



95th Bomb Group Memorials Foundation

The 95th Bomb Group Memorials Foundation, Inc. is a 501(c)3 organization whose purpose is to educate the public regarding the history of the 95th Bomb Group (H) and its role in the air campaign over central Europe during WWII.

Volume 4 Issue 3

November 2015

"Justice with Victory"

MISSION TUCSON IS ON TARGET!



The 13th Combat Wing Wall outside the 95th BG Memorial Room in Tucson, AZ. See page 3 for details.

The Wing Wall outside the 95th BG Memorial Room has been installed, and the designers are ironing out the details of our exhibit space within the room. We are on target for an October 2016 opening for this special place to honor all of the men who served in the 95th Bomb Group.

This is our opportunity to say thank you to the boys who became men, who became our heroes. At this date we have gathered \$280,000 in contributions and pledges, getting us more than halfway to our goal. Every board member and Mission Tucson committee member has contributed, representing 43% of the amount raised to date. And we have a matching grant for \$50,000 from veteran Mort Harris, once we raise \$300,000!

If you have not yet given or pledged your support, we hope you do so now. All gifts are needed and appreciated, and will be recognized in the museum in Tucson. Please consider how you would like to honor the veterans of the 95th with either a one-time gift, or a pledge over three years. A Gift Intention Form can be found on page 9.

Notes from the President

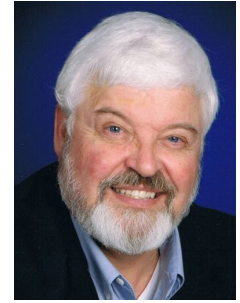
As we near the end of the calendar year and in this final 2015 newsletter, it's important to look back through the year and mention a few of the accomplishments of the 95th BG Memorials Foundation and its membership. We've addressed both strategic and tactical objectives during this year.

Two successful reunions took place. In the early part of May, the 95th BG Memorials Foundation hosted our reunion in the Dayton, OH area, commemorating the 70th anniversary of the "Last Plane Down" at the Memorial Park located at the National USAF Museum. Our reunion chairperson (Vanna Walker) and her team orchestrated a superb event that contained something for everyone. In mid-September, the 95th BG Heritage Association hosted a reunion in the Horham area of the UK, led by Linda Woodward and Beverley Abbott.

Attendees were treated to a lovely week's worth of activities, reminding those who made the journey how much our British cousins cared for and still care about our 95th BG veterans.

The Memorials Foundation committees provided annual reports and plans for the coming year. Additional assistant secretary(s) and treasurer(s) positions were approved to assist with the Foundation's business. The Board of Directors approved the budget for 2016, including 95th BG brick paver updates at our memorial outside the National USAF Museum. Our 95th BG Memorials Foundation Facebook page now has more than 1,000 members, while the official website has been updated and successfully transitioned to new website management. With the publication of this newsletter, we've also had three very information-packed issues distributed to our membership.

Mission Tucson efforts for fund-raising are in full swing, including mailings, email, and personal solicitations to businesses and foundations, as well as our membership and interested parties. Good progress is being made toward our financial goal, which, when fully funded, would include an endowment to maintain our official 95th BG Memorials in perpetuity. The Combat Wing wall outside our Memorial Room space has just been completed. Our goal is to have our Memorial Room inside the 390th BG Memorial Museum refurbished for a grand opening, and 95th BG reunion, in October 2016. If you haven't already done so,



Gerald Grove
Son of Ronald W. Grove
335th Tail Gunner

please consider making a financial contribution to this project, as a remembrance to our precious 95th BG veterans. All contributions of any size are important in this worthwhile effort!

On a personal note, I'd like to ask each of you reading our newsletter to consider how you might become more involved in our Foundation as we move into 2016. We have a number of committees that do diligent work for our Foundation and to honor our 95th BG veterans. There are important tasks that go on throughout the year that, if spread across all our membership, would make the work easier and more rewarding for all. Please contact me, any board member, or any committee chair if you would be willing to become more involved in the ongoing operation of the 95th BG Memorials Foundation. That is how our Foundation can continue to honor our WWII veterans' sacrifice and have a vibrant future.

There are many opportunities to be a participating and involved member of the 95th BG Memorials Foundation. I urge our Facebook fans, Twitter viewers, and website users who are not yet members of our Foundation to take the next step and join our 501(c) (3) organization for its nominal annual fee (via our website: <http://www.95thbg.org>). Your annual financial contribution ensures the legacy of the 95th BG continues into perpetuity, as our Foundation's charter intends.

Justice – Honor – Victory
Gerald

A Call for Vintage Veteran Photos



Joe Blagg, sent to his mother with the caption, "Me in my Battle Jacket / Taken at the Group Feb '44 / Note snow"

For an interactive exhibit in our Tucson Memorial, we want to pair a photograph of each veteran with information about his service. Please help us by scanning and emailing a VINTAGE (taken during WWII) photograph of a 95th BG veteran to missiontucson@95thbg.org.

It is important that the photographs be scanned in .jpg format in high resolution (no less than 1200 x 1600 pixels). If you do not have a scanner that meets these requirements, most office supply businesses offer this service for a nominal fee. Just take the photograph to the store of your choice and have them email it directly to missiontucson@95thbg.org.

Please send the scanned photographs by the end of the year. Include your contact information, and identify the veteran whose photo has been scanned.

Thank you for contributing to the success of Mission Tucson!

The 13th Combat Wing

As the air warfare over Europe intensified, a single heavy bomber group was not sufficient to provide fire power or defense during raids. Bombardment Groups were therefore organized into Combat Wings, each comprising three Groups, who flew together in tight formation on every mission.

The 13th Combat Wing comprised the 95th Bomb Group (H), the 390th Bomb Group (H), and the 100th Bomb Group (H). Collectively they flew as a unit against weather, fighters, and flak during some of the most intense raids of the era. Moreover, the Groups shared command personnel. Col. Joe Moller flew 30 combat missions with the 95th Bomb Group before becoming Commander of the 390th, replacing Col. Tom Jeffrey, who left to become Commanding Officer of the 100th Bomb Group.

