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The men of the 499th Squadron Communication Section. Jimmy Camilleri, the subject of the President's Corner, is located second from the left in the back row. Ben Miller is pictured third from the right in the front row.



PRESIDENT'S CORNER

By: BEN MILLER

I read the email article from Mario Camilleri in the last Strafer and realized that the person the writer was asking about was in the 499th Squadron. To my knowledge, Jimmy Camilleri didn't fly combat although he may have at first. Quite a few of our members flew across the Pacific in the planes, then quit flying and worked on the ground. I have a group picture of the communications section and he is in the back row, second from the left. He is wearing a round hat and I can't remember ever seeing him without it or a shirt.

He was in our communication section and was a very able repairman for anything we had. I don't know if he ever removed that hat and his complexion was as dark as anyone from across our border with Mexico. His speech was very broken.

Jimmy developed a talent for repairing watches because the springs in them often broke. If this happened, you were out of luck until he devised some way of repairing the springs. Before long, we had the only watch repairman. He set up a small table in the corner of his tent and enjoyed his skill a lot.

Jimmy's tent was one of the most popular tents in our area and was located

in a dip in the campsite. Some officer managed to secure some tools from supply and then Jimmy had something to do in the evening since he seldom went to movies or out of camp.

I often stayed in our communications tent with things to do for missions. I was often kicked out of bed several times in a night. As I walked back to my tent after one such interruption, I heard someone holler from up the hill, so I went to check the problem. There was Jimmy, with a snake across his feet and all he had was a canteen of water. There were many snakes in the jungle and surrounding area with most of them being poisonous. I hunted around until I found a stick and beat the snake to death. Some snakes in the area were called "Three Minute Snakes" as that is the time you had to make out your will. I have no idea which kind this was.

I often went out to the line where we had our main communication tent, and so did Jimmy. On one occasion he took me by the arm and led me to the Captain and asked if he was satisfied with his work. The Captain was surprised and asked what made him ask that? Jimmy told him how I got the snake off his foot. The Captain slapped us both on our backs and told us "he wished he had more men like this".

(Editor's Note: a snake called the Banded Krait is common throughout the Pacific Islands and Southeast Asia. During the Vietnam War it was referred to as a "Two Step snake" because the potency of its venom didn't allow much time for medical treatment. Maybe this was Ben's snake).



BATS OUTA HELL **499TH SQUADRON**

By: JAMES MAHAFFEY

I hope that everyone is doing well and making plans to attend the 2010 Reunion in Dallas. The 499th pages for this issue of the Strafer cover the life and times of Floyd Fox, who was a pilot with the squadron in 1944 and '45. His story comes from an article sent to me.

"I grew up on a small fruit farm near the village of Shelby, Michigan. Like most farm boys, my brothers and I learned to work. I graduated high school in 1937. I was fortunate to have parents who could provide employment so I worked growing fruit crops, trucking the crops to processing plants and to markets in Detroit and Chicago.

My good life was threatened as the USA became involved in WW2. My induction into the army by draft was delayed as the family business in agriculture was classified a Priority Industry. The draft board gave a deferment, but as the need for more soldiers increased, by deferment was terminated.

I had a great fear of ground warfare and hand to hand combat. Although I had been in an airplane only once, flying seemed the best alternative. Could I qualify for flight training?

I passed the tests and was accepted into the Army Air Corps Cadet Flight Training program. I was please to learn the flying schools had a five month backlog. The call to active duty in the Gulf Coast Training Center came in Nov. 1942. Ten months later, I graduated from Brooks Field, TX with a Pilot rating and rank of 2nd Lt. US Army.

By mail and telephone, I had asked my sweetheart to marry me. I was fortunate: Evelyn said "Yes." She had graduated from college in June. During a ten day leave in Sep. 1943, we were married and moved to Greenville Army Air Base in South Carolina. During our five months there we enjoyed a beautiful autumn. I was learning to fly the B-25 and luckily chosen as first pilot of a crew.

