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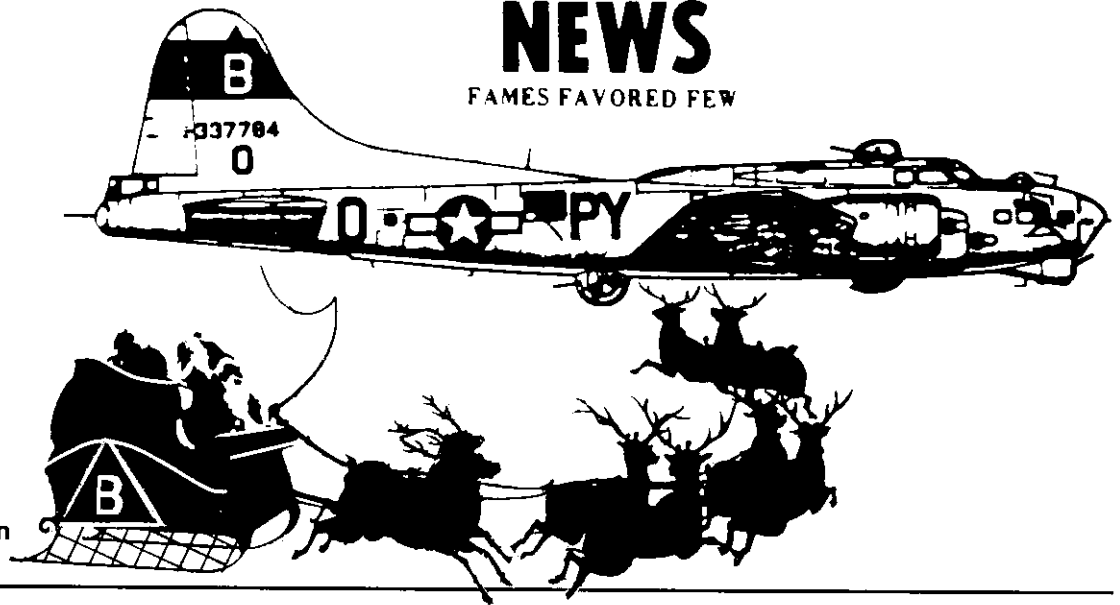
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# 92nd Bombardment Group

## NEWS

FAMES FAVORED FEW



MERRY CHRISTMAS AND HAPPY NEW YEAR

\*\* SPECIAL 1989 ROSTER UPDATE IN CENTER PULLOUT \*\*

## DECEMBER 1989

### MISSION REPORT

As an Aviation Cadet at Columbia, we were given ten hours of flight training in J-3 Cubs by Wiggins Aviation at the airport. We did rectangular courses, drift eights, S-turns, pylon eights, force landings, take-offs and



Front L/R Hodges,-P, Robertson-CP, Ray-NAV, Gisriel-Bomb,  
Back L/R Noble-BT, Dahlgren-LW, Moggs-TG, Heare-RO, Meeks-RW, Talbot-ENG

landings, an introduction to spins and recoveries. I was always relaxed in an airplane, probably not the best, just average according to my log book.

Then in June 1943 on by train to San Antonio for the physical and physiomotor test. Our days were made up of

calisthenics, drill and policing newly made drill fields. They would redrag them during the night and the next day we would be policing them again and standing retreat, with a retreat parade afterwards. Guard duty, I had a post around the base of the water tower. Class A suntan with white gloves, a rifle and two clips of ammunition. Later at Chorley in England, I had guard duty Thanksgiving night walking the fence with a rifle and no ammunition. My eyes didn't come up to the doctor's standards, so I asked for a class 2 physical with a waiver on my eyes, so if my tests were high enough I could qualify for navigation school. The next day I was posted on the board to go to Ellington Field for navigation. We were allowed to go to town once in the ten weeks that I was there. About 30 days after being posted to Ellington Field, they called a batch of us in and told us that the schools were filled, they had changed the qualification scores and we were going to be put out of the program, G.D.O. for at least thirty days, then we could write to Randolph Field and be reinstated.

Then up to Sheppard Field, another physical and the option of being a radio gunner or being a radio gunner. I figured that I might get to Scott or Sioux Falls, S.D.