While the Bomb Groups became true "Brothers in Flight," individually they have their own distinguished combat records. *Worrybird* and *I'll Get By* flew the most missions for their Groups. At the end of the war, Col. Tom Jeffrey used *Silver Dollar*, which flew the second most missions for the 100th, as personal transport.

95th Bomb Group: Aircraft 2107201 **Worrybird**.
334th Squadron; 116 missions. Planes from the 95th Bomb Group featured a "B" in a black square on the tail.

390th Bomb Group: Aircraft 297093 **I'll Get By**.
568th Squadron; 114 missions. Planes from the 390th Bomb Group featured a "J" in a black square on the tail.

100th Bomb Group: Aircraft 232090 **Silver Dollar**.
418th Squadron; 102 missions. Planes from the 100th Bomb Group featured a "D" in a black square on the tail.



The Wing Wall outside the 95th Memorial Room in Tucson AZ.

YouToo: From our Members & Facebook Friends

From Daniel Melvin:

I just found all the formation charts and mission reports for my father's missions under "Related Links" at <https://sites.google.com/site/95thbgarchives/home>.

I thought it would be years before I would have been able to see and study these documents. I was not even sure if they existed. This is a great link. I don't know whose work this was, but thanks.

***Editor's Note:** 95th Researcher Russ Askey organized the scanned mission reports and compiled this archive as he was doing the 70th anniversary 1943-1945 95th BG Twitter posts, which ended in May of this year. Russ will continue to post 95th missions occasionally. The link is:*

<https://twitter.com/95thBG1943>

From Russ Askey:

The online database has been completely refreshed with all new data, with many additions and corrections. The database now contains over 108,000 records documenting the missions, planes, and personnel of the 95th Bomb Group. The database can be accessed via the website (see under Personnel, Aircraft, and Research).

Many thanks to Phil (Samponaro) for his ongoing helpful feedback, and to all the volunteers who spent countless hours scanning records at the National Archives. Special thanks to Rod (Hupp) for his research and maintaining the spreadsheets with the master records.



Richard Harvey and son Dick at the Champaign Aviation Museum

From Eric Lewis:

Richard F. Harvey, Pilot, 95th Bomb Group, 336th Squadron, 35 missions. He was due to be in D.C. but with the approaching storm changed his plans so we were able to get him to the Champaign Aviation Museum for the Remembrance Celebration for Army Air Corps veterans. His son Dick was able to come along too.

Thank you for your service.

From Janie McKnight:

I got a call from retired Master Sergeant William Rich, a young-sounding 94-year-old veteran who flew 35 missions as a waist gunner/toggelier with the Roy E. Squires crew. They flew supplies to the Warsaw Underground in September 1944, and three times to Berlin.

He called to tell me about the VFW Veterans Village in Ft. McCoy, FL, where he lives with his

96-year-old brother. "These people would do anything and everything that they possibly can." If you would like to know more about this wonderful place for veterans to live, he can be reached at:

VFW Veterans Village
13005 NE 135th Street
Ft. McCoy, FL 32134
352-236-0823

You Too: From our Members & Facebook Friends

From Jeroen van der Kamp:

Yesterday (October 8) we unveiled a monument in honor of the crew of Morris Marks, pilot of the San Antonio Rose (42-3462) from the 95th Bomb Group. The San Antonio Rose crashed February 21, 1944 in Zegveld (The Netherlands) while returning from a mission to Brunswick. Only engineer Charles Barnthson and left waist gunner Barclay Glover survived. Present at the unveiling were 14 family members of pilot Morris Marks, co-pilot Frank Derenberg, and navigator Delmar Decker (pictured below).



I am doing research and writing a book about the Marks crew and the events of February 21, 1944. Up till now I've been able to track down relatives of seven crew members. I was in Horham last year and met James, Linda, Paul, and all the others. Had a great day.

From the 95th BG Heritage Association (UK):

Official representatives of the 13th Combat Wing got together at their base for what was probably the first official meeting since the 95th, 390th, and 100th left the UK after World War II. The 95th Bomb Group was the 13th's HQ and fittingly the first meeting was hosted by the 95th Bomb Group Heritage Association in The McKnight Building in May.

The 95th were represented by association chairman James Mutton, reunion organizers and committee secretaries Linda Woodward and Beverley Abbott, committee member Alan Johnson, and press officer Mike Ager. The 390th

were represented by Parham Airfield Museum president Peter Kindred, chairman Tim Brett, and social secretary Julie Brett. The 100th were represented by Ron and Carol Batley, curators at the 100th Bomb Group Memorial Museum.

It was decided to produce a brochure publicizing all three groups with a Historic 13th Combat Wing Trail for 2016. A second meeting took place in October at Parham with a third planned at Thorpe Abbots finalizing the launch of the 13th Combat Wing Trail.



Henry Bloch: 31 Missions Lead to Happy Returns

By Tom Bloch, author of

“Many Happy Returns: The Story of Henry Bloch, America’s Tax Man”
Printed with permission from the publisher, Ascend Books.

Editor’s note: Henry Bloch is a cofounder of H&R Block, the largest consumer tax preparation firm in the world, that has prepared more than 650 million returns since 1955. As a navigator of a B-17 during World War II, Henry completed 31 missions as a member of the 95th Bomb Group of the 8th Air Force.

A member of the 95th Bomb Group of the 8th Air Force, Henry arrived at Horham Airfield in eastern England. An escort ushered him to a Nissen hut, a tunnel-shaped corrugated steel building in which the men slept. Bunks lined the sides of the dimly lit space.

“This is your bunk,” Henry’s escort announced, gesturing to a bunk that had someone else’s belongings on it. A soldier jumped off a nearby bunk and hastily swept the items off the bunk and into a sack.

“The man who slept here last night was shot down today,” the soldier said matter-of-factly. Henry bowed his head, squared his shoulders, set down his duffel, and began making his bed.

He met the other nine members of his B-17 crew, including commanding pilot Frank Psota, formerly a student and campus policeman at the University of Chicago. A month prior to joining the Air Corps, Frank got married. “Before shipping out, his wife gave him a stick of her lipstick for good luck,” Henry recalls. “He rubbed it on the back of his hand before each mission.” Henry had neither a wife nor a good-luck charm.

