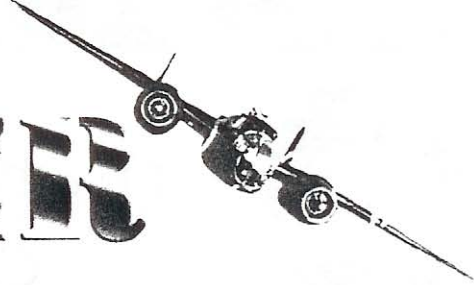




"AIR APACHES"

SERRAFER



VOLUME 21, ISSUE 3 345TH BOMBARDMENT GROUP NEWSLETTER MARCH 2004

Sinking of the Taiei Maru!

March 19th marks the 60th anniversary of the Air Apache's successful attack.

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YO!

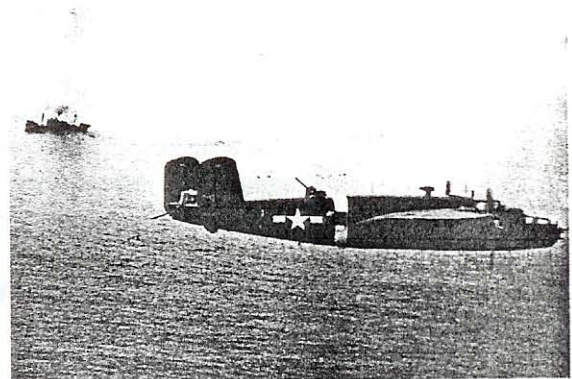
And Much More!

On March 19th, 1944 a mission to seek out and destroy the 21st Wewak Re-supply Convoy was launched. The convoy, which consisted of three merchant ships, a small "sea truck" and three 100-ton sub-chasers, had just finished landing several hundred troops and supplies on Wewak the night before and were trying, rather desperately, to return to Palau. Forty B-24s had already succeeded in sinking one of the merchant ships that morning. B-25s from the 498th, 499th, 500th and 501st squadrons, along with some A-20s from the 3rd Bomb Group were sent out to finish the job begun by the B-24s.

Discovering the convoy approximately 50 miles northwest of Wewak the A-20s began strafing and bombing one of the sub-chasers. Meanwhile, the 498th's Lt. Melvin Best, Maj. Chester A. Coltharp's co-pilot in "Princess Pat", spotted a plume of smoke to the north. Turning away from the sub-chasers, Maj. Coltharp and several B-25s from the 500th squadron raced to the new target. They found the 3,221-ton *Taiei Maru* steaming at full speed away from the carnage.

The 500th planes strafed the ship from stern-to-bow while Maj. Coltharp and his two wingmen set up for a broadside attack. The deck gunners managed to get off four shots, holing all three planes in Coltharp's flight before the 500th squadron strafers took them out.

Maj. Coltharp skimmed "Princess Pat" directly over the ship and dropped several 500-pound bombs into it. A three-ship flight of A-20s came in just afterward and reported a huge hole had been blown in the side of the vessel and that there was extensive damage to the ship's bridge caused by Coltharp's bombs. In fact, one of the A-20s collected a page from the ship's log in an engine nacelle as it flew over! There were no losses suffered in the attack on the convoy and both the 498th and 499th claimed hits on the merchant ship, as did the A-20s, but Maj. Coltharp was given credit for causing the damage which sank the vessel. The 500th squadron also claimed to have sunk one of the sub-chasers with the 499th claiming to have damaged another. There were no subsequent attempts by the Japanese to re-supply Wewak following the clean-sweep achieved by the 5th Air Force!



One of the 500th Squadron's strafers, #426, is seen circling the crippled Taiei Maru.



"I look forward to serving the 345th for many years to come."