My military career was developing better than I could possibly hope for but, I did not know I had chosen the section of the US Military that would suffer the heaviest losses in WW2: the flight echelon of the US Army Air Corps.

At Savannah, GA, my crew and I were given a new B-25 and orders to fly it to California. A few weeks later, after six over-water flights, we arrived at the 499th Squadron HQ in the beautiful Markham River Valley of New Guinea.

In my one year tour in the 499th Squadron, I flew 51 combat missions (38 as first pilot). Also, five months of my tour

was as Squadron Operations Officer. My most memorable mission, of which I was Group Leader, was against Clark Field on Jan 5, 1945. That is the mission where we tried to cover the whole Clark Field complex with 60 planes abreast. The concept of flying 60 planes abreast at minimum altitude was a fiasco.

After WW2, Evelyn and I returned to the family business. N.J. Fox and Sons, Inc. had become an integrated enterprise (fruit growing, storing, marketing, trucking). My brother Ralph (B-17 pilot in the 8th Air Force) and a younger brother, Roy, worked with our father until each reached retirement age.

In June 2006, Evelyn died peacefully in her sleep in the home we built in 1947. I live alone, caring for myself and our home, but not lonely. But, I am behind on my dusting.”

Floyd Fox, Shelby, Michigan



ROUGH RAIDERS

500TH SQUADRON

By: DON WAGNER

I don't know about you, but I'm glad winter is over, and spring has "sprung", although here in the East are running 10 degrees warmer than it should be already. Come to think of it, winter was colder than

usual, or does this all add up to my aging. Anyway, I'm glad to be among the living and enjoying all life offers. I've always believed in positive thinking, and looking at the good side of everything sure beats the alternative. I hope you agree.

For the second year in a row I was invited to tell the story of the Air Apaches and the Rough Raiders to an enthusiastic audience of 300 at the Military Aviation Museum in Virginia Beach, VA on April 10th. Emphasis was placed on the role of the strafing version of the B-25 as being the most effective use of the aircraft, and the Air Apaches was presented as having the best combat record with it. I told the story of Paul "Pappy" Gunn, along with the saga of "Tondelayo"; the Lynn Daker ditching and the moving story of his return to the Philippines 64 years later in an attempt to locate and return the remains of the one crewmember lost; the loss of "Bold Venture" and Bob Jensen and his crew over Hong Kong, and Rex Reheis's connection to the Daker ditching and to the later "Bold Venture" loss. I portrayed a picture of what life was like on the ground to include the humorous incidents. I introduced Vernon Sawyer (500th), who was in the audience, and he received a warm welcome. I signed autographs and answered questions following the presentation.

Awaiting me on the museum ramp was their completely restored B-25J named "Wild Cargo," preflighting and ready to take me airborne. After takeoff I took the co-pilot seat and was allowed to make low passes over the Museum's airstrip for picture taking. Except for the fact that they wouldn't let me fly below 75

feet, it sure took me back to the Pacific days, and they haven't been able to take the smile off my face since.

I hope you all enjoyed the spring edition of the ROUGH RAIDER Newsletter, and its new and fresh format. At last count we had about 40 returned because of outdated addresses, so if you did not receive a copy, it's because you didn't keep our Secretary updated. We are on the verge of printing and distributing a new Directory, the first since 2005, so please let us have your new information. To save printing and mailing costs we are planning on not mailing future issues to those of you who have access to our website, where a copy will be available to read and download. If you would still like, or need, an exception to this policy, then let our Secretary know so you can be added to the mailing list.

Have a safe and healthy summer, and with the good Lord willing we'll all meet in Dallas for our reunion in September. It promises to be a great one with Jim Terry as our speaker telling us about his trip with Daker to the Philippines. Were hoping he will bring his B-25 "Pacific Prowler" with him. Rex, Lynn, and I flew this pristine aircraft in a Georgia air show in 2008, and Lynn had flown it several times on different occasions before.

The editor sends his thanks to Karen Voyles for the new Air Apache and Rough Raider patch graphics used in this edition of the *Strafer*.



