



AIR APACHES

STRAFER

Volume 36, Issue 3

President's Message

Mary Roby, 500th

It seems like a long run-up during the planning phase to each annual reunion, then it's time, and then it's over. It certainly seemed as though we squeezed a lot into our Ypsilanti, MI meeting this past September! There were many WWII and 345th connections in the area.

Although B-25s were not built at the Willow Run plant, we were thrilled that two "Rosies" helped welcome us to Ypsilanti. Bette Kenward, whose mother was a "woman ordnance worker" accompanied the Rosies, Marge Haskins and Virginia Basler.

We were delighted that two veterans, Quentin Stambaugh (498th) and Floyd Fox (499th), and widow, Karen Cessna (499th), were able to attend. HQ was represented by Chet Coltharp, and Bruce Stoddart of the Yankee Air Museum had a unique connection (read more elsewhere in this Strafer.)



Quentin Stambaugh and Floyd Fox

A visit to the Henry Ford Museum of American Innovation in nearby Dearborn was a highlight. We really needed more time to see all the exhibits in this wonderful museum. I loved Buckminster Fuller's circular Dymaxion House and, of course, all the various airplanes on display.

On Sunday, we traveled to Willow Run, where Yankee Warrior awaited seven lucky passengers from the group. While we were waiting (there was a weather delay) and watching, our group enjoyed walking around in the hangar, seeing the various airplanes stored there, and chatting with members of the Yankee Warrior crew and volunteers. Special thanks go to Jerry Lester, who arranged all the activities at Willow Run and the Yankee Air Museum that packs a surprising amount of material in a relatively small space.

Then, Pat Mihalek, who is restoring Sandbar Mitchell at the Warbirds of Glory Museum, invited us to visit the hangar.

In addition to the work on Sandbar Mitchell, Pat told about the Museum's work with high school students and all they are learning about B-25 airplanes and WWII history.

As with most reunions, everyone enjoyed mingling in the hospitality suite, sharing stories

and mementoes, and getting to know old and new 345th friends.

Marc Stevens has been working with the Museum of the Pacific War in Fredericksburg, TX to have a plaque honoring the 345th placed on their memorial wall. The group agreed that our 2020 meeting will be held in central Texas, probably Austin or San Antonio, so we can have good representation at the dedication. More information will be forthcoming about the next reunion.

The cost of the plaque is \$2500, and we are currently accepting contributions for the plaque. We have already received a generous contribution. If you would like to contribute, please send your check made payable to the 345th Bomb Group Association to the address on the membership page. Any extra funds we raise will be dedicated to maintenance to our memorial at the National Museum of the US Air Force in Dayton.

At our business meeting, we had extensive discussion about the future of our organization. We want to keep the history of the 345th Bomb Group alive and to share our story in multiple ways. We are almost ready to go live with a new website and our Facebook page is quite active. Please check both out and share your information with us. We appreciate questions and comments!

November 2019

Michigan—Crabb Connection

By Bruce Stoddart,
Yankee Air Museum

We asked Bruce to reprise his talk at the 2019 reunion where he spoke about his father, Kenneth Stoddart and his time with General Jarred Crabb at the 5th Bomber Command (VBC) in the SWPA. He expressed his appreciation for the opportunity to both speak and offer this article, and hopes it inspires others to write down their memories of stories told before they are forgotten and forever lost.

What I relate here are my memories of stories my Dad told me at various times. I cannot make any claim to great accuracy, since these stories are the collective memories of two people without much documentation to support it. As you will see as you read on, I am reasonably certain they did not document much of these events. Most of this article is derived from notes I made directly after my father's passing while my memory was still reasonably fresh.

