

“AIR APACHES”



WEWAK

STRAFER

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MARCH 2011

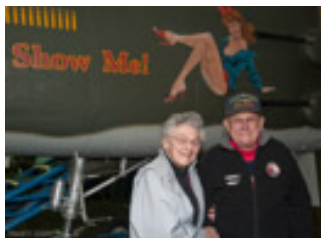


A photo of the 499th HQ area which served as their home from June to December 1943. (Vic Tatelman) This airdrome was located 14 miles northwest of Port Moresby, New Guinea. A desolate location like this inspired Vic to pen a poem that is featured later in this issue.



**PRESIDENT'S
CORNER**
By: JIM BINA

Plans for the upcoming St. Louis Reunion keep moving right along and by the look of things it will be quite an exciting event. Diane and Jan have been very busy arranging the agenda for the weekend and full details are further in this newsletter. Briefly, we start with a tour of Scott AFB where we will get up front and personal with a KC-135 tanker, see how military working dogs track contraband, and we'll see the command center for the Air Mobility Center where they track every military airlift flight in the world – no small feat. We'll refuel (lunch) then proceed to Jefferson Barracks National Cemetery for a brief ceremony for our 345th members buried there and then back to the



barracks, err hotel, for some R&R. Sunday's objective is a visit to the Missouri Wing of the

Commemorative Air Force, the home of the B-25 "Show Me" which is in 345th colors. Our last intel showed the B -25 is planned to be in station, let's hope it stays that way. We are also told the Wing is cooking up something interesting for our 345th vets. In fact, only one 345th member has ever visited their unit, that being Al Gruer (498th) who visited the Wing in December 2009 and was made a member courtesy of his son Jeff. In fact, Al in effect

did the recon for our upcoming mission and was essentially the Pathfinder to guide in the main strike force. Thanks A!! In addition to all this activity there will be plenty of down time to visit with good



friends and plenty of good chow. It's truly going to be a great weekend and we hope you

can make it!

Our 345th history project continues to gain momentum. One of our newest endeavors is being commanded by Josh Moore, grandson of Howard B Moore (499th). Josh is creating a pictorial history of the 345th, first through the use of a web site as a virtual museum and eventually a permanent display, someday and somewhere yet to be determined. See Josh's article in this Strafer for details on how to submit photos, and also check out his web site HowardBMoore.com. More to come about the history project – stay tuned!

Best regards, always!
Jim Bina

NEW MASTHEADS

The new masthead on the front page was produced from a digital original gleaned from the www.footnote.com website. This particular photo shows an unidentified B-25 skip bombing in Wewak harbor.

