours the installation was completed, bringing to an end a year and a half of intensive research, planning and development.

Project Ultimate Sacrifice, approved unanimously at last

Thank You for Your Contributions

Edwin Borman	Ralph Niles
Gil Goodman	Jim Morrow
Charles Harker	Gordon Oesch
Ted Hense	Raymond Plassmann
Brian Hill	Neil Walker
Betty Curvat	
Frank Cunliffe II, <i>in memory of John Grady</i>	
Michael Maietta, <i>in memory of the Fehrman Crew</i>	
Harold Rosenn, <i>in memory of Fred Baser & Tom Rives</i>	

Please remember that Project Ultimate Sacrifice is NOT the same as our Memorial Fund, which is used to underwrite insurance for the Memorial and Collection. To contribute specifically to Project Ultimate Sacrifice, please indicate so in the memo section of your check.

year's reunion, began in October 2009 during a series of conversations between the Association's historian, U.K. Liaison and Memorial Trustees Chair about how to increase awareness of the 388th Bomb Group in the Knettishall area.

The initial idea of a creating second Memorial at a separate location was first explored, then discarded in favor of adding wing stones at the site of the original Memorial, which was dedicated in 1986.

Project responsibilities were divided equally between Jan Pack Singer in the U.S. and Tony Goff in the U.K., with Pack Singer undertaking the names research and Goff pursuing costing, permitting, contracting, and other project aspects which included securing permission from the landowner and arranging for the importation of two black granite slabs, identical to the original, from India.

The multiple-phase research concluded with a list 621 confirmed dead, to which the names of the bomb group's two known MIAs were then added.

The first 388th veteran to see the completed work was Al Soo, former 563rd Sqd. navigator, who was visiting the area with his family.

Local consensus is that the additions blend so seamlessly as to leave no suggestion that 25 years actually separate the two installations.

With the installation completed, focus now turns entirely toward repaying the loan that has made Project Ultimate Sacrifice possible.

Installing the Memorial Additions



Once final adjustments are made to protective templates, the stones will be ready for engraving. A grit blaster will make uniform passes over the surface, etching exposed areas to the required depth prior to being highlighted with silver paint.



A simple mock-up is used to determine the exact alignment of each stone. The plinths will then be positioned, and pre-drilled holes used as templates to drill holes in the concrete base, into which stainless steel anchor rods will be grouted.



After a couple of days the plinths are ready for a bonding grout to be applied before the granite stones are installed.



A crane lowers each stone, whose pre-drilled holes are aligned with those of the plinths, carefully onto the steel rods.



The crew chief checks alignment before giving the all-clear to remove the protective wrappings from the polished granite.



A workman cleans away mastic residue before giving a final buff to the granite faces.

The Crew That Was Buried Together

It was a tragic distinction that befell a crew of the 562nd Squadron.

In the late 1940s, nine members of the Clyde Bryant crew were buried together, in what was at the time believed to be the largest number of American WWII dead yet to be consigned to a common grave.

The internment and accompanying ceremony took place at Nashville National Cemetery in Madison, TN, in keeping with the military's program of returning bodies of casualties to their native soil for burial.

In the early hours of June 8, 1944, the newly-designated Bryant crew had lifted off in their B-17, A/C 42-97132 *Double Trouble*, joining 27 other 388th BG aircraft bound for the marshalling yards at Tours, France. It was D-Day Plus 2, and the Eighth AF was striking all transportation targets in an effort to stem the flow of Germans to the new front.

Bryant, in fact, was the newest member of the crew. Co-pilot Edward Calo, Navigator Robert Morgan, Bombardier Robert Little, Radio Operator John Conde, Engineer Roger Morgan, and Gunners Curtis Reynolds, Charles Walkovich, Robert Boese and Richard Ray Jr. had, excepting the occasional sick day, flown 30 missions with Pilot Max Stuart until May 19, when Stuart was wounded on a mission to Berlin.