In 1942, Dad was drafted into the Army and sent to motor school where he learned to drive heavy trucks and assemble Jeeps. This was his first time driving a vehicle—he learned to drive compliments of the Army. Dad was an avid bicyclist and had not yet learned to drive a vehicle when he was drafted. At some point during motor pool training he sent home a letter with detailed instructions (including drawings) for packing and shipping

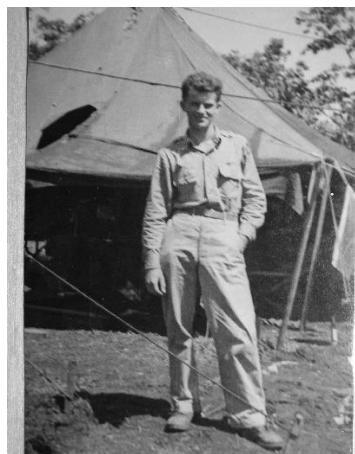
his bicycle to him by rail. During his stay in the west (Stockton, California area) for training he tried to get into motorcycle assembly and service detail because "...when they finished school, they took the motorcycles on a ride to Yosemite National Park and I wanted to go there."

Near the end of motor pool training he decided he did not want to spend the war "building Jeeps" so he transferred to the Aviation Cadet Program. This involved being discharged from the Army and then re-enlisting in the Air Corp. He could not pass the eye exam to qualify for pilot training but did qualify for Navigator School. Navigator training took place in Coral Gables, Florida at a school run by Pan American Airways (who had developed most of the overwater routes and navigation techniques for the Clipper flying boats). When he arrived at Coral Gables, he found his brother (Dick) there entering the same training section. This was purely a chance encounter—they had not made any plans to attend together. Training flights from Coral Gables were flown in a Consolidated Commodore flying boat (which sometimes could not get off the water). The tail of this airplane would move in a circular pattern during flight which made taking sextant readings difficult.

After completing Navigation school, Dad and Uncle Dick were assigned together to the European Theater. They went to the commanding officer and asked if

they could be separated for family reasons, since the Sullivan brothers had been in the news having perished as a result of all of them being assigned to one ship. Dad was reassigned to the Pacific Theater (Troop Carrier squadron), while Uncle Dick continued on to Europe and eventually flew during D-Day.

After reassignment to a new flight crew Dad began to fly from Florida to California in a C47. During this trip the pilot asked Dad for bearings to his hometown. Dad obliged and guided the pilot to the town. When Dad thought they should be over the town he looked out the side window of the airplane and "saw the front of a building. The nut buzzed the main street of his hometown below rooftop level!"



Lt Kenneth Stoddart

When they arrived in California the airplane was fitted with long range tanks for the flight to Hawaii. Departing San Francisco and flying direct to Hawaii over the water the pilot became nervous and kept asking for position fixes more frequently than required. Dad tired of this and began to tell the pilot "the coordinates of his

hometown and every other place I could think of. "It kept him happy." The route to Hawaii was marked with Navy ships equipped with homing beacon transmitters to guide the airplanes making navigation easy and also to rescue any crews.

After arriving in the Pacific theater and flying in troop Carrier for a few months, Dad was sent to 5th Air Force Headquarters ("they just picked a bunch of us and told us we were going") to be part of a new weather reconnaissance unit being formed.

From ozatwar.com-

"A special reconnaissance unit was formed in Fifth Bomber Command in March 1944 to carry out comprehensive weather reconnaissance flights in B-25 Mitchells. Brigadier General Jarred V. Crabb was Commander of the Fifth Bomber Command at the time of its establishment. Crabb sought volunteer crews to fly weather missions to remote Japanese held areas of New Guinea. Pilots who were proficient in instrument flying were encouraged to apply. Crews who volunteered were sent home earlier than normal combat crews."



Fifth Bomber Command

The loss of many airplanes due to weather prompted the formation of the unit. One of

these events (April 16, 1944) was later referred to as 'Black Sunday'. Dad was assigned to a crew whose chief pilot was Irwin Compton. They flew war weary B-25's, which Dad called "...a damn good airplane because it always brought me home."

Weather reconnaissance was flown at night by flying the basic route of the next day's mission. Mapping of weather fronts was accomplished by flying towards the last lightning strike, plotting the course and estimating the distance you were from the strike which provided a map of the weather front line when compiled. Flights sometimes lasted 10-12 hours. All flights were in unarmed aircraft flying alone over enemy territory.

