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398th BOMB GROUP MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION • 8th AIR FORCE • 1st AIR DIVISION • NUTHAMPSTEAD, ENGLAND

VOL. 29 NO. 3

FLAK NEWS

JULY 2014



EAA WELCOMES FULL B-17 CREW FOR SPECIAL FLIGHT

*Story Used With Permission From Dick Knapinski, Senior Communications Advisor, EAA
EAA Photo by Jason Toney*

On April 14, 2014 the Experimental Aircraft Association put together a complete B-17 veterans crew from vets in Wisconsin and took them for a flight on the EAA's B-17 "Aluminum Overcast". Two of the vets were our own Bob Abresh and Bob Schuh.

The crew pictured above is, left to right: Maj. Robert Schneider - Bombardier 351st BG, Sgt. Harry Oestreich - Tail Gunner 95th BG, Lt. William Meier - Bombardier 96th BG, Capt. Bob Abresch - Pilot 398th BG, Sgt. Fred Zurbuchen - Ball Turret 493rd BG, Sgt. Bill Bergner - Navigator 92nd BG, Sgt. Chet Gardeski - Engineer/Top Turret 305th BG, Sgt. Harvin Abrahamson - Radio Op 487th BG, Sgt. Bob Schuh - Waist Gunner 398th BG and Lt. Scott Welch - Pilot 397th BG.

Full Story on Page 2...

EAA's 'FREEDOM FLIGHT' CREW

From page 1

EAA's Boeing B-17G *Aluminum Overcast* has made many memorable flights throughout the country, but one would be hard-pressed to come up with one more special than what occurred on Monday afternoon, April 14, in Oshkosh. Ten World War II United States Army Air Corps veterans – representing all 10 Flying Fortress crew positions from pilot to tail gunner – were brought here to be reunited with the aircraft in which they helped to preserve liberty and freedom. All from Wisconsin, they ranged from age 90 to 94, and brought family members with them.

The special event was the brainchild of Chris Henry, who works in the EAA membership services department focusing mainly on EAA's annual B-17 tour. He called it a once in a lifetime occurrence. "A plane that was built for war has brought these veterans and families together for such a special occasion," he said. "It's very gratifying to be able to help make this happen."

The veterans and their family members arrived Monday morning at the EAA AirVenture Museum lobby on a day that at first appeared unfit for flight following an overnight spring snowstorm. They were given a police escort to EAA's Weeks Hangar located on Wittman Regional Airport. Several vintage army vehicles from the Military Veterans Museum and Education Center in Oshkosh also helped pave the way.

When the veterans arrived at Weeks, they saw the freshly polished bomber (it will head out on its annual Salute to Veterans tour later this week) dominating the facility. Walking around the massive four-engine aircraft they soon noticed their names affixed to their former crew stations, and the memories started to flow.

"It's just wonderful," said Capt. Bob Abresch of Milwaukee, who piloted B-17s with the 398th Bomb Group. "I love the airplane. It had a great record, was nice to fly, and very well built."

It initially appeared as though the flight would have to be canceled due to weather, but EAA pilot Sean Elliott announced that a window had opened allowing for a short flight, call sign Freedom Flight, so the veterans quickly boarded the aircraft and took off shortly after noon. When they landed and taxied back to the hangar, the Oshkosh Fire Department provided a water cannon salute.

"It was very nice, I really enjoyed that," said Maj. Robert F. Schneider, of Green Bay, who was a bombardier with the 351st Bomber Group. "Haven't been in that old bird for 70 years." Maj. Schneider brought along his extended family, including his granddaughter Jessica, and her husband, Mike McCarthy, head coach of the Green Bay Packers.

Lt. Scott Welch, of Silver Lake, Wisconsin, flew as a pilot with the 397th Bomb Group. He enlisted after Pearl Harbor at the age of 18. Scott recalled one mission in which his co-pilot helped save the entire crew.

"He told me to move to the right, and I did," he recalled. "The next moment an 88 millimeter shell exploded right where the plane had been. That would have taken the plane down for sure. I figured if one of my crewmates asked me to do something, I'd do it, then ask about it on the ground."

