



AIR APACHES

STRAFER

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May, 2015

Air Apaches Get EAA Nod for Exhibit

345th Bomb Group Exhibit to Open July 2015
in time for AirVenture Air Show

Marcia L. Pollock Wysocky, 345th/EAA Coordinator

It's official, the Experimental Aircraft Association (EAA) in Oshkosh, Wisconsin has formally approved our request for exhibit space in their Warbirds museum area.

This is an incredible opportunity! Last fall, Ron Twellman, Curator of Collections, offered us the Telling Gallery, an entire large room of this prestigious museum in order to display our memorabilia and artifacts, while sharing the history of the 345th Bomb Group and its men.

During EAA's AirVenture week, held each year in late July and early August, more than a half a million people attend this aviation event. The museum is also open year round and boasts many visitors annually.

I have been working closely with Ron and last November, loaned some of my father's items to enhance the small display that they have there now. Ron is very aware that my items are on loan and I have a signed, formal document which binds this agreement.

In our proposal to EAA, we have outlined some very significant plans for our display. I can promise you, the exhibit will be one to be proud of that will include a visually transformed B-25 located just outside the Gallery—that will take on the image of a B-25 as used by the 345th.

Until a few years ago, I was oblivious to the history of the 345th Bomb Group that my father was a part of. Thankfully, that has changed. Not long ago, there was a small WWII display in my hometown. An eleven year old boy spent an hour at my table that day absorbing the past. I was amazed at the curiosity of someone so young and was proud to pass along what I knew.

Imagine if we can inspire that kind of response from, let's say, a mere 100,000 of those EAA visitors. Please consider loaning--I repeat loaning—any memorabilia and/or artifacts that you may have in order to enhance the experience for others like that eleven year old boy. We understand your hesitancy. However; it is our wish to make this exhibit as complete as possible and one that will be talked about for years to come.

Of course, as we all know, something like this can't happen without cost. While EAA is covering a great share of the expense to build the exhibit, the 345th must also make a contribution. While searching for your artifacts, please consider making a monetary donation to help make this happen. Whatever amount you send will be greatly appreciated. Please make your checks payable to the 345th Bomb Group Association and send them to our Treasurer, Mary Roby.

If you would like periodic updates on the progress of the exhibit, please send email to me at pollockwysocky@gmail.com. Thank you for any contribution you make to honor our heroes whether it be artifacts or monetary.

2015 Reunion Set for Labor Day Weekend in Dayton

Our last Air Apache reunion will take place from September 4-6, 2015 in Dayton, Ohio, where we will be centering our attention on the National Museum of the Air Force and the 345th Bomb Group Memorial. Please note this is Labor Day weekend. Dennis O'Neill is our on-the-ground coordinator for this auspicious event that you should not miss!

The Holiday Inn at Dayton/Fairborn is the reunion hotel; For reservations, please call 1-937-426-7800 and be sure to mention that you are with the 345th Bomb Group to get the group rate. The hotel is just 2 miles from the National Museum of the Air Force which will be our target area for the duration of the weekend.

Please complete the registration form in this newsletter to insure your attendance.

Dennis is pulling together some special activities for a bang-up weekend to close out the forty-odd years that his group has been hosting reunions. He's been working with the Air Force museum coordinator to insure we have a memorable time at the Museum. We will also have a memorial service at the 345th Bomb Group marker, which looks good as new since it was recently cleaned.

It's sad to see these reunions come to an end. But, never fear, the Air Apaches will continue to live on in the hearts and minds of those who flew and supported the mission, and the families and friends of those who fought so gallantly.

We are looking forward to seeing you in Dayton!



345th Vets at the 2013 Reunion in Houston

Chow Hound to Make EAA Appearance

Marcia Pollock Wysocky

I'd like to share with you the message I received from Ron Twelling, the EAA Curator in charge of the 345th BG exhibit. As some of you know the EAA has a B-25 on display in their Warbirds Museum.

Good things are happening...! "We had a meeting yesterday about our B-25. It's going over to the maintenance hangar next week and the folks there will start doing some work on it, mainly on the interior to get it looking more authentic, but also eventually including changing the livery on the outside.