Probably in early August 1943, I was sent to Las Vegas, Nev. for ten weeks of gunnery training. On arrival they told us that by the time we finished we would be able to field strip and reassembly a 50 cal. machine gun in one minute blind folded. No way, but by graduation day we could do it. We shot skeet, singles, slow doubles, fast doubles, shot from the back of a moving truck standing up with birds (clay pigeons) being fired from low and high

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houses at all different deflections.

Aircraft recognition, Waller trainer where pictures of fighters were projected on a quarter of a sphere screen. Flew on missions out of Las Vegas in a Lockheed "Hudson" with an Emerson top turret shooting at a target that looked like a cigarette hung in the sky. The last couple of weeks at Las Vegas, we were sent up to Indian Springs for further air to air firing. I thought "Oh-Boy" now I'll get to at last ride in an AT-6, as prior to that time your first air to air firing was with a 30 cal. mounted in the rear cockpit of the AT-6's. Wrong again, my class was the first to go into B-17's for the air to air firing. The front half of the class went into B-17's for their's, the latter half into the AT-6's. They ran up some terrific scores as the pilots of the 6's would go in and slow roll around the sleeve. On the way up to the firing range, the 6's with us used to fly above our wing then slow roll over the top of the B-17, or the bottom, to the opposite wing. They were really ready to go. The only time I ever got sick in an airplane was that first ride in the B-17. We were at 9000 ft. in the nose in the sun waiting to go back and fire and a buddy said he was going to get sick, I told him it was all in his head. He got sick before he left the nose, I sat there, the odor, I noticed every time I lowered my head it started to feel awful, I just barely made it to the bombay. When I stepped into the waist, he was laying on the side of the catwalk, looked up and laughed. I grabbed the the belt of ammo, slammed it into the feed, fired and laid down too. We got to go into Las Vegas only once while we were there.

Graduation Day, Oct. 25, 1943 and a 15 day delay in route to my next base, 18th Replacement Wing, Salt Lake City. A day after Thanksgiving, I was posted to Lt. Hodges crew, sent to Dalhart, Tex. for O.T.U. Our original crew picture was taken at Dalhart. It is in the July 1979-92 *nd B.G. Newsletter*. Big snow storm at Dalhart around Xmas, couldn't get the planes in the air for a number of days. Rumor was we were going to be moved to Enid, Okla., the weather broke and we started flying again. I reapplied for cadets, the orders were cut, sent but were rescinded by the C.O. at Dalhart stating I was too far into training to transfer out. So be it.

Our crew members at that time were; Lt. Charles Hodges-Pilot, Lt. Paul Robertson-Co-Pilot, Lt. Vince Gisriel-Bombardier, Lt. George Ray-Navigator, T/Sgt Wm Talbot-Engineer/Top turret, T/Sgt Robert Heare-Radio Operator, S/Sgt Robert Nobel-Ball turret, S/Sgt James Meeks-Right Waist, S/Sgt Earl Dahlgren-Left Waist and S/Sgt Wm. Moggs-Tail Gunner.

Leaving Dalhart in mid Feb. 1944 we went to Kearney, Neb. to pick up a new B-17 and left Kearney 2/25/44 and arrived in Manchester, N.H. There we were snowed in for a week. They took our fleece lined flying clothes from us and issued us the new electrically heated flying suits, felt shoes and heated leather gloves. Wm. Moggs, being slightly built was given the royal blue one piece heated suit, the rest of us had the two piece forest green units.

I don't recall how many planes were in the flight, but we arrived in Goose Bay, Lab. 3/2/44 landing on a snow packed runway in the middle of the night. Temp.-25. We were supposed to refuel and take-off to go on overseas, waited most of the night for the refueling truck then they called and said to draw barracks as the weather was

going bad over the Atlantic. They installed a five hundred gallon tank in one side of the bombay, with our baggage on the other side.

Left Goose Bay, middle of the night 3/11/44 and arrived Bally Halbart, Ireland some thirteen hours later. Somewhere west of Ireland, as we were inbound a British "Sunderland" flying boat flew past us, evidently looking us over to make sure we were not German. Then within flying distance for them a "Spitfire" came out and flew past us. Only time we ever saw a "Spitfire" in the air close up. We came down through the clouds close to Nutts Corner, but though Ray and Gisriel saw the field, Hodges and Robbie evidently did not. There must of been a low cloud deck, because being low on fuel, on radio silence, we started looking for a field to get down. We were not alone, for when we finally got a green light from this fighter base Bally Halbart and landed, two more B-17's followed us in. The fellows in those planes probably remember.