It had been a smooth transition. Bryant, 34, was an experienced co-pilot, having flown 16 missions with the Manuel Head crew. This would be his ninth mission with his new crew, many of whom were into their second tour.

The weather was so bad that morning that during the two-hour assembly two other B-17s lost the Group altogether and were forced to return to base. The Bryant crew faced a different problem, however.

One of *Double Trouble's* engines had gone sour, and Bryant knew that to head into enemy territory with less than four fully operating engines would be suicidal. He would now have to dump or otherwise expend most of his 2,600 gallons of fuel before he could land his plane and its twelve 500-lb. bombs.

A B-17 on three engines could safely remain airborne, albeit at reduced cruising speed; and so Bryant contacted the control tower and received permission to continue flying on a navigational practice basis. For several hours, *Double Trouble* followed various circuits in the skies above East Anglia; the ugly weather of the early morning having eased



As family members look on, a military escort salutes the casket bearing the remains of Clyde Bryant, Edward Calo, John Conde, Robert Little, Robert Morgan, Roger Morgan, Richard Ray Jr., Curtis Reynolds and Charles Walkovich.

into 7/10 clouds at a 3,000-ft. ceiling, giving the crew a 12-mile visibility range.

What happened next is a combination of fact and speculation. At 1800 hours, the control tower received a message that *Double Trouble* had crashed a mile north of the Shippea Hill Railroad Station, less than 21 miles west northwest of the airfield.

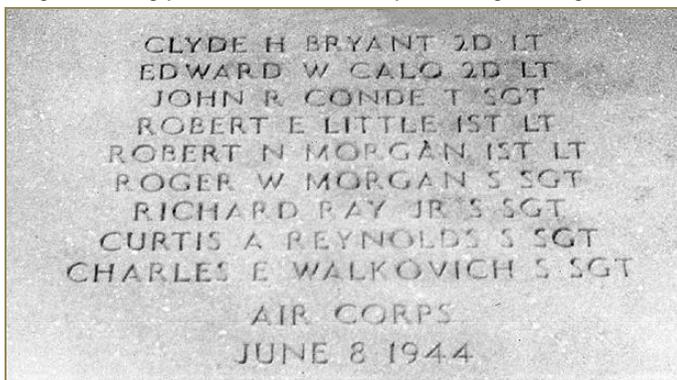
Based on eyewitness reports and the findings of an entire propeller with cowling components from two others engines driven into the ground a mile from the wreckage, investigators pieced together their best guess as to what had happened. The plane had been following Old Bedford River, a 12-mile drainage canal in the fenlands, when Bryant reduced altitude and turned right to begin his Knettishall landing run. That turn shifted the weight of the bomb load, putting the plane into a side-slip from which it could not recover, and *Double Trouble* hit the ground for the first time.

The impact sent the aircraft careening into the air in a rare flat spin before it returned to earth. On the second impact, the 6,000-lb. bomb load exploded.

Crash crews were able to identify only the body of tail gunner Robert Boese; the combined forces of impact, explosion and fire had co-mingled the remains of the other nine men.

For a few years, the bodies were kept together at the American Cemetery at Cambridge. When it came time to bring them home, crew's families – who lived in the northeast, midwestern and southern portions of the United States – agreed that, of the national cemetery options available, Nashville was the most central to all parties.

And so, on a cold, rainy day, the parents and wives of the Clyde Bryant crew, joined by representatives from military and veterans groups, came together to lay their boys to rest in a single bronze casket.



A simple marble slab adorns the grave of the Bryant Crew.

ASSEMBLING THE "MIGHTY EIGHTH"

by L. Lennox



Of all the stories that have been written, and movies that have been shown, about the 8th Air Force, very little attention has been given to what was involved in assembling 1200 B-17's and B-24's

each day, to get them in formation to carry out a strike against Germany. Certainly showing bombers under attack by fighters, or encountering heavy flak, was a reality, and are interesting to watch. Also, stories about some of the rougher missions make interesting reading. But what was going on over England, each morning, could get just as scary to the



crews, as the time spent over some of the targets. The planning and coordination that had to be accomplished

during the night by the operations planners of each Group, so that the crews could be briefed, was unbelievable. If the planners had failed to do their jobs properly, there would have been a free-for-all among Bomb Groups in the skies over England.