BLACK PANTHERS **501ST SQUADRON**

By: PAUL VAN VALKENBURG

This short story was sent in by Jerry Chealander, a pilot with the 501st.

"When the war ended, I was just finishing my combat tour as a pilot with the Air Apaches. After the second atomic bomb was dropped August 9th, 1945 on Nagasaki, we flew search missions in areas where our crews were shot down. Later in the month we flew on a mission to drop leaflets and message streamers on the outlying Japanese held islands to inform their commanders that what they heard on the radio was true. The war was over and peace negotiations were in progress, and that they were forbidden to fly any aircraft or to sail any warship. Our patrols were authorized to deal with any violation of these instructions. On August 28, 1945, my crew was given the assignment to drop a message streamer at the enemy airfield on the island of Ishigaki Shima, about 100 miles southeast of Ie Shima and Okinawa. Approaching the airfield at low level, we observed a Jap Zero that had just touched down. As we got closer, the pilot stopped the Zero, got out and ran for cover. I was flying a B-25 model J-22 with eight-gun nose fully armed with 3300 rounds of .50 caliber bullets. I can't remember my exact

thoughts at the time, but I did make the decision not to shoot-up the Zero or the pilot, although I would have been fully justified to do so. The Zero pilot probably long remembered the B-25 that flew about 10 feet over his head that day and was very thankful that he survived. Anyway, we dropped the message streamer, racked the airplane around a two or three hundred foot hill not far from the airfield and headed for home...not the end of the story.

Three months later I was back in California, my home state. While on my 45 day R&R leave, I visited the family of a good high school friend, Darrell Booth, a Navy airman who was killed in the Pacific. Darrell and I had spent many nights with other friends doing what 16 and 17 year old boys did during the depression on the streets of Los Angeles. During the visit, his father, a city fireman, showed me a letter that he had received from Darrell's commander aboard an aircraft carrier in the Pacific. Darrell was a gunner-radio operator on a TBM Avenger. His plane was in a group making a strafing and bombing run on the airfield at Ishigaki Shima a few months before the war ended. His plane was hit by enemy fire and the last seen of it was a parachute just starting to open under the aft fuselage (probably Darrell's) and then the airplane crashed into the hill that I mentioned earlier. Obviously, there were no survivors. The family was still mourning Darrell's loss. In my prayers, I still remember Darrell and the other boyhood friends who did not return from World War II."



FALCONS 498TH SQUADRON

By: CAROL HILLMAN

A Brief History of VBC

In September, 1942 in the little coastal city of Townsville, Queensland, Australia, the Fifth Bomber Command was officially formed under the command of Brigadier General Kenneth D. Walker. In its infancy it was composed of the 19th Bomb Group, battle-scarred veterans of the long and temporary retreats from the Philippines to Australia, the 22nd, 38th, and 43rd Bomb Groups and the 3rd Attack Group, plus the 8th Photo Squadron.

At that time the Nips, cocky from early victories, were pouring over the Owen Stanley Range in New Guinea, bound for Port Moresby and an invasion of Australia. The youthful Fifth Bomber Command met them more than half-way, ranging as far as Rabaul on New Britain to smash their concentrations and air strips. Shifting northward to establish bases under the enemy's probing nose, Bomber Command, by the end of the year, has moved to Port Moresby.

In the cone-shaped hills near the Laloki River, between 14 and 17 Mile strips, the first VBC area in New Guinea

was set up, destined to be home for the organization for over a year. The Moresby rain and the Moresby mosquitoes must be totaled with the air-raid to fully record the discomforts of those early days. The famous "Hundred Plane Raid" which veterans will speak of occurred on April 12th, 1943. However, just as fondly remembered are the Officers' and NCO clubs, the Star-Light Theater, and the parties attended by the Aussie VBCs.

In the year of operations at Moresby, the Fifth Bomber Command solidly established its reputation, perfecting many new techniques in aerial warfare. Skip-bombing, practiced on the Moresby wreck at the mouth of the harbor, wrought havoc on Jap shipping up and down the coasts of New Guinea and New Britain. Tree-top bombing by B-25s and A-20s tore the enemy out of the roots of the jungles.