He toured the airfield and familiarized himself with all the aircraft. Each of the Flying Fortresses had a moniker painted on its side. There were names like *Lucky Strike*, *Dry Martini*, *Wham Bam*, *Yankee Doodle*, and *She’s a Honey*. Henry and Frank flew most of their missions on *Heaven Can Wait*. She had a good name but had certainly seen better days.

The next morning at the crack of dawn, Henry and the other navigators attended a briefing at which they received instructions on the day’s target and flight plan. Meanwhile, Frank and the rest of *Heaven Can Wait*’s crew, all of whom were Catholic, conducted their own meeting of sorts. “We prayed, we crossed, we did everything,” Frank said. “We prayed also for the people that were down there [on the ground]. Some of the things we dropped were horrific.”¹

The Royal Air Force flew its missions in the dark of night, and the U.S. Air Corps made its precision-bombing attacks during the day. Berlin, the Germans’ nerve center, stood as the strategic focus of a daunting first mission for Henry. The Nazis defended no target better than their capital.

On a beautiful spring morning in April 1944, *Heaven Can Wait* was among hundreds of Flying Fortresses that took off, each with a full bomb load. Flying a tight formation, the B-17s were escorted by fighter planes charged with protecting the bombers against German fighters. The air turbulence, caused by the crisscrossing wakes of so many aircraft moving together in flight, was relentless. Although Henry managed to cope with the extreme choppiness, he wondered how the airmen who had gotten dreadfully seasick on the *Elizabeth* could tolerate the bumpy mission. At an altitude of 10,000 feet, he slipped on his oxygen mask.

German fighter planes approached as the B-17s crossed into hostile airspace. From the window next to Henry’s seat, he caught glimpses of the clashes between swerving U.S. and German fighters. It was like a movie, Henry thought, except this was real. “Some of our bombers fell out of formation,” Henry recalls. “They were easy prey for the Germans.” *Heaven Can Wait* remained in formation, continuing deeper over enemy territory.

Ten minutes before reaching a target, U.S. fighter planes were always instructed to turn back, leaving the bombers less protected as they pressed on toward Berlin. “The skies filled with flak,” Henry says, describing the bursting shells of anti-aircraft fire directed from the ground. “We were hit multiple times. Every hit was swift and sharp, tearing through the plane’s skin.” He could smell the exploding shards of hot metal through his oxygen mask. “I wondered how many blows our plane could take.”

(continued on next page)

¹ Cheryl Chojnacki, “Reflecting on an Amazing Life,” *The Daily Herald*, November 11, 2003, 3.

Henry Bloch

In the final minutes before arriving at the target, B-17s were not allowed to take evasive action, even with a high concentration of enemy fire. “We were ordered to go to the target at any cost,” Henry says. “As soon as the leader dropped its bombs, we did the same.”

Due to the intensity of artillery fire, *Heaven Can Wait* lost three of her four engines as she let her bombs fall. The plane rapidly lost altitude. Somehow, the crew got her under control and kept her steady during the prolonged and grim return trip, barely making it back to Horham.

“During my tour of duty, I never felt more useful than on that first mission,” Henry recalls. “Our plane was out of fuel when we landed, and I was completely wiped out.”

Henry and his fellow airmen took part in some of the war’s most intensive bombing campaigns against German targets. They hit ammunition plants, bridges, factories, and oil fields. A typical mission lasted 10 or 11 hours, involving hundreds of B-17s flying in formation. “Our battered plane had to be patched up after each mission,” Henry says. After a few laudable missions, he received a performance evaluation and an early promotion, collecting his first-class officer wings.

On one of Henry’s missions, his plane zigzagged down the runway on takeoff—with a full bomb load. “Finally, at the last minute, we got her up,” Henry recalls. Another time he rose from his seat while in flight to determine if the bombs were hitting the target. Then came a blast. “When I turned around, a portion of one side of our plane—the side where I had been sitting—was gone.” Gazing at the punched hole, Henry felt simultaneous relief and horror. The crew struggled to control their damaged plane. Remarkably, no one was wounded, and the crater didn’t force them down.

“I’ll never forget when we were over the North Sea,” Henry says, describing a later mission. “German fighter planes were attacking. I looked out the window and saw the plane next to us get hit. An airman jumped out. Then, one by one, the rest of the crew followed just before the plane went down. Cold sweat ran down my back. You can’t live long in that freezing water, and there was nothing I could do to help them.”

Frank remembers their strike on a ball-bearing plant in Schweinfurt. “The entire German air force met us there, and I saw the biggest dogfights of my life. We lost close to 60 airplanes total, including Fortresses

and Fighters. . . . We got the heck shot out of us. [But] we destroyed the plant.”²

Halfway through his tour of duty, on June 6, 1944, better known as D-Day, Henry flew three missions. “We had known that a major military operation was imminent,” he says, “but we didn’t know exactly when the assault would start. It was a battle we were eager for.”



Frank Psota Crew

Back Row (L-R) Milton R. Carlton-Top Turret Gunner, Joseph Pisarski-Ball Turret Gunner, Joseph F. Eldracher-Waist Gunner, Joseph J. Straub-Tail Gunner, William Fenley-Radio Operator
Front Row (L-R) Henry W. Bloch-Navigator, William Greene-Bombardier, Frank J. Psota-Pilot, Warren T. Kalbacker-Co-Pilot

A staggering 160,000 Allied troops landed that day on the coast of Normandy, which had been occupied by the Nazis. The invasion at Omaha Beach involved 5,000 ships and 13,000 aircraft. The crew of *Heaven Can Wait* was ordered to “soften up” the beach for the arriving troops. Although each of his three missions that day lasted only about one hour, Henry knew they were an important part of the seaborne invasion. The bombers provided protection for the approaching infantrymen, who faced concentrated firepower from enemy positions on the beach.