Navigation was accomplished by dead reckoning and 'shooting the stars.' By measuring the angle of the stars in the sky above an artificial horizon, a circular line of position was drawn on the earth. Two-star fixes would provide two circles which intersected at two points. If done correctly one intersection was obviously too far away so you must be at the other one. This was accurate to less than a mile on a clear and calm night. Flying weather reconnaissance usually meant cloudy skies - "shooting the stars was useless just when you needed it most."

During one night mission they could not find the airport and began to fly a square search pattern increasing each leg of the box by a fixed amount of time.

They found the field after about a half hour of searching. Dad attributed this to the pilot not watching his course and airspeed closely since they were using dead reckoning.

On another occasion they were lost due to a large error in the compass. The airplane had been landed so hard once that the magnetic fields of one of the engines had reversed causing erroneous readings.

One airplane they flew would not trim correctly in level flight or stay on course. "I was looking out the bubble at the tail and saw the rivet lines were bent upward. The airplane had been pulled out of a dive too hard and as a result, the rear fuselage section was bent. They scrapped it."

On occasion they were asked to lead a flight of bombers to their target. On a few of these flights they were shot at but "nobody came close. They couldn't shoot any better than we could."

Dad did also fly a couple of bombing missions. On one mission they dive bombed a target and were climbing out when "ack-ack" went off under the tail. We immediately went nose down towards the water. We pulled out about 20 feet above the water. Everybody was shaking so hard when we got back that we couldn't sign our names on the debriefing report."

Some of his flights involved flying General Crabb (5th Air Force Commanding General) around in

his personal B-25 for various reasons.



General Jarred V. Crabb

Flights were made to Southeast Asia (later Vietnam) to get the correct type of cigars for the general, for example. "We were told by the general to go investigate the area for possible activity and 'did we know that not far from there were some pretty good cigars?' Of course, we had to go look!" Beer runs also occurred in a similar way.

On one cigar run I believe Compton had the bright idea to see if the propwash from a B-25 would blow over a sailboat (junk). "This was the result of discussion on the field one day about whether it could be done. We flew low and slow down on the deck, popped up to go over them and gave it full power as we went over. It worked! We did a few more. When we got back, we were asked to report immediately to the General. He already knew. He said 'I'm sure it was fun, BUT....'"

Another activity was the distribution of medals at various airfields. "Medal tours were great. We were greeted by drivers

when we arrived, got the best parking spot for the airplane, had the best tent and beds and usually had cooked to order food. That star on the side of the airplane was great!"

When it was time for their R&R leave the general gave them his personal B-25 and sent them to Australia for a week. "The people there treated us like royalty because we had the General's airplane. They gave us a car to use but since auto gas wasn't available due to the war, we just drained 130 octane fuel out of the airplane and drove around all day and night. I was the designated driver because I didn't drink much." Dad always said he liked Australia. I have a horse racing program from Australia that he saved and brought home.

Another function they served was mail delivery. Since the mail came by boat via the Navy, they flew to a Navy base to pick up the sack. Occasionally Compton and Dad would fly an L-1 (Piper) over and pick up the mail sack "which sat in my lap on the way back." (the L1 has tandem seating). Sometimes they flew a B-25 to pick up the mail. One flight the field controller would not give the green light signal to land and as usual the radios were inoperative. "So, Compton cranked it around and we buzzed the tower so close we almost blew it over. We could see the controller hit the deck as we went by. He gave us the green light." When they returned to headquarters, they were told to see the general again – who

repeated "...I'm sure it was fun, BUT...."

The General also had a personal P-51 Mustang fighter. The engine had valve covers on it which said 'MAYTAG' (who manufactured the covers during the war). This prompted Dad to call it the "Maytag Messerchmitt". There probably was also a corresponding undocumented B-25 at V Fighter Command for the commanders' personal use.

