# CERIGNOLA CONNECTION

*455th Bomb Group Association Newsletter*

Spring 1994

## *Notes From Lou Hansen Executive Director*

Your prayers, cards, letters and notes were the greatest help in my recovery of the severe stroke that zapped me on December 7th. Frances had to read things as it took three months for me to be able to read. Later, when I could read, it helped sharpen my very foggy memory. Thanks for your help so much.

### Sooner Than You Think

1995 is just around the corner and the dates have been set for the 455th Bomb Group reunion. Mark your calendars now for September 27 to October 1, 1995. The place - SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS. This will be our biggest bash ever. There will be lots to see, lots to do. You have plenty of time to plan ahead. Circle those dates and we'll see you there!

### 50th Anniversary Caps Available

Thanks to Ross Strode, the 50th Anniversary caps in blue or white are again available.

The cost for each cap is $7.00, which includes postage and handling. When ordering, state how many caps and color (blue or white). Make your check to the 455th Bomb Group Asssociation and mail it to Lou Hansen, Box 6125, Spencer, IA 51301.

## *Final Flights*

Our hearts are with and sympathies go to the loved ones of 455th members.

1st. Lt. Fred E. Marks (10/18/93)
1st Pilot, 741st BSq.

M/Sgt. John E. Maegly (2/05/94)
Crew Chief, 740th BSq.

T/Sgt. Rolla H. Humburg (8/01/93)
Sq. Head Electrical 743rd BSq.

S/Sgt. Charles H. Gulley (11/30/91)
Nose Gunner, Martin Maurer's crew, 743rd BSq.

S/Sgt. John G. Sims (4/20/91)
ROp/Waist Gunner
Donald J. Anderton's crew, 743rd BSq.

Cpl. Lee Roy Simpson (12/14/91)
Bomb Sight & Sheet Metal Technician, 742 BSq.

## *Officers for the Year*

The following officers and board members have been nominated and elected:

| | |
|---|---|
| President: | Maj. Gen. Eugene Hudson |
| Vice Pres: | S/Sgt David Frawley |
| Secretary: | Col. John Davis |
| Treasurer: | Col. Louie Hansen |

Directors: Lt. Col. Tom Ramey, S/Sgt Robert Armstrong, T/Sgt James Bates, T/Sgt Carl Loiocano, Capt. James Smith. Board members held over: Lt. Col. Winfield Bowers Jr., Lt. Col. Clarence Riggs, Capt. Harold Schuknecht, Col. James Shumard, Jr. and Lt. Col. Ross Strode.

Members extended a motion of appreciation to Col. Louie Hansen for his outstanding service on behalf of the 455th Association.

By a unanimous vote, Col. Louie Hansen is to continue as Executive Director of the association and Col. Al Asch was named Group Historian.

# Italy and the 455th Through the Eye of a Donut!

The American Red Cross sent me to Italy as a member of the Clubmobile unit. We were also known as doughnut girls. I had the privilege of working with the 455th Bomb Group in Cerignola, Italy.

Our duties consisted of serving doughnuts and coffee to the flyers on their return from the missions. We also went to the different squadron Day Rooms and danced with the guys of an evening and sometimes we went to the squadron mess halls and ate with them. They were so cordial and fun and we were proud to be Americans.

Our days usually consisted of phoning the headquarters in the morning to get the ETA. We knew the plans had taken off on a mission because we could hear them in the morning very early. Hattsie Vaden (Price) and I shared a clubmobile, nothing fancy, just a small van type car and we took off to our air fields. Hatts served the 454th B.G. and I would let her off first and then go next door to the 455th.

It didn't take very long to set up and then came the waiting. There were others wandering around listening and usually the Photo Section guys were there begging for doughnuts and heckling me, but still we were listening. Then in the far distance you could hear a small sound of droning engines which got louder and louder and then a roar and they flew over our heads, circled and landed. What a sight! Transportation brought the guys from the field to the briefing room and my doughnut stand was right in front so I served them on their way in. When the last went by, I packed up, picked up Hatts and went back to town.

It doesn't sound like much but we were so thrilled to be a part of it. Everyone was great and willing to do anything for us. We learned from the very beginning going to the officers, they always said they would take care of it, but sorry guys, we found when we went to the EMs they got it done.

The whole thing was an experience I'll never forget.