Bob said what made the B-17 great was its design and ability to get off the ground fully loaded and ascend to 30,000 feet with 8,000 pounds of bombs. But he said his ability to fly the aircraft at slower speeds was especially helpful in many situations.

A total of 12,731 B-17s were produced from 1936 to 1945 and just 51 full airframes remain. Only 10, including *Aluminum Overcast*, are actually flying today.

After the vets deplaned, Bombardier Lt. William R. Meier, Milwaukee, who flew with the 96th Bomb Group, remarked that any time their plane landed safely after a mission, they called it a good landing.

"This was a good landing," he said. "Thanks for a real nice ride."



The EAA's *Aluminum Overcast* proudly carries the colors of the 398th Bomb Group.

Shortly after we were contacted by the EAA regarding their Freedom Flight story we also received a letter and newspaper clippings from Bob Schuh;

"I am enclosing an article taken from the front page of the Milwaukee Journal Sentinel.

Bob Abresch and I were the only two members of the crew from the same Bomb Group (398th) and we were both in the same Squadron (600).

Also note the B17 Aluminum Overcast and the 398th markings on it. We also had our names stenciled on the fuselage as close to our positions as possible.

Bob and I both belong to the 8th Air Force Historical Society (Chapter in Milwaukee) and have special memorials, etc. each year.

I appeared on 3 TV stations in Green Bay and tried to tell the story of the 398th."

RAPID CITY, SOUTH DAKOTA!

Join Us for the 398th Bomb Group's 31st Annual Reunion September 3-4-5-6, 2014

IT'S GOING TO BE A GREAT REUNION

Please join us this September for the 31st Annual 398th BGMA Reunion! We have a terrific set of interesting and educational tours planned for all. They include the Rapid City Tour, the Town of Deadwood and Ellsworth AF Base Tour and the Custer State Park and Crazy Horse Memorial Tour.

In addition to our tour line-up, Wednesday evening's dinner will be at the "Shrine of Democracy" at Mount Rushmore. Thursday's Welcome Dinner and Saturday's Farewell Dinner will be held at the hotel. Our Farewell Dinner band this year will be "New Horizons Music".... and don't forget to dress up 1940's style. We're going to swing!

HOTEL RESERVATIONS: 1-605-342-8853

Time's running out! Please call the Grand Gateway Hotel for your reservations **BY AUGUST 1ST** for the 398th BGMA Reunion. No mail-in reservations are required. Telephone the hotel at the preferred number above or call toll free 866-742-1300. Ask for the 398th Bomb Group room rate of \$82.00.

REGISTRATION FORMS REQUIRED BY AUGUST 1

Your completed Registration Form, found in the April issue of the FLAK NEWS, is due back to our Reunion Chair, Ken Howard, no later than August 1. For replacement forms contact Ken at Elmwood, IL 61529-9702. Subject: "398th Reunion". The Registration Form can also be printed from our website www.398th.org under the heading, 'Reunions and Tours'.

*"The Black Hills are Alive...
...With the Sound of Music"*

"New Horizons Music"

Saturday, September 6, 2014 – 7:00 PM – 10:00 PM
The FAREWELL DINNER at the hotel



New Horizons Music is a dedicated, enthusiastic and interested group of seniors. They not only enjoy music, but also get great pleasure and enjoyment out of making music. They present numerous concerts in their community each year.



"Combat Crew Training School - Army Air Base - Rapid City, South Dakota" circa 1943 – 1944.

To those of you who were stationed at Rapid City, does this photo bring back memories?

The Biennial Memorial Service Weekend In England Was A Huge Success!

Following is one proud grandson's thoughts on his trip 'across the pond'

Nuthampstead Reflections

By Eliot Murray

Grandson of Cecil R. "Tex" Moore, 602nd SQ

When I would ask my Grandfather about his time in World War II, he was never particularly forthcoming. He'd remark about how he'd rather not dredge 'all that' up, or that it'd be difficult to convey what it was like to someone who'd never shared the same experience. It was frustrating to my young mind not to share in his stories, but I can't fault him for being protective, as I imagine the mix of ugly and beautiful would be a complicated and taxing effort to tell. When he passed away earlier this year, the weight and permanence of his absence sat with me like an anchor. I thought I'd never have a chance to understand what his time in WWII was like.

