



“JUSTICE WITH VICTORY”

95th Bomb Group Newsletter

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.



◀ **"A CHRISTMAS CARD TO THE RED CROSS"**

A picture of a Red Cross Food Parcel from 95th BG veteran Bill Livingstone's feature story about life as a POW in Stalag Luft IV on Christmas Eve in 1944.



95TH BOMB GROUP

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8TH
AIR FORCE



13TH COMBAT
WING



334TH
SQUADRON



335TH
SQUADRON



336TH
SQUADRON



412TH
SQUADRON

"If you haven't added the dates to your calendar yet, the reunion will run from May 11th to May 15th, 2022. You can easily register yourself and your guests online at www.95thbg.com."

Notes from the President



TOBY MUMFORD
PRESIDENT

I'm not sad to see 2021 go. It was a year of many challenges, especially when navigating relationships and connections within our 95th family and our families at home. But we made it!

I'm looking forward to 2022 with great anticipation for when we will have the opportunity to gather in person as an organization at our upcoming 95th BGMF reunion in St. Louis. Plans for this fantastic reunion are well underway. We have a superb hotel that has been very accommodating and 95th members on the ground in St. Louis who have done much of the leg work at the local level. This has been so helpful to our reunion organizers. If you haven't added the dates to your calendar yet, the reunion will run from May 11th to May 15th, 2022. You can easily register yourself and your guests online at www.95thbg.com.

One of the Memorial Foundation's major focuses for the new year will be attracting the support and talents of our younger generation. Our younger members are the future guardians of the Memorial

Foundation's mission to educate and preserve the history of the 95th BG (H) and its role in the air campaign over Europe during WWII. Each of our 1st and 2nd generation members can help us in our enlistment effort. Please encourage your 3rd and 4th generation relatives to join in our mission by:

- **Becoming a Foundation member (Only \$15 per year for NextGen)**
- **Volunteering for various committees and projects**
- **Joining us at our 2022 Reunion**

Engagement with our brother units of the 13th Combat Wing (13th CW), the 390th and 100th Bomb Groups, continues to strengthen as we look forward to doing more as a united front. Each of the three bomb groups is stronger when we work together, and that is a goal for today and in the future. We look forward to having members of both the 100th and 390th with us in St. Louis for our 2022 reunion. I had the opportunity, along with Phil Samponaro, to represent the 95th BG at the 100th BG reunion in Dallas in November 2021, where we were very well-received.

Members of the 390th Board of Directors were also in attendance in Dallas, thus bringing all of the 13th Combat Wing bomb groups under one roof.

Your Board of Directors has approved the plans for the remodel of our museum space at the National Museum of the Mighty Eighth Air Force (NMMEAF) in Savannah, GA. We anticipate work on our new exhibit to begin very shortly. I'm confident that each of you will be very pleased with the design and we encourage those of you traveling to or near Savannah in 2022 to take the time to visit and explore the Museum.

I trust you each had a wonderful Christmas and that the New Year holds good fortune for you and your family. The Board of Directors looks forward to seeing you and your loved ones at the St. Louis Reunion from May 11th to May 15th, 2022. In the meantime, be well.

H. Griffin (Toby) Mumford
President

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Christmas Eve 2012

NEWSLETTER EDITOR

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Granddaughter of Ray B. Waters
Tail Gunner, 335th Squadron

NEWSLETTER SUBMISSIONS

Contributing a submission to the 95th BGMF newsletter is a great way to memorialize your loved one and create lasting connections with the 95th Bomb Group Memorials Foundation community. We are happy to assist with editing stories and scanning pictures. Please let us know if you have a story or artifact that you would like to share. Thank you!

- **PICTURES & STORIES**
- **WARTIME LETTERS**
- **NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS**
- **UNSOLVED MYSTERIES**
- **PROJECTS OF REMEMBRANCE**



All photos © Waters Family Archive

LETTER FROM THE NextGen

SUBMITTED BY TOBY COSTELLO
Grandson of Col. H. Griffin Mumford
NextGen Committee Member



With a weather eye fixed on sustaining the legacy of the 95th Bomb Group, the current leadership has engaged an inclusive and growing cohort of younger descendants of those brave men of the 95th. Aptly titled the Next Generation (NextGen) Committee, its mission is to foster engagement and develop the next level of leadership to ensure the longevity of the 95th Bomb Group Memorials Foundation.

FOSTER ENGAGEMENT: We are now roughly three generations removed from the men who served in the 95th BG. Some readers may have never met their forefathers, but the sacrifices of our veterans still reverberate throughout history and remain relevant today. The grandchildren and great-grandchildren of the 95th BG must carry on their legacy and share the group's rich history with the public. The NextGen Committee will establish new ways to reach younger folks through relevant familial channels, publications, and social media.

DEVELOP LEADERSHIP: The leadership, past and present, of the 95th BGMF have made tremendous strides on behalf of the organization. Collectively we owe them our gratitude and still have much to learn from their efforts and experience. As the current leadership steps away from their roles, a new group must pick up the mantle. The NextGen Committee will assist in developing the next class of leadership and welcomes participation from the 95th BG community.

We hope that these foundational goals will encourage and develop meaningful connections within the next generation. We welcome your input, but more than anything, we ask you to **GET INVOLVED**.

MEMBERSHIP: Become a member of the 95th BGMF or gift a membership to a loved one.

NextGen (under 40): **\$15 per year**

Individual (40+): **\$35 per year**

Household: **\$55 per year**

Visit 95thbg.com to purchase a Membership or fill out the Membership Order Form on the back cover of this newsletter and mail it in.