Long term we're probably going to return it to the "Berlin Express" livery it wore in Catch 22. But I injected the possibility of temporarily giving it a 345th BG look while we have the 345th exhibit in place. I was thinking of "Chow Hound" as it would be the closest to the way our B-25 currently looks – i.e. no paint, greenhouse nose without nose guns." So, the B-25 is planned to be depicted as Chow Hound, formerly known as "Tondalayo". It will have the Air Apache insignia on the tail and the familiar "Chow Hound" nose art of the namesake.

Are you a member or supporter of the 345th Bomb Group Association? If not, please join today and help keep the history of the 345th alive.

If not, please join today. A membership form can be found on page 11 of the newsletter.

Thank you!

In Memory of Don “Buzz” Wagner

Kelly McNichols

To say the service was impressive is an understatement. I have attended many memorial services in my life both civilian and military, but this one was truly special. I’m referring to the interment service for former 500th Bomb Squadron President, Don Wagner, at Arlington National Cemetery on February 24, 2014. My family and I visited Arlington in 2005 when the 500th BS reunion was held in Washington, D.C. but this was the first ceremony I had witnessed.

Because I’m interested in history, in an attempt to understand the significance of the location, I did a little research on Arlington. An excellent TV production entitled “Arlington-Field of Honor” from the National Geographic Channel is the source of much of the following information along with the Arlington National Cemetery website. Two quotes from the program were particularly poignant. The first describes the character of Arlington as “A place where ritual and respect are woven tightly together.” The second a “For an American there is no more honorable place to be buried and no more sobering place to visit.” From my vantage point, both of these statements are true. Even though the United States is actually a very young country, the 150 year old Arlington National Cemetery is a place where our citizens can visit and reflect on the sacrifices of those individuals who served this country and show the respect due them.

Arlington National Cemetery is named for Arlington House, a memorial to George Washington built by his adoptive grandson, George Washington Parke Custis. George Custis’ daughter, Mary, married Confederate General Robert E. Lee. During the American Civil War the house and grounds were confiscated by the Union Army of the Potomac as headquarters and later used as a potter’s field to bury Union dead. The first burial was in May of 1864 and encircled the house as a

method of preventing Lee from ever inhabiting the premises again. By the end of the war, over 7000 Union soldiers had been buried and interred in the cemetery. In 1882, Robert E. Lee’s son, George Washington Custis Lee won a suit in the U.S. Supreme Court gaining the land title there. He chose to settle with the Government for \$150,000 thereby ensuring the cemetery graves would be left undisturbed.

Those attending Don’s service met privately before the ceremony. Sons Randy and Scott each shared a few words about Don. The group traveled a short distance by car to meet the Honor Guard and caisson which led us on the quarter mile walk to the service location. Comforting words were provided by an Air Force chaplain followed by a Hymn by the Air Force band. A rifle salute and taps concluded the service.

Even though twenty seven other services were performed that day, a casual observer would conclude Don’s ceremony was the only one that day at Arlington. I don’t know how those in charge kept the groups separate. The view of row upon row of headstones is nearly overwhelming. To think that each one represents an individual requires one to pause and reflect.

Don is sorely missed. I consider it a privilege to have known him. Don and his wife, Beverly, are buried together in Section 54, Grave 5437, within walking distance of the Visitor Center.

I understand not everyone has the opportunity to travel to Arlington to visit the graves of our 345th BG service members. If you are aware of graves of other 345th Group individuals within reasonable driving distance for you, please consider visiting those sites. Randy Watkins has graciously allowed the use of an Excel spreadsheet compiled from this book, *Military and Civilian Group Burials in National Cemeteries*. There is a link on both the 500th BS and 345th BG websites to find any group burial graves nearby.



At Don Wagner's Memorial Service & Interment

345th Bomb Group Members Buried at Arlington

Eleven members of the 345th Bomb Group are buried at Arlington. (Thanks to 345th President, Jim Bina, for providing the names. You can go to the Arlington Cemetery website or use the locator at the Visitor's Center to find the graves.

August Bauer, Jr., 498th BS
 Wallace Chalifoux, 498th BS
 Neil Davis, 498th BS
 Wilbur Harper, Jr., 501st BS
 Charles Knight, Jr., 498th BS
 John O'Donnell, 498th BS
 John Orloff, 498th BS
 Paul Panciocco, 498th BS
 Everett Thies, 501st BS
 Robert Waggy, 500th BS
 Don Wagner 500th, BS

In Memory

The members of the 345th Bomb Group Association extend our sincere condolences to the families of our departed members and friends:

Albert William Gruer, Jr., June 6, 2014.