On March 1 to 4, 1943, in one of the most spectacular actions of the war, VBC bombers wiped out an entire Jap convoy in the Bismarck Sea. Employing mast-head and skip-bombing tactics, they sank 20 enemy warships and transports, complete with personnel and cargo, headed for the reinforcements of Lae. A complete victory.

Wewak, the Jap stronghold on the northern coast of New Guinea, was the scene of a three-day aerial assault, August 17, 18, 21, 1943. VBC made aviation attack history by destroying hundreds of enemy planes on the ground lined up wing-tip to wing-tip, and decimating Jap air force personnel at that base.

On October 12th, 1943, Rabaul, although constantly harassed previously, took its first great mass raid by VBC. When the Japs crawled dizzily from their shelters,

they could count 100 planes destroyed and 51 damaged on the ground, 26 shot from the air, and could see the wreckage of 119 ships sunk or damaged in Rabaul harbor.

The command of VBC changed hands four times during the stay at Moresby in 1943. General Walker, leading a flight of bombers, was lost over Rabaul on January 5th. Brigadier General Howard K. Ramey, who succeeded him, took an intelligence recon over Merauke and was missing on March 26th. Colonel, later Brigadier General Roger M. Ramey assumed command on July 7th, to be replaced by Colonel John H. Davies, former commanding officer of the 3rd Bomb Group. Both of these former commanders of VBC are now active in directing the B-29s of the 21st Bomber Command on their devastating raids on Japan.

During 1943, two more Bomb Groups joined VBC, the 345th and the 380th. The 90th had arrived in October, 1942. The 380th, operating out of Darwin, Australia, pulled off the longest air-raid in history up to that time on August, 14th, journeying 2620 miles to Balikpapan, Borneo, to bag an estimated 40,000 tons of shipping in the harbor. At this time the 380th had only 23 aircraft assigned to them.

In January of 1944, the Fifth Bomber Command pulled up stakes in Moresby and moved to a new location at Nadzab, up the Markham River from Lae. Here, from a camp site at the foot of the rolling hills that lined the flat kunai grassed valley (scene of the first of our paratroop landings in the Pacific, in September, 1943), VBC directed the aerial operations that neutralized the Jap grip on the rest of New Guinea. The camp area, commanding

a splendid view up and down the valley, was a beautiful spot, and even the occasional heavy rains did not mar its attractions.

The enemy had been pushed out of his advanced positions in New Guinea. Up the coast lay Wewak and Hollandia, his strongest remaining bases on the island. In a series of devastating raids, in March and April VBC plastered the Wewak airdromes, destroying the 352 planes and neutralizing those strong points. By the time MacArthur's forces invaded Hollandia in April, the Jap air force and bases were so crippled that the landing was made with negligible opposition.

The march to the Philippines was now in full stride. Constant attacks by our medium bombers drove Jap shipping from the New Guinea waters, and our bombers swiftly neutralized Biak, Manokwari and the remaining enemy positions on New Guinea. The landing on Biak in May clinched the New Guinea campaign.

The increasing effectiveness of Bomber Command's operations in this period was due largely to the guidance given by Brigadier General Jarred V. Crabb, former commanding officer of the 345th Bomb Group, who assumed command of Fifth Air Force's bombers in February, 1944. The strength of the Command was further augmented in January and February of '44 by the addition of the 312th and 417th Bomb Groups.

To pave the way for the Philippines invasion, VBC, in August of '44, jumped its location to the island of Owi, a coral patch off shore from Biak. Besides its closeness to the equator, the frequent air raids there made it a hot spot for Command

personnel. On the night of August 10th, bombs, falling in the area, killed one man and wounded two others. Foxholes, laboriously dug in the solid coral, were a welcome annex to every tent.

From the Schouten Islands, outstanding targets for VBC were Balikpapan in Borneo, and at last, the lucrative airdromes and installations in the Philippines. On October 10th and 14th a good share of Jap A, B and C rations cards went up in smoke when the gas and oil refineries at Balikpapan were blasted by heavies. Then, in September, for the first time since May of 1942, we bombed the Philippines.