Rather stopped the British when we wanted 500 gallons of gas for our planes. Hodges, our Pilot said we would be leaving at 9:00 in the morning. So Moggs, Talbot, Noble and myself decided to go to town. Greener than grass, took the grommets out of our hats, fifty mission crush, leather jackets, no Irish money and we went into Bally Halbart. We ordered a drink and the fellow brought us some dark looking beer, "Stout" I guess. Didn't look too great to me. We decided to go to Belfast, which was some distance away, so we got on the bus and took off for Belfast. The driver had to wait till we got into Belfast for our fare, as none of us knew the exchange rate. The last bus was leaving Belfast at nine that evening, with that we were off to see Belfast. Had a baked potato, which they sold from stands like popcorn in this country. Wandered around like we knew what we were doing, though we were really babes. Finally we went into a restaurant, got something to eat and when we went back out, we experienced our first blacked out town. Moggs and I took off by ourselves and when we finally went to the bus station, we arrived just after the bus had left for Bal Halbart. We went to the Red Cross Club and got in line for refreshments, the Red Cross girls came up to us and said, "You fellows come with us." They took us into their office and there were the other fellows we had gone into town with. The girls brought us sandwiches, cigarettes, and coffee. The other fellows had already called for a cab back to the base. B.T.O.'s, with lot of brass, but no smarts, as we were soon to find out. Had to draw bedding and find a bunk after we got back. In the morning, we took off and flew to Nutts Corner, last we saw of that airplane as it went to a sub-depot to be drawn by groups as they were needed.

They sent us in a couple of days, by truck to a field, where they loaded our baggage, twelve enlisted men into a B-24 to ferry us to Bovingdon. The pilot said, "As many as you can get into the nose, the rest of you, stand on the catwalk in the bombay as close to the front as you can." I again didn't care much for riding that way, but we arrived at Bovingdon 3/13/44. The Germans were still bombing London and we would stand on top of the air raid shelters during the alert, watching the searchlights over London. While we were there a B-29 came in, first we had known of them, rumored to be shown to the British

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officials. On 3/17/44 we were sent to Walsh, at Snettisham, ground to air firing, informed we didn't know anything, they had the latest information on firing and that many of us wouldn't survive our first mission.

We and Roy Jones crew arrived in Podington on 3/27/44 to be greeted by a bunch of fellows calling out, "You ain't going to like it here!"

We were posted to the 326th B.S., our squadron was the first group of buildings on the left as you came in from the main gate that went to Wollaston. They told us to get ready, we might have to go out right away.

We had Quonson, most of the time, till late June or July, to ourselves. It was cold, we had no coal, so one night we went out to a desert hut, took off the door and took it back with a machete, from our issued jungle pack, chopped it up for firewood and burned the evidence.

1st Alert 3/31/44 Ludwigshaven---Abort., 2nd Alert 4/6/44 Abort, 3rd Alert Vechta, Ger. Abort. On all of these, some were scrubbed before we even took off, others after we were airborne.

1st Mission 4/10/44 Melsbroek airfield, near Brussels, Bel. Briefed for possible 200 fighters, no fighters, Vince gave us an oxygen check as we came into the flak which helped much. Bomb load--42--64 lb. incendiaries. Six holes in the number one nacelle, one on the pilot's window, no injuries. Time 4 hr.-15 min.

2nd Mission 4/18/44 Oranienburg, 15 to 20 miles north and slightly west of Berlin. Low group, low squadron, number 6, tail end "Charlie". Bomb load--pamphlets, no flak, no fighters, though I saw a M.E.-109 coming in from 10:00 high, which blew up right after reporting him. Pamphlets had a picture of Pres. Roosevelt on it with German writing. Time 8 hr.-15 min.

3rd Mission 4/19/44 Kassel, Ger. German training units(aircraft). No fighters, lots of flak, one hit on windshield. Bomb load 36--64 lb. Time 6 hr.-34 min.

4th Mission 4/20/44 Lurmdes, France Rocket launchers, V-1 Bomb load 12-500 lb. 4 hr.

5th Mission 4/22/44 Hamm, Germany. No flack, no fighters. Bomb Load 36-100 Lb. Either this mission or the one to Kassel, we had a group fly through us on a reciprocal heading. Hodges and the plane he was flying on went through the same slot, broke up the formation, but no losses. Time 7 hrs-15 min. Air Medal for five missions.