A tour of duty for navigators was initially 25 missions. But as the rate of casualties increased, the threshold was raised to 30. Though Henry had looked forward to ending his tour, he wasn’t troubled by the increase in missions. “When I reached 31 missions, I was given a choice between staying for another tour or returning to the homeland. I figured I had been lucky enough.” Henry sent a telegram home, not to his parents but to Scrappy, the family’s beloved dog. MISSIONS COMPLETE. ON MY WAY HOME.

² Ibid.

The OTHER Goal of Mission Tucson

Nancy Smith, Memorials & Repository Chair

We are all aware that the purpose of Mission Tucson is to raise funds to refurbish our Memorial Room in Tucson, but did you know that part of the fund is also directed at supporting the preservation of the other 95th Memorials? These include:

- The Bells of St. Mary's in Horham, UK
- The Memorial at the US Air Force Museum in Dayton, Ohio
- The Display in the 8th Air Force Museum in Savannah, Georgia
- The Plaque at Arlington Cemetery
- The Plaque at the Air Force Academy in Colorado

Why do we need a special fund for the preservation of our memorials? In 2011 some of our families visited the Air Force Academy, looking forward to seeing the 95th Plaque. They were in for an unpleasant surprise. Most of the other Groups' plaques were in good repair, but ours was discolored and clearly in need of attention. We have since acquired a new plaque, one that truly honors the men of the 95th Bomb Group and which should remain in good condition for a long time.

Adequate funding and personal oversight are a must if we are to effectively preserve our memorials. We are the keepers of their stories—please help ensure that the places these stories are told reflect the respect we feel for our veterans.



“Have YOU joined the Mission Tucson Formation?”

Let's all do our part to pay tribute to the brave men who sacrificed so much for so many.

- \$9.50/month for 3 years = \$342
- \$25/month for 3 years = \$900
- \$35/month for 3 years = \$1,260
- \$95/month for 3 years = \$3,420

All gifts are appreciated!

Then and Now



95th veterans visit the 95th memorial at Parham during the 2005 reunion.
L to R: Chester Peak, Ray Waters, Ray Olsen, Robert Hastie, Fred Kennie, Mac Makarewicz, Richard Saucier, Albert Forrester



Nancy Freemantle & Ann Cook standing where their fathers, Ray Olsen and Mac Makarewicz, stood at the 2005 reunion



8th
Air Force



13th
Combat Wing



95th
Bomb Group



334th
Squadron



335th
Squadron



336th
Squadron



412th
Squadron

Mission Tucson Capital Campaign

Gift Intention Form



- Yes, I/we want to assist the 95th Bomb Group Memorials Foundation refurbish and update the 95th Bomb Group Memorial Room in Tucson, Arizona, and establish an endowment for the upkeep of all the memorials entrusted to the Foundation's care.

It is my/our intention to contribute a total gift of \$ _____

Payments of \$ _____ will be made over: ___ One year ___ Two years ___ Three years

And will be paid: ___ Monthly via account debit ___ Quarterly ___ Annually

For quarterly or annual gifts would you like payment reminders? Yes No, do not send me reminders

Signature (Donor)

Date

Payment Options: Please check one of the following payment options

- I/we are enclosing a check. MAKE CHECKS PAYABLE TO: 95th Bomb Group Memorials Foundation
- I/we will make this gift through Electronic Funds Transfer
Note: Your bank will provide the appropriate form. Please contact Michele Slade for our bank account number.
- I/we have made/will make our gift online via PayPal at www.95thbg.org.
- I/we will make this gift through appreciated assets (stocks, bonds, etc.)
Please contact Michele Slade for our brokerage account number.
- My employer may match my gift. I will prepare the necessary documentation and send it to the 95th Bomb Group Memorials Foundation.

Please honor my/our wishes regarding recognition of this gift as follows:

_____ I/we prefer that there be no public recognition of my/our gift.

_____ I/we prefer to be recognized in printed materials and on any permanent memorial (if applicable) as:

_____ I/we would like this gift to be part of the _____ Family Gift

Printed name(s): _____

Address: _____ City, ST, Zip _____

Email address: _____ Best Telephone: _____

Please return this form to:
Michele Slade
Mission Tucson Treasurer
15874 Sierra Highway
Mojave, CA 93501
MT-treasurer@95th.org
661-342-0213

**Thank you for your generous support of the
95th Bomb Group Memorials Foundation!**

*The 95th Bomb Group Memorials Foundation is a 501(c) 3 non-profit organization.
Gifts to the campaign are deductible for income tax purposes
to the full extent allowed by law.*

The American Cemetery at Madingley



Malcolm Osbourne (R) with Colin Stearn, who lays wreaths for the 95th on Memorial Day

Editor's note: The first stop on the way to Horham was the American Cemetery near Cambridge. The following is a post by Malcolm Osbourne, our most excellent tour guide for the visit.

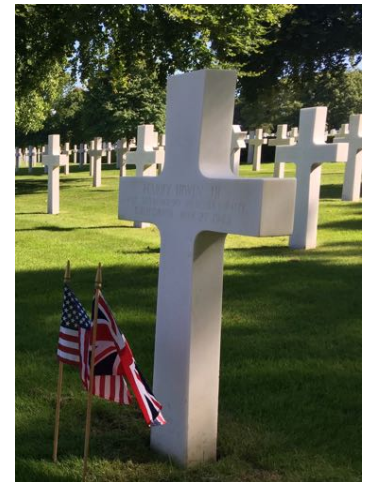
It was a great honour for me to meet the 95th Reunion attendees at Cambridge American Cemetery and give them a tour. We were joined along the way by some English visitors too, which was good. My good friend Les Turner, Foreman of all the ground staff, had placed two flags at every 95th headstone, 30 in all.



Mike Darter and Hamid Faqir folding the American flag

Michael Darter told the story of his brother, Eugene, whose name along with that of Pilot Delbern is on the Wall of the Missing. That was a truly special moment for us all as we listened to the harrowing tale of Eugene's loss. As the gorgeous skies testify it was a wonderful warm afternoon, which climaxed with Michael Darter invited to assist in the flag lowering as "Taps" played over the Carillon. Then with Hamid Faqir, Assistant Superintendent, the flag was carefully folded 13 times.