The rendezvous points, altitude, and times had to be precise, and known by all of the crews, before the Eighth Air Force could get in formation. The success of the planners, in accomplishing their mission, enabled the Eighth Air Force to become the most powerful air armada ever assembled.



In my view, **how** this was accomplished is one of the major untold stories of the war.

When you consider the way our Air Traffic Control system operates today, and all the facilities at their disposal to guide each individual airplane through the sky to ensure its safety, it's almost unbelievable that we were able to do what we did. To think of launching hundreds of airplanes, in a small airspace, many times in total darkness, loaded with bombs, with complete radio silence, and no control from the ground, and do it successfully day after day, with young air crews, with minimum experience, is absolutely mind boggling.

The accomplishments of the Eighth Air Force have been and will be reviewed by historians from World War

II on. There never will be another air armada to compare to it. I feel confident that they will



never cease to be amazed by our ability to assemble hundreds of heavy bombers, under the conditions we were confronting, into the devastating strike force we now fondly refer to as,

"The Mighty Eighth."



A POST-WAR STORY OF A “TRI-MOTORED” B-17

BY 388TH Pilot Wayne Daniels, POW



The setting is Lubbock, Texas, in the fall of 1945, where a field of B-17s are sitting patiently in the Texas sun. The base is being closed, in readiness to become the Lubbock Airport. Several of us ex-POWs have been dispatched from Hobbs, New Mexico, a B-17 training base, which is also in the process of being shut down, to ferry the B-17s at Lubbock to an uncertain future at Kingman, Arizona. Our co-pilots are students who were waiting to be trained as B-17 pilots, when the war ended. The aircraft (A/C) we will be flying out are an assortment of those from overseas with group marking, and those that had seen no overseas service, older E and F models, in olive drab, and a few newer silver G models, some delivered straight from the factory at war's end. Needless to say, their condition varied. One of these, an F model with faded markings, awaits it's trip to Kingman. My co-pilot and I look over, and we prepare to get started on our way to Kingman. My story begins...

The ever-present West Texas wind from the south blew sand in our faces, as we looked around to find a fire guard, but there wasn't a soul in sight. We climbed aboard, checked the Form 1 (no discrepancies noted), and proceeded to start the engines. Only engines 1, 2 and 4 would start. Number 3 made no effort to come to life. After several attempts, we shut everything down, and I wrote on the Form 1: “#3 won't start.” I returned the packet of papers I had been issued to Operations, and told them one of the engines needed maintenance. This pronouncement was met with silence. Enough said, I assumed they would either fix the problem or issue me another A/C tomorrow. We went back to the Lubbock Hotel, to get ready to party. For all of the laid-back ex-POWs and their somewhat bewildered co-pilots, that meant to enjoy cuisine (Texas or Mexican),

drink, and dance with the pretty West Texas ladies. Of note: one very special lady captured my eye. She brought my solo flight to a graceful ending not long after this adventure. But back to my story...

The next day, I picked up a packet of papers, and the scenario was repeated. I realized that it was the same A/C. My note in the Form 1 was crossed out, and it said, “#3 engine starts OK.” It didn't really; we nearly set it on fire by priming it repeatedly, but the silent engine could not be coaxed to run. I told Operations their sorry A/C needed attention, and gave them back the packet of papers a second time. Once again, they didn't offer me another aircraft; oh well. We went back to town to party.

On the third day, when I found that I had inherited that same tail number, I pointed out that it was not customary to intentionally fly an A/C from a standing start with only three fans turning. I was told the Base Operations Office wanted to see me. I took the co-pilot along to witness what he might have to say. He was older, balding, and clearly perturbed. Lowering his shaggy eyebrows, he went right to the point, “I want that aircraft off my airfield!” (I suspected he had no maintenance capability to fix his birds).