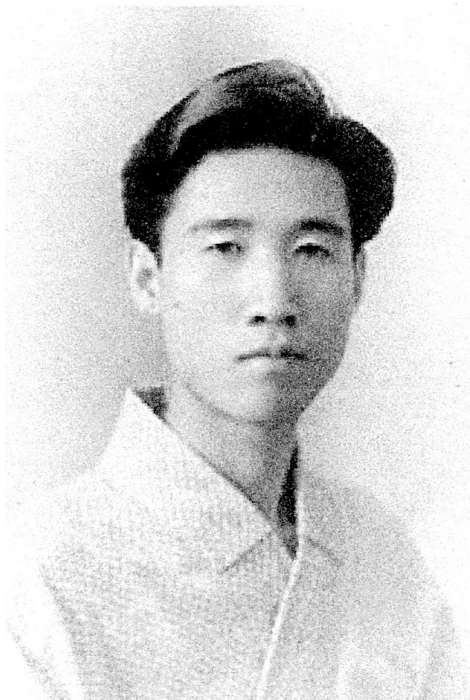
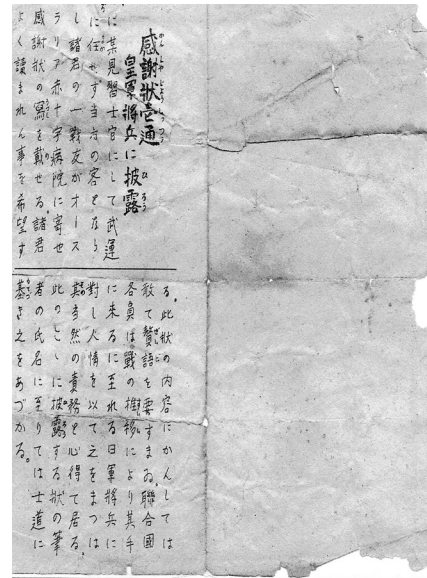
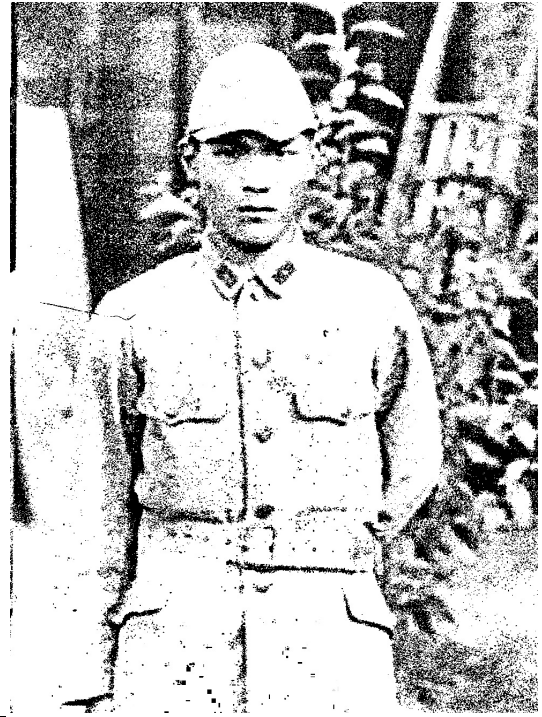


HEADQUARTERS

By: KEN GASTGEB

During our stay in New Guinea and the Philippines, somewhere along the way, I found three pictures of the Japanese. I also found a letter that was written to a Japanese soldier.

I was selected with several others to be in the Advance Echelon at Leyte. We ran across a concrete construction site of something being built by the Japanese or Filipinos. We rearranged the forms and it became our first home on Leyte. The 155 big guns were just across the street firing periodically day and night. A short distance from the site the Marines had a 50 cal machine gun set up and manned. The front line was about a mile up the road. That was our first day on Philippine soil.





FALCONS **498TH SQUADRON**

NEW GUINEA

By: ROBERT A. SOLOMON

On the 21st of June 1943 the first of our planes took off for Port Moresby, with the rest following on the 22nd. I flew up with the first flight so that I could get operations set up and going. We were located at Jackson Strip about seven miles from Port Moresby. This area was surrounded by deep and thick jungle. The nearest Japs were located on the northern and western side of the island, about one hour flying time away. They had a large number of planes there and would continually harass our positions.

On June 24th Capt. William Kizzire and his crew pulled the first mission and we were launched on our career as a combat unit. We were now operating as a field unit and were using tents as our quarters. We were five in our tent, and the same five would remain together for the next two and a half years. They were 1st Sgt Carrington, M/Sgt King, T/Sgt's McDowell and Smith and I. A certain bonding among all the personnel could be noticed developing. You never felt you were in this alone. We all pitched in and helped each other.

We never received information on an enemy target until the day before the run. As soon as information arrived, we in operations would line up the six man crew and plane on the schedule board, outside

of operations. As the war went on, we would follow the enemy from New Guinea to Biak to the Philippines and finally to Ie Shima.

Before leaving Australia, our B-25's were modified to have four 50 caliber fixed guns in the nose and two on each side for strafing purposes. These guns were activated by the pilot and used primarily during low level attack runs flying just above the tree tops. Targets would include enemy planes on the ground, ammunition dumps, barges and troopships. This fire power along with the heavy bombs proved to be very effective against the enemy, particularly on terrain such as New Guinea and other islands in the Southwest Pacific.

The planes were also equipped with swivel guns in the waist, tail, and upper turret operated by the engineer, radio operator and gunner, especially when under attack from enemy fighter planes. Our squadron was assigned 16 B-25's and about 60 crew members. With good weather our planes would average two to three flights per week.