ATTEND: Our next in-person reunion is in St. Louis, May 11th-15th, 2022. For details visit: <https://bit.ly/3o5BRdh>

VOLUNTEER: Do you have experience in design, content creation, writing, research, or editing? If so, we'd love to hear from you!

DONATE: Honor a 95th Veteran with an online donation at 95thbg.com or email Russ at treasurer@95thbg.org.

FOLLOW: Engage with the 95th BGMF online:
Website: www.95thbg.com

Facebook Pages:

- 95th Bomb Group Next Gen

- 95th Bomb Group Memorials Foundation

Instagram: [@95thnextgen](https://www.instagram.com/@95thnextgen)

Twitter: [@95thNextGen](https://twitter.com/@95thNextGen)



MEET ME IN ST. LOUIS!

**JOIN US FOR THE
95th BGMF 2022 Reunion
May 11th - 15th, 2022**

SCHEDULE:

Wednesday, May 11th (early arrivals)

Activity fee: \$90 includes bus transportation, entry to game, and a place in our Party Suite

6:00PM—St. Louis Cardinals vs. Baltimore Orioles
What better way to kick off the festivities than to "play ball!" If at least 45 people sign up, our group will have a Private Party Suite along the foul line near first or third base. Amenities include indoor and outdoor seating, multiple TVs, private restrooms, a personal service attendant/bartender, and an enhanced food menu. All drinks included—soft to full bar selection.

Thursday, May 12th

9:00AM-12:00PM—Board Meeting
(Open to all Foundation Members)

12:00PM-5:30PM—Free time to visit with friends or spend the afternoon touring St. Louis on your own.

5:30PM-7:00PM—Meet and Greet in the Red Feather Club. Connect with old friends and meet new ones!

Activity fee: \$30

7:00PM-9:00PM—Fireside Chat in the Red Feather Club. A great place to hear and tell stories about our favorite heroes.

Friday, May 13th

Activity fee: \$30 includes bus to Jefferson Barracks, lunch at Café Telegraph, bus from Jefferson Barracks to downtown St. Louis and return to hotel.

Friday, May 13th Continued...

9:00AM—Memorial Service conducted by Nina Rothman

10:30AM—Buses leave for Jefferson Barracks National Cemetery

11:00AM—Memorial Service at group gravesite of the Alconbury Blast victims

12:00PM—Drive by the Jefferson Barracks POW-MIA Museum, currently being renovated under the leadership of Paul Dillon, son of 95th Ball Turret Gunner "Red" Dillon

12:15PM—Lunch at the Café Telegraph Smoke House (Paul will give a brief history of Jefferson Barracks and the POW-MIA Museum)

1:30PM—Buses leave Jefferson Barracks for Downtown St. Louis

2:00-5:00PM—Downtown St. Louis (on your own)

- **Gateway Arch**

This recently refurbished national park is the tallest monument in the U.S. with lots of displays that chronicle this "Gateway to the West." (Because of Covid, tram tickets must be purchased on your own. Quantities are limited so please purchase early if you want to ride the tram to the top of the arch or see the documentary.)

- **Soldiers Memorial Military Museum**
- **The City Museum**
- **Union Station**

Friday, May 13th Continued...

5:30PM—Buses leave for the hotel. Dinner on your own at the hotel or adjacent Westport Plaza.

**If you choose to remain in Downtown, please let us know. You will be responsible for your return transportation to the hotel.*

7:30PM—The Red Feather Club will be open for business! Brad's Bar is a favorite gathering place at the Red Feather Club in the UK, and now, Brad Jr. will be serving them up USA-style in St. Louis. Come for fellowship and fun, and do a little shopping at the PX while you're there.

Saturday, May 14th

Activity fee: \$20 to cover bus to and from Forest Park

9:00AM—Buses leave the hotel for Forest Park

9:30AM-3:30PM—Forest Park

This park has something for everyone. There will be early and late buses back to the hotel.

9:30AM-3:30PM—Forest Park Attractions

- **St. Louis Zoo** (Free, train has a fee)
- **St. Louis Art Museum** (Free, except for special exhibits)
- **Missouri History Museum** (Free, except for special exhibits)
- **Science Center** (Free, Planetarium \$6.00, Omnimax Theater \$13.95)

6:30PM-11:00PM—Cash Bar, Dinner, and Dance

Activity fee: \$55 for dinner and DJ

Sunday, May 15th

12:00PM—Check out of hotel and depart.



HOTEL RESERVATIONS

Sheraton Westport Plaza Hotel
900 Westport Plaza Drive
St. Louis, MO 63146
314-212-2100 or 888-627-7064

REGISTER ONLINE
www.95thbg.com

(Registration fees increase after April 15th)

Book the group rate for 95th Bomb Group Memorials Foundation. Our room rate of \$129 is guaranteed for three days before and after the reunion. You may cancel up to 48 hours prior without penalty.

Includes breakfast coupons (pick up when checking in), along with free parking, WiFi, and shuttle to and from the airport.



A CHRISTMAS CARD TO THE RED CROSS

Life of a POW on Christmas Eve in 1944

By William R. Livingstone

The frigid air was crystal clear outside the shuttered barracks windows and the full winter moon glistened off the hard-packed snow. In the dim light from the guard tower, a German guard patrolling the perimeter fence pulled the collar of his great coat tighter around his shoulders. His big guard dog strained against his leash, anxious to get back to the relative warmth of its kennel.