Sometimes on the night before a bombing run a crew was sent out in a B-25 to drop 'whistling bombs' over the area to be bombed. The whistling sound emulated the sound of a falling bomb and was to try and keep the enemy soldiers awake all night so they would be "punchy when the bombers came back." The 'whistling bomb' was a beer bottle with a metal tab inserted and was dropped through the flare hole in the bottom of the airplane. They circled the area and dropped one every few minutes. Occasionally they dropped a 25lb bomb in lieu of the whistling bottle "Just to keep them honest."

Crews also did leaflet drops which were called 'propaganda' runs. "We would drop leaflets encouraging them to give it up before we invaded an island. Later we asked a soldier if this did any good and if anyone was found with the leaflets in their possession. The soldier said 75% of the prisoners they took had them. We asked how many prisoners they took. He said four."

Coming home

In March of 1945 Dad was sent home for rest and recuperation that was not available in the theatre. He was war weary. From Clark Field in the Philippines, he flew back to California via Hawaii in a C-54. Before he left, General Crabb offered him a good job in the Japan occupation forces working for him if he were willing to re-up, but Dad said 'No'.

After arriving in San Francisco, California Dad made his way home to Detroit via rail. What should be a welcome respite turned sad when he found out his brother Don had been lost at sea (Don was in the Merchant Marine), torpedoed in the Atlantic by a German U-Boat while on a Texaco gas tanker (Oklahoma) headed to Africa.

After Dad finished his R&R, he returned to California for reassignment, but there was an excess of Navigators and he was released. The Army tried to persuade him to join the reserves, but he declined. Pan Am offered him a postwar job flying the Pacific as a navigator. Again, he declined with a resounding "NO!" So anxious was he to return to home and civilian life, he departed without receiving his medals—nothing but papers that say he is out and confirms time served. Like so many other veterans, Dad returned to resume civilian life, completed his college education with the GI bill and started a career in vocational education.

\$82,000 for 82,000 MIAs

By Dr. Colin Colbourn,
Project Recover

Project Recover is raising \$82,000 to represent the 82,000 Americans who are Missing In Action as a result of our conflicts all over the world. Every single MIA represents our country, their state, hometown, and especially a family who, even after 75 years, still has no answers about their death. Through our successes in bringing our MIAs home, the Project Recover team has had the great pleasure to see the impact of our work on the families of those brave servicemen who gave the ultimate sacrifice. One of our core beliefs is that our mission is not complete until we can account for every MIA. Your help is essential for our work and we hope to honor every MIA with this \$82,000.

Time is Running Out

In the often-harsh conditions where their remains lie, our MIAs continue to wither away, making our mission more difficult every year. What were once easily recognizable aircraft underwater, are quickly deteriorating and getting buried under the sand. The remains of our MIAs who fought and died for our freedom are being worn away by time and the elements. Our nation's promise "to leave no one behind" will be broken without funding to increase the scope and speed of our work.

We are striving to Keep America's Promise and bring our MIAs home. The truth is we are working against the odds. We are a team of mostly volunteer professionals. Funded by generous donations, we work together to locate, document and repatriate tens of thousands of MIAs. Our team travels across the world and hacks its way through jungles. We dive and document wrecks more than 100 plus feet underwater. We work with foreign and our own federal government to repatriate the MIAs we locate.

It is a challenging and audacious mission, but we want to Keep America's Promise to those who sacrificed their lives for our freedom. We do it for their families whose loss is carried through the generations into the present. We do it for the greater good of our communities and country as we gather in love and gratitude to celebrate the homecoming of our heroes.

The 345th Bomb Group Association is making a \$752 contribution in memory of its 752 missing servicemen. We urge you to contribute as well and the easiest way to do that is to go through the Project Recover Facebook page. Thank you for considering a contribution. If you would like to mail a check, please make payable and send to:

Project Recover
Development Department
443 First St
Woodland CA 95695

Minutes from the Ypsilanti Meeting

By Jan Rary, 499th

Welcome

The meeting was opened by Mary Roby, President. She thanked everyone for coming to the reunion and led the Pledge of Allegiance.

Minutes

The minutes from the 2018 annual meeting were reviewed by Jan Rary, secretary. Don Rary moved approval and Marith Reheis seconded. The minutes were approved.