When my Grandmother suggested she, my sister, my cousins and I go and see where my Grandfather was stationed during the war, it was a simple choice. It sounded like the next best thing to hearing his memories would be to channel what he felt - arriving in Nuthampstead -- a peaceful, bucolic village full of life, situated right next door to the threat of war. Imagine being 20 years old, cut loose on the world by order of your country, and sent over to join up with thousands of your adopted brethren -- all of you being asked to risk your lives to kill the youth of some other country -- who have in turn been asked to do the same by their country -- all in the service of securing the future and freedom of the world.

Hard to fathom; when I was 20, I was working at a coffee shop and making short films about aliens. There's no current analog for our time and theirs, or for how rapidly they had to grow up and become adults. As such, the importance of remembering their experience grows ever more relevant as time pushes forward, not simply for the sake of remembrance, but for what their sacrifice taught us about who we are, and who we are to become as a people.

My Grandfather would occasionally let loose some of his stories and experiences during the war, *if* you could catch him with other veterans. They, having shared similar experiences and emotions, elicited his trust, and all one needed to do was grab a seat, shut up and listen. These moments of candid WWII shop-talk echoed in my memory as we walked the fields that used to be active runways, the concrete now crumbling back to the earth, connecting those distant memories with a physical place. What it was like to keep warm in the back of a dark, cold airplane; how every safe return must have been a victory; happy to still be alive, and a moment of levity balanced with the hollow feeling after returning without a fellow crew -- with whom you might have had breakfast that same morning. It's hard not to look at these things and see how they must have put the rest of their lives in perspective; the complicated mix of feelings they must have felt when it was time to go home, thinking of those they had to leave behind.

Perhaps my Grandfather's generation was best suited for the job they were to face. Having been raised in a depressed and spartan time, they had a true understanding of what it meant to fight for something that you believe to be a basic and unalienable right. They had the burden and privilege of coming up in a time of tremendous change, hardship and growth; a literal coming of age story for the nation and the world. Their fight defined the country for years afterwards, and moments of reflection like a day in Nuthampstead keep the relevance of their contribution fresh in our minds.



**A Visit to the Imperial War Museum at Duxford
L to R: Alexis Murray, Eliot Murray, Chrysta Moore
(widow of Cecil R. Moore), Lisa Moore Trygar,
David Moore.**

What this meant to a Texan farmer's son in the cool air of East Anglia, I can't say for sure, but I can surmise the burden of purpose crossed with the promise of adventure must have been overwhelming. One cannot go through an experience like that and not be shaped by it. I reckon my family and I continued to receive pieces of my Grandfather's WWII experience through the way he lived his life, his values and his ideals shaped by his time on foreign soil. All the men and women who served arrived seeking purpose, and came home with defined edges borne of hardship and undeniable truth.

It's important for those of us too young to have taken part to pay tribute by thinking of ourselves in their shoes; day to day, on the ground, going through what they went through, trying to understand the burden they carried. We can pay no bigger respect than imagining what it must have been like -- all the personalities, the strong and the meek, the eager and the reluctant, all being asked to uniformly give their hardest, watching the world change before them, putting one foot in front of the other. Beneath the honor and the political pomp and circumstance that continually throws youth into peril for the sake of ideals, we need to remember these were still just kids who did their level best for what they believed to be true and right. If they came back home, they came back adults, and if they fell in the dark, they fell adults just the same. Strife and struggle produces people of a genuine nature, and these were the people we knew.

My family's sincere thanks to the 398th Bomb Group Memorial Association for their continued efforts to preserve this history and bring together the families and friends of those who crossed paths on this small but significant stretch of land.

EAST ANGLIA MEMORIES JUNE 2014

On Friday June 13, the first of 23 U.S. visitors arriving for the weekend Memorial events traveled to the American Cambridge Cemetery at Madingley for a short service and to lay a wreath. Lew Burke led the service with his speech (see below) and then the five third generation members of the group read a very touching poem "The Promise".

Afterwards they went to the Imperial War Museum at Duxford for lunch and headed straight to the American display where the B-17 named *Mary Alice* was on display. Lew held everyone's attention while he told war stories and answered questions.