*Maggie Curtiss Meadows*
*American Red Cross Clubmobile*





*(Left) The doughnuts were great, but GI coffee and condensed milk!!*

*(Right) Early returns got to the doughnuts first, but there were still plenty for all!*

*ED. - "Maggie" is now a new Associate member of the 455th Bomb Group Association.*



*455th Plaque Dedication, Memorial Park, Langley Field, VA*



*Gathering for the dedication service*



*Dedication Plaque*



*The unveiling. Left to right: Louis Hansen, Chet Wantuck, Bill Graves, Dave Brothers, Hal Gorecki*



*Voted "Best Crew in the Group." Left to right, Dave Brothers and Hal Gorecki Guess who did the voting!*



*Picture of Gorecki's crew (2/22/44) on borrowed plane for raid on Zara, Yugoslavia. Plane was returned with no scratches or holes notched. Left to right, Frawley, Pilot Nash (the real owner of the Blonde Bombshell, Dave Brothers, and Hal Gorecki.*

## *Reunion "93*



*741st Flight Surgeon, Dr. Harold Schuknecht, was in Rome to present a medical paper. While he was there he was honored by a special audience with the Pope. Left to right are Dr. Schuknecht, the Pope's doctor, and Pope John Paul 2nd.*



*From the reunion, left to right, Senator George McGovern, Carl Loiocano, Mary Marcotrigiano and Angelo Marcotrigiano.*



*Reunion Apron Wearers, front row, left to right: Hal Schuknecht, Horace Lanford, John Davis, Gene Hudson . Back row, left to right: Bill Crim, George McCord, Hump Hosinel, and Carl Loiocano.*



*Left to right: Chet Wantuck, Bill Graves, Dave Brothers, and Hal Gorecki hold a picture of Goreck's crew after a raid on Zara Yugoslavia (2/22/44), this in John Nash's Blond Bombshell.*



*Gerald Adams asks: "The issue of the Cerignola Connections that came yesterday with the photo of the girl and the gremlens on page 8 brough back many memories. It was a B-24H, Nos 741 and I flew 7 of my last 8 missions in the airplane and it's also the one we flew in to Cairo, Egypt on flak leave on 7/26/44. Our crew picture before take off is on page 229 of the unit history. No one on the crew can remember the name of the plane and I wonder if anyone can identify it for me?*

# *DO YOU HAVE A WAR STORY?*

A few issues ago, the following was published in our Cerignola Connection (CC). We were looking for war stories for a possible publication. Only three were received, hardly enough for publishing a formal Association publication. At our last reunion, it was decided to publish the war stories we have in the CC. If enough are received in the future, consideration will again be made for their publication. The following is a summary of the prior CC article.

"We have published a hard bound history book of the 455th Bomb Group. Many of you provided information for its publication. Since then, we have received letters from a few of our members expressing concern that their experiences were not included.

The stories should be from the ground personnel as well as the flight crews. Stories are encouraged about combat mission experiences; the boat trip to Italy; loading the aircraft with bombs, ammunition and fuel; maintaining the airplanes in inclement weather with very little ground support equipment; scrounging spare parts and creature comfort items; tent life; unique happenings in administration, special services and medical care; preparation of mission briefings; funny stories about rest camps and going to town and other stories you consider appropriate. In addition, the wives are encouraged to submit articles about their experiences during the war years, trying to be with their husbands, keeping the family together while their husbands were overseas and putting up with rationing, shortages or housing and transportation. Include pictures to enhance your articles.

The authors' names will be included as the contributor and the inclusion of names of others who shared the experience is encouraged."

Please send your stories to Al Asch, 6205 Meadow Court, Rockville, Md 20852, Tel 301 881 1376. He will check them for consistency with our historical data base and will coordinate any changes he recommends with the authors. Stories will then be forwarded to Tom Ramey, Editor, Cerignola Connection.

## BILL LOFFER TELLS A WAR STORY

I recall telling the following story to Hugh Graff at our last reunion in Colorado Springs. At that time my memory could not bring out the name of the pilot involved. As I read through our history book, the name Gulbranson jumped out at me from page 123. I cross referenced the dates with my own combat record and this is the story as I recall.

On mission No. 84 to Linz, Austria, on July 25, 1944, Lt. Gulbranson had mechanical troubles and was forced to drop out of the formation. He was attacked by seven M.E. 109s and they fought them off for about 20 minutes. The fighters left for lack of ammunition or some other reason and Gulbranson's badly shot up plane and crew made it back to Italy. They landed on the longer runway at Foggia Main with no flaps or brakes and five shot up crew members.