From the Editor

Cliff Dillard

Hello to the 345th! I would like to introduce myself as your new editor. My name is Cliff Dillard. When my father Frank decided to step-down as Strafer editor, I volunteered to continue the fine work he began four years ago. I realize that matching his work will be a daunting task, but with his help and yours I believe our newsletter can continue to inform, entertain and hopefully inspire our membership. As you may have noticed, the Strafer has a slightly different look for this issue. Economic reasons have forced a temporary return to black and white printing, however, plans are underway to purchase a color laser printer in the coming year at which time the Strafer will return to a color format. Please be patient. My decision to volunteer for this position was not a hard one; with over twenty years of experience in drafting, computer graphics and publishing, as well as a degree in computer networking, I knew I could handle the technical side of the job. Of course, publishing a newsletter is little different from my normal activities at the coal mine where I am currently employed, but the fact that I have listened to the exploits of the 345th my entire life, through my father's stories won't hurt. What an adventure that must have been! You can all be proud of the contributions your group made in helping our country win the war against our aggressors. As a result, I have always had a love for aviation. Of course, the B-25 is one of my favorite aircraft! In future issues, I hope to build on the foundation my father has established by continuing to provide articles of interest to all our members and am looking forward to serving the 345th for many years to come.

In order to make the Strafer a publication we can all be proud of I need your input in the form of subject matter for articles, including written material and photographs, as well as constructive criticism. This is YOUR newsletter, lets work together to make it as good as it can be. You can send your articles and suggestions to me via e-mail at cdillard63@hotmail.com, or mail them to me directly at my home address: 1011 Election Circle, Benton, Il 62812. My phone number is (618) 435-6541. The next Strafer will be mailed in early June, so please submit your materials no later than July 15. If you have any questions or concerns, feel free to contact me any time.

By the way, if you haven't paid your group membership yet, now would be a good time to do so. You can mail your \$15.00 (Still quite a bargain!) to our illustrious treasurer, Ed Sharpe. Please make your check payable to:

345TH BOMB GROUP ASSOCIATION

Ed's address is:
2438 Edgewood Ave.
Burlington, NC 27215-4794

Sincerely,

Cliff Dillard

Group President

George Mordecai



I must regretfully inform the 345th that Mr. Mordecai was admitted into the hospital in late February after suffering a massive heart attack. He has since returned home and is in stable condition. I spoke to him over the phone on Sunday, February 21st the week before he was admitted and we talked about various matters; how work on the Strafer was progressing, what my father was up to and if I was planning to attend the next reunion in Reno. I told him I would have to check my work schedule concerning the reunion and that my father was doing well and was currently in North Carolina with his new bride, Margaret. At the time we spoke George told me that he did not feel at all well, he couldn't even make it up the steps to his bedroom to check his e-mail and fully expected the doctor to admit him into the hospital when he went to his next appointment, which was slated for the next day.

One matter George did want me to clear up in the Strafer was the fact that the group did not have an outstanding bill from the Denver reunion, he stated that he had had several inquiries questioning whether or not the hotel bill had been paid in full. To put the matter to rest, George called the hotel and they assured him that the 345th had NO outstanding debts. George also wanted me to pass along the message to everyone that they should begin making plans now to attend the Reno reunion, whether he will be able to make the trip or not remains to be seen. We can only hope so. I received word from Ed Sharpe requesting that no one send George any e-mails at this time.

If you want to send George a get-well card, you can mail it to him at: 14 Fredrick St. North Branford, CT. 06471-1807. I am sure he would appreciate hearing from you and lets all keep him in our prayers and hope for a speedy recovery.

Old Glory: Our Enduring Symbol

I saw that flag you burned today,
Midst the mud and flack, and smoke of gray.
I saw that flag, red, white and blue,
And she waved to me, "I'm here for you."
She was covered with blood when I saw her again,
Clutched in the hand of a soldier in pain.
I caught sight of her once in a prison camp,
Mildewed, muddy, dirty and damp.
But she never looked as pretty to me,
that symbol of hope from the "Land of the Free."
If that flag could talk, what stories she'd tell,
For she's accompanied heroes through hell.
She's been torn by the "bombs bursting in air"
She's been hailed "through the rockets' red glare."
She's been shot, walked on, spit upon, too,
But she won't be destroyed, whatever you do.
Because we who love her will pray for you,
That you'll come to respect that red, white and blue.
But for now, brokenhearted, all we can say,
Is we bought you the freedom to burn her to-day.

Irene A. Rivet,
Wife of ex-POW Roger E. Rivet

"Mr. Mordecai was admitted into the hospital in late February after suffering a massive heart attack."

Headquarters

August Ouellett

Assistant Group Vice-President



The first thing I would like to say is, "thank you", to Frank Dillard for all the hard work he did as the Editor of our newsletter, you will be missed. I've told him before that my work under him has been a great experience, he was always very professional in all our dealings, thank you Frank for everything!