For the record, I courteously inquired, if it mattered whether all the engines were working when we left; then politely endured another blast of logic and command of the English language from a man with a mission to empty the parking lot: “I don't care WHAT you have to do... get that %&#* aircraft out of here, crash it five miles out, or jump out of it...but DON'T bring it back!” I was enjoying the performance, and considered thanking him for his concern. I also noted that he had clearly placed himself at a disadvantage, should there be an accident investigation. The co-pilot was visibly shaken; his face was drained of color.

We went out to the old bird, checked it over carefully, especially the fuel load. It would have to be a non-stop flight; our landing would be its last. We got engines 1, 2 & 4 going, taxied into the run-up position, and ran them up to full power. They all seemed ready for “show and tell”, so we reported that we were ready for take-off, and were cleared into position (unless the tower operator was blind, he was in on the conspiracy to get rid of us). As we moved forward, I told the co-pilot to engage the starter on the #3 engine, turn the prop, and to await my signal to release the starter and feather the #3 prop. We rolled into position, and were cleared for take-off. The co-pilot was sweating noticeably; he asked if we were actually going to take off? When I nodded, and added, “REMEMBER, ITS #3 YOU ARE GOING TO FEATHER...DON’T TOUCH ANY OTHER BUTTON,” he started mumbling something, (maybe the Rosary); I couldn’t tell.

We started the take-off, and as the tail came up and the bird was about to fly, I called out : FEATHER THREE”! When the bird lifted, it was “WHEELS UP”, and our three-engined B-17 was up and away to Kingman. She climbed pretty well, we cleared the Base Operations Officer’s 5 mile mark, the remaining engines ran smoothly, and we flew on to Kingman without a hitch.

As I had anticipated, a B-17 that is light enough (no armament) and not handicapped by operational limitations, can take off and climb on three good engines, without undue strain on the A/C or the pilots. On her final flight, our new aluminum friend, minus one of her propulsion units, put the frosting on her cake by buzzing the Santa Fe Super Chief with aplomb, as it wound its way through the Rockies. We bid our “tri-motored B-17 goodbye at Kingman, on a field of several thousand bombers, a cripple on her way to extinction as surplus to her nation’s needs.

A C-47 came in to pick up several of us ferry crews and return us to Lubbock. We aggravated the pilot by walking back and forth, as he tried to maintain trim, until he threatened to glue us all to the ceiling! Then we settled down to rest and nap, using our parachutes for pillows. That night, as the co-pilots sat together watching the ex-POWs, my fellow pilot regaled them with the best story of the day, acerbated his constitution with a bit too much drink, and poured himself into bed to have a world-class nightmare.

The preceding story involved a stately veteran, a B-17 F Model. In contrast to this and other A/C with active service, I also ferried a pristine G model, one like the new B-17 I was assigned to fly to England enroute to the 388th Bomb Group.

The log of this A/C registered only six hours ferry time from the factory! It smelled of new paint, and I was perhaps only the second pilot to scratch the paint on the rudder pedals. It flew beautifully, and the trip to Kingman went quickly. Without bombs or other combat weight, this B-17 was light and fast; at cruising power, it flew nose low. It could top 200 MPH. I thought that it would be a crime to scrap this “Fort”, a fate that awaited most of the aircraft parked on the desert in the Arizona sun.

Parting with this B-17 was to involve a drama, one that angered me. Upon landing, I was directed to a spot on the taxi strip, behind a row of other B-17s. The kid that was directing traffic, waved me forward. I stopped well clear of the last aircraft but he motioned me on. I rolled a few feet and stopped again. He made a sweeping gesture to continue, and turned his back to me. I leaned out the left window and saw that the next two aircraft were jammed together. He wanted me to smash the nose of this new aircraft into the rudder of the next aircraft!

I locked the brakes, shut down the engines, yelled “You GD idiot” at the kid and ran back through the aircraft to the exit. He heard me coming and took off across the field, with this irate pilot chasing him and threatening his life! When I lost him among the hundreds of

B-17 immediately in front of me, I stood there, taking a last look at those with a myriad of



group markings, waiting patiently, like old soldiers, for their fate. I also thought about who they represented, the now-silent crews that once manned them.