Gulbranson was subsequently given more crewmen to fill out his crew and they flew with us on the next mission to Budapest, Hungary on July 27, 1944 (Group mission No. 85). This was my crew's 13th mission. The 455th put three squadrons, totalling thirty planes in the air that day and the 743rd squadron was used to fill in the rear of the other three squadrons to make up the needed ten planes each. My plane was in the No. 10 slot, or "Tail End Charley" and Gulbranson's plane was nearby. This was in C Box or low squadron.

Perhaps ten minutes or so prior to reaching the I. P., our C box leader had plane troubles and dropped out of formation. A number of the planes did not hear the lead plan's announcement and they tried to follow the lead plane. The formation was badly scattered for a few minutes until they re-formed. About that time a flak salvo knocked the ammo cover off our ball turret and the ammunition fell out and tangled in the turret gearing. Robert (Bob) Hicks, our ball turret gunner, was unable to fire or rotate his guns downward in order to get out.

Simultaneously, Jim Connelly, our tail gunner announced, "Incoming unidentified fighters at 6 o-clock low." Jim then identified them as Focke Wulfe 190s and commenced firing. Looking out my window to the left I saw a very close robin's egg blue wing of an F.W. 190 as it split-essed past. Tracers were just missing us overhead and exploding about a half mile ahead. A number of our planes were being hard hit by 20 MM shells. We were flying formation on a plane in the No. 7 slot when a burst of 20 MM's hit on his tail turret. A bright

*continued on page 6*

**continued from page 5**

flash and the turret was gone. The plane dropped down and to the left as one engine caught fire. A B-24 ahead of us in the No. 5 position was getting a lot of hits on his right wing and at least one engine caught fire. He also swung out, down, and to the left. Others were also having big troubles. . Several exploded, including Gulbranson's plane. Only a few 'chutes were seen.

The fighters followed us through the flak and then left. Paul Elsen, left waist gunner and radio operator, assisted by Robert Riley, right waist gunner, was able to break a 50 caliber shell in two with his bare hands and get Hicks out of his turret.

Several weeks later, I was shocked when Gulbranson showed up in the squadron area. He told me he did not know how he got out of the plane. He said he recovered consciousness as he floated down in his 'chute. After landing, he hid and then, as per instructions in our briefing, made his way into the Jewish ghetto in downtown Budapest. The underground spotted him and hid him, along with a fairly large number of others, from this and other missions. The underground had contact with the O.S.S. and eventually all these men were removed to an abandoned German fighter field north of Budapest. The field was held, with the aid of some of our fighter planes, until a number of B-17s landed and returned them all to Foggia. Gulbranson showed me a small pistol he was given to swap for his service 45. It looke like a miniature Luger. Gilbranson was sent back to the States at once.

We were told we had been hit by about 87 fighters. I cannot remember whether they had yellow or red noses. If anyone can remember I would like to know. Our group was credited with downing 37 fighters.

Jim Connelly, tail gunner, was credited with one and Bob Riley, waist gunner with one. Bob Hicks, ball gunner, was credited with one heck of a scary ride. Also on this mission was Bob Wolter (deceased) co-pilot, George Defenbaugh, bombardier, Bob Ferris (deceased) navigator, Stewart Bemis, engineer and top gunner, and Maurice Murphy (deceased) nose gunner. We used up a lot of ammo that day.

*Bill Loffer*

## "Sadie Hawkins" Crew Brings Battered Bomber Back Before Bailing Out

It wasn't "Sadie Hawkins Day" but another stirring episode of heroism, skill and death added to the achievement of the men who fly the "Heavies," by the pilot, 1st Lt. Willie W. Moore and crew of the Liberator bomber "Sadie Hawkins." It was on the Bucharest Mission of April 21, 1944. They had nursed their badly shot up ship back to the coast of Southern Italy after destroying four enemy fighters and then parachuted from the crippled bomber.

S/Sgt Robert L. Koutsky was killed when he tried to parachute from the plane over the Italian coast. The bombaider, 2nd Lt. James Gall and the navigator, 2nd Lt. Leif N. Erickson, bailed out just before the plane reached the target, when the pilot's compartment was filled with smoke and debris from exploding 20 mm. shells.