Lew's Speech at Madingley:

Any nice day's rewards are often ruined by some fool giving a speech. It won't help much but I am only about to give a talk.

Today we are/have just visited the last resting place of over 5,000 WWII soldiers, sailors, marines and airmen. It is very pleasing to the eye. It is well taken care of. Trouble is those 5,000 are only able to look up at the roots of the beautiful green grass. But they represent a small portion of those who gave their all. But we don't need to consider this a morbid experience. All, or nearly all those buried here must be inside heaven's gate. Some may not have led the most exemplary lives but surely God would overlook those missteps and reward them for their efforts to save the world from the evils of totalitarianism.

Two of us here [Lew and DJ "Red" Ibeling] took the chances that they did. Providence kept us from sharing their fate. We WWII vets cannot be around much longer. Our age and infirmities prevent us from having much say about the course of our country any longer. But that leaves our country's present and future in your hands. So do your best. Good luck to you.



Above: Lew Burke (603rd SQ) "holding court" while visiting the Duxford Imperial War Museum... Lew always has a good story!



Left: Jim Ledlow and Lew. Jim's father-in-law is Don Menard, 603rd SQ.



Above: Enjoying one of the jeep rides around the old Station 131 field are Alex Sharpe (son of Milton Sharpe, 600th SQ) in back of jeep, and Mary & Red Ibeling (602nd SQ).

Right: Tobye Loss (widow of Ralph Loss, 601st SQ) and Kathy & David Loss



NUTHAMPSTEAD AIRFIELD MUSEUM

News from the Trustees

Building 1 Was Ready For the Crowd!

There were positive comments all around while enthusiastic visitors toured the completed Building #1 of the Nuthampstead Airfield Museum over the Memorial Service weekend. A wide variety of 398th BG & 55th FG photos, artifacts and memorabilia were on display and many in the group were hard pressed to hold back a tear or two.

A huge thanks to every museum volunteer who worked so feverishly to get the building ready for the weekend. Now we can't wait to see building #2 and the memorial garden!



There are so many things to see in the new Museum!

Above: John Blackwell and his mom Teedy (son and widow of Wally Blackwell, 601st SQ) enjoying the many memorabilia displays.

Top Right: Marilyn Gibb-Rice (daughter of James Crouch, 601st SQ) and Lisa Moore Trygar (granddaughter of Cecil R. Moore, 602nd SQ).

Three "Fortresses" Destroyed

By Howard Traeder

Pilot, 601st Squadron

At our 2003 Reunion of the 398th Bomb Group Memorial Association in Covington, KY, it was pointed out that someone in our assemblage had participated in the destruction of three B-17's, probably a record. That "someone" was me, and I consider it a rather Dubious Distinction. When asked for details, I only replied "I figured that if I got two more, I'd be an ACE, before I learned that they were supposed to be ENEMY PLANES!" To which Hal Weekley replied, "You were closer to an IRON CROSS!" (It's great to have friends like Hal!)

But, it is true. I'm not proud of that, because, after my wife, Jane, the B-17 "Flying Fortress" was my first love. Learning to fly one was my major motivation to enlist in the Army Air Corps, which, I soon learned, was a pretty ambitious goal for a farm boy with only a High School education. Despite that, I succeeded, got my WINGS, and was assigned to Roswell Army Air Base, Roswell, NM, for B-17 Transition Training.

It was during that Transition Training, that I "got #1". It happened on the day my instructor took me and a fellow Student Officer up to practice emergency landings. There were just the three of us, not even a flight engineer, on board. By hindsight, that should have told me something! We were learning to handle a crippled plane, with two engines out on the same side. This was simulated by throttling back two engines (#3 & #4) on the right wing to 1200 rpm, where they would be readily available for recovery from an emergency situation. I successfully completed my emergency landing practice with no adverse comments from the instructor.

