



THE 380TH BOMB GROUP ASSOCIATION 5th AF - RAAF

AFFECTIONATELY KNOWN AS

The Flying Circus



NEWSLETTER #43

Summer 2010



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2010 REUNION COORDINATOR

Barb Gotham
Branson, Missouri
November 3-7, 2010

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Barbara J. Gotham
Phone: 765/463-5390
Email: bjgotham@gmail.com

Next issue: Fall 2010 (to be mailed September 2010)

2010 REUNION

Branson, Missouri

November 3-7, 2010

AGENDA OVERVIEW

Hotel: Grand Plaza Hotel, 245 N Wildwood Dr, Branson, (800) 850-6646, (417) 337-5535,
www.bransongrandplaza.com

Hotel amenities: indoor corridors and elevators; game room; fitness center; indoor pool; free parking; restaurant and lounge; complimentary wireless internet; guest coin laundry; ticket and gift shop

THE HOTEL DOES NOT OFFER SHUTTLE SERVICE FROM THE LOCAL AIRPORTS. SEE NOTE ON SEPARATE PAGE ABOUT GROUND TRANSPORTATION.

Hospitality: **Wednesday** in **Wildwood Room** (9th floor)
Starting Thursday, the **Montclair Room** (2nd floor) will be our hospitality room

Breakfast: Hotel has complimentary full breakfast buffet daily – 7-10 AM

EVENTS:

Wednesday, November 3 –

Registration – 1:00-5:00 PM – Wildwood Room (9th floor)

Hospitality – 1:00-10:00 PM – Wildwood Room

Event and Hotel Registration forms are in this issue and are also on our website at: http://380th.org/REUNION/2010Reunion/

Thursday, November 4 –

Optional morning musical show: Pre-registration required

Approx 9:15 AM – Buses depart hotel for morning musical show

10:00 AM-Noon – *Red, Hot & Blue* Christmas Show, Americana Theatre

12:30 PM – Return to hotel – lunch on own

Registration – 9:00 AM-3:00 PM – Montclair Room (2nd floor)

Hospitality Room – 9:00 AM-11:00 PM – Montclair Room (closed during supper show, 4-7:30 PM)

Welcome Supper Show at the Circle B Chuckwagon Pre-registration required

4:15 PM – Popcorn and watch Old B/W western movies

5:00-5:45 PM – Supper & watch old B/W movie. (Seconds are served!)

5:45-7:00 PM – Live Stage Show begins. *Old-time cowboy show tunes, once sung by Roy Rogers and Gene Autry, as well as pre-and post-Civil War music performed on dulcimer, banjo, fiddle, bass fiddle, rollicking humor and comedy!*

No transport - Since the Circle B is next door to the Grand Plaza Hotel, no bus transportation is being provided. ***However, if you need a ride, let us know so one of us with a vehicle can drive you there and back!***

2010 REUNION

Branson, Missouri

November 3-7, 2010

AGENDA OVERVIEW (continued)

Friday, November 5 –

Approx 9:30 AM – Buses depart hotel for Memorial Service Pre-registration required

10:30 AM – Memorial Service at Williams Memorial Chapel at the College of the Ozarks
Joe Wells, Chaplain
Color guard/sound technician/bugler/organist provided by the College of the Ozarks

11:30 AM – Buses return to hotel for luncheon

Noon – Luncheon (with cash bar) – Grand Plaza Hotel, Sunset Room Pre-registration required

1:00 – Buses depart for museum

1:30 – 5:00 PM – Veterans Memorial Museum, Branson Pre-registration required

5:00 PM – Buses return to hotel

Dinner on own

Hospitality – 1:00-11:30 PM – Montclair Room

Saturday, November 6 –

9:00 AM – Group meeting/presentations – Montclair Room

Hospitality – 8:00 AM-4:00 PM – Montclair Room

Afternoon on own

Reception – 5:00 PM – Sunset Room (top floor)

Banquet – Sunset Room Pre-registration required

5:30 PM – Program starts

Cash bar

6:00 PM – Dinner served

7:00-10:00 PM – Music/Dancing

Sunday, November 7 – Departures

If you are unable to attend, but would like to support the reunion, you can help by sending a donation to our Reunion Fund. Please make your checks to "380th Bomb Group Association," and mail to: Barb Gotham, 130 Colony Road, West Lafayette IN 47906-1209

2010 REUNION INFORMATION

FLYING TO BRANSON

Branson Airport is 10 miles south of the Branson Strip. There are auto-rental services on-site, as well as taxi and shuttle service into Branson. **AirTran Airways, Frontier Airlines, Sun Country Airlines** are providing flights to Branson from Atlanta, Denver and Minneapolis-St. Paul, hubs that connect Branson with most major U.S. cities. There also are non-stop regional flights to a number of destinations, including Orlando, Florida.

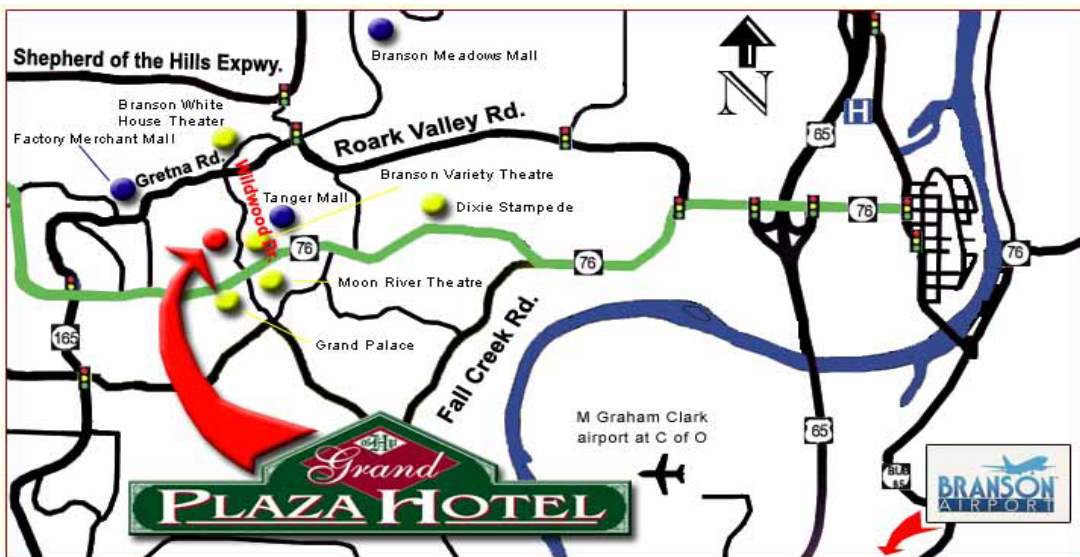
Springfield-Branson National Airport opened its new terminal in 2009. Accessibility has been improved as well: flyers can walk from their car to their airplane without climbing a single stair. **Allegiant Air** and **American Airlines** are among the carriers providing low-cost flights to the airport. Springfield-Branson National Airport is roughly 50 miles north of Branson.