The pilot, Lt. Moore and the co-pilot, flight officer, Raymond c. Butler, systained miner leg wounds from shell fragments. T/Sgt Charles E. Derock suffered a sprained ankle and T/Sgt Sheldon L. Towle wrenched his knee in jumping but other crew members miraculously escaped injury.

The Sadie Hawkins was about 20 minutes from the target when Lt. Gall called the pilot and complained of severe abdominal pain. "We were too close to the target to turn back," said Lt. Moore. Shortly after this, fighters were reported and more than a score began consentrating their attacks on the Sadie Hawkins.

A 20 mm shell struck the control pedestal and an incendiary burst under the pilot's seat. The cockpit was filled with a haze of smoke, flame and debris. The rudder control cables froze and the ship began to lose altitude. Lt. Moore fought the wheel with one hand and emergency bomb release handle with the other. The co-pilot was dazed by the explosion, but roused after the bombs were away. "I yelled BOMBS AWAY three times but heard nothing in the interphone," said Moore. "I thought I was deaf."

Before regaining control of the plunging ship, Moore caught a fleeting glimpse of the face of the bombadier, Lt. Gall, at the astrodome in the nose. "I had just waved the co-pilot out of his seat so Gall must have thought that we had abandoned ship. He and Lt. Erickson must have bailed out from the nose."

During this attack T/Sgt. Sheldon L. Towle, engineer and top turret

gunner, S/Sgt Robert Schweisberger, left waist gunner, S/Sgt Theodore J. I. Smith, tail gunner, and S/Sgt Paul F. Greland, right waist gunner each shot down an ME-109 and Greland also took out an FW 190. Greland, Koutsky and Smith had confirmed kills on a previous Bucharest mission.

Although the ball turret was badly shot up, its oxygen supply gone, and both guns knocked out, Koutsky refused to leave his position and kept tracking the enemy fighters with his useless guns. After the attack had ceased, Koutsky got out of the turret and went all over the ship, crossing the narrow cat-walk in the open bomb bay, still without oxygen, to check on possible injuries to his mates. His fellow gunners had to restrain him from going back into the ball turret and persuaded him to plug into an oxygen outlet. "It was the greatest show of guts I ever saw," said Sgt. Greland.

By this time Lt. Moore had regained control of his ship and had pulled back into formation. The fighter escort rejoined them and the attack was over. S/Sgt Towle, the engineer, inspected the damage and found that a supercharger, a generator, the hydraulic system, and practically all of the pilots instruments were shattered.

Losing altitude all the time, Lt. Moore nursed his crippled B-24 behind the formation until he reached the Yugoslov coast. His gas was running low and the prop on one engine could not be changed in pitch. He gave the crew orders to prepare for ditching. The radio operator, Sgt Derock who had repaired his transmitter, tried to reach the home tower, but couldn't make contact because of interference. The four gunners in back had been working for two hours to retract the battered ball turret and finally succeeded by almost dismantling it.

All ammunition and other loose equipment was jettisoned before the Sadie Hawkins hit the coast of Italy. By this time the ship was down to about 1000 feet above the mountains. The two left hand engines were on fire, the right ones were acting up, and the rudders were jamming periodically. Lt. Moore rang the bail out bell and turned her down a valley to give the men more room for their fall. S/Sgt. Towle came forward and asked to stay with the pilot. After everyone was out, they left the ship.

Italian children led the crew members to where each of the others were, and they were picked up by a British army truck and American ambulance. S/Sgt Koutsky's body was found on the mountainside by a searching party shortly after.

The co-pilot, who was making his first mission in the theater said "We owe our lives to the hair trigger thinking and great flying of Lt. Moore. Moore, in turn said "Towle, kept my spirits up" and added..."Most of the credit goes to the crew."

*Sgt. Joe A. Kirby*

# Chaplain's Corner

Almighty God, forgive us when we are reluctant to at least try, and fail to put forth an effort to do better things for ourselves and others. Give us courage and strength to be more aggressive in our hopes and dreams of helping those who cannot help themselves. We remember those still listed as POW/MIA and may Thy Holy Spirit touch them and their families as we ask that Thy will be done in all things. Amen.

## Thought of the Month

The good Lord sent me troubles
and I have them all worked out.
But I look around and see there's
trouble all about
And when I see my troubles I just
look up and grin,
And count up all the troubles that
I am not in.