Jean Burbank, wife of Orie Burbank,
 March 27, 2014.

Eugene "Gene" Lawlis, March 2014.

Edna Goehring, February 1, 2014.

Tony Buchwald, age 93, May 2014.

Jack Alfred Williams (500th), January 21, 2014.

Joseph Anthony Solomon (498th), April 2, 2014.

Riley Kline (501st), July 18, 2014.

Warren Everette Perkins, August 20, 2013

A Special Dad

Clarence H Mathe served with the 106th Golden Lion Division which fought during the Battle of the Bulge. He stepped in to help raise Marcia Pollock Wysocky after her father Melvin Pollock, of the 500th Bomb Squadron, was killed in an accident after the war. Even though most of us never knew Clarence, we understand the type of man he was. He served this country during its time of need during WWII and he also stood up to become a special Dad for a young Marcia. The 345th Bomb Group Association extends its sympathy to Marcia and her family.

Social media...

... is a great way to keep in touch or to learn more about the veterans of the 345th. Have you visited our web page at www.345thbombgroup.org or "liked" us on Facebook? Our 345th Bomb Group Association Facebook page has been noticed over 830 times and we have had and been able to respond to many questions about our veterans. You can post something yourself or respond to someone else's post or questions. We hope you will check both out.

501st Black Panthers

John Fezio

As your new representative for the 501st Black Panthers, let me give you some background about myself. But, first I want to thank Paul Van Valkenburg for all the years of service he has provided to the 345th Association and the 501st Squadron. His are big shoes to fill.

My Dad was S/Sgt Joseph Fezio (Joe). Dad was a turret gunner in the first cadre of men to go over from the states. He was assigned to the Wolfpack and his crew members included Capt. Bruce Marston, pilot; 2/Lt. Milton Harper, copilot, 1/Lt. Joseph C. Blessing, bombardier-navigator, T/Sgt. William T. McLaughlin, radio-gunner; and S/Sgt. Adrian Blackerby, engineer-gunner. In Lawrence Hickey's "Warpath Across the Pacific," Dad's crew is pictured on page 38. On page 40, wearing his ever present navy cap, he is standing atop 2nd Lieutenant Cather's plane, the same one that wiped out on the runway. He can also be found second from right in the snake picture on page 243 of the original Warpath. Unfortunately, I don't have a lot of stories to tell specifically about my Dad's experiences in the 345th. He passed away in 1981 and many of his stories left with him. I do have a few and will share some of them with you as time goes by. I encourage anyone with stories of the 501st to pass them on so they can be shared in the *Strafer*.

Last October I had the privilege of travelling to League City, Texas to attend the 345th reunion. It was a great experience to meet the vets who were in New Guinea. I met Riley Kline who was an armorer in the 501st throughout the war and who, in 2013, still sang in a quartet. Lt. Jim Mahaffey of the 498th has a daughter I went to school with. We never knew our fathers had served in the same bomb group. I am looking forward to the 2015 reunion and seeing my new friends again. We were treated in Texas to a fantastic air show and

the Texas Flying Legends were great hosts to our vets and families.

As part of my input to the Strafer I want to point out some local airbase history, since I have spent my life in and around Columbia, birthplace of the 345th. The Columbia Army Air Base was the common focal point for many of our vets entering the war.

Many of you know about the monument at the entrance to the Columbia Metro Airport dedicated to the 345th in 2012. Last year another new monument was dedicated at the site of the original entrance to the Columbia Army Air Base. It is located across from the airport down Biloxi Square, at the corner of Biloxi and Base Avenue. The foundation of the entrance was overgrown with bushes; local businessman Harold Jones cleaned it up, learned of its significance, and was instrumental in saving the gate. In front of it are two granite stones memorializing the 229 men and one woman who died in training at Columbia. Some of the names carved there in stone are those of 345th members. As of this writing, I have not found out who they were.

There is a silhouette of Colonel Jimmy Doolittle and a B-25 commemorating the Doolittle raid in Japan. The Raiders also trained here in Columbia.

In retrospect, I owe in part my existence to WWII and in particular, to Columbia Army Air Base. Were it not for the base, a Yankee from Jersey wouldn't have met a cute little redhead in Cayce, SC, and married her when he returned from the war.