As chief clerk in operations, one of my duties was to assist in the selection of crews for the various missions. The crew consisted of pilot, co-pilot, navigator-bombardier, engineer, radio operator and gunner. All were trained in the use of guns. Whenever possible the same six crew members would be scheduled to fly together as a unit. This would greatly enhance their performance and efficiency particularly while under attack. Once the flight schedule was prepared it would be posted outside of operations.

Our participation in the war against Japan covered the years 1942 through

September 1945. We were all young then with the average age of the enlisted crews 19-22. The ages of the flight officers ran from 23 thru 28. Throughout those times, I would notice the courageous attitude always displayed by the crews. One would think they were going on a picnic, particularly during the early missions.

As time went on, and after having flown a dozen missions or more, the boys seemed to quiet down and adopt a more serious attitude towards their missions, especially when they found that they were being fired on every time they went over a target. That is when the seriousness of the war finally penetrated and the possibility of not making it back to home base started to make an impression.

Following some of their missions, many of the planes would return to base with bullet holes in the fuselage, one engine out, or wheels wouldn't lock in place, making landing a real hazard. Often a member or two of the crew in various planes would be seriously wounded. Then, of course, the time came when a plane or two just never came back. It would be difficult for me to explain how badly the returning crew members felt after these losses. They were a closely knit group and most had attended gunnery school together in the States. In the face of all this, they never hesitated to perform their missions as they were trained to do. You could see that they wanted to come out of this alive and return home.

An arbitrary figure of 50 missions was used as a goal for the crews before they would be eligible to return to the States for reassignment. A lot of the crews were successful, but many others never made it. I would be hit hard by the losses

since I knew them so well and had tried to guide them in the operation of their duties. For those that had successfully completed their missions, there was great joy and celebration. We were all so happy for them. They would be on their way home in a couple of weeks. Replacement crews arrived daily so that there was no interruption in our schedule.

The camp consisted of about 60 tents and a couple of wooden buildings. We worked seven days a week. No such thing as a day off. Although once the planes were airborne on their mission, we would have a little time to relax. The missions usually lasted four to five hours. When they returned to base, we would be outside counting them as they flew over.

It's hard to describe the food. It was regular army ration and not too bad. We got used to it quickly because there was no choice. We had powdered eggs scrambled. Powdered potatoes, mashed. Canned beef stew and canned vegetables. Thanksgiving and Christmas we were treated to fresh turkey and the trimmings flown in for the holidays.

The enemy had control of a good share of the island, but our daily and continual bombing attacks succeeded in causing serious damage to their planes and ground installations. My duties included keeping flight records pertaining to those missions. A lot of paper work was involved but I had three clerks to assist me. We also met the planes returning from a mission and handed out a shot of bourbon to each crew member.

For a time, we had amazing success with our runs and all planes would return safely. This would not last long, for during our third week in combat we lost our first

plane and crew. It happened during a bombing run on Wewak, a Japanese held air base on the northern section of the coast. We lost more crews in the days to follow, but the first loss always remained foremost in our memory. We just didn't expect the first one to come so soon.

Whenever we had losses, and there were many, I suffered greatly. Even four years over there did not help to overcome the feelings of a great loss when a crew went down. After more than 65 years I can still remember quite clearly those men that we lost. In the past, I've heard from some of the ones that made it home, thanking me for my help during the bad times over there. It's a nice feeling to hear from them in this way.

THE SACRIFICE

By: KELLY BERGSTROM

*He joined the fight like so many others
He was part of a mighty band of brothers
Soaring through the endless skies
He finds the enemy below and fights*

*The pride for his Country spills out of his plane
And blankets the land below without shame
On wings of hope their birds would fly
To bring an end to the battle cry.*

*But fate was not to bring him home.
And our Brave one did not fall alone
He lays amongst his comrades there
Having risen into God's loving care.*

*His beautiful young life is no more
He's never to marry, to love, to adore.
No one to carry on his good name
But we will always remember, it was not in vain.*

Kelly Bergstrom is the great-niece of Lt. Bob Bidgood (500th) who was lost with the rest of the crew of TINKIE near Bogadjim, New Guinea. This B-25 was one of many aircraft that encountered severe weather while returning from a mission to Hollandia and was never heard from again. Kelly wrote this poem in his memory and in honor of all those who gave their lives for our Country.