GROUND TRANSPORTATION

The hotel currently has no shuttle service. You can rent a car at either airport, or there is shuttle, limo, and taxi service to Branson. It is suggested that you make reservations in advance for transport to the hotel. Branson Coach services the Springfield airport. Round trip for 1-2 people is \$160. They do not pick up at the Branson airport, although they can drop you off there (1-2 people drop off is \$20). Grayline Shuttle from the Branson Airport is \$27 one way for 1-2 people, and \$10 for each additional person. It is \$47 round trip (1-2 people), with \$10 for each additional person.

FOR A LIST OF TRANSPORTATION OPTIONS, PLEASE START WITH THIS WEBSITE:

<http://www.explorebranson.com/transportation/>



See separate page with offer from American Airlines.

AMERICAN AIRLINES - SPECIAL RATES FOR NOVEMBER 380TH REUNION

Parks, Andrea <Andrea.Parks@aa.com>

Thu, Apr 22, 2010 at 10:29 AM

RE: 380th Bomb Group Association Annual Reunion - use Promotion code 76N0AH

Hello Barb,

We appreciate your business with American Airlines. A discount agreement has been completed and is valid for travel November 1-10, 2010 to **Springfield, MO** (we do not have service into the Branson regional airport).

The Promotion Code you will need to give to your meeting attendees is 76N0AH for use on www.aa.com.

Attendees reservations may also be booked via our Meeting Services desk at 1-800-433-1790. There is a \$20.00 ticketing service charge for reservations booked via the telephone. For Airport purchase the service charge is \$30.00 USD per ticket. These ticketing service charges are subject to change and not guaranteed until tickets are purchased.

Please refer to www.aa.com/baggage for information on current checked baggage allowance and charges and bag and box embargoes that may apply for your destination.

Thank you for choosing American Airlines!

Best Regards,

Andrea Parks



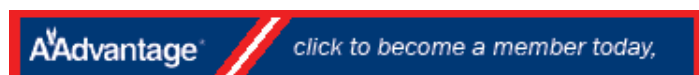
SPECIAL RATES FOR YOUR GROUP

The 380th Bomb Group Association has partnered with American Airlines to provide our attendees a 5% discount for the 380th Reunion in Branson, Missouri. The valid travel dates for this discount are November 1-10, 2010. You can easily access American's fares and apply this discount by going to www.aa.com to book your flight. Place the below Promotion Code in the promotion code box and your discount will be calculated automatically. This special discount is valid off any applicable published fares listed for American Airlines, American Eagle, and American Connection. International originating guests will need to contact your local reservation number and refer to the Promotion Code.

You may also call 1-800-433-1790 to book your flights, please refer to the Promotion Code below when you call. Please note there is a reservation service charge for all tickets issued by phone. Please use our preferred partner, American Airlines when you can because of the benefits provided to you as a traveler and to our organization for extended partner value.

Promotion Code: **76N0AH**

Are you an AAdvantage member?



**380th BOMB GROUP ASSOCIATION – 2010 REUNION
November 3-7, 2010 – Branson, Missouri**

HOTEL RESERVATION FORM

Branson Grand Plaza Hotel, 245 N Wildwood Dr, Branson MO 65616

<http://www.bransongrandplaza.com/> (for hotel information)

417-336-6646 – 1-800-850-6646 Fax: 417-337-5535

Because there is a 10% charge for online group reservations, you will be unable to make lodging reservations by that method to get the group rates listed below.

You can call the front desk of the hotel (numbers above) to make your own reservations.

Or if you prefer that I make your reservations for you, please fill out this form:

Name _____

Spouse or Guest _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Phone: _____ Email: _____

Arrival Date _____ Departure Date _____

Number of rooms required: _____

Number of adults per room: _____ Number of children per room: _____

Room Type: (All rooms are non-smoking, with coffee makers, ironing boards/irons, radio alarm clocks, hairdryers, free wireless internet)

___ Standard queen (2 queen beds)	\$87.00 plus 11.6% room tax
___ Mini suite (1 bedroom w/ king bed, and parlor with sleeper sofa)	\$97.00 plus 11.6% room tax
___ King feature (king bed, whirlpool, mini fridge, microwave)	\$117.00 plus 11.6% room tax
___ Family suite (2 bedrooms each with king beds, 2 baths, mini fridge, MW)	\$147.00 plus 11.6% room tax
___ Executive suite (1 bedroom w/ king bed, parlor, whirlpool, mini fridge, MW)	\$147.00 plus 11.6% room tax

Special Needs: _____ (Handicap accessible standard king and standard queen rooms are available)

Guarantee by credit card # _____ exp date (Mo/Yr) _____

Circle type of card: MasterCard, Visa, Discover

Signature _____

Name on card _____ (Please print)

- Credit card will be used for guarantee only. Your card will not be charged until arrival or unless you fail to cancel on time.
- Cancel policy for this event: 24 hours prior to arrival to avoid penalty.
- Same rates apply 3 days prior and 3 days after our event (10/31/10 – 11/10/10).
- Complimentary parking.
- Check-in time is 4:00 PM, check-out time is 11:00 AM.
- All rooms are non-smoking at this hotel.

Reservations due before October 4. Reservations after this date will be provided on a space available basis.

Please mail or fax reservation form to: Barbara Gotham, 130 Colony Road, West Lafayette IN 47906-1209

Fax: 765-494-6298

Email: bjgotham@gmail.com

380th BOMB GROUP ASSOCIATION – 2010 REUNION

November 3-7, 2010 – Branson, Missouri

EVENT REGISTRATION FORM

Registration fees are collected from all attending, to defray misc costs of Reunion (like registration packets, room rental and setup fees, etc.)

Registration Fees:

Adults	\$20.00 per person	x _____	=	\$ _____
Children <18	\$10.00 per person	x _____	=	\$ _____

Sign up for events below - pick and choose what works best for your schedule, interests, and budget!

November 4 - Thursday –

– 10:00 AM-Noon: Optional show: "Red Hot and Blue" – Americana Theatre (includes transportation)

Adults	\$26.00 pp	x _____	=	\$ _____
Children 4-12	\$20.00 pp	x _____	=	\$ _____

– Welcome Supper & Show: Circle B Chuckwagon (no transportation, next door to Grand Plaza)

4:15-5:00 pm: preshow (popcorn & movies) ~ 5:00-5:45: supper ~ 5:45-7:00: live stage show

Adults	\$30.00 pp	x _____	=	\$ _____
Children 4-12	\$16.00 pp	x _____	=	\$ _____

November 5 - Friday –

– 10:30 AM: Memorial Service, Chapel at College of the Ozarks (cost is for bus transportation)

	\$7.00 pp	x _____	=	\$ _____
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– Noon: Lunch at the Grand Plaza Hotel \$14.00 pp x _____ = \$ _____

– 1:30-5:00 PM: Veterans Memorial Museum (includes transportation)

Adults	\$15.00 pp	x _____	=	\$ _____
Children 4-12	\$8.00 pp	x _____	=	\$ _____
Children 13-17	\$13.00 pp	x _____	=	\$ _____

November 6 - Saturday –

– Banquet: Grand Plaza Hotel

5:00-5:30 pm: reception ~ 5:30: dinner program ~ 6:00: dinner served ~ 7:00-10:00: music/dancing