If you have any stories to pass on, please contact me at asynthetic@yahoo.com or on my cell phone; 803-312-3792. Looking forward to hearing from you, John

The George Givens Story - Part 2

George Givens (498th)

Kessler Field was a regular and permanent US Army Air Force base and is still active to this day. The demeanor and deportment of the non-coms was noticeably more military and professional than those at the induction center in Pennsylvania. Even their uniforms seemed to hold their crispness in the humid southern atmosphere. Their squared away campaign hats and the look in their eyes let you know they saw all and missed nothing. As we marched along a column of troops approached from the opposite direction and as they neared us they began to whistle the old civil war song of the south "Dixie".

In my youth I always carried around my harmonica. Without hesitation I reached for it, whipped it out, and began to play "Yankee Doodle" without any hesitation, and before we had marched a few steps our whole formation was whistling along as I played. I feared that the sergeant might object but as it turned out, both he and the corporal were northern boys. We passed formations grinning at one another. (A note here – we "Yanks" were quite surprised at how mindful the "Johnny Rebs" were of the civil war after 75 years. "The south will rise again", was one of their favorite phrases but as we became better acquainted with them we discovered it was mostly in good natured jest.) As time went on some of my closest friends were southern men.

Well as it turned out, we were not destined to be billeted in those nice white two storied barracks. We marched right out of them into a tented area where the sergeant halted us. Each tent had a number on a pole in front of it. We were assigned six men to a tent. At the end of the street in our tent area was a large pile of barracks bags—ours! We had arrived at our basic training camp. This was to be my home for the next twelve weeks. As soon as I found out we were assigned to the Air Corps, I wanted to see my squadron commander about transferring to the paratroopers or the infantry. In essence he told me that at that time it would be impossible to transfer out of the Air Corps. There were no big land battles going on

then nor would there be any in the near future. The North African campaign was just winding down and the Air Corps was sending 1000 plane raids over the continent of Europe. They were taking machine gunners out of the ground forces and putting them in the bombers as aerial gunners and they had strict orders that no one could transfer out of the Air Corps.

I took my disappointment like a good soldier and the days began to fly by in a flurry of drilling, manual at arms, and all the military discipline that went into changing a bunch of "wet behind the ears high school kids" into something resembling a soldier, under the intimidation of Sgt. Rustagno.

Sgt. Rustagno was a well built man of about 25 years or so from Chicago, IL. His aide was Corporal Bob Boyd from Indiana. They wore the old WWII campaign hats squarely on their crew cut heads. Their uniforms were always immaculate and you could cut army bread on the creases of their trousers. When somebody screwed up on drill or manual at arms, Rusty, as he allowed us to call him after several weeks, had the intimidating way of rushing to the guilty party and touching the brim of his campaign hat to the screw-up's forehead and yelling right in his face, "What's Yer Problem, Boy?"

One day when they were marching us somewhere, some horseplay started in the formation, bumping the man beside you or trying to trip the man ahead of you, that sort of thing. The sergeant noticed it and yelled, "HALT"! With hands on his hips and his face livid with anger he strutted up and down the line berating us, the innocent as well as the guilty. "Wise guys, HUH!" "Tough guys, HUH!" "If any man here thinks he is tougher than me follow me behind that shed. The stripes are coming off!" As he walked around the shed he was taking his shirt off. The corporal stood there glaring at us, daring us with his eyes to take up the challenge. In the military this was quite an acceptable practice. I looked from side to side without moving my head. No one moved. No one talked, and after a few minutes Sgt. Rustagno came back from behind the shed tucking in his shirt. I was always serious about my soldiering and never messed around, but there were some who were

just wise guys, and this is just what we needed. I was secretly pleased with the way “Rusty” handled the smart arses.

We were here to be tested for air cadets. We were all qualified to become pilots or we would not have been shipped to Kessler Field at all. There were four parts to the air cadet test: physical, psychiatric, mechanical aptitude and general knowledge. One had to pass all four phases to go on to flying school. I passed all except mechanical aptitude, chiefly because I never had a jalopy to mess around with as a kid, nor did any of the guys I grew up with. Those of us who washed out as cadets were screened to see where we would fit in. I was chosen as a radio gunner, but this would be after our basic training ended.