6th Mission 4/27/44 Pas de Calais, France. Rocket-buzz bomb launchers. Bitter flak, no fighters. Bomb load 16-500 lb, none dropped. three holes, nose, waist and tail. 4hrs.

7th Mission Avord, France. No fighters, bitter flack, no hits. Bomb load 36-clusters of 6 frag. Time 5 hr-45 min.

8th Mission 4/28/44 Berlin, Germany. Air Division Hdq. No fighters, bitter flak at target and coming home. Jim Meeks Purple Heart, hit in back of arm with shrapnel, bandaged him in radio room. He was grounded for several months with wound, then transferred to a B-26 outfit, given credit for 16 missions, finished 60, before coming home. Seven holes in plane. Bomb load 5-1000 lb. Time 8 hr.

9th Mission 5/1/44 Le Grismont, France First night assembly. Tail gunners with Aldis lamps flashed squadron ident. to the plane following. Flew the coast singly, went

into 6 plane squadrons, flew back to the base where we went into 18 plane groups then to bunches for wing formations. Buzz-bomb launchers. Bomb load 12-500 lb. None dropped, too many clouds. No fighters, no flak. Time for night assembly and mission. 7 hr.-45 min.

10th Mission 5/4/44 Berlin (Recall) First squadron lead. Went halfway, then mission recalled. No fighters, some accurate flak. Bomb load 30 inc. clusters, like a bunch of matches with two cables around them holding them to shackles. When dropped, they spread all over. Brought them all back that day, I believe. Oak Leave cluster to Air Medal.

11th Mission 5/7/44 Berlin, Ger. Squadron lead. Bomb load 30 inc.-3-1000 lb. No fighters, heavy flak. I believe over Dummer Lake this day, I saw a number of con-trails coming in at us, but they broke off and jumped a bunch of B-24's behind us in the next C.B.W. One I know exploded, because I can recall the main tanks burning as they fell to the ground. Sorry!, but better them than me. Time 8 hr.-45 min.

12th Mission 5/8/44 Berlin, Ger. Squadron lead. Bomb load 30 inc.-3-1000 lb. We must have been in a high composite group that day, because after the I.P. two planes in the high group touched wings, shearing off some from each plane. One fell off to our right, the other to our left. I remember I was watching the co-pilot in the plane flying off our wing, I could see him squeezing his oxygen mask to crack the ice out of it. As I was watching, a B-17, inverted struck the plane's number 3 and 4 engines on the right side. The inverted plane broke in half at the ball turret, like breaking a cracker in two, both started down. No fighters or flak in the area at the time, just mid-air. The 92nd lost one plane that day, Lt. Fishburn's crew. I see in the roster Lt. Thomas Fishburn is a member of the association, so some of them must have gotten out on the way down. This was also the day Col. Reid, with fire streaming from number one engine went into Seething on the English coast and we could see him on the final landing there. Time 8 hr.-45 min.

13th Mission 5/9/44 Thineville, France. Airfield Bomb load 10-500 lb. No fighters or flak.

14th Mission 5/12 44 Merseberg, Germany. Synthetic oil plant, I.G Farben. Group lead. Bomb load 15-310 lb. 1 smoke. No fighters, bitter flak. Vince Gisriel got a D.F.C. for his bombing as Group Lead. Time 8 hrs.

15th Mission 5/20/44 Orly Field, Paris, France. Bomb load 6-1000 lb. Group lead. Instrument take-off. We took off the lead Sqd., then Lt Jack Pearl who was leading the low Sqd., crashed off the end of the runway, and Lt. Wm Seitz and Lt. Wiggans ran together on the main runway. Ironically we were given a 48 hr pass to London, while the fellows there had to stay and clean up. We had to land on the aux. runway, because of the hole in the main runway. Time 6 hrs-30 min.

16th Mission 5/24/44 Berlin, Germany. Wing Lead of C.B.W. Bomb load 32 inc. 10-100 lbs. Medium flack, no fighters, but after bombing and turning back east of Berlin, the fighters jumped the C.B.W. in front of us. We could see the 20 mm. exploding and B-17's going down. Robbie was on the radio calling for fighter cover, but they must have spent all their ammo. fuel and left. Time 9 hrs.