This job was new to me and I was a little concerned about taking it on, but after Ken Gastgeb said, "I'm sure you can do it well" I felt a bit more at ease. I guess Ken was right, with my gift for Gab I've managed to fill-in with very little input. I would like to thank Ken for having confidence in my abilities and for his support.

I also want to say "Happy New-Year" to all my buddies! I got my fair share of Christmas cards this year, as usual; in fact, I got one from Fay Bishops' daughter, which unfortunately included a "Card of Obituary". Fay died in June of 2003, my condolences go out to her family. Every time she started to write she had to stop for personal reasons. I always had a personal thing going with her husband, Don. He joined us in New Guinea and we always tented together. It was a feeling of father and son between us, since he was quite a bit younger than myself. After the War our two families met a few times, it was ideal for all concerned; they had a boy and a girl and our family had two boys and a girl. It was never quiet when we got together!

Too bad the hurricane messed up our last reunion in Hampton, although I thought it turned out very well in spite of Mother Nature. The attendance was a little on the low side, but we all know the storm was the reason for that. Has anyone heard how the picture on the lawn turned out?

I would like to two copies if they are available; one for me and the other for my "Scout". The Scout had a great time listening to all of our stories and stated that it will an experience he will remember for the rest of his life.

Oh and by the way, I had camera at the reunion, but when I boarded the plane in Norfolk it apparently decided to take an extended vacation elsewhere and since I haven't received any postcards from it I can only assume it met another camera and is shackled-up somewhere! If anyone has any pictures of Pauline, Duane and myself I would like to have some prints, mainly for Duane. You can mail them to me at my address, which is listed on the back page. Thanks in advance

I recently had a CAT Scan of the stomach and pelvic region, no results yet, but I'm hopeful everything will turn out all right. I'm down to around 125 pounds now, but the main thing is that I'm still living!

I'm looking forward to our reunion in Reno, Nevada in September with the 500th squadron. I hope it help to restore our "Group" as a whole. Make sure to get the word out to all our members and all their family members to try and attend. It should be one for the books! All the details for the Reno reunion will be in the next issue of the Strafer, so start making your plans now and I'll see you and yours in Nevada!

August Ouellett

Apache Memories:

Remembering 1st Lt. Carl Conant, 499th

*How one pilot dodged the system
to become an outstanding strafier.*

By: Capt. Max B. Ferguson, 499th

Just before the United States entered World War II Carl Conant was 32 years old, realizing the average cadet age was 26 Mr. Conant decided to try his luck on getting his wings in Canada. After earning his wings in our neighbor to the north, he returned to the States and was indeed accepted into our Air Corp as a first lieutenant, one of the original pilots of the 499th squadron. Carl suffered from poor eyesight; he must have memorized the eye chart or greased some palms when taking his physicals. I personally saw an eye chart in his locker overseas; I guess he wasn't taking any chances on a repeat performance!

The flight surgeon in New Guinea knew Carl would never be nicknamed "Old Eagle Eyes" and forced him to get glasses. The first time he wore them he got a wing into a tree! He threw the glasses out the window and never wore them again. The one area in which his vision *did* excel was in spotting P.R. personnel; he could pick them out at one hundred yards.

One time, he noticed a newspaper reporter headed his way so he donned an ancient pair of sunglasses and when the reporter asked Carl to show him the cockpit of his plane, he couldn't find it! Carl and his crew flew a B-25 from Walterboro, SC across the ocean to New Guinea. The plane was converted into a strafier by adding eight forward firing "50s" in addition to the bomb load. They flew several missions to Rabaul, the Japanese bastion in the South Pacific. After completing his fifty missions, Carl returned home to the U.S. While in San Francisco a friend saw Carl coming out of an Army store with his chest covered in ribbons, instead of the four or five he had earned.

No one ever battled against such odds to become a pilot and in spite of his handicap he was one of the best strafier pilots in the 345th. I don't know if he saw any combat with the Canadian flyers, but he was a great guy.

