

OFFICERS

J. Kemp McLaughlin-President
304-342-3030
Sam Yandian-Vice President
918-627-1268
Sheldon W. Kirsner-Sec./Trea.
314-487-8171

REPRESENTATIVES

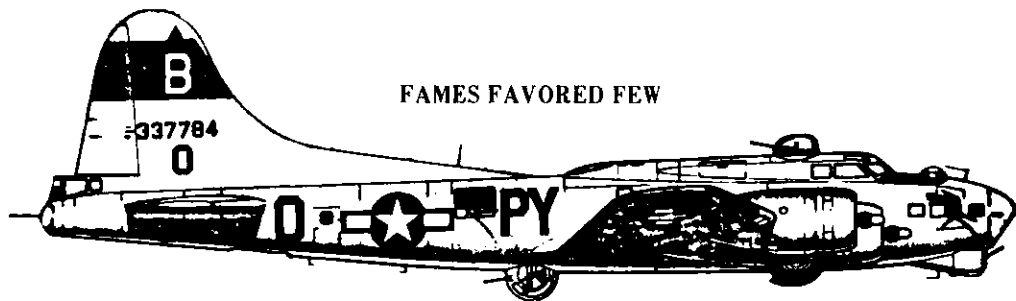
Earl Gauthier-325th
Jack Massmann-326th
John Bosko-327th
Robert Naifeh-407th
Raphael Kernan-HQ
Thomas Griesbaum-CCRC
John Shorrock-446th
Frank Sylvester-347th

EDITOR

Sheldon W. Kirsner

92nd Bombardment Group

NEWS



VOL. IX

LETTER 3

September 1985

THE SKY MONSTERS

by William B. Post

PART I

Never Kick A B-17

The mournful wail of the overhead siren sent most P.W.'s scurrying for the cellar. The sky monsters were on the prowl. I had never been bombed before and saw no reason for them to bomb this small town. I stayed to watch them come. The Sky was clear of clouds and was bright blue. It started like the droning of a bee hive. The noise got louder and angrier. They relentlessly lumbered along in a seemingly endless line of V's. The 17's were so high I could only see them as dots that occasionally glinted in the sunlight. Their many white contrails sliced the sky to ribbons. For some unknown reason, one group dropped their deadly cargo. First came a great swishing noise like an express train zipping through a subway station. The earth shook; windows blew to pieces and glass went flying like shrapnel. Plaster fell sending up great clouds of dust. Everything that wasn't nailed down flew helter skelter. Over a hundred 500 pounders went off at once making a thunderous explosion that sucked the air from your lungs. I scrambled over the debris and headed for the cellar. It was my initiation to the power of the sky monsters. After that, my knees turned to jelly and my body quaked at the sound of one. I wasn't alone. The Germans feared and respected the B-17. They had no respect for the crews; calling us pig-dogs and air gangster. They kicked us and knocked us around and even hung some of us to lamp posts. The B-17 was never spoken of in a disrespectful manner. Once, I saw a German officer shake his fist at them; but it was out of frustration and a bit of bravado. No one kicked a downed B-17.

The Crew

Pilot	Cxpt. E.E. Hendrickson	(finished missions)
Copilot	Lt. Richard Haffreman	(finished missions)
Nav.	Lt. James Beck	(finished missions)
Bomb.	Lt. Charles Cronauer	(finished missions)
Eng.	T/Sgt. Glade Sickels	(finished missions)
R/O	T/Sgt. William Post	(PW 23rd mission)
W/G	S/Sgt. Frank Wisilosky	(KIA 23rd mission)
B/T	S.Sgt. Robert Schackelford	(KIA 23rd mission)
T/G	S/Sgt. Reuben Roberts	(wounded about 19th mission)
W/G	Sgt. Paul Queer	(removed when crew went from ten to nine)



327th Squadron - (Back row, l. to r.) S/Sgt. Frank Wisilosky, Eng; Sgt. Glade Sickels, A/Eng; Sgt. Robert Schackelford, A/Rog; Sgt. Paul Queer, A/Ag. (front row, l. to r.) S/Sgt. William Post, Jr. Rog; Sgt. Reuben Roberts, Ag; 2nd Lt. "Hank" Hendrickson, Pilot; 2nd Lt. Richard Haffeman, Copilot; 2nd Lt. James Beck, Nav; 2nd Lt. Charles Cronauer, Bomb.