17th Mission 5/25/44 Phronville, France. Wing lead. Bomb load 10-500 lbs. I believe this was the day

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when after we had bombed the target and were on the way home a C.B.W. of B-24's came through us on their bomb run, like shuffling a deck of cards. No one lost. Time 6 hr-20 min.

June 6, 1944. D-Day We were in the equipment room drawing our flight gear to go over to Chelveston. We had been put on detached service to go fly a P.F.F. ship. Lt. Ray Alexander, became our navigator, Lt. Gaylord Corlis, replaced Paul Robertson as our Co-Pilot and Lt. Fabec, was the radar navigator on plane # 637.

18th Mission 6/7/44 Afternoon mission Kerlin-Bastard, France. Flew as deputy lead aft the C.B.W. Bomb load 30-100 lb. No fighters, light flak Time 5 hr 40 min. Oak leaf cluster to Air Metal.

19th Mission 6/18/44 Hamburg, Germany. We flew over to the 92nd the evening before, as either the 327th or the 326th was to be the lead group of the combat wing we were flying in as deputy lead. Lt. Robert Crutcher, went along as command pilot. Lt. Gaylord, our co-pilot rode in the nose with Lt. Vince Gisriel, bombardier and Lt. Ray Alexander, navigator, Lt. Charles Hodges, Pilot, Wm Talbot, engineer, Robert Heare, radio, Lt. Fabec, radar navigator, in the radio room Robert Noble at right waist, myself at left waist, and Wm. Moggs in the tail. As we were turning on the perimeter track to go to the end of Runway 23, a turn to the left, Hodges ran up the right engines to make the turn, but when he got on the brakes to stop the turn, he had no brakes and we did a 270 degree turn and wound up with the wheels against the edge of the perimeter track. There of course was planes, loaded, behind us. Col. Reid came out and the following planes finally taxied out on the grass and passed us. They hooked on some cleat tracks and fuel trucks and finally got the plane # 637 back on the perimeter track. Col. Reid checked the hydraulic pressure and of course there was none as Hodges had said. Leak fixed, we took off at once as we were already late. Not a good start for a mission. We caught up with the C.B.W. and slid into position. After the I.P., the lead plane called saying their P.F.F. equipment was on the fritz and we should take over the lead position, which we did. We bombed visually, though Lt. Fabec was following on the bomb run in the event there was a cloud over the target when we got to the release point. We dropped the bombs, the doors closed, Vince called "Look out for the flak" the plane rolled to the right, and we started down into a steep dive. I grabbed my chute, hooked it on and reached for the emergency waist door release. I had looked out both windows and all engines were running, no gas streaming, but I could see the North Sea over the leading edge of the wing. An 88 mm, had come in on the lower left side of the fuselage, forward of the nose escape hatch, angling up taking Hodges right leg off and exploding along the left side of Lt. Crutcher's head, killing him at once. We felt wind in the plane and looked forward and Wm. Talbot was standing in the forward part of the bombay, he had come out of the top turret and Hodges was motioning to him and Bill thought he meant for him to jump. But Hodges later said he meant for Bill to pull Lt. Crutcher off the control column, where he had slumped. Bob Heare motioned Talbot into the radio room and about that time we had a fire in the bombay, electric motors that ran the doors up and down. Wm. Talbot took a fire extinguisher and put out the

fire. In the mean time the plane began to level out. We had lost some fourteen thousand feet in a small amount of time. Wm. Talbot went back forward and then the fellows forward got Hodges into the nose of the plane and Lt. Gaylord came from the nose and began flying.

Wm. Talbot had come back from the nose after we had leveled off and wanted someone to crank up the bombay doors. I said I would do it if they held on to my chute harness, so I climbed across the catwalk and cranked the doors closed with the flak shells exploding below us. There were four shells behind and off of each wing tip, one salvo right after another. #637 had a chaff chute by the left waist window and even though it wasn't supposed to help the plane putting out, I proceeded to feed a carton of chaff out, gave me something to do.