The guard could hear the voices of hundreds of men inside the barracks singing Christmas carols. The Christian melodies were familiar to him, but the words were not. This was because the words were English. The carols were sung by American Prisoners of War.

It was Christmas Eve, 1944, and snow had been on the ground for several weeks at Stalag Luft IV, located near what is now Tychowo Poland, a few miles from the Baltic Sea. I was there because my B-17 had been shot down on November 2nd. With the exception of our tail gunner (who died when he was hit by flak over our target Merseburg, Germany) the rest of my crew was captured after bailing out over central northern Germany.

Our prison camp had four double barbed-wire fenced compounds, with a guard tower located about every 300 feet along the fence lines. In each compound there were ten large barrack buildings with ten rooms in each barrack. There were usually about two dozen men living in each of the 25-foot-square rooms with enough built-in double-deck bunks for everyone. The bunks had straw mattresses and each man had one German Army blanket. In wintertime we went to bed fully clothed.

At the prisoner count in the compound that morning a German officer announced in his German accented English, "The German people honor the tradition of Christmas, and we respect your desire to celebrate this day in your traditional manner as best you can. Therefore, the guards will take a number of you into the forest this morning to cut and bring back a Christmas tree for each room in the camp."

For about a week now the POWs had been talking about Christmas, thinking of our loved ones at home, and preparing for some sort of celebration—at least recognition of the fact that it was a special day. Our room leader, Murph, suggested, "Whata ya say we get a full chocolate ration from each guy in the room, melt it down, and mix it with some dried fruit and crumbled graham crackers and cookies, and make a sort of chocolate cake for Christmas?" He got responses like, "Sounds good to me", "Great idea" and "Let's do it!"



If this sounds like POWs in Germany during WW II had it made—well perhaps. And the reason: The Red Cross. The ingredients we used to make our "Christmas Cake" came from the food parcels we received each week from the Red Cross. They were trucked into Germany by the International Red Cross through Switzerland, a neutral country.

At Stalag Luft IV we essentially got two kinds of food: The American Red Cross American food parcels and German food cooked in the camp's central kitchen—there was never enough of that. The Red Cross food came in corrugated boxes about a foot square and six inches high. The ten-pound food parcels provided minimum nourishment for one man for one week. Almost all the Red Cross food could be eaten "as is," or could be cooked if heat was available. For example there was good old canned Spam, beef stew, cheese, powdered milk, dried fruit, something called "reconstituted butter," some kind of crackers or cookies, a small bar of "Swan" soap, and that all-time favorite, a quarter pound bar of Hershey's sweet chocolate.

Two packages of cigarettes were also included in each Red Cross parcel. Everything in the parcels was traded among the prisoners with all items valued in packs of cigarettes. Spam and the chocolate bar, for example, were each worth three packs, beef stew was worth two, and prunes and cheese worth one each. For us non-smokers this was a bonanza.

One time I heard a guy yell down the central corridor of the barrack, "Anyone want to trade prunes for cheese?" So you see, they had medicinal qualities too.

After the seven o'clock prisoner count in front of the barracks each morning, we cooked our own breakfast on the potbellied stove in our room. This took a while because the top of the stove was only about a foot in diameter, and everyone wanted to use it. Breakfast was usually a slice of fried Spam and a slice of German black bread toasted on the stove top with the butter-like spread that came in the Red Cross parcels. The German bread had straw in it and heaven knows what else. Sawdust, I guess. Lunch was something else out of the Red Cross parcel.

Dinner was German food and was usually some kind of soup. It was cooked by POW KPs in a central kitchen and brought to us in our room. My first meal at Stalag Luft IV was what we jokingly called "ball bearing" soup because it was made of garbanzo-like beans which were quite hard. It was my first hot meal in a while and it smelled and tasted good to me. I commented to one of my new buddies, "Hey, this soup ain't half bad."

"It would be a lot better without the weevils," he replied.

"Weevils?"

"Yeah. Open up one of those beans and have a look."



◀ Crew of the "Worrybird" 1944.

Bottom Row: Vincent Lauricella, James Martin, Bill Livingstone (face digitally inserted), Anthony Capone, Leo Moser.

Top Row: Raymond Hill, W. Caldwell, William Pozolo, Bart MacNeill, R. Zirbel (Caldwell and Zirbel were not on the last mission.)

The "Worrybird" plane and its crew were shot down November 2nd, 1944 over Merseburg, Germany. All crew members bailed out and became POWs for six months, with the exception of the tail gunner, James Martin, who was killed by anti-aircraft fire over the target.

So I got one onto my spoon and cut it open with my knife (table knives were permitted). Sure enough, a little black guy about an eighth of an inch in diameter. And every bean had one. After a while one didn't think about it anymore.

No one was getting fat on the diet at Stalag Luft IV, but we ate well compared to political and Russian POWs who got no Red Cross food parcels. Those of us who went to chapel thanked God, and those who didn't, I'm sure, at least thanked their lucky stars, the Red Cross was there when we needed them most. Coffee and donuts at troop train stops were nice, but Red Cross food parcels in Allied POW camps all across Germany were a blessing.

On this Christmas Eve in 1944 the rooms at Stalag Luft IV smelled of evergreens—an aroma that took us back to our homes and families. There was nothing to decorate the trees from the nearby woods; paper was in very short supply. We didn't exchange gifts because it was simply impractical, but we sang Christmas carols and played card games. Something called "red dog" and gin rummy were most popular.