Tailspin Tommy

I seem to have put the cart before the horse. My story is really about the brave men who quaked inside the stomach of the sky monster. I was a young man raised on the Lone Ranger and the heroics of Tailspin Tommy. Gung-ho, I quit my job in a war plant and signed up with the Army Air Force. My final destination was 92nd Bm Gp 327th Sq. stationed in England. After my first mission, I realized Tailspin Tommy and his white scarf had left something out. He hadn't mentioned anything about being scared to death. To be fair, flying missions was more like playing russian roulette than the derring-do of the Lone Ranger. You sat in the rumbling monster for hours on end as the enemy and the fates did their best to kill you. Your thoughts turned to survival as those long missions turned your blood to ice water and drained you mentally. A survivor needs 10% skill, 10% training

TAMPA '86 OCTOBER 8 - 11

ttel
lens

orrock
orrock

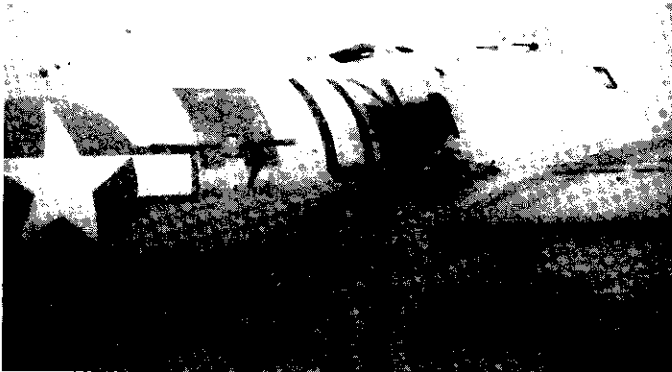
ORG.
GE

MO
826

and 80% luck. You can get by without the first two but it was curtains without the last one.

The Fates Turn Sour

So far we had been lucky with only one man wounded. After one mission we counted over a thousand holes in the craft and no one injured. It was a small miracle. On the trip to Munich we had two engines knocked out by flak. We dropped the ball and all the guns and everything else we could break loose. We sailed along all alone with clear skies deep inside Germany. We made it back to England losing altitude all the way. It was hairy, but luckily, the German Air Force was exhausted and sent no intercepts. Lady luck was definitely with us, on that fateful day but, there were ominous signs that fate was no longer smiling. This was our 23rd mission but we counted backwards; thirteen to go. It was also September 13, 1944. In the briefing room the string on the map ended at Merseburg. A loud groan went up. We had been there three times before and everytime things got worse. On the September 11th mission we lost quite a few planes.



Examining a damaged "Sky Monster"

When they cut our crew from ten to nine, they left the extra flak suit on board. I used to drape this suit over my chair in the radio room because when I sat down my whole bottom was exposed. I climbed aboard to find Frank standing on the suit. I said, "Would you please hand me my suit?" He said, "It's not yours, it belongs to the U.S. Government." (Maybe he had a premonition.) I didn't like a confrontation before a mission, so I offered

to flip him for it. He agreed and lost. Maybe if he had won, he would still be alive and me dead.

The Lights Go Out

On the way in we had the usual fighter scares and light Flak. It was soon to change. The Flak was worse than we ever had before. I usually kept my chute behind me because it was difficult to work over it. I decided to clip it on one ring. That little action was to save my life. A great flash went off and I was suddenly freezing. Everything went black. Something was howling in my ears. I thought I was dead and this must be how death is. My eyes slowly came back to focus and I saw a spinning earth. It is hard to get your brain on track. I did it in steps. 1) That's the earth. 2) If that's the earth then I'm in mid-air. 3) If I'm in mid-air then I'm not dead. 4) I better pull my chute. I remembered that my chute was only on one ring and it probably wouldn't work that way. I tried to snap the other ring on by holding my chute against my chest with my knees and working with my good arm. (At the time I thought my right arm was blown off.) The wind buffeted me and the ring fell flat with every try. I went into a dizzying spin from my left elbow being stuck out. I stopped the spin by sticking my arm out the other side. When I got to about five thousand feet, I decided it was an impossible task. It was pull the rip-cord and the devil take the hindmost. The chute popped open very gently and I found myself hanging parallel to the earth. The white silk was full of holes but still a beautiful sight. I suddenly turned warm and the winds quieted. "That wasn't so bad," I thought but the nightmare continued. I saw white puffs on the ground and realized that they were shooting at me. They hit me in the shoulder. I drifted very fast out over plowed fields. I was sure glad to get away from the riflemen. I was heading for a strip of trees between fields. I swung my back to them and huddled in a ball. I crashed through the trees and came to a gentle stop as, my chute wrapped around a branch. I hung about fifteen feet from the ground. I tried swinging back and forth so I could grab a tree trunk. The branch broke and I smashed to the ground. The branch fell on top of me and I was completely hidden. I was surprised to see my right arm; shattered and useless but still there. I couldn't stand because my left ankle was sliced to the bone and my right leg was numb from a hunk of flak in my hip. Then I heard the Germans shouting and running and looking for me. What to do? If they didn't find me I'd probably die. Would Tailspin yell here I am? No he wouldn't because he's as dumb as me. They found me

(Continued on page 14)

1986 REUNION NEWS:

October 8 thru 11th

Ray Griffith, Chairman advises he has blocked 170 Rooms at the Admiral Benbow Inn, 5 minutes from Tampa International Airport and 20 minutes from McDill AFB.