Then I realized why I was so angered at the insolence of anyone who took sport in their destruction, with no idea how many men died flying B-17s to pay with their lives for the freedom enjoyed by that kid...and all of us.

“WE’RE GOING DOWN” by Patrick O’keef



“We’re going down.” I can recall those words from our pilot coming through my ear-phones as if it were yesterday. We had dropped our bomb load over the target in Germany but had been hit with a lot of flack. Some of

the B17 looked like Swiss cheese - but we were still flying! Getting our collective tails back to home base in England.

Next, an engine started malfunctioning and had to be shut down...then a second engine went out. Two left, and now losing altitude. Over the target, we were at about 25,000



feet, but now we were under 1500 feet over the English Channel. Everything that wasn’t screwed down, had to be thrown out - guns, ammo, cameras, you name it and it went out the window.

Then we saw a wonderful sight on the horizon, the cliffs of Dover. The bad news was that now we were not high enough to get over the cliffs. That was the moment our pilot issued those words...”We’re going down.”

Having radioed our position to base, the crippled B17 was set down in the Channel tail first, like a duck making a landing, with the greatest tenderness. But no time to congratulate our pilot. The aircraft would only stay afloat a few minutes, so we all scrambled to abandon ship like drowning rats—but alive, thank God! We didn’t have to wait long before an English shore patrol ship had us aboard.

That evening we all headed for the nearest pub and a much needed drink. I don’t believe I have ever had, or will ever have, a beer that tasted so good!



T/Sgt. Patrick O'Keef was stationed a Knettishall, England where he saw action in 27 heavy bombardment missions over enemy occupied Europe between 16 March, 1944 and 17 July, 1944 flying in B17s. With the 8th Air Force Bombardment Division, 388th Bomb Group (sq. "H"), 562nd Bomb Squadron.

During that time he was usually the 11th man in the B17 as the aerial photographer. He was also a qualified flight engineer for turret gunner and in many missions flew relief on any of the B17's guns. Many of his missions were in the "Wolf Wagon" with Lt. Daniel G. Houghton, pilot.

O'Keef, who was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross, was discharged in September 1945.

Patrick O'Keef passed away Sept. 29, 2010.



Patrick with his camera



Lt. Daniel Houghton & T/Sgt. Patrick O'Keef

Down Memory Lane with O'Keef



R & R in London



Col. Wm. David

O'Keef standing in front of "Nut House"



Big Red



Gift for Adolph!



Not such a great stop in Russia



Red Cross serves donuts



Aerial views of the Base



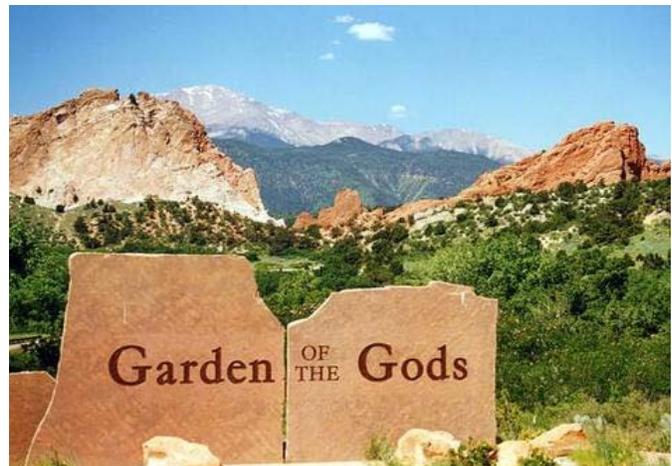


Old Fashioned Barbeque Original Western Music Show

The Flying W Ranch, located in Colorado Springs, is a working mountain cattle ranch that has specialized in western food and entertainment since 1953. Guests experience picturesque natural surroundings, an authentic Western Village and mighty tasty Chuckwagon Suppers. When the Flying W Wranglers top the evening off with their outstanding Western Stage Show we truly have an offering unsurpassed in Colorado.