"Lights out" was to be at midnight on Christmas Eve. The usual nine o'clock "lights out" was extended to midnight; this alone, was reason for celebration. Of

course we were all locked in the barracks by an hour before sundown every day, including Christmas Eve.

By nine o'clock we were ready for our "chocolate cake," and everyone gathered around the table in the center of the room to get his share. With a great flourish Murph cut into our first cake since capture. He managed to get 24 pieces of approximately the same size and handed them out.

It was a strange, almost ethereal moment when we all took a bite of our cake—we realized, this was it. This was it for the Christmas of 1944. This was the opening of Christmas gifts at home. This was our Christmas turkey, goose, or ham dinner with family gathered round. This was the moment of love for our moms, dads, sisters, brothers, and sweethearts. We were all sure we would be with them by next Christmas, but we also knew that this bittersweet moment would live in our memories for the rest of our lives.

Merry Christmas, Red Cross. May your pursuit of peace on earth and good will toward man endure forever.

EXTRA, EXTRA!

Newspaper clippings from the archives

Submitted by Diana Vickery

The fact that 1945 is not a leap year is sure to have a big affect on the life of First Lieutenant Philip Warner.

You see, if there were 29 days in February this year, something big would surely happen to Warner, since the number 29 has played an astonishing role in his military life.

In fact, the number has popped up so many times that he accepts the coincidence with a great deal of aplomb and would probably miss it should the digits decide to stop playing numerical tricks.

Warner, who is from Philadelphia, flew as a B-17 pilot with the 8th AAF, 95th bomb group, 334th squadron. He was forced down in Belgium before D-day, escaped, and has a Bronze Star to show for the information he was able to pick up while a captive of the nazis and later furnished to Allied intelligence.

But here's the story of the mysterious Twenty Nine.

Warner enlisted 29 July, 1941 and landed in England for combat duty 29 October, 1943.

There was nothing startling about that, of course. Warner was aware of the dates, but regarded it as just an interesting coincidence.

Then at 1200, 29 January, 1944, Warner was forced down in Belgium. He escaped from the nazis, at precisely 1200, 29 May, 1944 —

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a fact which by now should scarcely have surprised him — and was returned to the United States, landing on the 29th of July.

From the redistribution center he went to Washington, D. C. at the behest of several people interested in Warner's report on what he had seen in Belgium.

It certainly didn't seem by this time any wild circumstance that his seat on the train from the center to Washington's Pentagon was number 29. Rather was it a pattern — a pattern continued evenly when he found himself on a lecture tour for the air corps speaking on the circumstances of his imprisonment.

Yes, you've guessed it. His first lecture was on the 29th of August, 1944.

By now, Lieutenant Warner was a little more interested in this whole business — as you can well imagine. He discovered that 29 seemed to be a lucky number for him in affairs of chance — in other words with a little reverse English, he could make the digits work for him as well.

There were a few other notable occasions — while on his lecture tour he attended a birthday party and wedding anniversary celebration of friends, both the 29th. His train number to Philadelphia during a short leave was 29.

Lieutenant Warner struck LVAAF little more than a glancing blow, since as I interviewed him he was preparing to leave for Texas and another air base.

The number of the special order issued at the Gunnery School, sending Lieutenant Warner on his way? It would be stupid of me to even bother mentioning it.

I was going to sign 30 to this story, but I guess I better sign it "29." — Sergeant Jim Baccus.

English Blackbirds Stop a Fortress

AN EIGHTH AAF BOMBER STATION. England—An Eighth Air Force Flying Fortress which safely had weathered the worst flak and fighter opposition the nazis could present, was stopped cold recently by a flock of several hundred blackbirds, which flew into the path of the bomber as it was taking off and caused so much damage the ship had to return to base.

When the Fortress taxied to a stop on the runway, Second Lt. Leo C. Francis, Jr., of 293 Hickory St., Teaneck, N. J., the pilot, counted 70 dead birds on the landing strip. An examination of the ship showed a large hole in the wing, dead birds jamming the air intake and others jamming one of the engines, causing a bent cylinder.

War Prisoner Of Germans Is Chance For You

Would you like to write a letter to a local boy who is a prisoner of the Germans?

All right—here is his name and address: Sgt. Leroy W. Morris, 335 Bomb. Squad., 95th Bomb Group, APO 634, care Postmaster, New York. 38 314 924.

And here is a letter received by his mother recently, written several months ago: Preigsgefangerpost.

Dear Mother: Just a card to let you know that I am well. I am going to school and taking Spanish and German. I miss my cigars very much. I grew a long beard and mustache but cut it off. I will be all skin and bones by the time I get out of here.

Jersey Journal (Jersey City, NJ) / January 26th, 1944

Roanoke Rapids Herald (Roanoke, NC) / January 20th, 1944

Las Vegas Review-Journal (Las Vegas, NV) / February 9th, 1945



▲ **Korber with Camera Equipment:** Robert William "Bob" Korber with photographic equipment and parachute. Camera is thought to be a Fairchild K-17. *Photo courtesy of State Archives of New Mexico: N.M. Adjutant General Records, 1973-019, File 155-7.*



▲ **Stokes in Uniform:** Robert Wayne "Rip" Stokes. *Photo courtesy of his son Robbie.*

Korber & Stokes

Chowhound Crossroads

Submitted by Diana Vickery

In university libraries nearly 1,200 miles apart are two archives named after men of the 95th Bomb Group: Robert William Korber and Robert Wayne "Rip" Stokes. On the surface, the men were very different. T/Sgt. Korber grew up in a large city, Albuquerque, New Mexico; Sgt. Stokes grew up in the small town of Anna, Illinois. Bob attended private schools in Albuquerque and California until he entered University of New Mexico as a pre-law major. Rip graduated from the public school in Anna. Bob was a ground-pounder, a photographer. Rip was a tail gunner. They shared one thing: a passion for photography. Here are their stories.