Advanced echelons had become commonplace to men of VBC; they signified hard work in building a new campsite. But the advanced echelon that left Owi on October 11th had more that work to confront them. They moved into Leyte Island two days after A-day and found themselves on the hottest beach-head thus far in the Pacific. The outfit as a whole received a real baptism of fire during that campaign. The record of ruggedness is best inscribed in the comparatively long list of casualties sustained there.

The setting up of operations on Leyte facilitated the aerial reduction of the Philippines and began the annihilation of Jap shipping along the China coast. Soon this was extended to the knocking out of Formosa, the next strong enemy base on the road to Tokyo.

In January of '45 VBC was again on the move, this time to the island of Mindoro, where the area was located on

the edge of the town of San Jose. With almost stateside climate and with even a railroad to add to the impression, the men who had accompanied the long and barren trek up through New Guinea felt themselves back in Civilization again.

The impression became a reality with the culminating move to Luzon. Here, at the old army post of Fort Stotsenburg, Clark Field, with flourishing towns and the city of Manila within reach, VBC could feel that the years of jungle campaigning was worth it, that the return to the Philippines was more than just advancing arrows on a map, but was, in actuality, a homecoming.

The Japs thought that they had crushed our air Force based at Clark Field before December 7th, 1941. But here we are.

It is not quite the same air force; the old 19th Bomb Group, as such, is not with us, for instance. But its spirit and traditions are preserved and expanded in the nine bomb groups now composing the Fifth Bomber Command.

They are:

The 3rd Bomb Group, nicknamed the "Grim Reapers," with the swift ground skimming A-20s, commanded by Lt. Col. Charles W. Howe.

The 22nd Bomb Group, the "Red Raiders," equipped with heavy B-24s, commanded by Lt. Col. Leslie Nicholson.

The 38th Bomb Group, the "Sun Setters," flying the versatile medium B-25s, commanded by Lt. Col. Edwin H. Hawes.

The 43rd Bomb Group, the "Ken's Men," carrying their bomb loads in B-24s, commanded by Col. James T. Pettus.

The 90th Bomb Group, the "Jolly Rogers," friendly feuding rivals of "Ken's

Men," flying B-24 Liberators and commanded by Lt. Col. Ellis L. Brown.

The 312th Bomb Group, the "Roaring 20s," composed, as its name indicates, of A-20s, commanded by Lt. Col. Selmon W. Wells.

The 345th Bomb Group, the "Air Apaches," outfitted with the hard hitting low-level B-25s, commanded by Colonel Chester Coltharp.

The 380th Bomb Group, the "Flying Circus," fourth of the quadumvirate using Liberators, commanded by Col. Forrest L. Brissey.

The 417th Bomb Group, the "Sky Lancers," completing the trio of fast attack bomber outfits, with A-20s, commanded by Lt. Col. Charles W. Johnson.

Fifth Bomber Command has yet to complete its job. Under the weight of our bombs, the Japs have reeled back into the inner ring of their defenses. At present we have the sensitive core of their remaining holdings under our bomb sights, in Formosa and up and down the China coast. Until we have cratered and shattered the last Jap target, as we did those in New Guinea, the Bismarck Archipelago, the Netherlands East Indies, and in the Philippines, we will not let up.

VBC will be in at the kill.

A final word should be added for the benefit of men now coming to this theater for the first time, either from the states or from another theater of war. You will be living under conditions unique from any you have experienced heretofore. Although, as we believe, VBC has seen its most trying days, of jungle isolation and of its struggle to attain superiority of the air,

nevertheless this is a remote theater, far from life as you have know it.

To dispel the evil of monotony, the VBC Special Service Section provides the men of this Command with a variety of entertainment. Movies, while not always fresh from the studios, are shown several times per week in each outfit. U. S. O. units and G.I. stage shows tour the Far East circuit regularly. An athletic program offers participation in every major sport. The Post Exchange lies just around the corner of your tent row. For those men with extra-curricular cravings, remember VD does not stand for Very Desirable.