I hope you all had a wonderful reunion, with fellowship and friendship together. Thank you for allowing me to share time with you.



Mike Darter, showing a photo of his brother, Eugene, who is listed on the Wall of the Missing



Flying with the 95th to the Big B

100th BG Pilot Bob Shoens and the Berlin Raid of 6 March 1944

by Phil Samponaro

The 95th made an initial visit to Berlin on 4 March 1944. Two days later, the full Eighth Air Force did the same with its first maximum effort strike on the capital of Nazi Germany. The raid was costly. The Eighth lost 69 bombers that day, its single highest number for any mission during the entire war. The 95th put up 23 bombers. Of those ships, 16 completed the mission, 11 were damaged, and eight were lost. The 100th, our fellow 13th Combat Wing group, fared far worse. It lost 15 planes. The only 100th aircraft to return successfully to that group's base at Thorpe Abbots was "Our Gal Sal" piloted by Robert "Bob" Shoens of the 351st Bomb Squadron.



Bob Shoens with his son Rob

Brad Petrella and I had the privilege of sitting next to Bob and his son Rob, during the gala dinner at the 100th's biennial reunion in New Orleans this September. After dessert, Bob discussed the Berlin mission. Among his vivid memories, he explained that he joined the 95th en route to the target after the rest of his group had fallen prey to Luftwaffe fighters and vanished. Bob also brought up a popular postwar retelling of the raid that has credited the lone ship that hooked up with the 95th as being from the 390th rather than the 100th. This article draws from Bob's own words to counter any lingering confusion over the matter.

On the 6 March raid, the combat wing formation included two divisions, 13A and 13B. In "A," the 95th flew in the low group with the 390th in the lead position. "B" boasted the lead 100th A group, which included both 100th and 390th aircraft, and the 100th B, made up of all 100th planes including Shoens' ship. Over enemy territory, the Luftwaffe's sustained and concentrated attacks took their toll.

"And we got all chopped up," Bob recalled. "I was all alone." As he continued, "So up ahead was the 95th Bomb Group, part of the combat wing. So I flew up

there and joined up with them."

The action required acceleration and some quick maneuvering, which once effected put Shoens and his crew in the tail end of the 95th's formation. There was visible and understandable concern from the 95th about the appearance of this strange ship, a response that Shoens summed up as "Who the hell is this guy?" All the same, the formation continued on to Berlin: "We flew in to the target with them." The flight pattern after bombs away brought the 95th into flak. Assessing the situation, Shoens broke off and joined the 390th element. As Bob recounted, "And they [95th] turned from the target into the flak. So I asked my

co-pilot, 'Is someone going the other way?' And we looked up and there it was and we joined up with him. That would be the 390th." He remained with the 390th formation until breaking off to land at Thorpe Abbots.

Perhaps the return to England with the 390th helped to give the impression that "Our Gal Sal" was a Framlingham-based plane which had joined the 95th on the way to Berlin, a conclusion that could find possible support in the presence of 390th aircraft in both the A and B divisions of the Wing's formation. Whatever the reason, one fact is incontestable: Shoens started the Berlin mission with the 100th, made the target with the 95th, and returned to England with the 390th. "So we flew to the target with the 95th and flew home with the 390th," he concluded. In so doing, Bob and his crew wrote a memorable page in the history of the 13th Combat Wing and the groups who formed it.

In Loving Memory & In Honor Of

Our treasurer, Nancy Freemantle, reports that in 2015, the Foundation has received donations "In Honor Of" living veterans, and "In Loving Memory" of those who have Left Formation.

In Loving Memory

Harry P. Aslagson	Bennie H. Martin
Paul R. Baird	Valgene Mathews
Bob & Pat Cozens	Grace & Dave McKnight
Ted DeHart	Keith Murray
Gerald B. Engler	Raymond M. Olsen
Carol J. Fenimore	Donald T. Paulson
Vergene "W" Ford	Silvio "Pat" Pettinelli
John E. Funck	Ronald Piper
Charlie Gallagher	Hal Powers
John H. Gibson	Fred Rosenzweig
Sidney Goldstein-Gracen	Norman A. Schmitt
Adam & Annie Hinojos	Bob Spinnenweber
Adam Hinojos	Bryce L. Stone
Manuel Houllis	John A. Storie
William "Bill" H. Isbell, Sr.	Halcott B. Thomas
Edwin A. Jacobsen	Carl Voss
Mary "Mae" Jacobsen	Lt. Col. Sylvanus C. Walker
Phil Janney	Ray B. Waters
Edward F. Kelly	Leo & Eleanor Whalen
Charlie Lajeskie	Lou Westerburg
Harold F. Lippert	Kenneth Wright
M.H. "Mac" Makarewicz	

In Honor Of

Paul Baird
Jack Bertram
Edward G. Cunningham
Robert Fay
Harry Hull
Ernest F. Parker
Curtis C. Stone



Military Funeral Honors is a way of expressing the nation's gratitude to our veterans who gave so much to defend our freedom. To make arrangements for Military Funeral Honors, call your nearest Air Force Base. They will be happy to connect you to their Honor Guard. More information can be found at:

www.dmdc.osd.mil/mfh

Keep the Legacy Alive

- Remember a veteran every day
- Donate **B-17's Over Berlin** and/or **Into the Wild Blue Yonder and Beyond** to your public and school libraries
- Give your loved ones a Legacy Gift Membership to the 95th Bomb Group Memorials Foundation (see back page)
- Notify the Foundation of any photos or memorabilia you are willing to donate or share
- Include the Foundation in your estate plan

"We will remember them"

In recognition and honor of all the 95th Bomb Group Veterans whose stories we never heard.



LEFT FORMATION

Since our last newsletter, we have learned of the following 95th veterans who have Left Formation:

Paul R. Baird	335 th	Co-Pilot	February 9, 2015
Frank A. Castellucci	334 th	Ball Turret	July 30, 2015
Gerald P. Dechambre	335 th	Bombardier	October 11, 2015
John F. Gill	336 th	Navigator	June 15, 2015
John M. Gill	457 th	Maintenance	May 16, 2015
Matthew Haebig	334 th	Radio Operator	January 18, 2015
Gale W. House	336 th	Pilot	September 17, 2015
Earl E. McCleave	335 th	Co-Pilot	July 31, 2015
James T. McRainey	336 th	Co-Pilot	June 20, 2015
Keith W. Murray	335 th	Bombardier	September 28, 2015



“...we honor all when we honor the Missing Man flag.”