ROBERT WILLIAM KORBER (1922-1945)

Robert William Korber was born into a pioneering Albuquerque family. His grandfather, Jacob Korber (1860-1921), founded several businesses there. When he died in an auto accident in 1921, the Albuquerque Morning Journal described Jacob as one of the wealthiest men in the city. The Korber businesses at that time included wholesale and retail hardware, implements, wagons and automobiles, ranch supplies, even a radio station, which eventually was donated to the UNM. "A poor foreigner; a humble blacksmith, he rose from poverty and obscurity to affluence and high standing in his community. This he accomplished without any extraordinary genius. His life exemplified the homely traits of honesty, industry, frugality and thrift," the paper went on.

Jacob left one son, Albert Korber (1886-1972), and a daughter, Anna Korber Tessier (1888-1958). Albert had two sons who grew into adulthood: John "Jack" Korber (1913-1983) and Robert "Bob" Korber, who was born on January 1, 1922.

From the time he was a kindergartner, Bob's life was chronicled in the society and news pages of the Albuquerque Journal. At age six, "Bobby" played Santa in his primary school's Christmas program, handing out presents. (Later in his life, he was known as Uncle Santa Claus because of his generosity to children of the family.) In May 1930, he was among those receiving First Communion at St. Mary's Catholic Church.

Bob may have been one of the few men at Horham who had been to England before their service in World War II. In summer 1936, when Bob was 14 years old, he and his brother Jack, 22, took off on an adventure together—an ocean voyage to England and a trip to the Olympics in Berlin. The timing is such that the trip may have been a reward for Bob's finishing his academic course at Page Military Academy in Los Angeles the previous spring.

On July 5th, the two brothers landed in Plymouth, England aboard the SS Lafayette (1930-1938), a ship of the French Line; they travelled in "cabin class," which was just below first class, with comfort and good service at a reasonable rate. The French liners were known for great cuisine.

Based on the ship's manifests, the brothers' base while abroad was American Express in London. The



▲ **T/Sgt Robert W. Korber**

itinerary for their nearly two-month stay is unknown, but it's possible they were in the stadium when track star James Cleveland "Jesse" Owens won one of his four gold medals for the U.S.A. in Berlin. Jack and Bob returned to New Mexico in late August and Bob prepared to leave for the Webb School for Boys in Claremont, California a week later.

In December, Bob returned home and the society pages recorded that he was painting silver dollars with mercury, now known to be toxic, as Christmas gifts for the employees of the Korber company. By 1939, Bob finished high school and had begun to work on a pre-law degree at UNM at Albuquerque, where he joined Sigma Chi fraternity, just as his brother had. In 1940, Bob served as best man at Jack's wedding. In April 1942, Bob was elected president of Khatali, a senior men's honorary program at UNM, and began to make plans for the group's activities.

In August 1942, Bob enlisted in the U.S. Army. He was Pvt. Korber. After a stint in the PR office at Rapid City (SD) Army Air Base, and undergoing training as a camera repairman, he was promoted to Corporal in early 1943 and then assigned to the 95th's Photographic Section at Horham. By September of 1943, he had

been promoted to Staff Sergeant and an article in the Albuquerque Journal wrote of Bob: “[He] is pursuing his hobby at a Flying Fortress base in England where he is chief administrative clerk of the base’s photograph section. An ardent amateur photographer in civilian life, the 21-year-old Sergeant, among other duties, meets returning planes and records the information correlating pictures taken over German-held Europe.”

As the war wound down in May of 1945, the 95th undertook one of its greatest missions: Operation Chowhound, a humanitarian mission to drop food bundles for the starving people in The Netherlands. Bob and several of his co-workers in the photo section were aboard as observers on B-17 44-8640 with pilot Lionel N. Scurman. All were in a celebratory mood, singing the 1941 hit song, “Deep in the Heart of Texas.”

According to the 95th’s database, “This aircraft came under anti-aircraft fire on the approach to the food drop zone. One engine was feathered due to flak damage and on the way back over the channel [near Suffolk] the aircraft was ditched.” Of the 13 men aboard, two survived. Bob Korber had bailed out, but at a very low altitude, possibly just 500 feet. This is a very dangerous jump, even for experienced paratroopers—and it was made doubly difficult because the jump was made over water. Bob Korber’s was one of the bodies that was recovered. The next day, May 8th, 1945, the war in Europe ended; the loss of 44-8640 would be the Eighth Air Force’s last.

During his time at Horham, Bob had a passion: collecting centuries-old legal documents, “deeds, mortgages, licenses, petitions, conveyances, leases, wills, oaths, and indentures,” along with rare and classic books by English authors. The items went to his family and a few years after the war ended, they donated the collection to UNM’s Zimmerman Library. It is the Robert W. Korber Collection of British Documents, 1565-1853.

Christopher Geherin, archivist at UNM, says the collection is kept in a temperature and humidity controlled area. The documents are accessed by mostly graduate students and for many of them it is the first time they have actually held pieces of history in their hands. All thanks to Bob Korber.