Vince, Ray and Wm. Talbot were down in the nose trying to help Hodges. Vince came on the radio and said we were going to make it to Sweden and if we felt we couldn't make it we would bail out. The airplane was now flying level and holding altitude, loose cables in the waist, probably rudder cables as the rudder pedals on the pilot's side were gone. We started up the Danish peninsula, then Vince came on again and said that if we could make it to Sweden and get Grubby to a hospital, we could probably get back to England, but again if we felt we wouldn't make it to jump before we got out over the North Sea. We hadn't any fighter attacks though we were looking for them. We felt all alone, though later fellows in the group said they could see us below them. Sometime after we left the enemy coast, Talbot came back and wanted someone to go to the cockpit and hold Lt. Crutcher off the control column. I went forward, slid behind the throttle quadrant, allowing his head to rest against the middle of my back, propping him back in the seat. The panel was torn up, windshield gone on the co-pilots side and the glass in the top on that side gone also. I used a piece of flak suit to deflect the wind from Gaylord Corlis, who was flying with what he had left, which wasn't much. He had scrapped some of the blood from the windshield so he could see. Lt. Fabec, in the radio room, with his scope, navigated us right straight to a field on the English coast at Langhem. Sometime after we had gotten settled down, on the way home, I went back to the waist and the fellows forward, got Lt. Crutcher out of his seat and Ray Alexander was going to try to run the rudder pedals from the right side for Corlis, but the airstream coming in was too much. The plane had the radar dome where the ball turret was on other B-17's, so it didn't create any problems as far as a belly landing was concerned. One of the throttles was jammed and we were told we were going in on the belly. I know Moggs, myself, Talbot, Alexander and Gisriel sat on the floor with our backs to the bare bulkhead of the bombay. Heare at his radio station and Lt. Fabec at his radar chair, Hodges was in the nose, we unscrewed the cable to radar unit so there wouldn't be any sparks from it. Could feel and hear the plane slowing down, then around we went. Lt. Corlis had no gear or flaps to slow him down and no airspeed indicator or any instruments to help him. Three more passes, aborted each time, then Hodges said he was going up to land the plane. He didn't though, on the next pass Lt. Corlis got the tail on the ground, then the belly, the props started hitting and gently settled in sliding across the

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field. We had already taken the radio room hatch out, the plane filled up with vapor as we slid across the field, slowed, turned to the left slightly and stopped.

We went out through the escape hatch. Corlis had done a beautiful job. We went around to the front of the plane, Wm. Talbot was trying to break the plexiglass nose with his forty five. They got Hodges out, put him in an ambulance and took the rest of us into a building where we waited. They brought us some hot drinks, called the 92nd and we waited until they sent a plane for us.

Within a day or so, Moggs, Heare, Talbot, Noble and myself were on our way to the rest home located down by Southampton. The Germans had started launching buzz-bombs at London and we spent the wait for our train in the subway beneath the station.

The rest home was a beautiful estate, run by the Red Cross, with English help. They gave us civilian clothes. The butler would come in the morning, open the black-out curtains, wish us "Good morning", give us juice, and inform us what time breakfast would be served. Sometime during the week, Doc. Dewey Boden came down, now it comes to me that he probably was there to watch us. The officers probably went to another rest home. They fed us well and as I recall after we had been down there a day or so, everyone seemed to be spilling sugar when you tried to put it in your coffee, or spilling water when you tried to take a drink. Seems as the stress let up this came on, because we hadn't had the problem till we got down there and it left as soon as we got back to the base. We spent the time going into the near-by pubs, having tea in the late afternoon, playing pool in the billard room. We were given one box of shotgun shells to fire during the week. Late in the week we found out that the group was sending a plane down to pick up Doc. Boden, so we called the group to see if we could wait over till the next morning and they said we could. The girls took us to a field where there had been fighters, but had moved to France. The plane came in and we asked the pilot to buzz the field after we took off. He said in that area, you were supposed to have the gear down, but as we lifted off, we could hear the gear coming up, we came back across the field flat-hatting it, waving to the girls. We flew to some field in southern England to see a buddy of his. The runway or off to the side of it was lined with gliders.

20th Mission 6/28/44 Merseburg, Germany. Bomb load 10-500 lb. Lt. Paul Robertson, our original co-pilot, had checked out as a first pilot around 6/6/44 and had been flying with another crew, but still had a few missions to fly. We went with him on this mission. Heavy flak, no fighters. Time 8hr-50 min.

In the 92nd Newsletter, Dec. 1981, page 5 upper left picture was taken the day we flew up to see Hodges. Back row l/r Lt. Alexander, Doc. Boden, Lt. Robertson, Lt. Ray, and Lt. Gisriel. Front row l/r, myself, Talbot, Heare, Moggs, and Noble. The picture was taken in front of "Cooking with Gas".