BATS OUTA HELL
499TH SQUADRON

AMERICA: THE GOOD NEIGHBOR

SUBMITTED By: VIC TATELMAN

Taken from the text of an editorial broadcast by Canadian commentator Gordon Sinclair aired September 2001.

"This Canadian thinks it is time to speak up for the Americans as the most generous and possibly the least appreciated people on all the earth. Germany, Japan and to a lesser extent Britain and Italy were lifted out of the debris of war by the Americans who poured in billions of dollars and forgave other billions in debts. None of these countries is today paying even the interest on its remaining debt to the United States.

When France was in danger of collapsing in 1956, it was the Americans who propped it up, and their reward was to be insulted and swindled on the streets of Paris. I was there. I saw it. When

earthquakes hit distant cities, it is the United States that hurries in to help. This spring, 59 American communities were flattened by tornadoes. Nobody helped.

The Marshall Plan and the Truman Policy pumped billions of dollars into discouraged countries. Now newspapers in those countries are writing about the decadent, warmongering Americans. I'd like to see just one of those countries that is gloating over the erosion of the United States dollar build its own airplane. Does any other country in the world have a plane equal to the Boeing Jumbo jet, the Lockheed Tri-Star or the Douglas DC10? If so, why don't they fly them? Why do all the international lines except Russia fly American planes?

Why does no other land on earth even consider putting a man or woman on the moon? You talk about Japanese technocracy, and you get radios. You talk about German technocracy, and you get automobiles. You talk about American technocracy and you find men on the moon – not once, but several times – and safely home again.

You talk about scandals, and the Americans put theirs right in the store window for everybody to look at. Even their draft dodgers are not pursued and hounded. They are here on our streets, and most of them, unless they are breaking Canadian laws, are getting American dollars from ma and pa at home to spend here.

When the railways of France, Germany and India were breaking down through age, it was the Americans who rebuilt them. When the Pennsylvania Railroad and the New York central went

broke, nobody loaned them an old caboose. Both are still broke.

I can name you 5000 times when the Americans raced to help other people in trouble. Can you name me even one time when someone else raced to the Americans in trouble? I don't think there was outside help even during the San Francisco earthquake.

Our neighbors have faced it alone, and I'm one Canadian who is damned tired of hearing them get kicked around. They will come out of this thing with their flag high. And when they do, they are entitled to thumb their nose at the lands that are gloating over their present troubles. I hope Canada is not one of those."

"Stand proud, America!"



ROUGH RAIDERS
500TH SQUADRON

A BLESSED LIFE

By: KELLY MCNICHOLS

I have lived a blessed life because of the people I have met. I became an honorary member of the 500th Bomb Squadron in 2005 as a result of the generosity of Lynn Daker and Herman "Rex" Reheis. My family attended the reunion held that year in Washington, DC where we met many of the original members. Even though I have no "blood" relationship with any other member unlike most of the second and third generation, my family was indeed

treated like family. I was already acquainted with Lynn Daker, Rex Reheis, Ben Muller, Ralph Norman, Roger Lovett and Bergie Ritscher after each attended the service for Finley C. Smith, Jr. held in Kansas in '05. In Washington, I met Bill Cavoli, Stan Muniz, Lincoln Grush, Murph Leventon, Tal Epps, Don Wagner, Don Jones, Bob Scudder, Joe Mallard, Chuck Cornish, Bob Bynum, Milt Tate, Joe Symonds and many others. Over 39 500th and 32 other squadron members have signed my Warpath Across the Pacific book. Sadly, many of those I have met at that and subsequent reunions are no longer here. Yet, I am thankful for each one of them because I know that as young men all these individuals rose to the call of their country and served. I am the direct beneficiary of that service.

I was introduced to Edna Fresty Goehring whose brother, Roland Fowler, was one of the 21 service men from the 499th and 500th killed on the C-47 that crashed August 7, '43. Edna married 500th member Mike Fresty, and after his passing married 500th member Don Goehring. Edna is quite a gal and I have enjoyed getting to know her. She sent me copies of letters that her brother sent to the family during his service. I appreciate her trust. I missed seeing her this year in Dallas as she was unable to attend the reunion. Edna tells me that she plans on being in St. Louis.