## 741 Personnel - Change in Signals!

Horace Lanford has run off a limited number of additional copies of the 741 Squadron history. Prices are: Volume I and Volume II, $72.50 (includes $10 postage). Volume III, $67.50 (includes $5 postage). Complte history, i.e. Volumes I, II, and III, $140 (includes $15 postage). Send check to H. W. Lanford, 5840 Cloudstone Court, Naples, FL 33999, for immediate delivery.

# *More on Smitty's Crew and the Ocelote "Mutton"*

It's true that the "cat" was picked up in Natal Brazil. As my memory serves me, he was smuggled on our aircraft 239 along with Smitty's dog. I can recall them chasing each other through the baggage-laden bomb bays. To jog your memory, the weather was bitter as we arrived in San Giovanni. Lucky crewmembers were given six man tents while ground crews were stuck in fox holes with shelter half's.

Before our missions began, everyone spent time in the tents playing cards and generally talking about food. I can remember one conversation that had everone's attention. It had to do with how to feed the ocelote. After much debate, the southern boys decided that they had to have meat. Well, we had none. We were eating rations.

One old boy decided we should hunt for birds. If you can remember, we were living in an olive grove and the trees were bare. Once in a while we saw a lone sparrow. So a bunch of us serious gunners, armed with new 45's fanned out and beat the bush. In no time, emptied our clips and it was back to the warm tent. "Forget the bird, forget the cat. "Let him hunt for himself."

The next morning a message was pinned to the bulletin board which read, "Those knowing the person or persons shooting the pipe out of a British Security Guard's mouth report the information to the Sq. Commander."

Needless to say, our bird shooting days were cancelled for the duration of the war.

Larry L. Wolk

## 461st Reunion Notice

The 461st Bomb Group, 1943-1945, will hold its 1994 annual reunion at the Holiday Inn, Hampton Coliseum, Hampton, VA, October 12-16. Contact Marimac Corp, 1-800-292-1490 or Frank O'Bannon, 602-797-1439.

## *Short Snorters Do Get Around!*

The Air Force Museum in Dayton, Ohio has accepted a short snorter bill as a part of its archives. The bill, a Rumanian 500 Lei was given to Col. Horace Lanford, CO, 741st Squadron by Capt Clifton Norgard, upon the return to the squadron after release of his crew (and others) from a Rumanian POW camp in Bucharest. Rumanian guards and fellow POWs signed the bill.

## *Poems from The Weekly Briefing and other stories*

Thanks to Bob Tank, 740th Squadron, 455th Bomb Group, this historical collection of poems, stories, and songs, has been preserved for future generations. Most in part have appeared in the Weekly Briefing, club newspaper of the Foggia American Red Cross, and were written by the young officers and airmen of the 15th Air Force. This collection will be published in its entirety in this and subsequent issues of the Cerignola Connection.

### dateline Foggia, Italy - May 19, 1945

Our club newspaper, "Weekly Briefing" is one year old this week, and since it has played such a large part in the life of the club, we are honoring its anniversary with this little book of poems which have appeared in its pages. Most of these poems were written by you and your fellow officers and airmen. So we dedicate this booklet to you "Red Cross Commandos," and trust that in the years to come it will bring back pleasant memories of your "home away from home."

*The American Red Cross Club of Foggia and your Red Cross hostesses.*

*Loraine Wilson, Nancy Brown, Cynthia Landon, Jean Leaman and "Mom" Hunter*

Selected Poems from

# *The Weekly Briefing*

## The Fighting "27"

While motors roar
The props will sing
Planes soar into the Heaven
Look out, you Huns,
Here comes "dem bums,"
The Fighting Twenty Seven.

With Watchful eyes
They scan the skies
They guard the gates of Heaven
Though skies are bare
They're always there
The Fighting Twenty Seven!

When tales are told
Of pilots bold
There'll be a niche in Heaven
For those who've gone
But still live on
The Immortal Twenty Seven.

o o o

## Fortress Pilot's Prayer

Before I start my mission's flight
I pray that God, when in the fight
Protect my ship and crew from flak
Give me the stuff to bring them back,
And when the bandit's close to kill
Please guide my gunners with their will
To wipe them from heaven and earth
So prove to them our freedom's worth
Please keep me blessed and free from sin
I pray this prayer in Christ - Amen

*by Lt. Harry R. Carroll*

## A Fighter Pilot's Friend

She has a language
All of her own,
Which you understand —
Now that you've flown.
She's made of something
More precious than gold,
And will always stay with you
If you don't get too bold.