21st Mission 7/7/44 Leipzig, Germany. Lt. Robertson-pilot Bomb load 10-500lb. Heavy flak no fighters. Time 8 hr.-50 min.

22nd Mission 7/13/44 Munich, Germany Lt. Robertson-pilot. The small diary that I had been keeping was filled up and the balance was kept on a sheet of paper. Flak, no fighters. Time 8 hrs.-50 min.

Lt. Robertson now had just one to go and we didn't fly with him on the last mission, but we sure had a party in the Officer's Club when he got back from liberty run that evening. Finished the rest of the night there, after he returned from town.

The next day Robbie came to our hut and said we were going to be given to Lt. Jack Glasco as his crew, and asked why didn't we go to Lt. Glasco to see if he could get us a 48 hr. pass to London and get acquainted. He got us a pass and came back to inform us. I had a fifth of Scotch in my B-4 bag, so we broke that out and a canteen of water. We finished the Scotch off and took off for London. Bob Heare and I went with the rest of them to Wellingbrough, where they took the train to London, but Bob and I caught a cab to Northampton. Talbot came back to Northampton the next morning, he didn't care for the buzz-bombs coming in down there.

23rd Mission 7/18/44 Peenemunde, Germany. Rocket experimental plant. No fighters, but flak. We came in to the target from over the Baltic Sea. First mission with Lt. Glasco. We were in #3 position lead group. Time 9hr-57 min.

24th Mission 7/25/44 St. Lo area. The day before the 8th had dropped in front of the troops, by accident some bombs fell on our troops, we went back the next day and bombed from 12,000 ft. Time 4 hr.

25th Mission 8/5/44 Langenhagen, Germany. This target was just north of Hanover. No fighters, but flak. Time 7hr.

26th Mission 8/6/44 Brandenburg, Ger. About 30 miles west of Berlin. No fighters, but since the Germans were pulling back, you could catch flak anywhere. The flak chart wasn't charted as well as they had been prior to the invasion. Time 9hr.

27th Mission Monthartier, France. I believe this was the mission where they sent 2 to 3 wings down toward Bordeaux, to bomb a buried ammo or fuel dump. We climbed to 20,000 feet over the front lines then dropped to 12,000 ft to bomb, then climbed back to 20,000 ft to cross the lines on the way home.. No fighters and not much flak. Time 7 hr-30 min.

28th Mission 8/15/44 Frankfort, Ger. No fighters, but flak.

29th Mission Naumburg, Ger. No fighters, but flak.

30th Mission Ludwigshaven, Ger. No fighters, but flak always heavy in this area.

31st Mission Mannheim, Ger. No fighters, bitter heavy, close flak, so close it was causing shadows in the plane. Watching the plane flying off our wing, either this mission or the one to Ludwigshaven on the fifth, an 88 mm exploded right on the ball turret, one second it was there, the next it was gone. That morning as we taxied out for take off Moggs said "Look Earl" and when he flexed his arm you could see a spark jumping across from a broken wire in his heat suit. I told him he should tell Jack, but all of us being somewhat superstitious, he elected to go with the suit that had gotten him through thirty missions. He stayed in the radio room in a casualty blanket till we got to the bomb line, somewhere over France, then went back to the tail for the bomb run. After the bomb run, he called me, saying he was getting cold so I went back to the tail and he went to the radio room. On the way home I was watching the Wing behind us, when all at once two fighters

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slid across behind us. I grabbed the fifties, then identified them as P-51's. Earlier they would never have put themselves in that position. One mission to go.

Jack Glasco and Robert Heare having one mission less than the rest of us went on the mission 9/11/44 and were one of the crews shot down on those two disastrous days the 92nd experienced in Sept. of 1944.

32nd Mission 9/17/44 Arnhem, Eindhoven, Nijmegen, Holland. Bomb load 42-265 lb frag. Last mission, we either finish or we go down today. Funny how your thinking goes. We went in at 12,000 ft. bombed to keep the Germans down, so that the gliders and paratroopers following could get on the ground, with the least amount of trouble. Coming off the target and on the way home we met C-47's towing british "Horsa" gliders. Getting back we were given the third Oak Leaf Cluster to our Air Medal and the D.F.C. for completing our tour.