COLORADO AWAITS!

Geologists say The Garden of the Gods is at least 350 million years old --- the time it took subterranean forces to create the Ancestral Rockies, for erosion to wear them away, for an inland sea to flood the remains, and for new tectonic collisions to build the present-day Rockies. The combined result of mountain-building, erosion and sedimentation created the fairy-castle red sandstone pillars now strewn throughout this 1,370-acre park.





388th BOMB GROUP ASSOCIATION

**62nd Annual Reunion
 Colorado Springs, Colorado
 August 31 - September 3, 2011**

PIKES PEAK COUNTRY



CUT-OFF DATE FOR REGISTRATION IS August 15

To cancel and receive a full refund, contact Rachell & Joel Rary before the cut-off date of August 15.

Cancellations received after August 15 will forfeit tour payments and registration fee.

NO refunds will be made for cancellations received after August 27.

Thursday, Sept 1 9:00 am – 4:00 pm A guided tour of the Air Force Academy. Lunch at the Garden of the Gods historic Trading Post with time to visit the art gallery and gift shop. And a guided tour of the beautiful Garden of the Gods Park.

Friday, Sept 2 5:00 – 9:30 pm A visit to the Flying W Ranch, a working mountain cattle ranch that specializes in western food and entertainment. You will experience picturesque natural surroundings, an authentic Western Village and a tasty Chuckwagon Supper. The Flying W Wranglers will top off the evening with an outstanding (your planners agree) Western Stage Show.

Saturday, Sept 3 8:00-10:00 am Continental Breakfast 10:00 am-12:00 pm Business Meeting
 6:00-10:00 pm No-Host Bar and Banquet

Reservation Form for 388th Bomb Group Association Reunion, Aug 31 - Sept 3, 2011

NAME _____ MEMBER: Yes ___ No ___

PHONE _____ EMAIL ADDRESS _____

STREET ADDRESS _____

CITY/STATE/ZIP _____

ATTENDEE #2 (Full Name) _____ MEMBER: Yes ___ No ___

ATTENDEE #3 (Full Name) _____ MEMBER: Yes ___ No ___
 (FOR MORE THAN THREE ATTENDEES, WRITE NAME(S) AND MEMBERSHIP STATUS ON SEPARATE PIECE OF PAPER)

REGISTRATION FEE (Registration fee required for all attendees)

Received before June 30 \$30.00 X _____ = \$ _____

Received after June 30 \$40.00 X _____ = \$ _____

Thursday Air Force Academy & Garden of the Gods tour with lunch \$42.00 X _____ = \$ _____

Friday visit to the Flying W Ranch with dinner & stage show \$35.00 X _____ = \$ _____

TOURS SCHEDULED AFTER AUGUST 15 ARE SPACE AVAILABLE ONLY

Saturday Banquet (Includes 9.4% tax & 21% service charge)

Grilled Flat Iron Steak \$38.00 X _____ = \$ _____

Pan-Seared Rainbow Trout \$36.00 X _____ = \$ _____

DONATION \$ _____

TOTAL \$ _____

Write check to 388th Bomb Group & mail check, registration and waiver form to:

Joel & Rachell Rary, 2441 SW 328th, Federal Way WA 98023
 (Phone 253-653-6049, Email beautynthebeast12@yahoo.com)



388th BOMB GROUP ASSOCIATION
62nd Annual Reunion
August 31 - September 3, 2011

Crowne Plaza Colorado Springs
2886 South Circle Drive
Colorado Springs CO 80906

HOTEL INFORMATION

388th Bomb Group rate is **\$99.00** + 9.4% tax. Call **1-800-981-4012** for reservations. Be sure to ask for the 388th Bomb Group Reunion rate. This special rate is available for 3 days before and 3 days after the reunion.