*The first time he
wore glasses he
got a wing into a
tree!*

The Origins of "YO!"

by Quinton Giuliani - 501st

Way back in the South Pacific a fellow armorer, Bob Brown, from Aberdeen, South Dakota always became somewhat peeved with me at how I tried to get his attention. I always yelled "YO, Brownie!" Finally, one day, he approaches me eyeball-to-eyeball and asks, "Hey Julie, what is it with you and this YO, YO, YO?" I didn't answer him then but I will now. This term definitely came out of

the Italian section of South Philadelphia. The older generation used to refer to their offspring as "Wal-yones" (a term of endearment I'm sure) which was eventually watered down to "Wal-yo". It didn't take long before it became just plain "YO".

So there you have it, the beginnings of a cultural icon. I always thought I would like to meet Adrian, you know, the one in the "Rocky" movies. "YO Adrian, where are you?"



498th "Falcons"

Michael Hasselbauer

Assistant Group Vice-President

Prologue:

There were four of us; Bill, Vinnie, Gigi and Don, all buddies and all Stamford (CT) High School class of '39 graduates wanting to enlist and do our part for America. All through the summer of 1940 we read the news of the war in Europe, and in the infinite wisdom of our youth, were convinced that the U.S. would not be able to stay out of it. We all had jobs and were only able to visit the recruiting offices one business day a week. Bill and I had the same day off, so we would take the train to New York City, about 35 miles away, to probably the largest recruiting station on the East Coast, located at 90 Church Street. We had left mothers with tears three weeks in a row, only to return home each night without success. This is the story of how two of us finally made it into the Army Air Corps.

A favorite teacher of mine often emphasized that to make it in the world you had to exercise "persistence". I was to find out how right he was in our trials and tribulations with the recruiting sergeant. Bill and I had been told for three weeks in a row that there were openings in just about every branch of the Army, all but the Air Corps that is. We were convinced that the sergeant had more quotas to fill in the other branches, and recognizing two motivated kids, was trying to wear us down into accepting one of them. Having completed the CAA Academic Flight Program, and with a few hour's of flight time, I tried to appeal to the sergeant's common sense that the Air Corps was the right branch and the only one either of us were interested in. "What makes you think you meet the qualifications for the Air Corps?", he said. "What qualifications?" I asked. "You need to pass a flight physical and a comprehensive written IQ test" he replied. Trying only to enlist as a private we knew that a high school diploma and a basic physical were all that was required. So, calling his bluff, we told him we were ready for testing. Hey, when you're a teenager you're full of the positives, right? For the next five hours he put us through his "comprehensive" flight physical followed by a nearly three-hour multi-subject IQ exam! There is no doubt in my mind that the sergeant felt we would fail either or both and would then be happy to accept one of his other branch offers. To his surprise, and he showed it, we passed both tests. But still the stubborn SOB denied he had any openings in the Air Corps. Discouraged, and reaching the end of our endurance, I told him "Sergeant, we'll be back next week and if you don't have any openings in the Air Corps for us, we're off to the Royal Canadian Air Force!" This got his attention and he blurted "That's against the law, you'll be arrested!" "You may be right sergeant", I said "But there are a lot of Americans already in flight training with the RCAF, and from what I hear if we let them know we're interested in joining them, they'll send a limo for us!" With his face rapidly turning red, we left his office in a hurry. Lo and behold when we returned the following week, the sergeant told us how fortunate we were that two Air Corp openings had "just come in!". What do you think?

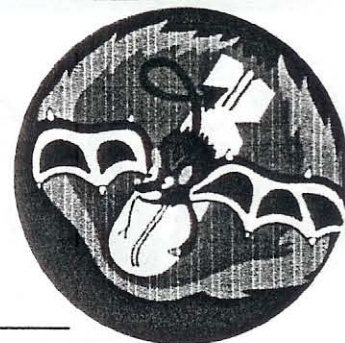
We were both assigned to Mitchell Field, Long Island New York. My orders had me reporting on October 25, 1940, with Bill scheduled to arrive the next day. I went to the main gate to welcome him. In those days the "old timers" would hang out the barrack's windows, yelling words of encouragement such as "You'll be sorry!" or "Suckers!" whenever they spotted a new recruit in civvies carrying the one suitcase. I got it the day before and now it was Bill's turn. I always kidded him that I was the senior, he the junior. It's funny when you think about it, rank among privates?

This article was submitted by Donald E. "Buzz" Wagner, who flew combat missions in WWII as a pilot with the 500th squadron and had a 25-year career with the Air Corps/ U.S. Air force
Note: Mr. Hasselbauer was unable to submit a report for this issue due to a hectic business schedule, look for his return in the next issue, Ed.