What I appreciate about getting to know each individual is hearing the stories from the past. I'll never forget the time that Stan Muniz told of a bomb hitting the runway and bouncing into the air. Stan said when the bomb was even with his tail gunner's position he could read "500

pound demolition" on the side. He waited for it to go off in its perceived slow motion, but it did not. Bob Scudder mentioned that he painted the horse head on the tails of the first twelve planes over. Ben Muller shared that "Mexican Spitfire" was his favorite plane. Tal Epps showed me the photo in Warpath of the kitchen sink that was thrown out. I have his autograph on the photo. Rex Reheis relived the story of being in the mounted horse cavalry at Ft. Riley, KS in 1936. I found out that Ed Smith was a farm boy from Iowa. We have talked many times since about agriculture.

I have been fortunate to meet second generation members such as Jim Stewart whose father Horton Stewart was an original member. Jim's father-in-law, Bud Rouse, P-38 pilot in Burma and honorary member, passed away on December 5, '10. If you didn't know Bud, you missed knowing one real character. I'm also privileged to know Harlan Hatfield, the 500th webmaster, nephew of Ernest Roberts lost on October 16 '43 in the plane piloted by Lt. Don Stookey. I've met Robert "Jensen" Pearson whose father, 2/Lt. Robert Jensen, was killed in "Bold Venture" on March 15, '45 near Hong Kong. Meeting Bob's mother Ruth was an honor as well.

I was able to talk to Mary Swierczek, daughter of "Tondelayo" ace gunner John Murphy. Mary and I were reprimanded once on a bus tour in Washington for being too loud. Murphy went down with Bill Cavoli on February 15, '44 off Kavieng and was rescued along with the crew by PBY Catalina pilot Nathan Gordon. After being encouraged by Bill Cavoli to do so, I phoned Gordon once and had an enjoyable conversation. That was the first time and

only time I talked with a Medal of Honor recipient. Mr. Gordon asked me during our conversation if I was a Democrat or a Republican. I told him Republican. He said, "Well it can't be helped" and continued unabated.

Since the 345th now meets as a Group I have been able to meet gentlemen from the other squadrons. I discovered how Melvin Best bellied "Best Yet" into the runway. I asked Vic Tatelman how he was able to get "Dirty Dora" on the cover of Warpath. Max Ferguson gave me a copy of his book Bats Outa Hell Over Biak. Floyd Fox and I discussed the time when Milton Opie ditched and drifted in a life raft for days. I was able to meet Opie's two sons and introduced them to Diane Brauer, daughter of Lynn Daker, whose plane threw out the raft.

After reading Warpath several times it still amazes me that Larry Hickey could have persevered in the major undertaking of documenting the 345th Bomb Group. He should be commended. Just as amazing to me is the fact that many of the men who lived the events in the book are my friends.

I have just scratched the surface of the many stories I have been told. I understand that with this privilege of hearing comes a responsibility. It is the duty of the next generations never to forget the sacrifices of those who have gone before. When circumstances allow, I attempt to share the stories of the 345th BG with people who are unaware because I know the men who lived it and feel I owe it to them. I once asked Lynn Daker how he remembered the events of his life with such clarity. He said, "For two reasons. I was there and it's important." As an

honorary member I never lived these events, but I do believe that they are important to remember.



BLACK PANTHERS
501ST SQUADRON

NEW BOOK AVAILABLE ABOUT 501ST
SQUADRON PILOT

A True Flyer: Memories of a World War II Air Apache, chronicles the first twenty-four years of Jay W. Moore's life - from his early days growing up on a farm in Biggsville, Illinois, a small town near Burlington, Iowa, through his World War II service as a member of the 345th Bomb Group.