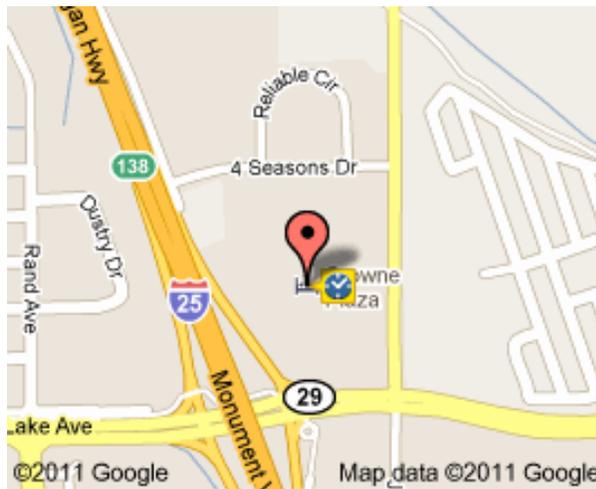
Reservations must be accompanied by a first night deposit or guaranteed with a major credit card.

Cut-off date for reservations is August 2, 2011. Hotel will continue to accept reservations from Group's attendees after that date at the prevailing room rate, subject to availability.

Complimentary Parking on premises.

Complimentary Airport Transportation to/from Colorado Springs airport.

Complimentary shuttle service within 3 miles of the hotel.



WAIVER FORM

I agree to hold harmless the 388th Bombardment Group Association and/or the reunion organizers, Rachell and Joel Rary, for any costs or liabilities which I may incur as a result of attendance at or participation in the 388th BG Assoc. 2011 Annual Reunion.

Signed _____

Dated _____

Signed _____

Dated _____

Signed _____

Dated _____

Signed _____

Dated _____

A SIGNATURE IS REQUIRED FOR EACH PERSON REGISTERED (USE SEPARATE PAPER IF NEEDED)

Taps



JAMES BALDOCK

James Garvin Baldock, 89, passed away January 3 in Kent, WA.

Born in Summer Shade, KY, Mr. Baldock served as a 561st Sqd. waist gunner on the Paul Smith, Mario George and Robert Bailey crews. Awards included the DFC and Air Medal with 3 Oak Clusters.

Following the war he became manager of a poultry retail and wholesale distributor in Chicago, IL, and retired in 1985. Active in his church, he was also a Boys Club leader in Awana, KY.

Mr. Baldock is survived by Esther, his wife of 66 years; daughters Naomi and Rebecca; sons David and Stephen; four grandchildren and three great-grandchildren.



Baldock

WILLIAM GRIFFITHS

William Gordon Griffiths, known as "Griff" to friends and family, passed away March 6 in Commerce Township, MI, at age 89.

A pilot in the 561st Sqd., he flew 35 missions between November 1944 and March 1945, primarily in the aircraft *War Weary*.

Mr. Griffiths retired in 1997 after 52 years in the dry cleaning business. He is survived by his wife Helen and five children.

LESTER HESS

Lester R. Hess, former 561st Sqd. pilot, died November 19, 2010 in Anderson, SC. The former Lancaster, NY resident was 91.

Mr. Hess flew 40 missions between February and May 1945, primarily in the B-17 *Heavens Above*. He served as Postmaster in Lancaster from 1957 until his retirement in 1974.

Survived by daughter Beverly, sons Thomas, Charles and Gerald, and two grandchildren, he was interned at Lancaster Rural Cemetery.



Hess

HOWARD HELM

Howard Bennett Helm died February 9 in Fayetteville, AR. Known to friends and family as Buddy, he was 87.

Mr. Helm enlisted in the Army Air Corps in 1942 and served in the 388th BG's 561st Sqd. Graduating from Thomas Jefferson University in 1949, he enlisted in the Arkansas National Guard at the outbreak of the Korean Conflict, and served in the 936th FA Armored Field Artillery Battalion, first as Adjutant and eventually rising to Battery Commander with the rank of Captain. He rotated back to the U.S. in July 1953, one of only three surviving officers of the original Battalion.