Tentative schedule of events:

Oct. 8: Registration - Hospitality Room - Free evening

Oct. 9: Working on Busch Gardens-Dark Continent Tour, 20 minutes from hotel

Oct. 10: Free Morning - Executive Board Meeting Afternoon-Memorial Services and Tour of McDill AFB. Working on possible dinner cruise (3 hours), Hillsboro River and Tampa Bay.

Oct. 11: Free Morning
Afternoon-General meeting
Evening-Banquet at Officers Club, McDill AFB.

Oct. 12: Farewells

This is a preliminary schedule and revisions will be forthcoming. It is planned to shift the Memorial Services and tour on Oct. 10, to the Morning and allow time in the afternoon for golf, fishing shopping etc. Disney World is another consideration as an alternative to Busch Gardens.

The 1986 8th Air Force reunion is scheduled for the following weekend (Oct 16-19th) on the east coast of Florida.



407th Reunion 1985, Valley Forge, PA. (Photo courtesy Bill McTavish)

407th Reunion

The 407th Squadron held their reunion at Valey Forge, PA 34 were in attendance and 72 were present for the banquet. The above photo was taken in front of the Chapel at the Freedom Foundation.

Thi
arc
anc
tim
Sor
eve
acc
col
per
cov
Jun
We
gra
July
was
and
beg
Oct
Ope

326 B
Engi
Mauri
pilot;

Nov.
Bomb
actly
home:
field
tunnel
first fl
namec
Nov. 2
centra
and ve
being
no app
I felt h
flak hc
Nov. 3
from ta
many.
a clouc
they co
could g
day. A

92nd PERSONNEL LISTED ON WALL OF MISSING

Name	Rank	Squadron
ANGLISS, William J.	Pfo	326 B.Sq.
ASP, Glenn A.	S/Sgt	325 B.Sq.
BECK, Wayne E.	S/Sgt	325 B.Sq.
BENEDICT, Robert I.	2 Lt	326 B.Sq.
BENJAMIN, Dwight O.	S/Sgt	327 B.Sq.
BOYE, Richard E.	1 Lt	325 B.Sq.
BROOKS, Glenn V. Jr.	1 Lt	327 B.Sq.
BUCK, Frank J.	2 Lt	326 B.Sq.
BUCKMAN, Clarence J. Jr.	1 Lt	327 B.Sq.
BURLESON, James M.	T/Sgt	325 B.Sq.
BUSH, Kenneth W.	S/Sgt	325 B.Sq.
COLE, Joseph L.	Sgt	326 B.Sq.
CONLEY, Ralph F.	Sgt	326 B.Sq.
DEVANEY, Robert E.	T/Sgt	327 B.Sq.
EARLY, Le Moyne C.	Sgt	326 B.Sq.
EGAN, Francis X.	1 Lt	325 B.Sq.
ELLIOTT, Ronald B.	S/Sgt	325 B.Sq.
ELLIS, Harold C.	Sgt	325 B.Sq.
FRENCH, Morton T. Jr.	Capt	325 B.Sq.
FROELICH, Rudolph E.	S/Sgt	325 B.Sq.
GILMORE, Richard H.	S/Sgt	325 B.Sq.
GOSHY, John	S/Sgt	325 B.Sq.
GRANT, Fred C. Jr.	Flt O	326 B.Sq.
GREEN, Claud L. Jr.	1 Lt	325 B.Sq.
HANSON, Jerome K.	2 Lt	326 B.Sq.
HAPPE, Kenneth A.	Sgt	325 B.Sq.
HAYCOCK, Herbert S.	2 Lt	326 B.Sq.
HILL, Alton S.	2 Lt	412 B.Sq.
HOLLAND, Carl C.	S/Sgt	325 B.Sq.
JONES, Howard A.	S/Sgt	325 B.Sq.
KENDRICK, Cecil R.	Sgt	326 B.Sq.
LANSFORD, Walter C. Jr.	1 Lt	325 B.Sq.
LEVY, Norman C.	Sgt	407 B.Sq.
LINDANER, John E.	T/Sgt	325 B.Sq.
MAKELA, Felix P.	S/Sgt	327 B.Sq.
McGRAW, John A. Jr.	Sgt	325 B.Sq.
McKENDRY, Robert W.	S/Sgt	407 B.Sq.
McMURRY, Robert S.	1 Lt	325 B.Sq.
MODAFFERI, Louis D.	T/Sgt	325 B.Sq.
MONTGOMERY, William J.	2 Lt	
MZYK, Steve	T/Sgt	407 B.Sq.
NUGENT, Robert A.	2 Lt	325 B.Sq.
OTTERSON, Val L.	2 Lt	407 B.Sq.
PEARSON, Frank E.	1 Lt	325 B.Sq.
PHILLIPS, Wendell Jr.	S/Sgt	325 B.Sq.
PINNELAS, David	2 Lt	326 B.Sq.
PRICE, Jesse W.	2 Lt	325 B.Sq.
RICHARDS, Conrad B.	2 Lt	325 B.Sq.
ROBERTS, Wallace M.	S/Sgt	327 B.Sq.
RODWAY, Fred S.	2 Lt	326 B.Sq.
RUSSELL, Samuel W. Jr.	2 Lt	326 B.Sq.
SHAPIRO, Charles	Sgt	327 B.Sq.
SMITH, Darwin K.	S/Sgt	326 B.Sq.
SUMMERFIELD, Donald E.	Sgt	325 B.Sq.
TOMLISON, Frank E.	2 Lt	326 B.Sq.
TRACY, Eugene M.	2 Lt	325 B.Sq.
TRELAWNEY-ANSELL, Edward C.	T/Sgt	327 B.Sq.
VAN DENELZEN, Ben	1 Lt	407 B.Sq.
VERRICO, Anthony D.	S/Sgt	325 B.Sq.
VOLLRATH, Elmer R.	Sgt	326 B.Sq.
WALSH, Edward C.	1 Lt	326 B.Sq.
WAREHAM, George H. Jr.	1 Lt	407 B.Sq.
WHELAN, William F.	1 Lt	326 B.Sq.
WOOD, Leonard L.	1 Lt	325 B.Sq.