Don't force her
Or push her,
She'll let you know,
As out on that mission you go,
When she's really ready
To give you her all;
And that's when you
Have to be on the ball.

Don't fear her — respect her;
And she'll treat you right
And bring you home safely
From every flight.
Remember to thank her
Once in awhile
For bringing you back
Over many a mile.

So love her, be kind to her
For there's nothing so great
As an ever-true friend —
A P-38!

*by a Fighter Pilot's Wife*

o o o

Oh, Hedy Lamarr is a beautiful gal
And Madeline Carroll is, too
But you'll find, if you query, a different theory
Amongst any bomber crew -
For the loveliest thing of which one can sing
(This side of the Heavenly Gates)
Is no blond or brunette of the Hollywood set
But an escort of P-38s.

Yes, in days that have passed when the tables were massed
With glasses of Scotch or champagne,
It's quite true that the sight was a thing to delight
Us, intent upon feeling no pain.
But no longer the same, nowadays in THIS game
When we head north from Messina Straits.
Take the sparkling wine, every time just make mine
An escort of P-38s.

Byron Shelley and Keats ran a dozen dead heats
Describing the view from the hills
Where the wildflowers play and the winds gently sway
An army of bright daffodils
Take the wildflowers, Byron, the daffodils, Shelley
Yours is the myrtle, friend Keats -
Just reserve me those cuties
American beauties
An escort of P-38s.

Sure, we're braver than hell
On the ground all is well
In the air it's a different story.
We sweat out our track through the fighters and flak
We're willing to split up the glory.
Well, they wouldn't reject us
So heaven protect us
And until all this shooting abates
Give us courage to fight 'em
And one other small item;
An escort of P-38s.

*Author Unknown*

## Ode To A P-51

He's usually a little guy
With rum on his breath and blood in his eye
But, Brother, how that guy can fly a P-51!

There are Thunderbolts and Lightnings,
Romance to fight the Hun
But we just go to meet the foe
In a plain old 51!

When the Babies start their chatter
That Jerry is in the sun
We'll calm their fears and dry their tears
With a good old 51!

So here's to all you Bomber Boys
As you go in on your run
Tedeschi will not be around
While we have 51's.

When this old war is won
And the job is finally done,
You may cheer the boys who bombed Berlin
With the help of a 51!



## Mom and Dad

As I reminisce today
In a land that's far away
From the place where I was born some years ago.

I can't help but recall
The wisdom of it all.
The little "do's" and "don'ts" that we all know.

How at times I couldn't see
Why they persecuted me
And wouldn't let me stay out after nine.

And I couldn't understand
Why they slapped me on the hand,
When I took a little thing that wasn't mine.

In these memoirs of the past
I cannot help but cast
Reflections, on the good times we enjoyed.

Swimming at the shore,
Buying presents at the store
Circuses, we never would avoid.

And I never shall forget
(That they're gone I do regret),
The feeling I would get on Christmas Day.

As I bounded down the stairs
Christmas carols in the air.
And viewed the presents Santa sent my way.

Now these days are left behind,
And words are hard to find
To describe the happy childhood that I had.

But when trees are out of style
I'll still remember with a smile
Those good old days I spent with Mom and Dad.

*Lt. Larry Coughlin*



## Memos of a Pilot

I've fought a thousand battles
In a black and flak filled sky,
Dodging death destroying foe,
Seen my buddies die.

Sometimes I felt I'd almost reached
The limit of my strength
When countless times before my eyes
Some smoke - a flash at length.

And once again I knew I'd seen
The finish of a friend.
A man so great he gave his life
That others might ascend.

Unto the throne of a better world
Where the earth and the minds of men
Are free from the stench of a foul disease
Where peace will reign again.

In my mind I see the picture,
Seems as though I almost feel
That maybe it's tomorrow
Or perhaps a week will steal

Before we're there together, yes,
Together you and I
Our jobs been done once so complete
No threat will e'er defy.

The world we'll build together
With our democratic creeds
Free press and speech, religious faith,
The fruit of friendship's seeds.

*Lt. R. L. Dowell*



## To Kiss the Hand

When far from home and friendship
When lost in troubles' sea
When torn by world commotion
While fighting for the free

When sunk in depths of despair
When hope for truth does fade
Then the hands from Christian fellows
Extend with love to aid.

Your gift has touched me deeply
It's timely and it's true
God bless the hand that gave it
And that's my prayer for you.