We drilled and drilled and then we drilled some more, the manual of arms, close order drill, basic tactics of ground warfare, and as the weekends slipped into months we began to take on the appearance of trained soldiers. I remember one day early on in our training. Sgt. Rustagno blew his whistle for us to fall out in formation. It was a kind of lackadaisical unmilitary unhurried assembly. When we finally formed up in ranks, the sergeant blew his top! “Just what in the hell do you call that! You look like a bunch of old ladies. Now we’re going to do this all over one more time and this time, when you hear the whistle blow I want to hear that barracks door open just one time and I want to hear it slam shut just one time. Then, I want to see a cloud of dust, and when that cloud of dust disappears, I want to see four rows of statues! Now get your butts back in the barracks!” You better believe that when we fell out from that time onwards, it was much more military like.

Every Saturday morning the entire camp fell out for a dress parade on the airfield apron. The camp band played lively military music as we marched smartly along. We passed in review before top brass and visiting dignitaries; the base commanding general would select an outstanding group to receive the marching pennant that was privileged to carry it for the coming week. Sgt. Rustagno’s hard work paid off, as we won the pennant.

Across the road from our campsite was another tent area that billeted a bunch of hillbillies and mostly rural farmers. Most of them were Appalachian boys. It was a bivouac for the illiterate. They had very little schooling as their families needed them on the farm or in the mine. They sure didn’t cotton too much to soldiering or taking orders from what we heard. But they sure didn’t need anyone to show them how to pick a banjo or a guitar. In the evening at dusk when the camp was settling down from the days training, the mountain boys would entertain all within hearing distance. Until lights out sounded we were serenaded by melancholy mountain music rendered in their Appalachian Mountain twang. Some were sad songs, funny songs, but mostly songs of home.

From October to the end of December 1943 we marched and drilled, bayonet practice, threw dummy hand grenades, manual of arms, until we did everything without thinking about it, we field stripped our 1903 Springfield rifles blindfolded. We lived in pup tents and ate out of mess kits. At night for entertainment, we put on the boxing gloves with men about our same height and weight. We had about three or four 3 round matches a night. There was a fellow from Boston, MA, Ray Young, a kind of a sissified looking Irishman. After one of the bouts the sergeant said who is next, and Ray says, “Me and Givens will duke it out next.” I said “Get the hell out of here. I’m a couple of inches taller and 15 to 20 pounds heavier at 150 pounds.” But the crowd clamored to get on with it.

That little redheaded Irish bastard knocked me all around that grassy ring. I hardly laid a glove on him. He even hit me on top of the head one time, but we couldn’t hurt each other too much because of the big 16 oz. gloves that were like pillows. The company cheered the little redhead on because of the mismatch in size and weight. Afterwards, I asked him where he learned to fight like that, and with a big grin on his face, he said, “Last year I was Golden Gloves runner up from Boston!” Everyone had a good laugh over that including the sergeant who let the mismatch go on because he was aware of Ray’s abilities. I was glad I always had the ability to laugh when a joke was on me. *To be continued.*

“Their Room”

A Tribute to the 501st Bomb Squadron

Col. Mike Marino and Col. Lou Tacchi

Commemorative Air Force, Missouri Wing

Twenty two years ago at the CAF’s Missouri Wing, an idea sprung up, to create a room that could be used by all members for meetings and get-togethers and called the “Officers Club.”

Throughout those two plus decades, nature ensued and interest faded. But, believe it or not, that was a good thing!

Fast forward 22 years and a group of dedicated individuals rekindled that dream, but with a new focus. The O’Club turned into a tribute to the men who served with the 345th Bomb Group, the Air Apaches and specifically the 501st Squadron, the Black Panthers for which the Missouri Wing’s B-25 “Show Me” proudly displays its livery. This time around the project had the full acknowledgement of the members of the Wing and construction quickly became an obsession. The 501st Officers Club was completed in July, 2014, nearly two months ahead of schedule.

No expense was spared to bring back what the 501st Officers Club may have looked like during WWII as they fought their way from island to island across the Pacific. Photos were researched and cataloged; aircraft pictures from combat missions were digitized and hung in the combat gallery. Individual missions were analyzed and several were picked to be displayed on the Mission Planning Board. The “Room”, the “Project” had in itself, become an entity, a living, breathing piece of history that had real existence to us. The group refused to settle for anything less than as close to perfection as we could get it.

It has been said by many authors and historian that the WWII veterans were the Greatest Generation. There is no doubt to that statement. When you look at the photos of the crewmen, both flight and ground of the 345th, specifically the

members of the 501st, you sense them talking to you. Their eyes tell the story, no books have to be read, no interviews have to be given; it is written in their faces. The hardships they endured, the friendships made and lost, and the ultimate sacrifices are all there.