Then it was my fellow student's turn. I sensed disaster from the start of his first attempt, because he turned from the downwind leg into the base leg too far from the field, making for a very long approach. In order to reach the field, he began "dragging it in", trying to "stretch the glide". Then he committed the cardinal sin of failing to hold the "dead wing", the one with the two dead engines, high. As we approached the end of the runway, that "dead wing" had dropped below horizontal and, I, sensing an impending stall, reached for the #3 & #4 throttles to feed in a little power. The instructor batted my hand aside and, at what seemed like the same instant, the plane stalled out at about 75 feet up and we hit the runway amid one helluva cloud of dust. We scrambled out, without injury, and scooted away from the wreckage. There was neither fire nor explosion, but that war weary B-17-F was now minus its' landing gear and plus about a fifteen degree dogleg bend in the fuselage, just behind the radio room. Needless to say, it never flew again. So, that was #1. Plane destroyed. No one injured. I completed the Training, was assigned a crew as 1st Pilot, and went on to Alexandria Army Base, Alexandria, LA for Operational Training.

After only a couple of weeks at OTU, I experienced an emergency appendectomy and the crew acquired a new pilot and went on without me. I have no idea what became of them. After about ten weeks delay due to hospitalization, medical leave, and awaiting a new crew, I finally completed OTU and went on to Staging for Overseas at Lincoln, NE. We departed the States from Grenier Field at Manchester, NH, bound for Prestwick, Scotland, via the "Atlantic Bridge". First stop, Goose Bay, Labrador. Next stop, Bluie West One, Narsarsuaq, Greenland, where we landed on Christmas Eve, 1944. That's where I "got #2"!

That incident, which is mentioned on our Web Site (398th.org) in the article about "[Bluie West One](#)", occurred on the morning of 29 December 1944 as we were departing for Iceland. I aborted the takeoff part way down the runway, when my Flight Engineer, Fred Bradley, shouted "No air speed!" reasoning that it was safer to remain on the ground, than to take off and attempt to navigate the hazardous surrounding terrain and make a safe landing without an air speed indicator. However, we had too much momentum to stop before reaching the end of the runway, so wiped out the landing gear on rough shore ice and came to rest on the 40, or so, inches of ice of the frozen fjord. The right wing was ablaze and flames were licking around the nose as we in the crew scrambled to safety.

Continued next page...



2nd Lt. HOWARD F. TRAEDE - Pilot

"This photograph was taken by Puerner Studio in Jefferson, WI, while I was home on leave following my graduation from flying school, at which I received my Pilot's Wings and was commissioned as a 2nd Lieutenant. During our last weeks as a Cadet, those uniforms were ordered and tailored to fit, so we could wear them the first time on graduation day and have our wings pinned on, by a "loved one", if present. If not, as in my case, someone else's "loved one" had to substitute! Was I proud? A uniform like that was a novelty to people in my rural area of southern Wisconsin."

Three “Fortresses” Destroyed.... *Continued from Page 7*

As we stood back, "counting noses", we were joined by base personnel, who soon realized there was little they could do except stand safely back and let it burn. That airplane, though loaded with 2780 gallons of high-octane gasoline (and all of our personal possessions except the clothes we were wearing), did not explode, but burned itself out, raising a thick cloud of black smoke. (photo below)



Traeder's “# 2” doomed Fortress, serial number 43-9085, burns itself out on the frozen fiord at Bluie West 1

Although apparently unhurt, all nine of us were checked out at the base hospital, where the most serious injury found was a sprained ankle on waist gunner John Miller. The entire crew was interrogated, and I suspect that base personnel filed an accident report, but I have no knowledge of their conclusions. Crewmembers in the waist reported seeing fire in the right wing, under the #3 engine, midway down the runway. Does that mean that we would have been in deep trouble as soon as we were airborne, had the takeoff been successful? Although the plane was assigned to the Air Transport Command while being "ferried" to Europe, it was still my responsibility, as Aircraft Commander, to get it there safely. I failed to accomplish that. That was #2. Plane destroyed. Fortunately, nine-man crew uninjured, except for the sprained ankle. Post War note: I have been unable to find any report of the accident, but have learned that the plane was considered a part of the Eighth Air Force when it was destroyed.

[Update; since the time this article was written, Accident Report #45-12-29-500 was located and obtained regarding this incident. None of the crew was found to be at fault. The pitot tube covers had been removed prior to takeoff but due to the lines being clogged by blowing snow while taxiing to take-off position, the tubes became frozen over and were not able to register airspeed.]