Wherever the Army is you will find a Chaplain. The VBC Chaplains have one of the best records in this Air Force. Get to know them. Join your unit's choir.

Grim as our job in winning this war may be, pride in your organization its achievements, and the comradeships and experiences found within it will live with you far into the glorious postwar world.

(Condensed from an original document provided by Melvin Best (498th).

A PLANE NAMED DROOPY DRAWERS

By: STANLEY MUNIZ

Forming up for a pathfinder mission leading a flight of P-47's of the 34th Fighter Squadron, one P-47 tucked in kind of close to our B-25. Since I did a lot of pencil sketches back then, I grabbed my sketch pad and drew a quick sketch of the plane with all its markings and its name, "Droopy Drawers."

Fast forward to 1983. I dug out the quick sketch I had made from my tail gunner position and did a correct pencil

drawing. I brought the drawing to show my brother and friends at our next weekly breakfast meeting. My brother said he knew a fellow that flew P-47's in the Pacific and maybe he would like to see the drawing.

The following week, Bill Colvin introduced himself and said that he had flown P-47's and that he had once flown from Luzon to Okinawa with a B-25 that had a big Indian head on the rudders.

I showed him the drawing and he almost fell off the chair. His eyes popped wide open and he said "That's my plane!" (Droopy Drawers). He asked if he could have the drawing which had been signed by the radioman and pilot Bergie Richter as well as me. I promised him that I would do an oil painting of the drawing.

Oil paintings take time and two weeks later I got a call from my brother telling me that Bill had died from a sudden heart attack the day before.

I finished the painting and it went to Bergie, who hung it over his fireplace. Small world, isn't it?



Droopy Drawers in the foreground (courtesy of Stanley Muniz).

BULLETIN BOARD

IN MEMORY OF:

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

Patsy Romano (499) 3/8/2008 West Lebanon, NH

Charles W. Stacey (500) 10/1/2009 Toms River, NJ

Elton G. Cate (501) 2/4/2010 Avon Park, FL

A GOOD READ

Fred Hargesheimer has written a book about his experiences when the P-38 he flew was shot down over New Britain in 1943. He was taken in by natives and hidden from the Japanese for months before he was finally returned to friendly forces.

After the War, he returns to the village and sets in motion plans to repay their kindness by funding and running a school for the local children: the Airmen's Memorial School.

The book is titled "The School That Fell From the Sky," runs 174 pages and is available online for about \$20.

REUNION, REUNION, REUNION!

I encourage everyone to make their plans to attend our 2010 reunion in Dallas

this September. The Melvin Best family has gone all-out to make this a reunion to remember. The hotel looks like a palace and there are plenty of activities planned. Send your registration form and fees to Judy Zurlis, then make your own hotel reservations at the Gaylord Texan Resort and Convention Center. Mention group code X-BMB10 to get our excellent group rate. I hope to see everyone there this fall.

If any reunion goes flying out of Minneapolis/St. Paul need assistance or want a travel companion, please contact Andy Decker.

MORE ABOUT SHORT SNORTERS

Frank Blauvelt sent an email explaining the "Short Snorter" referred to in the last issue of the *Strafer*. It appears that a dollar bill (or local paper currency) would be signed by those in transit between duty stations as a means of recording their travels. The bills were taped together, end to end, and gained significant lengths if many posts were visited. The practice started with Alaskan bush pilots. Frank suggests that interested readers can find out more than they ever wanted to know about the topic by visiting the website www.shortcutsnorter.org. I was amazed by the variety of people who collected these and by the pictures that accompany the text.

ANOTHER REASON DOBODURA WAS BETTER THAN MORESBY

By: VIC TATELMAN

When the 345th moved to Dobodura from Moresby in December 1943, the 22nd Bomb Group with their B-26 Marauders was just being pulled out of combat and relocated from Dobodura to the Townsville area. So, the 499th Squadron was able to move into a ready-made campsite at Dobodura that was the former home of one of the squadrons of the 22nd.