Treasurer's Report

Clint Roby, Treasurer, presented the treasurer's report. Dennis O'Neill moved approval and John Brown seconded. The treasurer's report was approved.

Updates and Future

- Bylaws/Leadership – Mary proposed that the by-laws for the 345th, now a 501(c)(3), be revised to fully meet IRS requirements, and respond to the evolving changes in the organization. She suggested that the bylaws revision be completed by the end of the year, enabling election of new officers in January 2020, using the new bylaws. Marith Reheis and Jim Bina volunteered to help Mary complete the review and revision of the bylaws.

- Reunions – Locations, New Model – This year the reunion was held in a full-service hotel. While this was helpful in planning and involvement, it also caused complications that raised expenses in ways that the group's treasury cannot sustain. Mary asked members to write down ideas for reducing expenses to be reviewed later. Following is a list of ideas proposed to reduce expenses; the ideas were not discussed but will be considered in planning for next year.
 - Ideas for reducing expenses generally and reunion-related
 - Why t-shirts for reunions?
 - Secure sponsors for reunion events, reception, banquet and field trips
 - Secure sponsors for veteran's registration
 - Put the pencil to it: how much would be saved by printing fewer than 500 newsletters and emailing to those members who could access it this way, as opposed to the special mailing rate we get for 500 copies?
- Secure sponsor for printing
- Is the VA a sponsor for anything? Printing?
- Solicit donations at least annually from everyone who receives a newsletter, including non-dues paying members
- Several sites for a 2020 reunion were discussed, including San Antonio, Austin, and Fredericksburg, TX, where the National Museum of the Pacific War is located. Marc Stevens has been working to have a plaque installed to recognize the 345th as part of the memorial wall at the Museum, which should be ready to be dedicated next year. Marc stated that the plaque will be 20"x20", and the total cost is \$2,500. Jim Bina recommended that a request for donations be included in the next Strafer. Other possibilities for the 2020 reunion, should a Texas location not work out, are Portland, OR and Harrisburg, PA.
- Website – Veteran's Information – Mary reported that our new website developers from Virginia Tech have been

working on new additions, and that mapping is especially useful. New information is needed to keep the website interesting. Especially needed are profile pages on each of our veterans. If anyone feels unable to complete a page on their veteran, Jim, Dennis and Clint are willing to help.

- Archive Research – Mary added that a possible optional gathering for interested members might be a “data dive” meeting at the National Archives near Washington DC or at other military libraries.
- Jim Bina, Historian, added that he is in constant contact with Jay Stout, author of the 2019 book “Air Apaches.” Jay is now writing a book about George Cooper, a veteran living in Kansas, and his story from the war.

Resolution/EAA Airplanes to Collings Foundation

The wonderful display of the B-25 models that Michael Buchkoski built for the 345th display at the EAA in Oshkosh needs a new home. The Collings Foundation in Hudson, MA, has agreed to take this display. A resolution was approved to move the models to the Collings Foundation. Mary will notify Michael that the resolution was approved.

Special thanks were given to Cindy Hillman for producing a quality newsletter.

All business being concluded, a motion was made by Marith Reheis and seconded by Don Rary to adjourn the meeting.

News about the 499th

By Bob Sweet, 499th

After World War II, many veterans returned to the States and never mentioned their war battles and acts of heroism. It was only after two of my business associates and friends died that I learned of their ties with the 499th BS - and this was through their obituaries and two well-written books dealing with the history of the 345th BG.

I was an investment banking officer in the Baltimore - Washington area. Marty Wood was the Chief Investment Officer for the National Rural Electric Association. He was also a graduate of Trinity College (Hartford), which was my Alma Mater. Reading *Bats Outa Hell Over Biak* by Max Ferguson, I learned that Marty was the Executive Officer of the 499th BS.

Another business associate who served with the Air Apaches was William Graham. I knew Graham as a Christmas tree farm owner and President of the Maryland Christmas Tree Growers Assn. His obituary (Baltimore Sun, 3-18-2002) noted he was a pilot flying "Dirty Dora". Author Larry Hickey's *Warpath Across the*

Pacific notes that Graham was Vic Tatelman's co-pilot. Graham flew 79 combat missions with the 499th and wanted an even 80. So, he joined the Air Force during the Korean War and flew his 80th combat mission.