After "thumbing" a ride to Iceland in a C-46 cargo plane, and one in a C-54, also a cargo plane, to Prestwick, Scotland, we rode a train to the Replacement Center at Stone, England, where we finally became a part of the "Mighty Eighth" Air Force. We were assigned to the 398th Bomb Group at Air Force Station 131, Nuthampstead, Herts, arriving there on 23 January 1945. Beginning 6 February 1945, we flew 23 missions by April 10th, and successfully returned Uncle Sam's B-17 to Station 131 undamaged, if numerous flak holes can be ignored, each time!

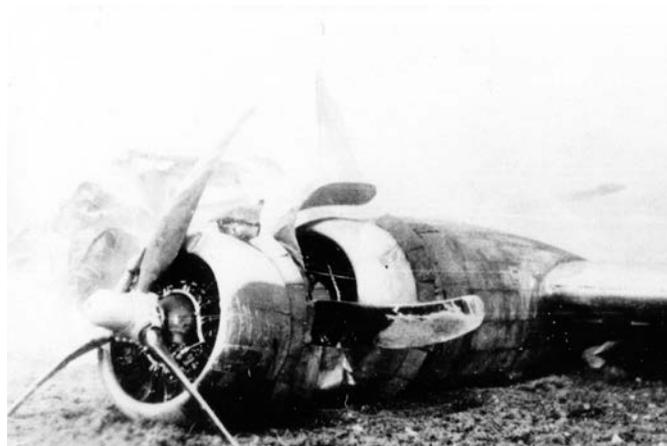
However, we flew our 24th mission on Friday, 13 April 1945. That was the infamous "[RDX Mission](#)", which is described in detail on our Web Site, where we bombed our secondary target, the railroad marshalling yards at Neumunster. That's where I "got" my third B-17.

After our squadron was decimated by the accidental bomb explosion as we came off the target, we nursed that stricken airplane about 180 miles, as measured on a map, on two engines, in spite of the drag from a "windmilling" prop, to a crash landing on a small unpaved airfield. After evacuating the plane and, unsure that we had reached friendly territory, the nine of us watched apprehensively as two van-like vehicles approached. We were much relieved to find that they were U.S. ambulances from a field hospital, which had been set up on the other side of that small field a week or ten days earlier.

Continued next page....

Three “Fortresses” Destroyed.... *Continued from Page 8*

We were kept there overnight and then flown back to hospitals in England the next day. Although all of us, except tail gunner Bill Jones, had only slight injuries, we were processed through the hospital chain before returning to duty, which required several days. Jones suffered a fractured vertebra and spent the remainder of his stay in England in a body cast in a general hospital in southwestern England before returning to the "States". He made a full recovery and went back to driving semi-trailers in the Rocky Mountains, among other things, before he died in 1991. As for the plane, it sustained further damage in the landing, caught fire, and burned, again without an explosion. Because of the alertness and generosity of the co-pilot of the Medevac plane that flew us back to England, I have pictures of the wreckage. [photos right and below] That was #3. Plane destroyed. One major injury. Eight minor injuries. All ten planes suffered varying degrees of damage that day, and five were totally destroyed, including mine. (I refuse to accept any credit for the destruction of the other four!)



Doomed B-17 #3 for Lt. Traeder. This was B-17 serial number 43-3813 Q “Queenie”

Photo Top Right: The #2 engine dislodged and neatly aligned with, and directly in front of, engine #1.

Photo Above: Poor Queenie in pieces in Paderborn. She was one of six B-17's that went down during the infamous “RDX mission” on April 13, 1945... Friday the 13th!

So, there you have it. I was involved in three plane crashes and walked away from all of them, essentially unharmed. My entire nine-man crew was involved in two of them. Three B-17s were destroyed. Among the crew, there was one major injury and one minor injury, with the others essentially unharmed. None became POWs. All completed 24 missions. All returned to their families and led productive post-war lives.

On a personal note, that ten week delay in OTU, due to my appendectomy, which I considered a misfortune at the time, may have saved my life.