Within 24 hrs. we had cleared the base, with Vince, I believe Alexander, Talbot and Moggs heading for the States. Noble was sent to a base to fly a relay ship and I went to the Wash as an instructor. No students going through there then all the fields had plenty of crews. Had a 48 hr pass, to go to London, but someone had spoken to us and said that the V-2's were coming into London and I didn't want that kind of excitement. Spent my time going into Kings Lynn or Hunstanton.

Friday, Oct. 13th, we were having a non com's party, I went outside for a pit stop and here came a V-1 on its' way somewhere. I was sent to Chorley, prior to Thanksgiving and that evening pulled guard duty, walking the fence. A rifle but no ammo. Ironic, in the States two clips at San Antonio.

Charles Hodges had gotten the D.S.C. for the 10 of June, Hamburg. Gaylord Corlis the Silver Star.

Around the 1st of Dec, a bunch of us returnies boarded a troop ship for the trip home. Two troop ships and a large number of tankers. Thirteen days home bound. Sent to Miami Beach for R and R. Applied for Cadets, on to San Antonio, for Pre-Flight, finished that then they closed the program in May for all except returning officers. Was sent to Big Springs, Tex. where I worked in a shop, till I came up for discharge Sept. 17. 1945

Finally after many years, I got my pilots license, accumulated 1300 hrs. before hanging up my wings in 1986.

This is the way my reflections of those days 45 years ago, of those with the 92nd B.G. 326 B.S.. We were lucky to have served in such an outstanding outfit.

Respectfully Yours,  
Earl R. Dahlgren

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## REUNION 1990 UPDATE

The countdown is now approaching with less than one year to the 1990 reunion in Sacramento, California. We are moving up the date to September 13-17 to hopefully avoid other 8th Air Force functions.

The Red Lion Hotel, with its' 450 rooms, excellent meeting facilities, fine catering, free parking, courtesy

airport shuttle and a competitive room rate of \$72.00 per night (double or single room) won the bid over the Hilton, Sheraton, Hyatt and the Marriot SFO.

The Red Lion is a low rise, garden hotel with all the necessary facilities for our needs, including a grand ballroom seating 900 guests for dinner and dancing. Shopping and other restaurants are within walking distance.

We have signed a contract with United Airlines as our special carrier. United has agreed to give us 45% off unrestricted coach fares (Y/NY). Details will be given in future Newsletters. United has given the committee two coach round trip tickets good anywhere in the continental U.S. and Hawaii. My suggestion is that we award these tickets, by drawing, to those attendees who get their deposits in early, say by July 15, 1990?

We are planning a day of escorted excursions depending on interests to San Francisco, the Napa wine country, Grass Valley/Nevada City Empire Mine State Park: Sutter Creek/Amador wine tasting (Mother Lode gold country) and South Lake Tahoe casinos.

We still have many loose ends and our planning continues. Hope to see you all in the Golden State September 13-17, 1990.

Sincerely,  
Jack Kleinsorg

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## SECRETARY'S COLUMN

This quarter saw many tasks accomplished, the largest and most important being the removal of the "Big Picture" from the Podington airdrome and its' delivery to Duxford. (Editor's Note: Due to a proofreading error it was mistakenly reported in the September issue that the painting was on the wall of the 326th ready room instead of the 325th.) Gerry Darnall oversaw the removal of the wall and was instrumental in getting 500 bricks donated to replace that portion of the wall that was removed. The Board of Governors approved the sum of 500 pounds sterling to cover the cost of the project. In addition your board also approved the funding of the Duxford portion to enclose the picture in the facility as illustrated on page 11 of the September issue. John Mills, our chairman in the UK, is to confer with the Duxford people and advise as to the amount of funds required. The press release by Duxford appeared in many US newspapers and several were sent to the Secretary by the membership and I am hoping the Editor is able to fit one of them in the newsletter. There have been twelve contributions to the Duxford project thus far with the major contribution coming from the 407th Bomb Squadron. To those who contributed, your efforts are much appreciated and will ensure a lasting monument to the 92nd at Duxford.

Another project completed is the insertion in this issue of the Roster Update. This is still a growing organization as we are continually picking up additional people each month. I am still amazed that many new members write and say they heard of the organization from one of their crew members and when I research the crew member referred to I find he has been a member for several

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