Can You Help Identify These Men?



This photo has long vexed researchers Rod Hupp and Phil Samponaro. Colonel Jack Shuck, Base Commanding Officer, is center in the back row. Please contact Phil if you can identify any of these men.



Phil Samponaro
history@95thbg.org
Phone: 956-882-7447

**Do you have a change
of address or status?
Please let John know!**

John Mollison
2605 Featherstone Court
Arlington, TX 76001
membership@95thbg.org
Phone: 402-650-4135



Many thanks to Mike Faley of the 100th BG Foundation for providing a photo of aircraft 48260 X for our database. The plane was originally identified with an L but returned as an X on April 1, 1945. The plane was transferred to the 100th Bomb Group in late May 1945.

The Ties That Bind: Children of World War II

Editor's Note: The following was written by the children of James R. Andres after attending the recent reunion in Horham. Deborah Andres Wessel, James H. Andres, David Andres, Cindy Andres Klusmeier, Patrick Andres, Donald Andres

James R. Andres served at Horham during WWII, returned home to Indiana, married his sweetheart Catherine, and had six children. When looking at his copy of *Contrails* and his black-and-white 1940s photos secured with corners in the black-paged photo album, his children heard some memories of WWII. These tales were seldom about war. They were either funny stories, or stories about *THE CHILDREN*.

Our father spent his time at Horham servicing the plane that sat on the dispersal point next to the farmer's home whose land was requisitioned for that part of the airfield. In that house at Church Farm, in the shadow of the St. Mary's Horham church tower, lived two children, Eileen and Robbie Farrow. Along the road at the Horham Post Office were three others: Ruth, David, and Alan Johnson. These children, of varying ages, were all friends and spent a great deal of time hanging around at our father's tent. I have been told by Ruth, "We were there every day for two years. Your dad and [Earl] Adams never said, 'Go along now. You can come back tomorrow.'" The children were always welcome.

The Andres offspring are now in our 50s and 60s and for all of our lives we've known of those other children: Ruth, Eileen, David, Robbie, and Alan. The communication was initiated and faithfully maintained by Ruth Johnson Chambers, who at age 11, almost 12, ran to the base with her autograph book to get addresses as the Americans were departing. Every Christmas would bring a greeting card from England. Our mother enjoyed news of the royal family; and for major events, newspapers and memorabilia would arrive concerning the Queen and her children. Ruth and her husband have visited us in the United States. We have visited them at different times in England.

This reunion gave us the opportunity to visit again with Ruth, Eileen, David, and Alan. We are so grateful

to the Johnson and Farrow families for their stories of our dad. They have **very** specific memories. We're always learning something new from them that we never heard from Dad. The September 2015 Horham reunion was dedicated to the children of the 95th and the theme was the Christmas parties for the local children hosted by the Yanks. We knew about those parties, but we learned of a different Christmas party at this reunion. We hadn't known that Dad was invited to celebrate the holiday with the Farrow and the Johnsons for Christmas dinner at Church Farm. How precious! Thank you for making James Andres, so far away from his home, a part of your Christmas!



Patrick Andres, Donald Andres, Cindy Andres Klusmeier, Deborah Andres Wessel, James H. Andres (wearing uniform of father James R. Andres)

The 2015 reunion also gave us the exceptional opportunity to climb to the top of the Horham church tower. With Eileen, Ruth, David, and Alan as guides, we had been to the Post

Office where the Johnsons lived. We had been to Church Farm, home of the Farrow. We had stood on the dispersal point where Dad's plane and tent were located. We saw the landing strips. But we stood on that tower probably five minutes before it slowly dawned on us that we were seeing it all spread out before us like a map. OH! We get it! There's Eileen's house. There's the spot where Dad worked. There's Ruth's house. It's all so close. We could see the road the children would take when they visited. We could visualize this friendship. It was real!

The English "children" have said that as children they did not understand the scope of the war and we have heard multiple times that it was a wonderful time for them. And in that, their experience is in some ways our experience. We also, as children of a U.S. soldier, did not understand the scope of the war. We also considered the time at Horham to be one of friendship. We're sure that the pleasure the English children received was only surpassed by the pleasure the Yanks received at having them be a part of their daily lives during that extraordinary time.

The children remain for us forever young.

Excerpts from “Every Story Matters”

by Jim Larkin

www.thefirstpersonexperience.com)



“Life was life” and according to Ed (Yursky), “We were just trying to get by.” Six months later (after graduating from Johnstown High School in Pennsylvania), Ed and four of his buddies were driving around Baltimore looking for work. The day wasn’t just any other day. It was December 7th, 1941. “All of a sudden we hear on the radio that Pearl Harbor was attacked by the Japs. I remember thinking, ‘Well, that’s it then’ and I knew what I was going to do.” Within weeks, Ed joined the U.S. Army Air Corps to be a pilot. Sitting around a bar, he bought a round of drinks for his friends. They asked Ed why he was buying drinks. “I enlisted in the Air Corps” he told them. “I was the first one to join, but they all followed in the next few weeks” he said. He was excited at the prospect of flying bombers. Ed left a short time later and began the testing to be a pilot.

“Ed Yursky to the medical center, they said over the PA. That was the end of being a pilot for me.” Ed found out something new about himself that day—he was colorblind. He went on to say that there were still openings in the bombers ...one a ball turret gunner and the other, a tail gunner on the B-17. “I couldn’t fit in the ball turret, so I ended up in the tail.”