It doesn’t fly to air shows or perform gracefully for all to enjoy and marvel at. It can’t travel to a parade for thousands to admire or wave at. It is a room--a tribute to a group of men who answered a call like so many in their generation, and one that has never been asked again.

This project, started by a few, completed by many, has turned into a living entity. Everyone who visits the Missouri Wing can now enjoy and pay tribute to the members of the 345th Bomb Group, “The Air Apaches”, 501st Squadron, because it is... THEIR ROOM.

The Missouri Wing of the CAF is respectfully asking for crew photos for their wall of valor, we currently have 34 crew photos hanging on the wall. We would like to increase that, and we promise to carefully make copies and send them back in the same condition. Please send your photos to:

Col. Lou Tacchi
6701 Marquette Ave
St. Louis, MO 63139



“Show Me”

345th Bombardment Group Association XXVII Reunion
(Comprising HQ, 498th, 499th, 500th, and 501st Bomb Squadrons)
Rough Raider Reunion XXI

Commemorating the 70th Anniversary of the End of WWII
Hosted by the 500th Bomber Squadron, Dennis and Susan O'Neill

Registration Form

Name _____ Spouse/guest _____
Address _____ City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Phone _____ Email _____
Arrival Date _____ Departure Date _____

Please make your hotel arrangements directly with the hotel: Holiday Inn—Dayton/Fairborn; 2800 Presidential Drive, Fairborn, OH 45324. You must request the “345” Bomber Group rate. The group rate is \$105 plus 12.75% tax. Reservations number is 1-937-426-7800.

Prices shown for the 345th activities are per person and include all costs as described.
Additional details will be forthcoming.

Friday, September 4, 2015

Registration in the Hospitality Suite (Time to be determined)
Ice Breaker Reception with Full Dinner Buffet (Time to be determined)
(Mementoes, administration costs, and dinner)

No. of persons _____ **x \$75 = \$** _____

Saturday, September 5, 2015

Visit to Wright Patterson Air Force Museum (Museum admission is free)

No. of persons _____ **No Charge**

Hospitality Suite Open (Time to be determined)

Sunday, September 6, 2015

Business Meetings for individual squadrons, followed by 345th group meeting (morning)
Hospitality Suite Open (Time to be determined)
Banquet at hotel (Includes meal, tax, and gratuities)

Please indicate the meal choice for each attendee:

_____ **Prime Rib** _____ **Salmon** _____ **Chicken** _____ **Vegetarian**

No. of persons _____ **x \$35 = \$** _____

Grand Total = \$ _____

Please mail this completed Registration Form and your check, made payable to 500th Bomb Squadron Association, to Dennis O'Neill, 3269 Wendover Drive, Toledo, OH 43606. Questions may be sent to Dennis at 1-419-450-6370 or djoneill@bex.net.

Please indicate if you would like to offer your assistance as a volunteer for either of the following:

_____ **Registration** _____ **Hospitality Suite**

Note to our Members and Friends. You may have noticed you have not received a Strafer in quite awhile. We have been without a Strafer editor for over a year. As a result, we have not received too many memberships or contributions; our treasury is seriously diminished as a result. Your financial support is needed to support our reunion, help with special projects like the EAA exhibit, and enable us to keep the Strafer coming to you. Thank you for sending your membership promptly.

**345th Bomb Group Association
Membership Form**

Name _____ Squadron _____

Mailing Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Home Phone _____ Cell Phone _____

Email Address _____

Additional Names _____

Membership Type

_____ New _____ Renewal _____ Address Change

Status

_____ 345th Vet or Widow _____ 345th Family Member _____ Other

(Please specify the name and squadron of your 345th veteran and/or tell us about yourself) _____

_____ Other (Please specify _____)

Dues are \$15 per year for 345th Veterans and their spouses/widows. All other types of memberships are \$35 per year. Additional contributions are most appreciated. Please make your check payable to 345th Bomb Group Association and send it with this application page to:

**Mary Sloan Roby, Treasurer
345th Bomb Group Association
1916 E Pratt Street
Baltimore, MD 21231**

*Don't miss the Dayton Reunion...Labor Day Weekend...Register Now!
Registration Form is on Page 9*

345th Bomb Group Association
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Bulk Rate
US
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