499th "Bats Outa Hell"

Ben F. Miller

Assistant Group Vice-President



2004 Strafer time. Since the last Strafer Norma and I made it to Atlantic City, where we enjoyed the hospitality of Nick and Lee Dovica. The boardwalk is still there and the steel pier is still by the bend in the boardwalk. I still remember the hotel that was condemned, but was good enough for the Army to use to house soldiers! While we were there in '42 several inductees could not stand to be away from home, so they jumped from the top of the boardwalk. We saw one go. For the last week we have been snowed-in some but we have a neighbor who plows us out at times. The temperature hasn't exactly been what we were used to in the Pacific; it's been a bit on both sides of zero degrees!

I want to say thanks to all those who keep sending me information about our members. Our Squadron commander, Wendell Decker, is slowly recovering from his health problems. Mary E. Gamble, the soft-spoken lady from Texas is on the mend from cancer and is hoping to be at the registration desk in Reno, I certainly hope so. Max Ferguson is still mobile and thinking about publishing his second book, entitled "Second Wind". I'm looking forward to reading it even though his wife says she refuses to! I am finally enrolled at the local VA hospital, but they have no cure for Dengue Fever. The pills they gave me help, but that's not as good as a cure. Before long it will be time to remove a cataract from my left eye, I'm having a hard time driving at night. My youngest granddaughter gave me a book for Christmas that sure brought back some memories, some that are better left forgotten. The name of the book is "Flyboy" by James Bradley and has just recently gone out of publication. It explains the thoughts and feelings of the Japanese during WWII.

Remember when Tokyo Rose ranted and raved one night about a target the 499th hit on Formosa? That night she put a 10,000-yen bounty on the head of everyone in the squadron, dead or alive! This sort of shook us up at the time, but after reading this book I've learned that it had always been a practice of the Japanese to behead their enemies, especially the ones they hated the most. I'll bet William Decker and I are the only former students of Ossian High School to have ever had a price on their heads! Now I know how the members of the outlaw gangs must have felt during the Depression when they roamed far and wide robbing banks. I also remember that the closer we got to Japan the more weather missions we had to fly. Many nights the C.Q. kicked me out of a sound sleep at 2:30 am to get a codebook for a radio operator, and then often he'd be back a few hours later for the mission briefing and breakfast. Some mornings Max Ferguson, my boss, would take one look at me and suggest I take a nap after the generators shut down. Quite often, some of us would listen to Axis Sally, the German version of Tokyo Rose, our propaganda girl. Sally always had the newest stateside records, even before our own special service people did! She loved Bing Crosby, or as she called him, "Der Bingle" and swore he was German. Thinking back on all those sleepless nights I guess I get enough sleep after all these days!

Ben Miller

"I want to say thanks to all those who keep sending me information about our members."



500th "Rough Raiders"

Lynn W. Daker

Group First Vice-President

"We are scheduled to be buzzed by Bob Lumbard's B-25 'In the Mood' and hopefully, by Ted Contin's P-51!"

Greetings, to the 345th! I want to encourage all of our members (original and honorary) of the 345th Bomb Group to make plans now to join our 2004 reunion which will be held from

September first through the fourth at the Reno Hilton Hotel, in Reno Nevada. The Reno airport is just a short distance to the East from the hotel and I-80 is only a few blocks North, so finding the hotel should be no problem at all. The cost of the rooms will remain \$75.00. This will be a repeat of the great time the 500th squadron had in September 2003. Our hosts at that time were the family of the late Horton Stewart and they have promised to help again in 2004.

We will arrive on the first and have an informal icebreaker that evening. September the second, or possibly the third, will be devoted to a trip to the Fallon Naval Air Base, East of Reno. There, we will be "briefed" by a group of "Top Guns" followed by a luncheon. The other day will feature a paddle-wheel boat ride on beautiful Lake Tahoe. During the boat trip we are scheduled to be "buzzed" by Bob Lumbard's B-25 "In The Mood", and hopefully by Ted Contin's P-51.

Fortunately, the boat will not be equipped with Anti-Aircraft guns (in case of flash-backs!) On Saturday, September the fourth we will have our business meeting, an election of officers and hear from our guest speaker, Colonel William Davidson of McGill Nevada.