Adults	\$20.00 pp	x _____	=	\$ _____
Children 4-10	\$10.00 pp	x _____	=	\$ _____

Choose one entrée per person in party:

Grilled chicken w/rice	x _____
Ham steak w/raisin sauce	x _____
Prime Rib	x _____

TOTAL DUE FOR ALL EVENTS: = \$ _____

PRINT NAMES FOR NAME BADGES ON THE LINES BELOW:

Additional guest names can be written on a separate sheet or on the back of this sheet

Indicate Squadron Number here _____

Refunds: No refunds will be made if cancellation occurs **after 5:00 PM EDT, Friday, October 29, 2010**

Please make checks payable to: **380th Bomb Group Association**

Mail form with payment to: Barbara Gotham, 130 Colony Road, West Lafayette IN 47906-1209

To order show/attraction tickets other than those listed above: <http://www.bransongrandplaza.com/default1.php?source=shows>

Email: gphgiftshop@hotmail.com Phone: 800-850-6646 (ask for Gift Shop) Fax: 417-334-8792

Questions? Call Barb at 765/463-5390 (home) or 765/412-5370 (cell) – or send email to bigotham@gmail.com

MAIL CALL

Letter from Mark Daugherty, Gunner, Cook Crew (112), 531st
May 25, 2010

Dear Barb,

I am one of two survivors of Tom Cook's Crew - 531st.

I was reading an account of Keith M. Baker that is in spring newsletter (#42). I just wanted to relate that we did much of the same things except we flew straight to Mindoro without hardly any supplies whatever. We were the last crew to leave Fairfield, Lusan Base. It became Travis ATC base; I think it remains the same today. Don Jack (the other survivor) says he visited there and said our picture is on the wall there in their lobby.

One other oddity is a picture of the Kingman boneyard. The next to last picture at the bottom of the page is one of a B-24 I flew my first mission on, "Chi Chi Baby." I see my ball turret being squashed.

We (Don Jack and I) have obituaries and confirmed deaths of the remainder of our crew except for our tail gunner, Fred A. Barton - last seen in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Anybody out there know?

Mark

If you know anything about Fred A. Barton, please let us know!
--

Letter from Arvid Olson, Radio Operator, Spencer Crew (16),
528th
June 2, 2010

Dear Barbara Gotham
380th Bomb Group

I finally got enough of my memories and opinions together to have a booklet put together. I have ordered 20 copies for my family, friends, and the 380th Bomb Group if you wish to have it for the archives.

If you think there will be attendees at Branson who might be interested in purchasing one, please let me know, and I will send on more copies. I'm sorry that I cannot attend due to diabetic neuropathy. If you display the booklets, I have decided that I would sell them for \$5.00. The Bomb Group would keep \$2.50 for those you might sell at the table.

Feel free to give my name and mailing address to anyone interested. I will sell them at \$5.00 including postage. I probably won't get rich, but I had a great time writing them. In fact I have a few other memories that are floating around which could be an addendum.

Mr. Arvid Olson
420 Dorado Way
So San Francisco CA 94080
650/583-1040
arvid1@astound.net

Let Barb know if you would like her to bring extra copies with her to Branson in November.

1944-1945

WORLD WAR II MEMORIES

with the
380th BOMB GROUP
in
NORTH AUSTRALIA
and
THE PHILIPPINES



by Arvid Olson

MAIL CALL

From: Ron Taaffe <ron-kay@bigpond.com>
June 2010

My name is Ron Taaffe & I am a member of the B24 Restoration group in Werribee Victoria Australia. (<http://www.b24australia.org.au/>)

Our organisation & museum are dedicated to all the Australian & American servicemen that helped keep this country free.

Francis Seale flew out of North Australia during WW11 & was lined up for takeoff on 17th Jan 1944 when his B24 was struck by a returning B24 & the nose turret (named HAZEL) was torn off the B24. (pic attached). I have this nose turret & we are planning to mounting this nose turret as part of our B24 museum display. I'm hoping that our display will add a personal touch & remind us all that it was real people that flew these aircraft.



From: Bill Shek <filmxtra@netzero.net>
Fri, May 28, 2010 at 5:25 PM
Re: Another 380BG Vet found

Hi Barb & Doug,

Guess what--I found a "lost" 380 BG vet! I was out at Moffett Field today to see the Collings Foundation B-24 & B-17. There was an elderly gentleman sitting in a folding chair under the tail of the B-24 talking to folks about the B-24 and his exploits in the war (he was a B-24 pilot). He was wearing his A-2 jacket, with a 5th AF patch on the shoulder. I asked him what outfit he had been with and he said the 380th BG, 530th BS. I introduced myself and told him about my father. I asked if he was a member of the Association and he said he didn't know there was one. I gave him the website address and my contact info. He gave me his card. He's interested in hearing from the Association.

He is David C. Campbell, from San Mateo, California. I've attached a photo I took of him.



Letter from Clyde Eriksen, Navigator, Greuel's Crew (14), 528th
5/14/10

I've got a correction and an addition to newsletter #42, Spring 2010.

Moran's Crew, 528th

The pilot was or is Wilford Moran, 1st Lt, Buffalo NY. The navigator was or is 2nd Lt Chamberlain, St. Louis MO. The crew flew some 30 missions out of Mindoro.

The picture of the B-24 on the back of the newsletter is of Moran's mission returning from Balikpapan, Borneo. Our airplane was flying above his. Shortly after the picture was taken we took flak and Moran suddenly turned east over water.

Incidentally, my pilot was Erwin Greuel, deceased. 3 of us remain living. Radio operator John Katrincsak, West Mifflin, PA, and Victor Natale (Flight Engineer), Patchogue, NY.

Sincerely, Clyde

MAIL CALL

From: Steven W. Whaley <Whaley_Steven_W@cat.com>
Tue, Jun 15, 2010 at 10:35 AM
Re: Samuel Thomas Millikin

Please contact Steven if you would like to participate in his research.

Hello Barbara,

I have not had any contacts from any of the 380th Bombardment Gp about Samuel Millikin who went MIA on a B24 from the 529th Squadron. Not having a picture of Samuel hurt my inquiry, I believe.

But now I'm back with another inquiry. My uncle's LST landed Aussie troops during the Tarakan and Labuan/Brunei Bay Borneo landings. I'm expanding the book that I wrote about my uncle and his shipmates into a oral history of the Borneo campaign. The book has the working title, Allies and Mates: the Australians and the Americans in Borneo. To that end I've contacted over 65 Aussie veterans from the AIF, the RAN, and the RAAF. One of them-Bob Mackie-was a bomb aimer on S/Ldr Cupper's B24 A72-97 of the 23rd Squadron RAAF. Ray Cupper and a earlier crew flew with the 530th Squadron, 380th in October 1944 as did F/Lt Lex Halliday's crew in the 530th plane 'Toddy'.

I'm looking to contact any veterans of the 380th who worked with the Australians or who had flown bombing raids over Borneo in 1944 and 1945. I'm looking for their experiences and reminiscences.