Upon release from active duty Mr. Helm worked as a classroom teacher and ultimately progressed to Superintendent of Farmington Public Schools (1957-1959). He

later worked for an accounting firm in securities, was a Bail Bondsman and as Chief Probation Officer of the Washington County Juvenile Court. He was an ordained Elder of the Mt. Comfort Presbyterian Church in Fayetteville.

Preceded in death by his wife Clara Belle, Mr. Helm is survived by daughter Susie Mitchell, sons Walter and Cecil; ten grandchildren and 16 great-grandchildren. He was interned with military honors at Prairie Grove Cemetery.

RAY ROME

Ray Andrew Rome passed away March 16 in Las Vegas, NV. He was 87.

Born in Moorland, KS, Mr. Rome enlisted in the Army Air Corps in 1943 and flew as a 562nd Sqd. waist gunner, tail gunner and radio operator with the Jack Gauthier, Manuel Head and Don Ong crews. Earmarked for the Pacific following VE Day, his orders were canceled with the dropping of the Atom Bomb in August 1945. He relocated to Denver, CO after his release from the service in October 1945.



Rome

After working as a manager in a large grocery chain, Mr. Rome retired in 1989. In 1994 he and his wife LaVern moved to Las Vegas in search of warmer weather and to play more golf. The Romes rarely missed a 388th BG Assn. reunion.

In addition to LaVern, his wife of 60 years, Mr. Rome is survived by sons Ken, Jerry and Larry, six grandchildren and one great-grandchild. He was preceded in death by his son Edward.

JACK WALDRON, JR.

Jackson McKinley Waldron Jr. passed away December 8, 2010 at his home in Hilton Head, SC. He was 85.

Radio Operator on the Glen Thomas crew in the 562nd Sqd., he completed 34 missions between July and November 1944.

Following the war, Mr. Waldron worked briefly for RCA before being hired as a camera operator for the fledgling television station Channel 9 TV (now WUSA) in Washington DC. Eventually attaining the position of Technical Director, he worked at the station for 42 years, and received the Silver Circle Award for significant contributions to broadcast television.

Upon retirement, Mr. Waldron and his wife Betsy moved to Hilton Head. They had been married for 53 years at the time of her death in 2000.

Survived by daughters Diana and Pam and their families, he was buried at Arlington National Cemetery.



Waldron

In order to help us research obituary information, which can be available online for only a short period, prompt notification of our veterans' passings is very much appreciated. Please contact Linda Soo, secretary; or Tom Dennis, assistant newsletter editor. Accompanying photos will be promptly returned.

388TH BOMBARDMENT GROUP (H) ASSN., INC.
3013 MOUNT BAKER CIRCLE
OAK HARBOR, WA 98277
"ADDRESS SERVICE REQUESTED"

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388TH BOMBARDMENT GROUP (H) ASSOCIATION, INC.
MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION / MEMBERSHIP RENEWAL

DATE _____ NAME _____
WIFE/HUSBAND _____ PHONE _____
STREET _____ CITY _____ STATE _____
ZIP CODE _____ EMAIL ADDRESS _____
SQUADRON _____ POSITION _____ AIRCRAFT NAME _____
PILOT _____ NO MISSIONS _____ POW (DATE) _____ STALAG LUFT _____
ANNUAL DUES (\$10.00) _____ LIFE MEMBERSHIP (\$50.00) _____ DONATION _____
ASSOCIATE ANNUAL DUES (\$10.00) _____ ASSOCIATE LIFE MEMBERSHIP (\$50.00) _____

Please make Checks payable to: 388th BG Assn.

IF APPLYING FOR ASSOCIATE MEMBERSHIP:

NAME OF RELATION WHO IS/WAS IN THE 388TH _____

RELATIONSHIP TO YOU _____

(Please fill in known information above, SQUADRON through POW information, for relative.) box if You have Prior Military Service

MAIL TO: LINDA SOO, SECRETARY 388TH BOMB GROUP ASSN. 3013 MOUNT BAKER CIRCLE OAK HARBOR, WA 98277

EMAIL: linda388@fiddlvbits.com