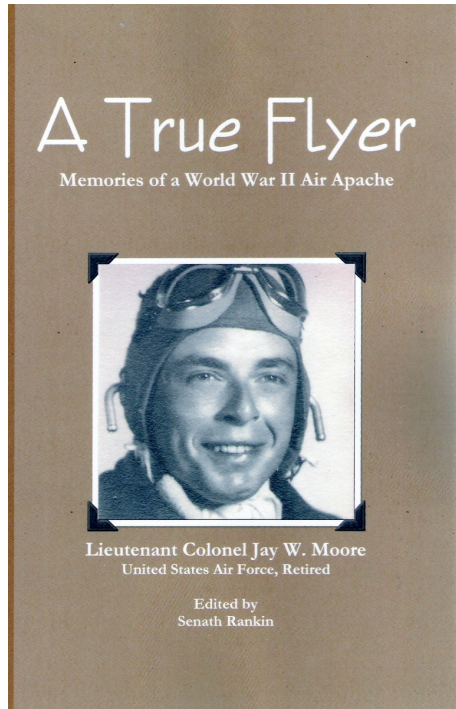
In those years (1921-45), Moore was a grade-school pool shark and a high-school class president. He worked on his father's farm and traveled by freight train with the help of hobos to make money as a field hand one summer during the Depression. He was a college student, a teacher, Army pilot and ladies' man - until he met one special lady.

A True Flyer begins with Jay telling why he changed his given name and follows him as he struggles through the deprivations of the 1930's. Jay goes on to tell colorful tales of his fifteen months of training on bases in Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama and South Carolina. The book ends in 1945, as World War II is ending, when Jay returns to South Carolina to

marry his sweetheart, Billie Riddle, whom he met during the final phase of his pilot training in Greenville.

Moore's daughter-in-law has edited Jay's recollections incorporating his oral history, records of his missions from his flight log book, his photographs, and excerpts from his daily diary and hundreds of letters he wrote to his future wife.

(Copyright Jay W. Moore and Senath Rankin 2010.)



A True Flyer is available for purchase at www.lulu.com (search for: A True Flyer). If you are interested in purchasing an autographed copy, e-mail Senath at ATrueFlyer@gmail.com or call 614-457-5478.

Jay Moore made this comment when asked about his time with the 345th:

"This was a time none of us will ever forget. We made friends that lasted a lifetime. The 345th was a wonderful, famous outfit."

Jay also suggests that all our vets take the time to record their experiences:

"I recommend they all do it. They'd be glad they did and it keeps old memories alive."

DO YOU REMEMBER ALBIN V. JOHNSON?

Capt. Albin Johnson was the great-uncle of Shannon Johnson who is looking for information and pictures about him and his crew. Capt. Johnson served with the 498th and was lost on 6 April 45 during a shipping sweep along the China coast near Swatow.

Shannon can be contacted by email at: goetzjohnson@frontiernet.net

SCAN YOUR WW2 PICTURES

Attention members of the 345th Bomb Group!

We are looking to create a pictorial history of the 345th Bomb Group by creating a website to display photos with memories of the Southwest Pacific Theater of War. This will be the first part of a broader history project proposed by President Bina for the 345th. We are looking for 2nd and 3rd generations to get involved to make this a success.

We encourage members to scan any pictures that they have from the War along with any memories about each picture. We would like to collect these scanned photos with their written histories at the reunion in St. Louis. If you are unable to scan your photos we encourage you to bring them to the reunion with your written memories in which we will be able to scan them for

you. If you are unable to attend the reunion feel free to send me an email and we'll arrange a way to get the photos scanned.

These pictures will serve as a great historical importance for generations to come to appreciate what the 345th

accomplished during WWII. All photos will be credited to each Veteran.

Sincerely,

Dr. Joshua B. Moore (Grandson of Howard B. Moore 499th Bomb Squadron)

Email: moore26@purdue.edu

SOMEWHERE IN NEW GUINEA

We're somewhere in New Guinea where the sun is like a curse,
Where each long day is followed by another slightly worse,
And the red brick dust blows thicker than the drifting desert sand,
And all men dream and wish for is a fair and cooler land.

We're somewhere in New Guinea where a woman's never seen,
Where the day is never cloudy and the weeds are always green.
Where the Dingee's nightly howling robs men of blessed sleep,
Where there isn't any whiskey and beer is never cheap.

Somewhere in New Guinea where the nights were made for love,
Where the moon is like a searchlight and the Southern Cross above
Sparkles like a diamond cluster in the balmy tropic night.
It's a shameful waste of beauty, 'cause there's not a girl in sight.

Somewhere in New Guinea where the mail is always late,
And a Christmas card in April is considered up to date.
Where we never have a pay-day and we never get a cent,
But we never miss the money as we'd never get it spent.