To hear Ed describe it, even getting back to the tail turret would make those with claustrophobia squirm, and those without claustrophobia be convinced they have it. “When we take off, the tail wheel is retracted inside. As the plane is climbing up we’re putting all our gear on, electric heated suit, fur-lined suit, gloves....we looked like a big teddy bear. There is no heat on these planes and at 24,000 feet it’s cold. Real cold. You couldn’t crawl because there wasn’t enough room with that damn wheel there. You had to scoot sideways, inch by inch. If the time comes to bail out, you can’t crawl back. I have a little door, maybe 20 inches wide, to get out of.”

In the spring of 1944 Ed and his crew were assigned to RAF Horham in England. “There were so many empty bunks.” The man told him, “You are the replacements for those guys.” Ed stared at me with eyes that were actively remembering the moment. “They were gone—MIA” he said.

Ed went on to explain that there were usually 16 bombers that flew out on these missions. The closer

you were to your 25th mission, which meant you were going back to the States, the lower your number. Planes 1–4 were in the very front. Planes 13–16 were the “Tail End Charlies.” They were in the very back. As you got closer to 25, you moved up in the pack.

“You can imagine on these missions, the first group usually made it through OK, but the Tail End Charlies, by the time you got to the target the damn jerries had us zeroed in.” Ed gave me a sorrowful look. “I remember a guy telling me ‘If you survive 5 missions you stand a pretty good chance.’ Well, we never made it that far.”

On August 16, 1944 at around 1 pm, Ed and his crew were heading out for a mission to bomb oil refineries in Zeitz, Germany. Before they got to the plane he stopped for confession. The priest told him, “Son, I give you general absolution, IF you make it back you come back to confession. Now go.” They loaded up, took off, and headed out. They were the Tail End Charlies.

“We got shot out of the sky. Engine 1 got shot up. Number 2 gets hit and knocked off its mount. The pilot dove, put the fire out, feathered the props. No sooner than he leveled out and BAM, we got hit on the number 3 engine. So number 1, 2, and 3 gone and a couple minutes later the pilot says, ‘Everybody get the hell out, NOW, before we go into a tailspin and NOBODY gets out.’ That was it. All nine crew members jump out of the plane at 24,000 feet. Well, eight of them did.”

Ed detached his hoses and tried to open his small door. There were two hinges holding it on and one broke free, but the other was stuck. Ed went back to get some oxygen and then started kicking the door. He was able to bend it just enough that he could wiggle himself through it....if he unhooked his parachute. Ed got through, got the chute back on and fell away from the plane, minutes after his crew had. I asked Ed if he had any training for parachuting. “Not one bit, never did it before.” I asked Ed if he remembered what he was thinking when he got free of the plane. He looked me in the eye and gave me the most grandfatherly smile, saying feebly, “Like it was yesterday.”

(continued on next page)

Ed Yursky

"As soon as I was free, I remember how quiet it was. Peaceful." Ed had time to think because they were told that if they had to bail out at 24,000 feet they had to fall to around 15,000 feet before deploying their parachutes because there was not enough oxygen at the higher altitudes. That's almost 2 miles of free fall. Ed said, "I remember seeing a truck on the road below me. It was the size of a red ant. I told myself 'Ed, when that truck is the size of a black ant, you pull that ripcord'" and that's just what he did.

As Ed was coming down, he was by himself. He had a picture in his pocket. It was his headshot with him in a suit. He had it in case he got shot down and was picked up by the underground so that they could make him a passport to try and get him back home.

"I was coming down and I saw two jerries running toward the crowd. They were putting their uniform shirts on as they were running. I pulled that picture out, ripped it up, and let it fly in the wind. That was it. I was captured."

Ed landed and immediately began getting beat by the locals. These pilots had been bombing the cities and they were getting their revenge. "It was then that a soldier came over and got between me and the locals. He yelled 'Das ist mein Gefangener' which meant 'This is my prisoner.'"

Ed was led away by his captor. He was put in a pickup truck that appeared to be powered by burning wood. "There wasn't enough power for the truck to get up a small hill so I had to get out and push. Can you imagine? Pushing the truck that is taking me to a POW camp. We got over the hill and I jumped back in. It was either that or be shot."

Ed ended up in a POW camp in Poland. I asked Ed what the conditions were at the camp. "I know this, every day I thanked God that I wasn't in the Pacific. We were treated much better than that for the most part." He stopped and looked into the palm of his hand for moment. It was clear that Ed was not just looking at his hand. He was lost in memories.

"One day one of the guards came in. He asked 'Is anyone from New York City?' Naturally everyone buttoned up. Then he said 'I have a letter here, I

would like someone to promise to deliver this to my sister and I want her to know that I am still alive and that I will do my very best to make it back to America.'" It turns out that this guard was living in New York before the war and went home to Germany to be with his sick parents. When the war started he was put into service for Germany.



The Donald "Swede" Severson Crew

Back Row (L-R) Jim Gregory-Navigator, Swede Severson-Pilot, Hal Halstead-Co-pilot, Irv Hurst-Bombardier

Front Row (L-R) Jim Kelley-Top Turret/Engineer, Ed Yursky-Tail Gunner, Robert Miguet-Radio Operator, Mike Massinetto-Ball Turret Gunner, Lennie Livoti-Waist Gunner

After eight months in captivity, Ed was freed by Gen. Patton's Spearhead. "April 27th, it was a Sunday. The Germans in the tower yelled that the tanks were coming. They went down the tower and started running away. Guys are yelling 'OUR TANKS ARE COMING, OUR TANKS ARE COMING!' Patton himself walked into that camp. I didn't get to talk to him, but I saw him."

Ed's entire flight crew of 9 guys made it out of the war alive. Three remain. They still talk and try to meet up at conventions each year. This is a bond that few will ever understand.

This is a bond that few will ever understand.

95th BG Facebook Page Hits 1000 Members!

Editor's Note: Phil Samponaro posted the following on the 95th BG Memorials Foundation Facebook page on October 8, 2015.

One Thousand Members.

Thank you to all family and friends of our cherished men and women of the 95th Bomb Group for your membership here. Whether you are in the States or in Europe, your participation has made this page a place to honor daily the more than 8,000 men who served at Station 110, Horham. And a special word of gratitude for our many UK members. You continue the unbroken chain, forged during war, that has bound the 95th and England together since 1943 and without which the history of our bomb group could not be what it is today.