The 499th officers were especially grateful because they not only inherited a comfortable tent area, but also fell heir to a beautiful clubhouse complete with a concrete floor.

And with the clubhouse came the nurses of the 10th Evacuation Hospital. Not a bad move.

Pictured below, circling from left to right, are: Ralph Stevens, George Cade, Leo Fleniken, Pat Goforth, Jack Hoopes, Julian Baird, and Glenn Taylor.



Photo courtesy of Vic Tatelman.

COLONEL CLINTON TRUE

Clinton U. True gave up a college scholarship to Tulane University to attend West Point, at the orders of his father. He graduated in 1936. He was the 345th's first deputy commander at age 29 and later its second commander. He was the reunion organization's first president. He often said the time he spent in the 345th was the best of his 30 year military career.

General Ben Fridge was a tent mate of True at Port Moresby and Nadzab. He remembered True as "pretty rough and ready" and as a man who took his command very personally. "He felt he was completely and totally in command and everything that happened, he felt was his responsibility." He remembered True defending him when superiors were critical of Fridge for scrubbing a November 1943 mission to Wewak. True argued that orders were to scrub if there was no fighter cover, and that is what happened.

True is possibly remembered most for the October 1943 unescorted mission to Rabaul. An abort order was given, but True said he never heard it. A court-martial was considered but then he was awarded the distinguished service cross.

"He was stern, fair and very efficient," said Vic Tatelman, who was a pilot on the unescorted mission. He sees the raid as True's greatest legacy.

Strafer asked True in 1993 to sum up his command. "I was a strict disciplinarian," he said.

(Condensed from the original article published in the March 1997 edition of the *Strafer*. Courtesy of Ben Miller.)

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**DON'T MISS JIM TERRY'S STORY
ABOUT LYNN DAKER'S
FINAL TRIP TO THE PHILLIPPINES
SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 2010
REUNION XXIII**

345th Bomb Group XIII Reunion, 2010 Registration Form

September 2 - 6, 2010

Gaylord Texan Resort & Convention Center, Grapevine, Texas

Name _____

Name(s) of Spouse/Guest(s) _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Home Phone _____ Cell Phone _____

E-mail _____

Arrival Date _____ Departure Date _____ Squadron No. _____

Registration Fee: No. Persons _____ X \$35.00 = _____

Friday: Welcome to Texas Dinner and Entertainment: No. Persons _____ X \$20.00 = _____

Saturday Morning: Greet the Troops at D/FW Airport No. Persons _____ X \$15.00 = _____

Sunday Noon: TEXAS MYSTERY Luncheon: No. Persons _____ X \$15.00 = _____

Sunday Evening: Closing Banquet: No. Persons _____ X \$40.00 = _____

_____ Beef _____ Chicken _____ Fish

Tour: Cowboy Stadium Sat. afternoon (an "extra"): No. Adults _____ X \$15.00 = _____

No. of Seniors/Children _____ X \$12.00 = _____

Tour: Ballpark in Arlington Sat Afternoon (an "extra"): No. Adults _____ X \$10.00 = _____

No. Seniors _____ X \$ 8.00 = _____

No. Children _____ X \$ 5.00 = _____

Grand Total = \$ _____

We're interested in touring (Fri. or Sat. afternoon; Time and Cost to be determined):

Fort Worth Stockyards - No. Persons _____ Kennedy Memorial - No. Persons _____

PLEASE COMPLETE THIS REGISTRATION FORM AND MAIL IT ALONG WITH YOUR CHECK TO:

345th Bomb Group

Judy Best Zurlis

424 Tiffany Trail

Richardson, TX 75081-5553

Home: 972-231-2943

judyzurlis@sbcglobal.net

MAKE CHECKS PAYABLE TO: 345th BOMB GROUP

Remember to make your own hotel reservations at

866-782-7897; Group Code X-BMB; Group Name 345th



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RICHARDSON, TX 75081

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REQUESTED



Lone Star Atrium - Gaylord Texan
(replica of The Alamo)