Crews who joined the Eighth AF during that time were involved in some of the bloodiest missions, destroying German refineries to shut off their fuel supply. That, the three crashes, and several other similar events, cause me to believe that either I am incredibly lucky, or I do, indeed, have a "Guardian Angel", and a very diligent one! I am certainly one of the few who can look back on my military service during World War II as three years of high adventure and the source of endless pleasure as a member of our Memorial Association during my retirement years.

In the never ending pursuit of crew identification we present...

DO YOU KNOW THESE MEN?



Matthews' Crew 600th SQ

Photo date October 9, 1944

Back Row (L-R): **Front Row (L-R):**

Unknown man A	Unknown man 1
Unknown man B	Unknown man 2
Unknown man C	Unknown man 3
Unknown man D	Unknown man 4
Unknown man E	Unknown man 5



The Loading List for Oct. 9, 1944:

Lt. T. Matthews, Pilot
 Lt. M.R. Baldwin, Co-Pilot
 Lt. Higginbotham, Navigator
 S/Sgt. S.L. Henley, Togglier
 S/Sgt. R.W. Wieda, Engineer
 S/Sgt. J.E. Parsons, Radio
 S/Sgt. A.L. Freeman, Ball Turret
 Sgt. R.C. Gordon, Waist Gunner
 Sgt. J.R. Hardy, Tail Gunner

Lamiell's Crew 602nd SQ

Photo date February 2, 1945

Back Row (L-R): **Front Row (L-R):**

Unknown man A	Unknown man 1
Unknown man B	Unknown man 2
Unknown man C	Unknown man 3
Unknown man D	Unknown man 4



The Loading List for Feb. 1, 1945:

2nd Lt. J.C. Lamiell, Pilot
 2nd Lt. H.L. Naylor, Co-Pilot
 2nd Lt. C.D. Nehorso, Navigator
 2nd Lt. E.J. Malin, Bombardier
 Sgt. J.A. Mitsuti, Engineer
 Sgt. J.J. Vassalo, Radio
 S/Sgt. R.J. Vesse, Waist Gunner
 Sgt. R.L. Banks, Waist Gunner
 Sgt. D.C. Nellis, Tail Gunner



DO YOU RECOGNIZE ANY OF THE
MEN IN THESE TWO PHOTOS?

CAN YOU IDENTIFY THESE MEN?

If so, please contact **Geoff Rice** ASAP!
E-Mail: crewpictures@398th.org

BRIEF - things

Are you ready for our 31st Annual Reunion in Rapid City, SD? It's right around the corner, September 3 - 6. So if you haven't done so yet, please send your completed Registration Form to Ken Howard by August 1st, 2014. The Official Registration Form can be found in the April FLAK NEWS and may also be downloaded from our website: www.398th.org. We also thought it would be fun to dress up 1940's style for the Saturday night Farewell Banquet, so pack your best AAF uniforms and swing dresses!..... There will be a reunion of Stalag Luft III POWs in Colorado Springs, CO, August 26 - 29. Anyone wanting to attend may contact Marilyn Walton at waltonk9@gmail.com..... Henry A. Skubik, Co-Pilot with the 601st Saul G. Marias crew, dropped us a line on April 23rd; "I was certainly impressed with the current issue of FLAK NEWS. Nicely done." Thank you Henry! We are very pleased you and so many others are enjoying our current issues.



"Just a note to say how much I enjoy Flak News. It brings back a lot of memories.

I was navigator on Stanley Allen's crew during WWII, flying out of England with the 398th.

Enclosed is a donation for your use. Keep up the good work."

James L. Hurst
Kalispell, Montana

[Editor's note: James, thank you for your nice note of 4-27-14. We put your generous donation towards our FLAK NEWS fund]



Allen's Crew, 602nd SQ, July 28, 1944

Back row L-R: Hazen V. Earle, Ball Turret - James L. Hurst, Navigator - Stanley W. Allen, Jr, Pilot - Henry L. Mackie, Bombardier - Verle H. Rusk, Co-Pilot.

Front Row L-R: James Powel, Waist Gunner - Jack Mallory, Waist Gunner - Robert Stewart, Tail - David Denner, Radio.