Steven Whaley, 608 Manchester Dr, Kewanee, IL 61443 USA (309) 219-4515 WHALEY_STEVEN_W@CAT.COM

from: Graeme Cocks <gacocks@iinet.net.au>
date: Fri, Jul 9, 2010 at 1:43 AM
subject: 380th Expeditionary Operations Group

Greetings from Western Australia. I am writing to ask for your assistance with a historical project we are undertaking at Caversham near Perth, the State Capital. I am researching the history of what was known as the Fleet Air Arm Aerodrome Middle Swan which was constructed as a land-based airstrip for the Fleet Air Arm aircraft of the United States Navy and the Royal Navy in the defence of Perth.

While the Japanese never attacked Perth directly and the inland airstrips were not required, it appears that the 380th Bomb Group used the airstrip, later known as the Caversham Aerodrome, as part of its pilot training at Cunderdin (also in Western Australia). You might have more information on this. However, after the war, the WA Sporting Car Club applied to use the airfield for a motor racing event aimed at raising funds for the Maimed and Limbless Ex-servicemen's Appeal. Named the Victory Grand Prix, it took place on Sunday 7th April, 1946 and 60,000 spectators streamed into the aerodrome to cheer the winner, Clem Dwyer.

On 10th April, 1953 the WA Sporting Car Club signed a lease with the Commonwealth Government, allowing official use of the airstrip and grounds for motor racing. The Perth Gliding Club also leased a runway. The Government later took back the circuit to use a radio station for the RAAF base at Pearce. This effectively saved the site as it could not be developed. A few years ago, the radio base was decommissioned and it was found that the grounds were in "time warp" condition. The site therefore has great aviation and motorsport significance over here. As we move forward 50 years, today the aerodrome/motor circuit remains intact. The State Government now wants to use the land for a housing development and we are fighting to have it preserved.

The reason I am writing to you is to ask whether you or your members have any information, photographs or reminiscences of their use of the Caversham facility which we can put forward in our submission to the Government to save it. I am putting a presentation document together and even a picture of a Liberator or a crew who was based in WA would be helpful. The track has great historical significance to Western Australians and I am sure that if we can have our voice heard in the halls of Parliament then we might just be able to save it.

Thanks for any help you may be able to give.

Kind regards

Graeme Cocks
www.lemansbentley.com.au
www.motoringpast.com.au

Please contact Graeme if you have anything that would be of use to him regarding the Caversham facility.

MAIL CALL

From: Rosalyn Kin (George Lim Poy's daughter)
May 4, 2010

Barb,
My cousin Joe Chan (who came to the Tucson reunion) sent this. Thought it might be of interest to our group.
Rosalyn Kin

Subject: Officials identify Airmen listed as MIA ... B-24J near Palau

Welcome new Air Force Retiree News Service subscribers!
Release No. 04-08-10
April 30, 2010

Officials identify Airmen listed as MIA

WASHINGTON (AFRNS) -- The remains of eight U.S. servicemen, missing in action from World War II, have been accounted-for and returned to their families for burial with full military honors, announced Department of Defense POW/Missing Personnel Office officials.

The group remains of Lt. Jack S. M. Arnett, Charleston, W.V.; Flight Officer William B. Simpson, Winston-Salem, N.C.; Tech. Sgt. Charles T. Goulding, Marlboro, N.Y.; Tech. Sgt. Robert J. Stinson, San Bernardino, Calif.; Staff Sgt. Jimmie Doyle, Lamesa, Texas; Staff Sgt. Leland D. Price, Oakwood, Ohio; and Staff Sgt. Earl E. Yoh, Scott, Ohio, and the individual remains of Lt. Frank J. Arhar, Lloydell, Pa., were buried April 30 in Arlington National Cemetery. The individual remains of Lieutenant Arnett and Sergeants Yoh, Doyle and Stinson were buried earlier by their families.

On Sept. 1, 1944, their B-24J Liberator bomber was shot down while on a bombing mission of enemy targets near Koror, Republic of Palau. Crewmen on other aircraft reported seeing Lieutenant Arnett's aircraft come apart in the air and crash into the sea between Babelthuap and Koror islands. Two parachutes were spotted, but none of the 11-man crew ever returned to friendly territory. An aerial search was unsuccessful, and more thorough recovery operations could not be conducted because of Japanese control of the area.

Post-war Japanese documents established that three other members of the crew survived the crash but died while prisoners of the Japanese. In 1949, the American Graves Registration Service declared the remains of all 11 crew members to be non-recoverable.

In October 2000, a team from the Joint POW/MIA Accounting Command mounted several investigations on Babelthuap Island to attempt to locate several reported mass burial sites. A team returned in November 2001, but their excavation did not recover any material or biological evidence indicating a mass burial. They returned again January 2004, and shortly before the team completed their excavation, they were contacted by a private wreckage hunting group called the "Bent Prop Project" which had discovered the wreckage of a B-24 on the ocean floor four miles northeast of where a diagram from U.S. records indicated a crash site. The JPAC team examined the wreckage and recovered remains.

Divers from JPAC and the U.S. Navy examined the underwater site again in 2005 where they recovered more remains and material evidence. After safely stabilizing the underwater site, the joint JPAC-U.S. Navy team dived on the site again in early 2007 and recovered additional remains. The joint team returned again in 2008 and recovered more remains and evidence.

The use of mitochondrial DNA analysis from the Armed Forces DNA Identification Laboratory, the biological profile of the remains, dental records, material evidence including machine gun serial numbers and identification tags of Lieutenant Arnett and Sergeants Doyle and Yoh enabled JPAC scientists to establish the identifications.

For more information on the Defense Department's mission of accounting for missing Americans, visit the DPMO Web site at www.dtic.mil/dpmo, or call 703-699-1169.

A CHILDHOOD HISTORY LESSON REMEMBERED

WW II 380th Bomb Group Heroes of The Flying Circus

By Rosalyn Lim Kin (daughter of George Lim Poy)

As a child, I remember seeing a worn, leather album stuck way in the back of an old bureau chest that had a picture of a lion sitting on top of the world with the slogan "KING of the HEAVIES" on the cover and a patch of an angry Donald Duck waving one fist and holding a bomb in the other tucked inside it. I loved to sneak a peek at the aerial pictures of my dad's bombing runs and of the B-24s and their crews. He also had pictures of a few pretty girls in it and when asked who they are he would say that after meeting my mother, his memory of those other girls was "fuzzy" and that he couldn't remember their names. "Good answer," quipped my mother. Sometimes my dad would see me going through it and give me a brief history lesson. "This is where your grandparents used to live (Canton, Guang Dong Province, China)," he said. All around it were craters where the bombs hit, but, not near their house because my dad told everyone in his squadron not to bomb in this sector because his family lived there and that they are all US citizens.

He and his crew mates were determined to do their part to help end this terrible war. They were thrown into the thick of things and despite their different backgrounds they became as close to each other as if they had grown up in the same family. Their lives were connected by a common goal. Defeat the enemy and win this damn war.