When the class of 43-J formed up at Yuma Army Air Base 6'-5" Bill Davidson (son of an Admiral) was the first in line. Second in line was 6'-4" Robert Canning (4th in the world high jump), who later went on to command the 500th squadron. Also in that line were; Allen Lay, the late Horton Stewart and myself. Davidson and I were flying partners at the time. Canning, Stewart, Lay and I all served in the 500th. Lay lost his life on September second, 1944 while on a mission over North East Celebes, while Canning was killed over Formosa on July 11th, 1945. When Colonel Davidson finished his training at Greenville in May 1944 he flew his combat missions in Africa and Italy, where he earned two Distinguished Flying Crosses! After the war, he returned to Nevada where he now owns and operates a 6,000 acre ranch. He also headed the Nevada Air National Guard unit for several years. Needless to say, his speech should be very entertaining.

The main thing for all "Air Apaches" to do now is to block-out September the first through the fourth and plan on attending our reunion. We should also try to convince our children and grandchildren to travel to Nevada with us, either by plane or car.

I am still finding new relatives of our Squadron members every day through our website: www.500thbsq-b25s.com. Our total membership is now pushing 350! A few months ago, I found the sister and family of David Koenig, from Ohio who copiloted with Captain Lyle Anacker on October 18, 1943. On February second I sent the 85th colored copy of "Tondelayo" to Michael Jones of Columbus Ohio. His grandfather was a brother of John Murphy, gunnery ace on Tondelayo. Lets make this reunion the best one yet! All detailed information and reservation blanks will be in the June Strafer, see you in Reno.

Lynn Daker

501st "Black Panthers"

Quinton Giuliani

Assistant Group Vice-President



Hello, fellow Air Apaches! Spring is finally around the corner, thankfully. Our winters here in Pennsylvania are not at all like the ones we endured in the South Pacific. I will say that I do enjoy the occasional change of seasons, and not having to live in a tent. Another plus is the fact that no one is shooting at me! I hope everyone had a good Christmas and a happy New Year. Personally, I'm working on breaking as many New Year's resolutions as possible. These days I find myself, besides taking care of the house, dreaming about the thunderous and wonderful sounds of our B-25s, the cacophony of those Wright engines rumbled, at times, like discordant musical pieces in dire need of a conductor. Thankfully, we had Arturo Toscanini with his fine Italian hand around to put them right. Oh, the beautiful sound of an Air Apache B-25! Of course, at other times I dream (or is it recall?) about our crew chiefs going at each other's jugular, always fighting over whose turn it was to explode those pistons into a cohesive sound of power. Thank God they always made up, just one more reason why the "Mighty Mitchell" will always be embedded in our hearts, Ad Infinitum!

Memories and thoughts like these remind me of what a blessing it is to have such a family of friends surrounding us with love and an emotional concept of why harmony is so beautiful and contagious. What an outfit, there ain't another like it! I hope everyone can make it to this year's reunion, let's face it guys, we aren't getting any younger! Lets all make an effort to attend as many of these get-togethers as possible, you never know when the "Big Man" might call you out on patrol one last time!

Even though we may be advancing in years a bit I still have the memory of my late wife and best friend, Wanda (who was also my most potent adversary) to remind me to never, never, ever give up! She battled a progressively more serious problem for the last six or seven years. Even though she eventually lost the war, she won many battles in her effort. Boy was she a fighter! I've got the battle scars of 52 years of marriage to prove it! Without her supervision I've been a helluva mess. The only thing I've been able to keep straight is: do the laundry first, and then do the ironing. It will NOT work in reverse. Without Wanda, I've become a little lax in changing my shorts. Like my mother, Wanda always reminded me to wear fresh shorts in case of an accident. Though I think I've found a solution to that one, I use the Talmadge Epps method, don't wear any! Cuts down on laundry quite a bit! Just because Tal doesn't wear underwear don't even think about putting this man down! Tal is the man who flew in 109 missions, including the one where they dropped the kitchen sink! It is a real pleasure to have him call me a friend (We'll see about *that* after the underwear comment. Ed.) and for me to be so lucky to know him.

Tal and his lovely wife, Ruth are still happily married. Ruth, who Tal met in Australia, gave him the strength to stick it out in the South Pacific until he knew she was his and his alone. Just goes to show you that war is not always hell! That's all for now, see you in June.