Here's to the next 1,000 members. Let's continue to get the bombs on the target.



A Special Celebration

Editor's note: Veteran Jesse Edgar wrote Member Liaison Linda Endris a long letter telling of his 5,280-mile trip with his son Bix, visiting relatives along the way. This excerpt is about their stop in Texas.

That night the baseball team, the Texas Rangers, were having a game and we all planned to go see it. Our seats in the stadium were the top row of a certain section, and I had the end seat next to the stairs. Bix insisted I sit there. Between the third and fourth inning a man came in and sat nearby. He was carrying a large TV camera. I wasn't paying too much attention as he fiddled with the camera, but I suddenly saw that he was aiming the camera right at me. And then I heard the announcer say "Tonight we have a World War Two veteran with us. He is Jesse Edgar and today he is celebrating his ninety-sixth birthday. Happy birthday, Jesse!" And up on a large TV screen at the top of the stadium, they were showing my picture. I was flabbergasted. I couldn't comprehend what was going on. Bix told me to stand up. The entire crowd of some twenty thousand spectators stood up and began clapping their hands and all had turned to look at me. I stood up and waved back at the crowd. For the rest of the game I had dozens of individuals come over to shake my hand, thank me for my service, and wish me a happy birthday. Two young girls came over and each gave me a big hug and wished me happy birthday. A man came over and wanted to buy me a beer, but I told him I didn't drink. It was truly a fantastic moment and when I finally realized what was going on, I enjoyed it.

The perpetrator of all this was my granddaughter, Shannon. She works for the Texas Rangers as their auditor. Her office is there in the stadium building. And to top it all off, they gave me several gifts: two hats, two tee shirts, and three bobbleheads of three team players. What a day!



www.facebook.com/groups/95thBG/

Where the 95th story continues to be told

Children of the 95th 1943-1945



Christmas at Station 119

Celebrating the Children of the 95th

Alan Johnson * David Johnson * Eileen Catling * Margaret Boag
Ruth Chambers * Gerald Cooper * Mick Cracknell * Brian Chapman
Unable to attend: Enid Wheeler and Brigadier Alan Warsap



Mick and Sylvia Cracknell with Mike Darter



Jackie DeHart, David & Beryl Johnson, and Pippa



The Andres family, celebrating with Ruth and Ralph Chambers. See their story on page 15.



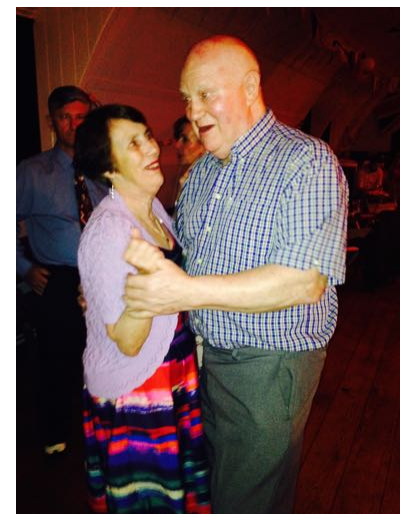
Gerald Cooper with Grace Hammesfahr



Alan Johnson with David Livesay



Olivia Bradley, the next generation of 95th children



Brian and Jenny Chapman



Dale & Susan Hill enjoying sightseeing from the jeep



Mike Darter laying the wreath at Parham



After a welcoming visit with the 390th in Parham, we had a beautiful afternoon ride back to Redlingfield and the Red Feather Club.



With no 95th veterans in attendance, Lt. Col. Michael Parks carried the Missing Man Flag



Rosie & David Livesay
Their last trip to Horham was in 1984 with Rosie's Dad, Guillermo Vasquez.



Jackie DeHart, widow of Ted DeHart, lays a wreath at the memorial across from St. Mary's Church



The gang's all here! Photo courtesy of Jon Wilson Photography



We received a warm welcome from Tony Albrow (center) and John Blott at the Hospital Museum



Tea Time in the Red Feather Club



Linda Woodward & Beverley Abbott, reunion organizers extraordinaire, with the Honor Guard after the Sunday morning wreath laying



Ann Cook, PX Chair
Daughter of
"Mac" Makarewicz
Ball Turret Gunner
336th Squadron

Shop the PX



8th Air Force - Horham Patches



95th BG Squadron Patches



Red Feather Crest



Small Rectangular B-17 Patch



Red Feather
Crest Pin



Original Red
Feather Shield Pin



Red Feather
Pin



Notecards



95th Sticker



95th Mug



Canvas Low
Profile Hat



Canvas Low
Profile Hat



Polo Shirt (Men's & Women's)



Lined Nylon Shell with
Square B



Black & White
Summer Mesh Hat



5" x 8" Notepads



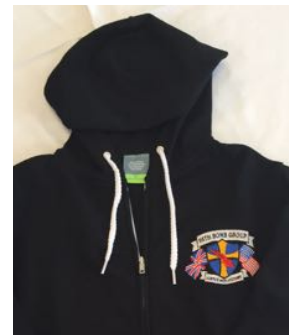
95th T-shirt



Polar Fleece Jacket with
Red Feather Shield



Hooded Sweatshirt



95th Full Zip Fleece



95th Bomb Group Memorials Foundation, Inc.
 c/o 390th Memorial Museum
 6000 East Valencia Road
 Tucson, AZ 85756-9403 USA

Give them a gift of the 95th Legacy



If you are a veteran, widow, son, or daughter, please talk to your children and grandchildren about the legacy of the 95th Bomb Group. There is no better gift you can give than to make them a member of this proud and historic organization.

Simply fill out the form below and mail with your check to:

Nancy Freemantle, Treasurer

P.O. Box 6154

Eureka, CA 95502

(Make checks payable to 95th BG Memorials Foundation)

(Please print)

This is a gift from: _____

Recipient's Name(s): _____

Street: _____

City: _____ State: _____ Zip: _____

Phone: _____ e-mail: _____

Amount enclosed: \$25/Individual \$45/Household



Memberships keep us flying...
Thank you for helping to keep the legacy alive!