It wasn't easy to get my father to talk about his part in the war. Like many of his generation, he just didn't talk about it much. He didn't talk about the camaraderie and loyalty that bound them together. He didn't talk about the hard work, perseverance and courage that it took to complete the bombing runs. He didn't talk about the danger that they all faced everyday of this war. What he didn't say, he demonstrated by showing unfailing loyalty to his family and friends. He demonstrated his hard work ethic every day and instilled it in all of his kids. He took nothing for granted and always gave back more than he received. It was drilled into us to always leave things in better shape than you found them. Own up to your responsibilities and accept them with pride. Do your part to help make things better; the world would be better for it. And with hard work and perseverance, nowhere on earth do you have the ability and the freedom to follow your dreams than here in America.

So, when my dad asked if my family could accompany them to one of his bomb group reunions in 2007, I gladly accepted. What a wonderful opportunity it was to get other perspectives and listen to other veterans recount little snippets of their experiences. I remembered my father's album and wondered if it was still intact. What a great piece of history that would be! (Provided that he still had it). This time I would view it with a greater appreciation and understanding of the intricacies that would bring our great nation into this world war. Not only did he still have it, he was able to add to it thanks to my cousin, Col. Joseph Chan (retired). Joe was able to request copies of documents from dad's career in the Air Force Base that were archived at Maxwell Air Base in Montgomery, Alabama. Joe was attending the War College at that time.

What a treasure trove of historical facts and notes he had amassed. These artifacts evoked memories in my father as if they had happened just yesterday. What had the greatest impact on me were many of my father's handwritten and typed personal mission logs. My father's narratives revealed a flair for writing that I was not often exposed to while growing up. His notes were so vivid that I could easily imagine being right there along side him. With my father's permission, I have transcribed his handwritten mission logs and would like to share them as well as his hand typed ones with you. (*Please note:* What my father wrote was from his perspective through the small window of the navigator. It may, and in some cases, be very different from that of other parts/windows and perspectives of his fellow crew members in the B-24.)



Poy and Kin families, 2007 Reunion

A CHILDHOOD HISTORY LESSON REMEMBERED (continued)

Mission Logs of
2nd Lt., George (G) Lim Poy, Navigator
531st Bomb Squadron
380th Bomb Group
310th Bomb Wing
V Bomber Command
Fifth Air Force, United States Army

4 March, 1945

Ground support job around Nawa Dam area, 9 miles from Manila.
Primary target: Jap artillery positions on both banks of the river.

Approximate 8/10s Stratus cumulus undercast over target at critical time of action. Circled target twice could not identify target through cloud coverage. Extreme turbulence.
Jettisoned bombs out at sea.
Buy more war bonds.

24 March, 1945

The bomb run was made from the Bay and our specified area of Lega(s)pai Port was easily identified. This was the second consecutive day of operations repeated on Jap installations & pill boxes along the shores of the port. A landing is expected.

Our bomb load was eight 1000 pounders. The first two dropped short of target line and exploded in the water. Poor fishes. The other six were direct hits and pulverized Jap defenses & Japs to smithereens. The concussion of explosions rebounded from the ground and jarred the plane slightly.

Japs are having a fish dinner tonight but there are going to be an awful lot of empty chairs.

27 March

Target – Okayama A/D

My ETA for the I.P. (Initial Point) had expired and heavy cloud coverage enveloped the entire coastline. The lead ship was feeling the coast line for estuary of the river which lie between Tainan town, our secondary target, and Okayama A/D. I wasn't aware what they had decided in the spur of the moment and carried on my navigation following the formation still heading north. Then suddenly the clouds broke and revealed a shoreline and we headed towards the opening. When we were over land we had completed a 180° turn and continued southward towards Okayama A/D. Okayama A/D was still socked in thus the lead bombardier decided to strike the secondary target, Tainan town. He couldn't pick up the aiming points for the marshaling yards and thought the bomb load was too valuable to dispose aimlessly, so he picked Tainan A/D for the victim of alternates. When interrogated we were all doubtful of the results but the recon photos told us a story we could hardly believe (seemed credible). We had, by mistake, destroyed 26 Jap planes at Tainan A/D.

I was certainly dumbfounded with surprise.

1 April, 1945

Target: Legaspi port

Today is Easter Sunday. Last Friday evening I attended rehearsal with the choir and planned to support Church services this morning. A priority AAA job took precedence to my Sunday plans.

This was "D" day for the invasion of Port Legaspi. Our mission today was supposed to be the ultimate pulverization prior to the landings. Approx. 30 vessels were standing by in the bay waiting for "H" hour. Some of the landing barges were circling in wide arcs to gather the landing formation. A couple of the

A CHILDHOOD HISTORY LESSON REMEMBERED (continued)

bolder crafts came within a few hundred yards of the shore line and let go a barrage of rocket fire. They shot out like roman candles, hitting straight & true. It seemed more like the night before 4th of July than the prelude to an invasion.

Our job was to knock out the artillery positions on a hill due south of the port & critical time was 0915 to 0930. The aiming points were visible but the clouds below closed in and prevented us from noting the results.

"H" hour was 0940 and first reports hailed the landing as successful with little or no opposition.

Hell, there shouldn't be any opposition left after we disposed 127 tons of bombs on Port Legaspi & vicinity.

3 April, 1945

TARGET: TOYOHARA A/D FORMOSA

Flew with Lt. Fowler & crew today because his navigator was in the hospital. I enjoyed flying with them and they all were regular fellows.

I was 2 points behind the rest of my crew, but this was a 3 points mission and now I'm one ahead of the boys.

7 April, 1945

TARGET: TOYOHARA A/D FORMOSA

We had to change planes because the bomb bay doors wouldn't close. During the rush, two members of the crew forgot their parachutes and we did not realize it until we were airborne. Bombs were jettisoned out the bay and we returned to the field.

A bomber of the 529th which followed us on take off exploded before it reached the end of the runway. No survivors.

Frank Wescot was on that plane.

15 April, 1945

SUNDAY

PLANE – DRUNKARDS DREAM

TARGET: SHINSHUCHI A/D, FORMOSA

In all our previous 7 missions this one was the hottest one yet. The weather was ideal and we flew contact all the way. We entered the coast to reach our I.P. (Initial Point) and turned according to our briefing. In spite of the ingenious job of camouflaging the airdrome & its facilities (they) stood out sharply against the reflection of the bright sun. We went square over the target without disposing our bombs and it still remains to be a dispute whether the lead pilot or bombardier was at fault. Nevertheless we had to make a second run over the target. There was only a few scattered bursts of flak the first time around & by the time we came in to make the second run, the Jap gunners had our alt., air speed & direction all calculated. Ack ack was leading us on course, coming up at a greater intensity and bursting within the formation. It still remains to be a mystery why the lead pilot, a certain Maj.

Van Pelt of Group, remained at the same alt., used identical evasion tactics, same breakaway (pattern) as we did the 1st time over target. This was just inviting danger not only to himself but to 23 other crews of B-24s.

After bombs away I crawled back up to the flight deck to peer out of the side blisters. I first noticed slim stringy trails of black smoke leading to the ground. I followed the trail of smoke down only to see an object aflame as it plummeted to earth. A horrible thought shot through my mind. Someone must have been hit!