▲ **Robert Wayne “Rip” Stokes**

*Photo by Jeff Garner, Southern Illinois University.
Used with permission.*

ROBERT WAYNE “RIP” STOKES (1925-2015)

By the time Rip Stokes was born in 1925, Stokeses had lived and farmed in Union County, Illinois for more than 100 years. Rip began making his mark in high school, where he played on the 1942-43 basketball team, a 5’9” reserve forward who helped his team earn a spot in the Sweet Sixteen at the state basketball tournament with a 20-6 season record. Anna-Jonesboro High School was beaten in the first round by a much larger Moline team, but they had made history by being in the tournament... the smallest school that year.

Post-high-school plans were postponed when, upon graduation in 1943, Rip enlisted in the military and was sent to the Aviation Cadet program at Southern Illinois University (SIU) in nearby Carbondale. Rip went far enough in the program to complete a solo flight, but soon found himself in flexible gunnery school, training that he completed in August 1944. He arrived in Horham in the spring of 1945, just in time to fly in the tail-gunner position in four Chowhound missions with pilot Frank R. Rockwell.

When Rip returned to his hometown of Anna, he capitalized on his high-school experience working at Lewis Brothers Bakery by buying a truck and starting a bread and pastry delivery route. Soon he decided to go into photography, an interest he had acquired while in military service.

Rip was mentored by a local man, professional photographer C. William "Doc" Horrell, and eventually Rip opened a photography studio in Anna. When Doc Horrell became founding director of SIU's Photographic Service in 1951, Rip became his assistant.

Rip married his wife Gloria in 1947, and when he joined the SIU staff, the Stokes family, which eventually included five children, moved to Carbondale. Rip would remain in Carbondale the rest of his life, succeeding Doc Horrell as head of the photographic service in 1959, and became a "living legend." He retired in 1983 after 32 years at SIU.

A name search in the Southern Illinoisan, a regional newspaper covering Anna and Carbondale, yields hundreds of hits. Together, the clippings tell the story of a man who was deeply invested in his community, loved to laugh, and was a great

friend to countless people... and who advocated for a particularly memorable red and white hog named "King Neptune."

King Neptune's story is little known outside southern Illinois. He was born in 1942, the 4-H project of Patty Boner, age 15. Beginning in 1943, thanks to Patty's father Sherman; Petty Officer Don Lingle, a Navy recruiter; and auctioneer L. Oard Sitter, the hog became a Navy mascot and was auctioned multiple times throughout southern Illinois. Each successive owner kept possession for a minute, then handed him back to the auctioneer.

All funds went to buy war bonds; the hope was that the money would be used for the construction of a battleship named for the state of Illinois. That never happened, but the total amount the porker raised was \$19 million toward the war effort. After his fundraising days were over, King Neptune retired; he died on May 14th, 1950, two days shy of his eighth birthday, and was given a full-scale Navy funeral, according to published



▲ **Back Row (L-R):** Frank R. Rockwell - Pilot, Joseph Chrzaszca - Co-Pilot, John L. Smevaag - Navigator, Vincent A. D'iorio - Bombardier **Front Row (L-R):** John E. Twachtman - Top Turret/Engineer, John C. Goodman - Ball Turret Gunner, Robert V. Lynn - Radio Operator, Robert O. Purdy III - Waist Gunner, Robert W. Stokes - Tail Gunner *Photo Courtesy of John Goodman*

accounts.

When a marker memorializing King Neptune needed replacement in the 1980s, Rip was among the community members who worked to arrange for a new marker. Local historian and former Southern Illinoisan librarian Judy Travelstead, who worked with Rip on the King Neptune initiative, said that when Rip was passionate about something, he jumped in with both feet, but that he never felt the need for fame or recognition.

But recognition came and in 1983, Rip was inducted into the SIU Hall of Fame, the first person who was not an athlete or coach to be so honored. In 1985, he received the Service to Southern award, given to those who contribute their time and energy to SIU and the larger community. Much of what Rip did for his community and family did not garner awards, acclaim, or news clippings. Instead, his stories live on in the memories of people who knew him, including his children. A few anecdotes give a picture of his contributions.

Rip is fondly remembered in Cobden, Illinois, hometown of his wife Gloria and of the “Amazing Appleknockers” team that, in 1964, came in second in the state boys’ basketball tournament. When coach Dick Ruggles told Rip that the team was raising funds for a trophy room in the school, Rip took a team photo, then cranked out thousands of copies to be sold by the team. (The largest was 4’ x 8’.) The school got its trophy room.

In 1969, when Murray Gell-Mann, the particle physicist who coined the word “quark,” won the Nobel Prize in physics, his brother Ben Gelman, a columnist for the Southern Illinoisan, wasn’t planning to attend the ceremony in Oslo because of the cost. Rip took out a large display ad in the newspaper, asking for donations to a travel fund. Ben Gelman went to Oslo and Rip was remembered for his generous spirit.

A case could be made that Rip Stokes’s most lasting legacy is a collection of his and his department’s photographic work that, in 2009, was handed over to the Morris Library at SIU for safekeeping. The Rip Stokes Photograph Collection in the Special Collections Research Center, Morris Library, Southern Illinois University Carbondale contains an estimated



▲ **Boston Bull in the Brass:** Rip Stokes points out one of his favorite photos, which graced the pages of Life Magazine in December 1956. It pictured a Boston bull terrier who escaped its leash at a Southern Illinois University football game and latched on to the bell of a trumpet carried by a member of the Marching Salukis band. *Photo by Jeff Garner, Southern Illinois University. Used with permission.*

one million images, prints and negatives in various formats, that tell the post-World War II history of SIU. “Rip Stokes was a legendary figure on this campus, one of two men (with “Doc” Horrell) most responsible for photographing all aspects of life at SIU during its rapid growth after WWII,” said Aaron Lisec, research specialist at Morris Library.