As we approach Veterans Day 2019; Remembering a Special Veteran

Marcia L Pollock Wysocky, 500th

On October 11th, just one week after his 70th birthday, my brother Mark, Melvin Pollock's only son, passed away from complications of kidney failure. Thank you to those who sent cards. My family appreciates your thoughts and prayers.

After the 21-gun salute and taps, the sky was so beautiful it was hard to imagine. Our mother, Lucille, who is 94, did not attend Mark's celebration as she is not well. Her 96-year-old sister stayed with her the whole while. Yes, 96 and a spitfire compared to Mom. When I got back to Mom's afterwards, she asked me if I saw the sunset and she burst into tears all over again. I think she and Aunt Grace did a lot of that while we were gone. The thing of it is, I knew exactly why that was significant.

At the cemetery, nearly 68 years ago, November 16th to be exact, when Melvin (Dad) was being laid to rest, someone

commented on what a beautiful sunset it was and how Melvin must be at peace. It just seemed appropriate that Mark had the same send off, if you will, that his father had before him.



I always wanted to hear any stories Mark had to tell of his time in Vietnam. He had nothing to say. When I told him I was going to bring a tape recorder over and ask him questions, he just smiled his kind smile, winked at me and said, "We'll see."

I don't think he would have said anything anyhow. Mark was Special Forces; a member of MAC-SOG in 1971. How he was at all sane in later years is beyond me. But in looking back, I think he had nothing to say because war was tough for so many, and like so many, he just wanted to forget.

But I do wish he would have told me more. Over the years,

the stories I heard just from our 345th Veterans alone, gave me a better understanding of how much my freedom means to me and how much was sacrificed. I hope this is not lost on the younger generations.

The WWII and Korean Veterans are leaving us at too fast a pace for our liking, but I guess with Mark's passing, it just reminds me that it is my generation now that will be leaving us. And here I thought I was still so young. I'm hoping beyond hope, that our heroes are never forgotten.

For more years than we can count, families have lost loved ones. I know that I am not exclusive to this at all.

Mark, and all that have gone before you, and all that will go after you, I love you. I am so blessed that you and so many were a part of my life. Let us all stand proud this Veterans Day and every day after. Remove your hat when our flag passes by, recite the Pledge of Allegiance, sing our National Anthem and above all...shed a tear for our heroes, one and all.

And then? Smoke a cigar the next day for all of those aboard the Thomas Nelson on that fateful day, November 12, 1944.

Note: See the story about Ray Link, who was killed on the Nelson, on the next page.

Update to 'Still Missing'

By Andy Decker, 501st

I need to make a correction and update my article that appeared in the June 2019 edition of the *Strafer*.

In that article, I was operating on the assumption that the entire tail assembly had been removed from the B-25 *Tin Liz* crash site in Papua New Guinea. As it turns out, the source for that information had been updated to clarify that only the vertical stabilizers and rudders had been removed from the site for use in the partial restoration of a B-25. In view of that update, the presence of a horizontal stabilizer assembly at the *Tin Liz* site would be expected and would not be evidence of another crashed airplane.

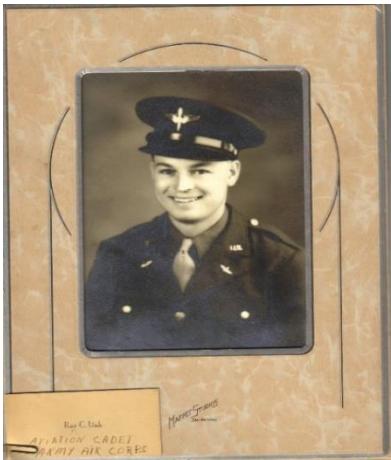
I do not know how I missed that update but certainly regret that I did and apologize for my oversight. It makes me think that I will rely only on historical documents as a factual basis for future articles.