A CHILDHOOD HISTORY LESSON REMEMBERED (continued)

Just then two fully blossomed white parachutes passed within my view. Then a wing section of the B-24 fluttered downward in flames like an autumn leaf descending to its grave.

The nose gunner witnessed the tragic incident. One of our bombers was losing altitude fast. It dropped out of formation and peeled off in a steep bank to the left as if trying to regain control. Then two chutes popped open. The bomber swerved around again and exploded in mid air. Almost simultaneously 4 more chutes blossomed out, 3 went clean of the flaming wreckage, and as the inferno fuselage went spinning down, its death claws reached out and snatched the 4th chute out of the air. The momentum of the spinning created a centrifugal force which threw the human beings out in a wide arc. It was all over in a matter of seconds. It was a grim sight for all of us and chills crept up my spine.

We returned to the field and the landing was delayed because a plane of the 529th cracked up at the end of the runway. Later we learned that the plane which exploded over target also belonged to the 529th.

Someone added that we encountered fighter interception which could be entirely possible because we didn't have any fighter cover at the time. Fighter cover began at 1300 to 1400 hrs and we were over target at 1230.

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It was in 2007 at my first 380<sup>th</sup> bomb group reunion that I attended that I first heard a story about my father almost getting shot by "friendly fire." A couple years ago at one of the first reunions that my parents attended, one of the other veterans approached my mother and said, "We nearly killed your husband!" With that statement they recounted the story of how he was almost mistaken for a Japanese straggler.

They had just landed on Mindoro in the Philippines. The men had pitched their tents. He was assigned "Officer of the Day" and was doing night checks to secure the encampment. He pulled open the flap of one of the tents, stuck his head in and asked if everything was all right. He knew they (the men) could see his officer's cap and bars on his shoulders and black arm band that the designated "Officer of the Day" wore. Dad could see the men immediately reach behind them for their guns because they thought he might have been a Japanese straggler impersonating an American officer. They soon recognized that he was a "friendly." You see, my father was the only Asian in a group of 10,000 men so it was understandable that not everyone knew of this Chinese American officer. What an eye opener!

Every time I look at this album, I am reminded of the quiet courage and bravery that is embodied in my father. I am reminded of the sacrifices that were made to insure the freedoms we sometimes take for granted and am grateful beyond measure. I am so very proud that he, George Lim Poy, is my father. It is our great honor to be able to attend another 5<sup>th</sup> AF, 380<sup>th</sup> Bomb Group Reunion with my father and mother this November 2008 in Tucson, Arizona. We hope to attend many more to come!

October 29, 2008



Poy Family at the 2008 Reunion



George and Jessie Poy

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# DREAM TIME

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## Installment #12 by Roger W. Caputo

*This is a story of one person's experience in World War II and the title grows out of the time served on the Continent of Australia (the term "Dream Time" is borrowed from the Australian Aborigine use of the term to describe the distant past of mankind). The writing was done because of the urgings of one family member and was completed in 1995. No claim is made that the story is one of a kind or especially unique, no more than each of us is some different from the other. Reproduced here by permission of the author.*

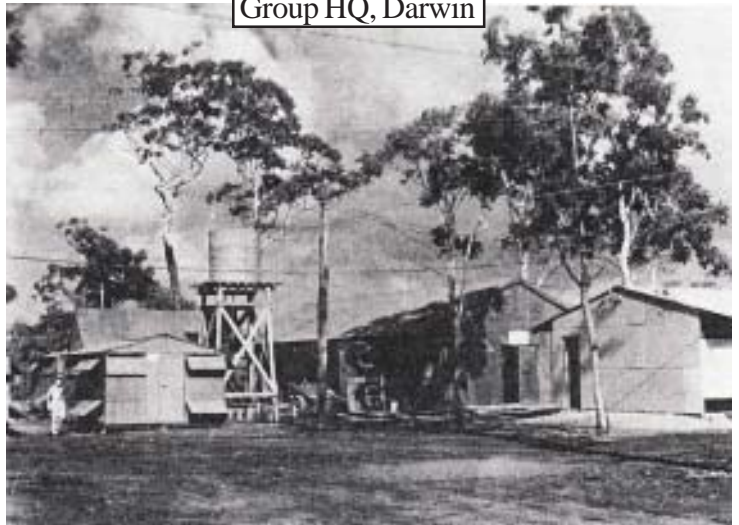
*Because of the length of the manuscript, we will tell Roger's story in various installments, in succeeding issues of THE FLYING CIRCUS Quarterly, as page space permits.*

*Roger Caputo was an NCO who was assigned to Group Headquarters, Administrative Section, in Intelligence.*

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After MacArthur had leap-frogged all the way up to Dutch New Guinea, the way was opened to the Philippines. The central Pacific thrust by the Navy and Marines was closing the gap in an East to West direction and the combination of the two advances made the Philippine invasion possible. When the Philippines were stabilized, the Japanese in the Dutch East Indies, though still there, were history. They were no longer a threat to anyone and the 380<sup>th</sup> could move from the remote air base in the "Outback" up to Darwin which put us nearer to the remaining targets by 100 miles. The round trip on every mission was now 200 miles shorter, a savings of 1-1/4 hours of air time which translated into a savings of 250 gallons of fuel equal to three 500 pound bombs. So we moved to Darwin. From the viewpoint of the ground forces, the only advantages were the ever-present sea breezes and the beach for some diversified recreation. The tents were improved by the presence of wooden floors, but everything else remained about the same. Swimming in the ocean was not recommended because of a tropical jelly fish called the Portuguese man-of-war. It was extremely poisonous and its sting could cause death.

Group HQ, Darwin



The big layout table ... the sides were kept rolled up for ventilation ... so every pile of photos had to have a rock on it to keep from blowing away



A lot of new faces begun to show up in the Group. Some air crews were rotated home and new ones took their place. Some changes also took place among the ground echelon, but to a lesser degree. One change took place in our HQ S-2 Section. A lieutenant reported in as a photo interpreter officer and became the officer I reported to. I knew nothing of his background, but he appeared to be a 90-day wonder and did not seem to have any sense of direction or purpose; in fact, he didn't and wouldn't do a damn thing. What was worse, he wouldn't allow anyone else, me, to do anything. Strike photos began to pile up on a big layout table which was covered only by a tent and the sides kept rolled up for ventilation, so every pile of photos had

to have a rock on it to keep from blowing away. Security was zero and everything was in chaos. I repeatedly appealed to him for permission to sort them out by targets and file them away. He continued to refuse without offering any explanation. I had been working under Major Fain soon after our arrival in Australia, and he had given me a free hand and depended on me to keep things in order. At this point I should have by the Military rules and "let the war go to hell and sit on my butt." (My hindsight is that would not have worked either!) Instead, I



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## *DREAM TIME (continued)*

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proceeded on my own to sort the photos and file them away after staring at the disorder for over a week. That was a mistake! The lieutenant flew into a rage when he discovered what I had done and he had me assigned to a day's KP as punishment for disobeying the order of an Officer and Gentleman. It was humiliating for me, but everyone in the HQ Section got a big laugh out of the incident, laughing not at me, but at him for being such a jerk. There had to be something wrong with the guy! The next day when I returned to my normal duties, he was gone, never to be seen again. Some right-thinking authority in HQ had figured out what had happened and shipped the lieutenant out to points unknown. If an Officer behaved like that in the infantry during combat, he'd been accidentally shot dead by friendly fire. It takes all kinds to make a world, but we don't need many like him!