Quinton Giuliani

For the Modelers among us

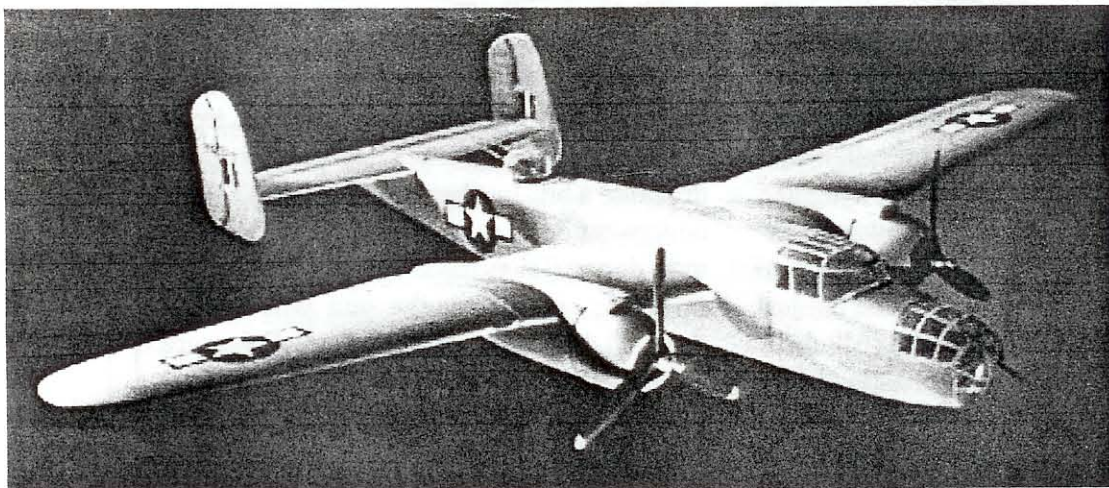
By: Cliff Dillard

B-25 Mitchell Twin Electric RC Airplane

For any group members who are into flying remote control model aircraft, this kit should be right up your alley. Available from Hobby Lobby (a major supplier of remote control aircraft kits and accessories) this is an electric scale model of the North American B-25 Mitchell. The model looks like a B or possibly a C. The Ad reads as follows:

RUM61 JanR B-25 Mitchell for 2 SPEED 440s..... \$259.00

53" wingspan. This scale B-25 RC airplane from the Czech Republic has a beautiful lightweight fiberglass fuselage assembly that is one assembled piece that includes the engine nacelles. The outboard wing panels are ready-built balsa rib & spar construction and are fully sheeted with balsa. It assembles quickly. Specifications: Length 40.5", Wingspan 53", airfoil Selig 3021, wing+stab area about 510 sq. in., weight 50 oz., wing/stab loading 14 oz./sq. ft. For Throttle, Ailerons (2 mini servos required), Elevator controls.



They also offer a link to view a video of the model in flight, I've seen it and it looks fantastic! I would imagine the kit could be modified to depict a J model without too much trouble by moving the top turret forward, painting over the nose glass, adding nose and side package guns, as well as waist and rear turret positions. Of course, it would have to feature an Indian head on the tail to be complete!

The link to their website advertisement is: www.hobby-lobby.com/b-25.htm



Apache Bulletin Board

The latest news tid-bits



Treasurer's Report

Ed Sharpe

Group Assets as of January 31st, 2004

Checking Account: Wachovia Bank, Burlington, NC
\$3,691.07

Money Market Fund: Vanguard Prime Money Market
\$24,304.79

Total Assets: \$27,995.86

In memory of...

The members of the 345th Bomb Group Association would like to extend their sincere condolences to the families of our departed members and friends.

Jack Gronewald
501st Squadron
San Bernadino, CA

501

Lee Shivel
500th Squadron
San Antonio, TX

500

Fay Bishop, wife of Don Bishop
Headquarters
Severna Park, MD

HQ

George Frye
500th Squadron

501
1-28-04

Next Issue:

- *Reno reunion details*
- *Reunion registration forms*
- *President's Address*
- *Orders from HQ*
- *Squadron Reports*
- *Military Medals: Did you get all that you had coming to you?*

And Much More!

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498th "Falcons" Squadron

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