Somewhere in New Guinea, where the ants and lizards play,
And a hundred fresh mosquitoes replace each one you slay.
So take me back to America, let me hear the city's yell,
For this God forsaken outpost is just a substitute for hell.

Vic Tatelman
Port Moresby, New Guinea
April, 1943

345th Bomb Group Reunion Details



Welcome to all our extended family young and old.....

The following will be just some of the things we have in store for you during your stay with us in beautiful St Louis. The city has so many things to offer that we are sure you might want to come early and/or stay over to enjoy other activities, besides the ones we have lined up.

Headquarters: Renaissance St. Louis Hotel. www.renaissancehotels.com/stlsr. Convenient access to nearby Edward Jones Dome (Rams football), the Gateway Arch, and Busch Stadium, and yes the Cardinals are in town. There are many restaurants to choose from plus the City Museum, all located within walking distance. Forest Park is the home of the St Louis Zoo, (free entry), the 4th largest Science museum/planetarium, plus the Missouri Historical Museum. Nearby are the Anheuser Busch Brewery and the Soldier's Memorial. All this information, and more, will be in your welcome packet.

Tours:

Scott Air Force Base Home of Air Mobility Command, the 18th Air Force and the 618th Tanker Airlift Control Center. Our tour will include:

- A personalized tour by pilot Major Tom Jackson, of 'his' plane, the KC-135R. The KC-135R has been a mainstay of the Air Force for many years; it can refuel two planes at once while in flight. Lynn Daker had this personal tour & loved every second of interaction with Major Jackson.
- A visit to the Air Mobility Center, the command center where ALL global military flights are monitored. Reality that appears like a movie set to the non-military observer.
- A demonstration of the use of military dogs in detecting drugs hidden aboard planes.
- Lunch at a local restaurant which supplies the St. Louis area with their peach/apple orchards.

Jefferson Barracks National Cemetery: One of the oldest National Cemeteries. We are planning on seeing how many would be interested in visiting this beautiful cemetery and to note that we, the 345th, have boys (Men) that are buried there. We also plan on having a short prayer service during our visit.

Commemorative Air Force: We've been in contact with the CAF and they are planning something special for us, even we don't know. This is the home of the B-25 "Show Me" which is in 345th colors. Check out the web site. www.cafmo.org. The B-25 will be in town for us. Weather permitting; they are talking about maybe giving rides to the veterans (or others) as long as they comply with their regulations. They have wonderful tours of the hangars, aircraft and the museum. The CAF is thrilled to have us in their fair City.

Travel and Parking:

- There is a parking ramp next to the hotel for \$14 a day.
- There is subway service transportation from the airport to within a block of the hotel that is \$3.50 per person one way, for those that can get around easily.
- Taxi fare is around \$40 one way from airport to hotel.

345th Bomb Group XXIV Reunion, 2011 Registration Form

September 1 – 5, 2011

Renaissance Grand Hotel, St Louis, MO.

Name _____

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

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Home Phone _____ Cell Phone _____

E-mail _____

Arrival Date _____ Departure Date _____ Squadron No. _____

Make sure you check out our description page of each exciting trip and what each has to offer, we have some great and exciting things lined up.

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

Friday PM: Welcome to St Louis in Hospitality rm: No. Persons _____ X \$10.00 = _____

Saturday AM: Scott Air Force Base & Lunch after
Must be 14 years of age to enter SAFB No. Persons _____ X \$30.00 = _____

Tour Saturday afternoon: Jefferson Barracks and
Cemetery. (An "extra") No. Persons _____ X \$00.00 = _____

Tour: Sunday early Afternoon: CAF (An "extra")
www.cafmo.org No. Persons _____ X \$10.00 = _____

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

Grand Total = \$ _____

DEADLINE for registration forms: 8-1-2011

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

345th Bomb Group

Diane Brauer

2795 15th Ave

Marion, IA 52302

Cell: 319-360-6463 debrauer@yellowbook.com

MAKE CHECKS PAYABLE TO: 345th BOMB GROUP

Remember to make your own hotel reservations at:

1-800-Hotels-1 (or 314-621-9700) Group Name: WWII Veterans

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:

Arthur Krieger (500) 30 Apr 2009 Naples, FL

Edwin J. McKenney (499) 26 Jul 2009 White River Junction, VT

John J. Schillaci (501) 7 Apr 2010 Penfield, NY

Chester L. Phillips (501) 20 Oct 2010 Hernando, FL

Harold (Bud) Rouse (500) 5 Dec 2010 Fallon, NV

Edwin F. Purser (498) 8 Jan 2011 Silver Creek, WA

MISSING RABAU BOOK

Marc Stevens is still looking forward to having his original copy of the Rabaul booklet returned to him. PLEASE inspect your copy of the booklet you received at the 2010 Reunion in Dallas and if there is not a note from Melvin Best stuck to the back cover, make arrangements to return the booklet. Contact Marc at (325) 450-5966.

MORE ON THE TOPIC OF RABAU

Author Bruce Gamble is writing the last book of his trilogy about WW2 Rabaul. The first book is titled *Darkest Hour: The True Story of Lark Force at Rabaul* and is about the Japanese invasion of New Britain. Book two is titled *Fortress Rabaul: The Battle for the Southwest Pacific*,

January 1942 – April 1943 and covers the early allied attacks against what was to become the main Japanese stronghold in the southwest Pacific. Book three will cover from May 1943 forward and will include the fall 1943 raids in which the 345th participated.

This spring, Mr. Gamble will be traveling from Florida to Texas and would like to interview any of our vets who were overseas with the unit during that time. He is interested in hearing from ground crew as well as aircrew.

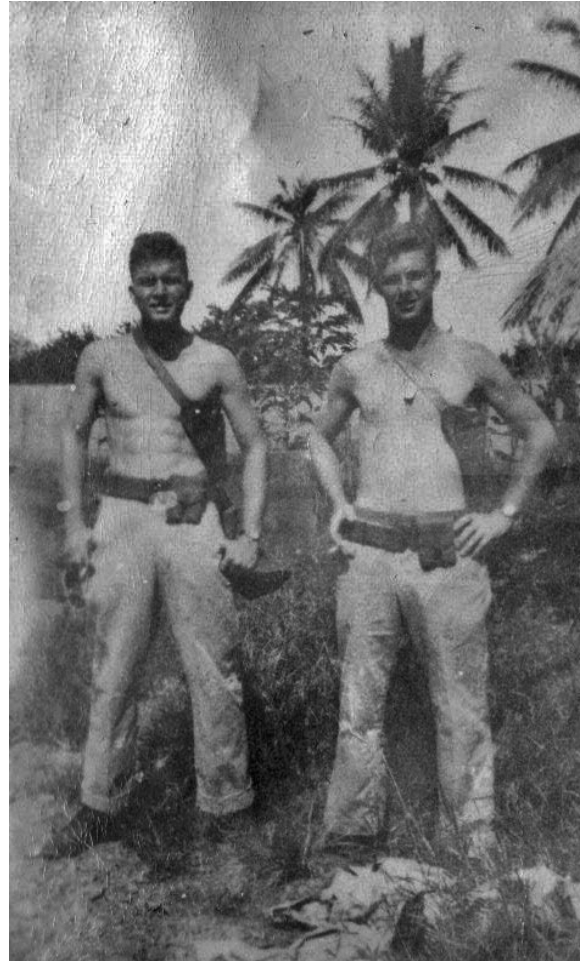
I just finished reading the second book of this trilogy and found it very readable, full of first-hand accounts and very thoroughly researched. I encourage everyone along his route to contact Bruce and set up an interview.

Bruce can be contacted by email at bdgamble@bellsouth.net

REQUEST FOR INFORMATION

Eric Williams has come across wartime documents and pictures and is looking for information regarding his father S/Sgt Joseph E. Williams of the 498th Squadron. S/Sgt Williams was separated from the service in January 1946 from Japan.

Eric sent a few pictures to include with this request. If you remember S/Sgt Williams, recognize faces or where the pictures might have been taken, contact Eric Williams at rdecell@yahoo.com or at 443-534-6362.





THE AIR APACHES
345TH BOMB GROUP ASS'N
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AMERY, WISCONSIN 54001

ADDRESS SERVICE
REQUESTED

PRESIDENT

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703-680-1057
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