The long-range planners in Bomber Command could foresee the day when the 380<sup>th</sup> Group would be needed in the Philippines and so preparations were begun to provide a replacement for the 380<sup>th</sup>. The United States provided enough B-24s to equip a couple of Aussie Squadrons and they were assigned to us for training and orientation. They were integrated with us and flew with us just as though we all belonged to one outfit. They were great people and displayed that rugged frontier spirit and can-do attitude that the Australians were so famous for. I don't ever expect to fight another war, but if I had to, I'd like to do it surrounded by Aussies on my side! Their free spirit was displayed in so many ways. One in particular occurred when on a bombing mission over Dutch New Guinea. After the bombing run was completed, a couple of Aussies peeled out of formation and made a high speed run right down the center of the enemy runway 100 feet off the deck with all ten 50-caliber machine guns blazing away ... take that, you bloody bastards! More salty than salt!

The Australian Aborigine's culture included something about how they came into existence in the beginning of time; it is an inspirational concept indicating their belief in a Great Spirit. They refer to this early time in their existence as "Dream Time," a very poetic description!

So it was the end of dream time for the 380<sup>th</sup> Bomb Group when they departed Darwin for the move to the Philippines. The trained Aussies left behind were more than capable of taking over the remaining work left in the Dutch East Indies. We bid them goodbye with considerable feeling as Australia, as war zones go, had been very, very good to us. To the last man we remembered Australia with the kindest of feelings!

As a member of the ground echelon, I always had to suffer the long moves aboard ship, but not this time; I got to make the trip from Darwin to Mindoro Island in the Philippines riding in a B-24 bomber. I never understood how it all came to be, but I was certainly overjoyed! It was a long trip, about 2,000 miles, requiring about 12 hours nonstop in the daylight. Most of the route was over hostile territory, but only hostile if there was an emergency. Water, water, everywhere; what land masses that lay along the course, seemed to be nothing compared to the amount of water!

The airbase on Mindoro Island was on the Southwest coast near the town of San Jose. Mindoro was one of the lesser islands lying about mid-way North and South within the Philippine group. San Jose is 125 miles due south of Manila and 300 miles northwest of where the Americans first landed on Leyte. Mindoro is about 50 miles wide by 115 miles long with the highest elevation being 2,500 feet. It faces the South China Sea to the west.

The Philippines was then a third-world country with a long history of colonial occupation. The culture and infrastructure of the islands' rural areas displayed only the beginnings of development. The rural Filipino homes were set on stilts, to minimize the invasion of the creepy crawly things that are common to the tropics. The mid-point of the island group rests a straddle of 12 degrees north latitude, or about 700 miles north of the equator. I observed only one stretch of paved highway near Clark Field on Luzon. It almost looked out of place in comparison to its surroundings. The City of Manila, the capital, was known as the "Pearl of the Orient," a modern city in every respect, but I did not get to see it.

The village of San Jose was so nondescript that if I was ever in it, no lasting impression registered. All of the lower elevation lands were tropical with coconut palms

Rural Dwelling, Mindoro, 1945



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## *DREAM TIME (continued)*

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everywhere. At the higher elevations, such as around Baguio, in the mountains of Luzon at 3,000 feet, temperate zone pine trees were present. All of the surface water in the Philippines was unfit for drinking or bathing. Every imaginable parasite known to mankind was present in the groundwater. The drinking water taken from bored wells was purified by the addition of chlorine and was not pleasant to drink. There was none of that good Aussie beer and not even any rot gut whiskey. The Philippines was absolutely the last place to go camping, but we did of necessity.

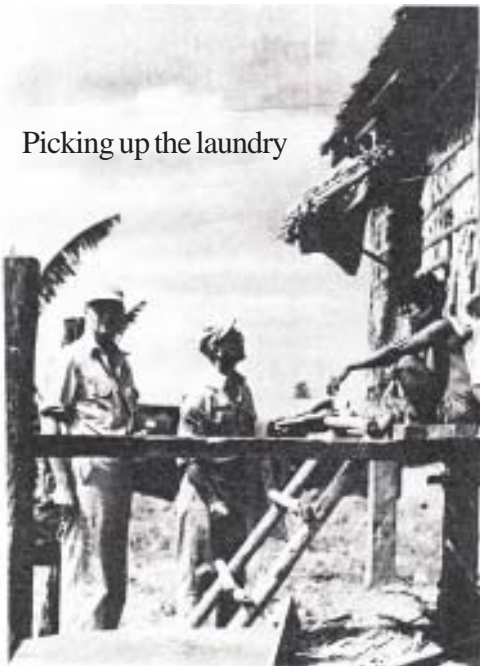
Our campsite was located on a knoll of ground (needed to stay out of the runoff from torrential rains) and it was extremely crowded and primitive.

Getting laundry done was near impossible until we got into letting the native Filipinos do it on a spot basis for a token fee. The letting out of the laundry was up to the individual and each one of us found a family of Filipinos to take in the wash. In the flat land, around our campsite, were numerous Filipino rural dwellings, each housing a family and we would walk down to the huts on the stilts with a bundle of laundry and hand it over to the lady of the house. For the most part they spoke no English and we spoke no Tagalog, so the communication was by hand signals. I shall never forget the occasion when I had drawn a new issue of khakis, shirt and pants, and after a few days they needed washing, so I took them to the "laundry." In a day or so, when I picked them up, I couldn't believe my eyes; they were nearly white as though I had them for years. It took me awhile to figure out what had happened. I had observed a Filipino lady on her hands and knees beside a small stream doing the laundry. The clothes were laid out on some flat rocks at the edge of the stream and she was pounding the clothes with a rock in her hand! We furnished the soap power; they furnished the muscle!

Rural Filipino Family, Mindoro, 1945



Picking up the laundry



When we were in Australia, the 380<sup>th</sup> enjoyed a large measure of autonomy, located as it was all by itself. The move to the Philippines changed all that completely. We became just another unit in MacArthur's army that did his bidding. There were no targets in the Philippines worthy of a Heavy Bomb Group's efforts so we were assigned targets in far-off, strange places such as: Indo China (Vietnam), 1500 miles west across the open South China Sea; or Formosa (Taiwan), 1,200 miles north. These were civilized areas which had been developed and there were large cities to attack. The Japanese had occupied all these territories and it was using them to support the Japanese war effort, so they became legitimate targets. The HQ specialty section, such as S-2, became almost spectators as none of our talents were required. The 5<sup>th</sup> Bomber Command did all the planning and analysis both before and after the missions. My section became a fifth wheel in the scheme of things. This, of course, did nothing for our morale, or sense of accomplishment, or sense of value. Given our experience in the isolated area of Australia, where atrophy of the mind begins to set in, the Philippine experience sort of finished off the process. This was not true of the aircrews, who still laid it on the line on every mission, or the ground crews, who continued to bust their butts 24/7; just the office types who really never had a mission from the outset!