398th Bomb Group PX

ORDER FORM

(The Second Generation)

QTY	ITEM	UNIT COST	TOTAL
CLOTHING			
All shirts select size:			
___	___ S ___ M ___ L ___ XL ___ XXL		
___	T-Shirt, black, "398th BG Flying Fortress"	\$15.00	___
___	T-Shirt, navy, with B-17 front view	\$15.00	___
___	T-Shirt, grey, "30 th Reunion" -lists all reunion sites on back	\$25.00	___
___	T-Shirt, white, with Triangle W on front, Clearing & Colder on back	\$15.00	___
___	T-Shirt, white, with Group logo on front, Squadron logo on back	\$25.00	___
___	select: ___ 600 ___ 601 ___ 602 ___ 603		
___	Men's Denim Shirt, long sleeve, 398th logo	\$25.00	___
___	Men's Golf Shirt, blue, embroidered TriangleW	\$25.00	___
___	Men's Pullover French Terry Sweatshirt - air force blue, embroidered Triangle W	\$40.00	___
LAPEL PINS			
___	Squadron pin	\$6.00	___
___	select: ___ 600 ___ 601 ___ 602 ___ 603		
___	Group pin Hell From Heaven	\$6.00	___
___	Group pin blue with B-17	\$6.00	___
___	8th Air Force pin	\$6.00	___
PATCHES			
___	Squadron Patch 3"	\$6.00	___
___	select: ___ 600 ___ 601 ___ 602 ___ 603		
___	B-17 Jacket Patch, 4"x3"	\$6.00	___
___	8th Air Force Patch, 3"	\$6.00	___
___	Group Patch Hell From Heaven, 2½"x3"	\$6.00	___
BOOKS (books include postage)			
___	Fortresses Over Nuthampstead (Bishop)	\$30.00	___
___	398th History (1946, photo copy)	\$20.00	___
___	Remembrances (Ostrom, 1989, photo copy)	\$30.00	___
___	The Last Mission (Mazur) - audio CD's	\$30.00	___
___	Return to Station 131- Memorial Dedication June 2000 - DVD	\$20.00	___
PHOTOGRAPHS & PRINTS			
___	Clearing & Colder, 14"x19"	\$30.00	___
___	Clearing & Colder, 14"x17", on canvas	\$50.00	___
___	Anstey Stained Glass Window booklet, 11"x17"	\$10.00	___
___	Sunset at Nuthampstead, 8"x10"	\$7.00	___
MISCELLANEOUS			
___	Bumper Sticker (red, white & black)	\$3.00	___
___	50 Caliber Bullet Pen (Group Logo)	\$40.00	___
___	Blue Ballpoint Pen (398th imprint)	\$6.00	___
___	Challenge Coin (B-17)	\$20.00	___
___	Coaster (Clearing & Colder imprint)	\$5.00	___
___	Earrings - clip (Group Logo)	\$10.00	___
___	Earrings - pierced (Group Logo)	\$10.00	___
TIMELESS VOICES DVD's (DVD's include postage/handling)			
___	Member \$17.00 ea., Non-member \$22.00 ea. For information and titles, visit the "Timeless Voices" section at www.398th.org		
___	FLAK NEWS Flash Drive Aug '86 to July '12	\$40.00	___

Cost of All Items ordered \$ _____

Postage/handling add \$7.00, \$9.00 if order over \$20.00 \$ _____

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398th BOMB GROUP FLAK NEWS

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Andover, NJ 07821
USA



American Cambridge Cemetery at Madingley – June 13, 2014

Several of the group attending the Biennial Reunion in England gathered at Madingley to lay a wreath in honor of the 398th BG. *L to R, front row:* Paul Droy, Ann Matteson, Chrysta Moore, Deborah Gerald, Mary Ibeling, DJ “Red” Ibeling, Lew Burke, Lillie Burke, Richard Harris, Elaine Tyler, Alex Sharpe, Mellisa Ledlow, Jim Ledlow, Geoff Rice. *L to R, Second row:* David Matteson (behind Chrysta Moore), Alexis Murray, Eliot Murray, Nathan Sharpe, Lisa Moore Trygar, Marilyn Gibb-Rice. Last row, David Moore (behind Alexis Murray). ***(Additional Biennial Memorial weekend photos and articles on pages 4, 5 & 6)***