On the bright side, that article did allow me to become acquainted with three relatives of the missing *Hitt and Miss* crew and several more members of the 345th Bomb Group Association.

About Ray Link

John Turner, 501st

Note: Although it is not up and running quite yet, we are making progress on our new website. One thing we want to include is a special page for as many of our veterans as possible. Thanks to John Turner for submitting information for a page about Ray Link. Would you like to submit information about your veteran for inclusion? Please send an inquiry to Mary Roby; mroby1916@gmail.com.



Ray Link as an Aviation Cadet, Winter 1942; below—Link's Columbia Crew, May 1944. Link is on the front row, right



Ray C. Link was from Victoria, VA. He completed training as a Radio Operator/Gunner on the B-25 and shipped out to New Guinea. Ray was assigned to the 38th BG, 71st Bomb Squadron from July 13 to August 19, 1944. He was reassigned to the 345th Bomb Group, 501st Bomb Squadron on August 20, 1944. He completed 6 missions while based in Biak, New Guinea with the 345th. Ray was killed in action on November 12, 1944 while on the SS Waite as it lay at anchor in Dulag Harbor, Leyte, Philippine Islands.

Additional Note: For more information on the attacks on the SS Nelson and the SS Waite on November 12, 1944, please see pages 234-240 in Warpath Across the Pacific by Lawrence J. Hickey.



Happy Holidays & Best Wishes for a Healthy and Prosperous New Year!

NEW BYLAWS & ELECTIONS

You may remember that several years ago, our 501(c)(19) veterans organization became a 501(c)(3) non-profit organization, when we no longer met the requirements of a veterans' organization. As a non-profit we have other benefits, such as providing a tax advantage for contributors.

At the time, we made some minor changes to our bylaws to gain IRS approval for the 501(c)(3) status.

Now, we are planning some major changes to reflect our current membership and future goals for the organization. Jim Bina, Marith Reheis, and I are working on the new version, with some professional assistance.

We hope by the end of the year, we will have a new version for approval. Dues paying members may vote on the changes and we will be sending and posting information about the old and new bylaws and we will be asking for your approval.

We will also be holding elections in the near future. If you are interested in a leadership role in the group, please send a brief paragraph describing your interest to me.

Mary Roby, President

Shots from the 2019 Reunion; Ypsilanti, MI

Special Thanks to photographer, Arthur Rush, 500th



Arthur Rush with "Rosies" Virginia and Marge



Taxiing at Willow Run



Checking Out Sandbar Mitchell



Visiting the Warbirds of Glory Museum



Pre-flight Instructions



Our reunions are a great way to learn about and keep in touch with the 345 Bomb Group Association. Plan now to join us in Texas for the 2020 Annual Reunion! Details will be forthcoming in future Strafers and on our Facebook page!

Note to our Members and Friends. Thank you for your membership in the 345th Bomb Group Association, which is now a 501(c)(3) non-profit educational and historical organization to which your contribution may be tax deductible on your federal return. Memberships and contributions help us achieve our goals to remember and share the accomplishments of the 345th.

345th Bomb Group Association

Membership Form

Name(s) _____ Squadron _____

Mailing Address _____ Please check if new _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Phone _____ Home _____ Cell _____ Other _____

Email Address _____

I am a:

345th Vet or Widow 345th Family Member Vet from another group Other

Please tell us about yourself and your interest in the Association. We are especially interested in hearing from grandchildren and great-grandchildren of veterans. If you are a family member, please tell us who your veteran is and about your relationship to him. We urge you to share any information you may have with the Association, by scanning and sending to the Association on a flash drive or DVD.

Please check here if you would like to be contacted by the Association about getting involved.

Dues are \$15 per year for 345th Veterans and their spouses/widows. All other 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:

Clint Roby, Treasurer
345th Bomb Group Association
PO Box 8755
Roanoke, VA 24014

Memberships renew in January, but if you join or renew in November or December, we'll count you paid for 2020!!

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A new representative is
needed for the 498th
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contact Mary Roby if
you are interested.

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