Thanks to Rip Stokes’s archive, future historians will be able to see history come to life in his photos.



SILVER WINGS

A mother's collection of poems for her son "Danny"

Submitted by Randy Herberholz

The poems below were written by Randy's grandmother, mother to Lt. Daniel J. Mangan, a pilot with the 335th squadron of the 95th Bomb Group. Her poems were written in honor of her son and follow him through his deployment and his untimely death. The poems were published in a book titled, "Silver Wings."

THE BOY ACROSS

The day is done and darkness falls,
And as I kneel to pray,
My thoughts go racing 'cross the miles
To you, dear boy, each day;

Wondering where you are this night;
Or if you're ill or cold,
And wishing that close to my heart
I your head could hold;

Wishing I were with you
To stand bravely at your side,
And as in the years gone by
Your weary steps to guide.

Wishing I could guard you
From the battle's deathly air.
God knows I'd gladly give my all
If it your life would spare.

But this much I can do, dear son,
And that is humbly pray,
And ask God in His Mercy
To guide you though each day.

And surely He will heed me
To keep our sacred trust,
And homeward soon again you'll fly;
Remember, boy, you must!

THE LAST MISSION

"Twenty-seven done, Mom,
With only three to go!
And when the last one is complete
I'll surely let you know!"

So read the last dear letter
With hope and courage true,
While he, a lad of twenty years,
Was Master of his crew.

Then the fateful day was dawning
For the mission he had yearned,
But God in His mysterious way
Willed they should not return.

Across the far flung waters
A mother's anxious heart
Was crushed and bled in anguish
As from a cold steel dart.

Instead of the joyful message
That he and his crew were done,
Behold! It read, "Missing in Action,"
And dear God, that was my son.



That Lt. Daniel J. Mangan, 20, army aviator, died on June 24, was told yesterday to Police Sergeant and Mrs. Daniel A. Mangan, E2508 Pacific, in a report from Germany forwarded through Washington, D. C. He had been reported missing June 23 and died the next day as a result of his wounds received in action. A Gonzaga high school graduate, he had worked for the W. P. Fuller company here. His brother, Pvt. Richard S. Mangan, is in the air corps in Texas.

DANNY

Danny Boy, they say you've gone
Never to return.
Still each day is filled with hope,
Still the tear drops burn.

I look into each soldier's face,
Hoping to see there—
The image of your countenance,
An answer to my prayer.

I listen for your footsteps
Bounding in the old front door,
And almost hear your "Hello Mom!"
As in the days before.

If God has willed that I must walk
The way without you, Son,
Some day we'll meet to never part,
My own beloved One.



Left Formation

IN RECOGNITION AND HONOR OF ALL THE 95TH BOMB GROUP VETERANS WHOSE STORIES WERE NEVER HEARD.

VETERAN	SQUADRON	POSITION	PASSED
Kenneth J. Rawling	334 th	Co-Pilot	19 Apr 2021
Patrick "Doc" Tortora	336 th	Radio Operator & Evader	15 Jul 2021
Richard Alfred "Salvo" Saucier	412 th	Top Turret/Engineer	23 Jul 2021
Curtis Charles "Curt" Stone	95 th HQ	Paymaster/Finance	30 Jul 2021
Roger Williams Sundin	336 th	Pilot	21 Aug 2021
George Korol	334 th	Tail Gunner	27 Sep 2021
Warren "Pete" Stewart	412 th	Top Turret/Engineer	Oct 2021
Daniel Ralph Samuelson	334 th	Tail Gunner	9 Oct 2021
Michael Roberti	412 th	Top Turret/Engineer	15 Oct 2021
Edward T. "Ed" Cunliffe	412 th	Tail Gunner	18 Oct 2021

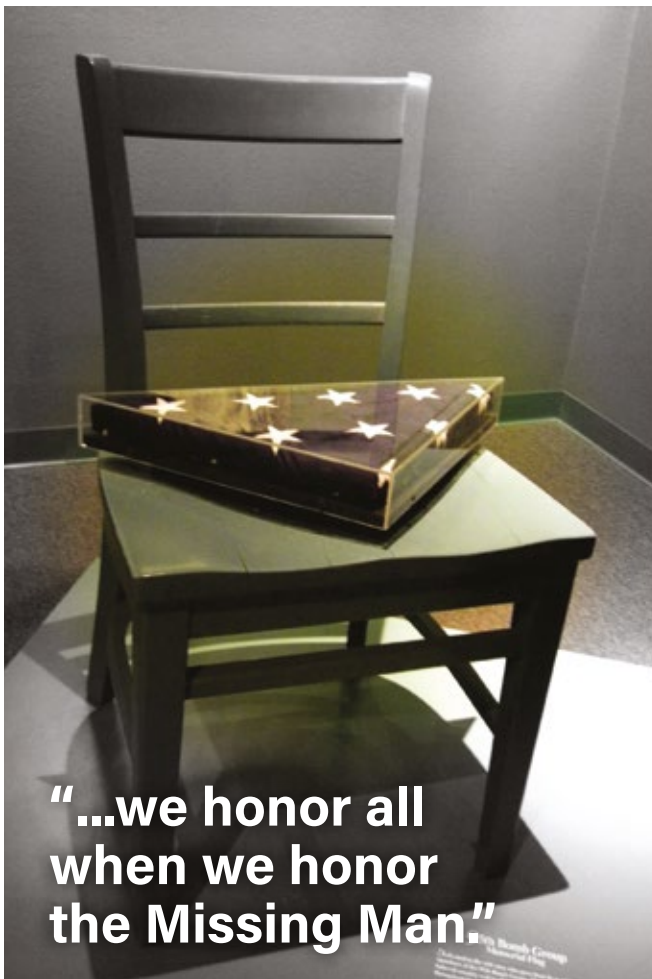


Military Funeral Honors express our nation's gratitude to the veterans who gave so much to defend our freedom. To make arrangements for Military Funeral Honors, call your nearest Air Force Base and ask to be connected to their Honor Guard. More information can be found at:

[HTTPS://WWW.CEM.VA.GOV](https://www.cem.va.gov)

We Will Remember Them

As our numbers diminish, the need for your support grows greater. A fitting tribute to our veterans can be as a gift in their memory to the 95th Bomb Group Memorials Foundation. If you would like to honor someone in this way, click on the donation link to make your contribution safely and securely online. If you would prefer to donate by check, please contact Russ McKnight at treasurer@95thbg.org.



**"...we honor all
when we honor
the Missing Man."**

2022 Donations



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Al Snyder
Ray B. Waters

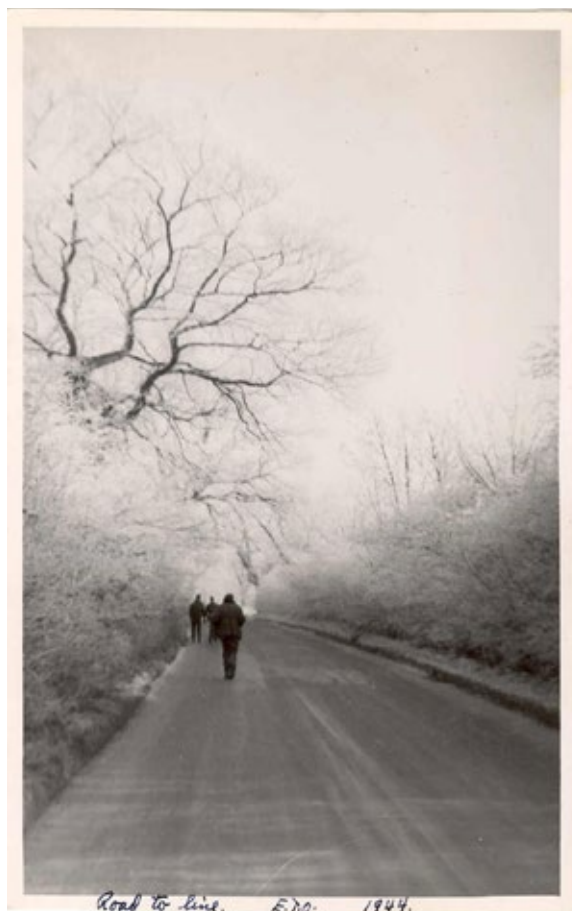
WINTRY DAY

Submitted by Diana Vickery

This photo of a wintry scene was among the treasures donated in October 2019 by Stan Difford, son of Sgt. Ralph E. Difford, A/C Mechanic with the 412th unit.

All the photos—many one-of-a-kind—were from the elder Difford’s photo album. His son, Stan, retired from the United States Air Force as a Master Sergeant.

“Road to the line from our Sq. Dec. 1944. E.T.O. Frost, our coldest morning. 5° F.” was written on the back of the photo.



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8. SUBMIT A STORY TO THE 95TH BG NEWSLETTER
9. ATTEND A 95TH BOMB GROUP REUNION
10. SELECT THE 95TH BGMF ON AMAZONSMILE

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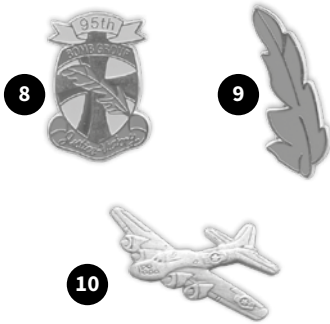
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PINS: **SOLD OUT**

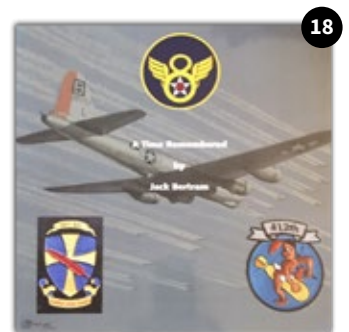
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12	95th Bomb Group (H) Notepads (package of 5)	\$10		
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17	Gambler's Hat	\$30		
18	A Time Remembered by Jack Bertram	\$50		
19	Mens Sweater Fleece Vest - Heather Gray (Circle your choice) Small Medium Large X-Large	\$65		
20	Ladies Sweater Fleece Vest - Medium Blue Heather (Circle your choice) Small Medium	\$65		
21	Mens Fleece Joggers - Black with White Letters (Circle your choice) Small Medium Large X-Large XX-Large	\$40		
22	Ladies Leggings - Black with White Logo (Circle your choice) Small Medium Large X-Large	\$45		
23	Ladies Long Sleeve Tunic Tee (Circle your choices) Small Medium Large X-Large XX-Large (Blush Only) Colors Available: Gray Blush	\$30		
24	Ladies Track Jacket - Royal Blue/White (Circle your choice) Small Medium Large X-Large	\$55		
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26	Baseball Unisex Tee (Circle your choice) Small Medium Large XX-Large	\$25		
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