92nd BOMB GROUP PERSONNEL BURIED AT AMERICAN MILITARY CEMETERY CAMBRIDGE

Name	Rank	Squadron
ANDERSON, Lawrence A.	Sgt	407
ATAMIAN, Harry H.	2 Lt	407
BEDARD, Wilfred A.	Sgt	327
BUIKEMA, Jacob	T/Sgt	326
BUNGARD, John E.	T/Sgt	327
CAMPBELL, Robert L.	1 Lt	326
CHAMBERS, Charles H.	Sgt	327
COOK, George A.	T/Sgt	325
CROWELL, Hubert W.	Cpl	327
CURRIER, Jeremiah L.	Sgt	326
DONOVAN, Charles M.	Sgt	327
DUNAWAY, Lee E.	2 Lt	407
DZIEDZIECH, Richard	Sgt	407
ESTRADA, Arthur R.	Sgt	327
FAWCETT, Edwin	S/Sgt	407
FOSTER, Robert L.	Sgt	325
GALATIS, Angelo P.	S/Sgt	000
GRECO, Angelo V.	Sgt	327
GRIMMETT, James W.	2 Lt	407
GUISEWITE, Marlin E.	2 Lt	326
HARDY, Edwin	FL O	327
HERZBERG, Charles L.	2 Lt	326
HOLMAN, Robert B.	2 Lt	326
ISBELL, Jack P.	Sgt	327
JOHNSON, Henry B.	2 Lt	407
KEMLER, Harold L.	Sgt	327
KIRSCHBRAUN, Jack	Sgt	327
KNOWLES, William L.	Capt	407
LEVERIDGE, Robert M.	1 Lt	327
MARTIN, Joseph E.	T/Sgt	327
PAYETTE, Edward E.	Sgt	407
RHUDY, Robert W.	Sgt	407
RICHICHI, John J.	S/Sgt	325
RIESING, Edward C.	Sgt	327
SHACKELFORD, Robert L.	S/Sgt	327
SILVER, Sherman M.	S/Sgt	327
SPROUT, Robert L.	1 Lt	326
STANDISH, Thomas G. Jr.	Sgt	327
SWEATT, Albert W.	Pvt	327
TOOMEY, Winston M.	/Sgt	327
URBIS, John Z.	T/Sgt	326
VAN STRATTON, Joseph M.	2 Lt	327
WHITE, William D.	Sgt	327
WILIS, William H.	S/Sgt	327

Total number of personnel: 44

THE SKY MONSTERS *(Continued from page 2)*

anyhow. In the PW camp I met a Lt. Gus Krause. He was badly burned and covered with crepe paper bandages. He looked like the invisible man. He was an officer observer in the lead plane. He said he saw a guy blown out of a plane and never use his chute. I realized he was talking about me. I had thought the whole plane had blown up. His plane was hit shortly after ours and they went down in flames. He finally managed to get out and the crashing plane blew his chute open. We had gone over Leipzig on our bomb run. For us, as the Germans said, the war was over. Our war had just started but that's another story.

(Photos courtesy William Post)