I was going crazy for something to do, until I got a letter from Virginia, telling of her brother, Bill, who was with the Army Field Artillery on the

Island of Luzon, the big one. I knew his unit number so it was relatively easy to pinpoint his exact location through the intelligence channels. His unit was dug in near Baguio in the mountains of Luzon. MacArthur's forces had either captured (not many), or killed, or driven the Japanese survivors into the hills where they holed up and only needed



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## *DREAM TIME (continued)*

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to be kept in an ineffective condition. There was no point wasting effort and lives trying to root them out; just let hunger take over! I asked Major Fain for permission to travel to Luzon for a visit with Bill; at least we could have a sort of a family (to be) reunion and I knew Virginia and her family back home, as well as Bill's wife, might appreciate an eyewitness report.

And so began the great and daring adventure. Special orders were cut (nobody moves anywhere in the Military until the "Clerk Typist" types do their thing on the typewriters). Since we were an air outfit, there was always traffic to and fro between Mindoro and Fifth Bomber Command, then located on the big pre-war air base at Clark Field. Clark Field was located on Luzon near the town of Angeles, 200 air miles due north. It was the same Clark Field upon which the Japanese caught our B-17 bombers on the ground, doing business as usual, one day in December 1941 (right after Pearl Harbor) and smashed the whole bunch; we had nothing to fight back with. The 380<sup>th</sup> HQ arranged for me to catch an airplane ride to Clark Field. Prior to departure, I made preparations to join the War, because that is exactly where I was going – where the War was. I scrounged together a steel helmet; a gun belt with a canteen; ammo pouches; a 45-caliber automatic Army-issue pistol with holster to hang on the belt (to carry a carbine would have been too clumsy and I reasoned if I needed a weapon, it would be under very close range circumstances, like the enemy jumping out from behind a tree); a back pack into which I put my mess kit, toilet articles, a rain poncho, spare socks (all infantry-trained soldiers carry spare socks because the feet are most important); and one change of underwear and khakis. I was ready; look out, War, here I come!

The ride to Clark Field was uneventful, but arrival was near dusk, so I reported to the Base Command for overnight quarters and was assigned accordingly. Next morning I departed for Baguio, showing my orders to the perimeter MPs as I exited on foot and asked for hints on ground transport to Baguio. I was on my own and responsible for working out the transport details. The MPs were no help, but the highway passing the Base was heavy with Military traffic; lots and lots of trucks. I stood beside the road with my thumb in the air, just like at home, and I was soon picked up by a truck. "Where ya go'in, buddy?" "Baguio," I replied. "Hop in, I just happen to be going there too!" It was about 15 road miles to Baguio, given all the crooks and turns as the truck wound its way up into the mountains. I don't remember the driving time, but it must have been something like 4 hours, and I was there by noon. The truck driver knew of the outfit I was looking for and he dropped me practically on their doorstep. All was quiet that day in Baguio and Bill was available and we got right to the serious business of visiting. Bill showed me around the camp and the artillery pieces set in place to fire on a moment's notice.

There was extra space in Bill's tent and I bunked in with him on a standard Army cot, exactly as I was used to at home (Mindoro). I can no longer remember whether I stayed one night or two. I do remember taking a stroll around the resort town of Baguio as Bill's outfit was camped just on the edge of town. Baguio was a lovely place nestled in amongst the pine trees. The breezes were cool and dry. The Elite of Manila kept summer places in Baguio to escape the oppressive heat of the tropical low lands. This was before the days of central air conditioning. MacArthur in his days of service before the War had a place in Baguio.

The day came to depart from Baguio and I looked about for some of our Military trucks and none were to be found. I faced a crisis in transportation! Someone mentioned there was a Filipino civilian bus which ran a regular route from Baguio down into the low lands. After a bit of search, I was able to locate the bus loading up on the town square. I had visions of it being crammed full, with people riding on the top with goats and what-not. Such was not the case; there was a seat available inside among all the women and children; there were no men present, but the driver was a young male. To describe the bus as vintage would have been accurate. It had a square-like body; a flat roof for those extra passengers and chickens; the color was somewhere between an orange and a yellow.

Off we went in a cloud of dust, roaring down the narrow unpaved two-lane (marginally so) mountain road. There were absolutely no guard rails anywhere along the route. Like all mountain roads, this one made generous use of the switchback arrangement, so that half of the time I'm looking out the window to straight down! The driver was not the least bit inhibited about going too fast. I really couldn't tell if what I was seeing was his normal speed or the brakes were not working. Thoughts began to go through my mind about the possible hometown newspaper headlines – "Local boy killed in the Philippines ... a civilian bus ... mountain road ... and etc. ... he is survived by ... and etc.!" That wild ride lasted less than an hour, and that's a long time to hold your breath! At last we reached the more or less level coastal plain and the tension was relieved. The bus did not go to Clark Field and I got off at a stop along the main highway and thumbed a military truck which eventually deposited me at the gates to the Air Base.

Next day I caught a flight back to Mindoro and I don't remember a single detail of it, but I did get back within the time limits specified in my orders. End of the adventure!

# TAPS

*Day is done, gone the sun, from the lake, from the hill,  
from the sky. All is well, safely rest, God is nigh.*

*Thanks and praise for our days 'neath the sun, 'neath  
the stars, 'neath the sky. As we go, this we know  
God is nigh.*



**LEST WE FORGET**

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**528th/Group, Chutich, Joseph D.,** Ordnance Officer (528th) and Group Motor Maintenance Officer (Group), DOD March 13, 2010, Coon Rapids. Minnesota, reported by Ray Oeth

**528th, Fortenberry, William M.,** Pilot, Tate Crew (9), DOD January 27, 2010, Mobile, Alabama, by his widow, Barbara

**528th, Haves, Hyman H.,** Navigator, Spencer Crew (16), DOD March 3, 2010, Los Angeles, California, reported by his daughter Maeera Mouglin, and Arvid Olson

**528th, Oakes, Donna Lea,** wife of Loyd Oakes, DOD February 11, 2010, Corpus Christi, Texas, reported by her husband, Loyd

**529th/Group, Fanus, Sheldon H.,** Intelligence Officer, DOD 2010, Leesburg, Florida, reported by Steve Kelley

**529th, Garner, William S.,** Pilot, Hendrickson Crew, DOD April 21, 2010, Fort Smith, Arkansas, reported by his son, Richard Garner

**529th, Gordon, William A.,** Navigator, Kroes Crew (56), DOD February 12, 2010, St Louis, Missouri, reported by his widow, Sylvia

**529th, Osborne, Henry A.,** Aircraft Commander, Osborne Crew, DOD July 9, 2010, Lakehurst, New Jersey, reported by his widow, Marcia

**529th/530th, Henderson, Ralph A.,** Ordnance Officer (529th and 530th) and Transportation Officer (530th), DOD February 24, 2010, Dallas. Texas, reported by his son, Keith Henderson

**530th, Ross, Max,** Aircraft Commander, Ross Crew (57), DOD October 5, 1970, Omaha, Nebraska, reported by his son, Larry Ross



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