*Lt. Harry Carrol*

# *They Will Be Missed*

## The Toll American War Dead

| | |
|---|---|
| Civil War | 497,000 |
| World War II | 406,000 |
| World War I | 116,000 |
| Vietnam | 58,000 |
| Korea | 54,000 |
| Mexican War | 13,000 |
| Revolutionary War | 4,000 |
| Spanish-Am. War | 2,400 |
| War of 1812 | 2,000 |
| Indian Wars | 1,000 |
| Persian Gulf | 141 |

The toll as compiled by the Department of Defense and Veterans Affairs.

The federal government maintains 129 miliary burial grounds in 39 states and Puerto Rico and 24 others in 12 foreign countries.

Abroad 124,912 soldiers and sailors and airmen lie in alien soil, from a hillside overlooking ancient Carthage in North Africa to a high plateau near Manila in the Philippines.

Nations have been burying their dead with solemn ceremony since the ancient Greeks interred heros of Athens after the defeat of the Persians. It was then that Pericles delivered an epic funeral oration, perhaps unmatched in eloquence until Abraham Lincoln brought forth his 371 word Gettysburg Address.

It was under Lincoln that the federal government made itself responsible for the proper burial of men it sent off to be killed. Within five years after Appomattox, the remains of nearly 300,000 Union dead had been reinterred in national cemeteries. Little more than half had been identified. Some are in private cemeteries.

Of all of them, public or private, foreign or domestic, Arlington remains a special place, a rich mosaic of a nation's price and pain. Here, on 612 graceful acres of Virginia, on a quiet shore opposite the capital, is the greatest assemblage of Americans ever gathered in one place.

(Copies from the 461st Liberaidor - who copied it from the Air Force Gunners Association newsletter)

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## The Better Side of Tee Pee Time Gal!

Seymour "Sy" Gaynes (ne Ginsburg) is looking for an "in air" photograph of Tee Pee Time Gal, from the left side. If you have such a photograph, would you make a copy and send it to: Seymour Gaynes, 10778 N. 108th Place, Scottsdale, AZ 85259. You'll make a young man happy!

## *Final Flights*

Harry Middleton died in Greenville, NC on February 3, 1994. Harry was nose gunner on Tim Swearingen's crew, 743rd Squadron. Harry was thrilled to find the 455th BC Association and to be able to attend the Langley reunion, nearly 49 years after last having been together with remaining crew members. His son writes to thank 455th members for having been there for his father all those years ago as well as these past few months.

M/Sgt John Maegly, Crew Chief, died February 5, 1994. He was in the 740th Squadron.

Our hearts are with, and sympathies go to the loved ones of 455th members.

### *ADDRESS CORRECTION*

Page 9, Fall 1993 Issue of the Cerignola Connection:
A. Marcotrigiano, 41 Kathwood Rd., Yonkers, NY 10710-1003.

## SMILE WHEN YOU SAY THAT

A smile is quite a funny thing,
It wrinkles up your face,
And when it's gone, you never find
Its secret hiding place.
But far more wonderful it is
To see what smiles can do,
You smile at one, he smiles at you,
And so one smile makes two.
He smiles at someone since you smiles,
And that one smiles back,
And that one smiles in truth,
You fail in keeping tract.
And since a smile can do great good,
by cheering hearts of care,
Let's smile and smile and not forget
That smiles go everywhere.



*General Spatz tells Sgt. Fulbright what a good job he and others in the 741 Squadron are doing. Accompanying Geral Spatz, for a surprise inspection, are General Twining and Lt. Col John, 455th Group Executive. The photograph is from Art Johnson.*

## *Where Did They Go?*

I saw them flying up above as they came overseas.
I heard their engines roar on high when striking enemies.
They always flew so straight and true along the bombing run.
I saw the fighters dive on them from hiding in the sun.
Clouds of red black flak came up and gave one deadly sting.
He rose up into a stall and fell off on one wing.
He spun in, down to the ground, the flames told me 'twas done.
With these two eyes I scanned the skies of parachutes, there were none.
Oh, fly away, oh fly away, where did they go.
They flew along to Heaven's shores and await their comrades below.

*Bob Tank*
*(Composed 1944)*

Editor's Note

The Cerignola Connection is published at least twice a year and is provided to the membership of the 455th Bomb Group Association. No charge is made but your dues support is appreciated. Contributions and pictures may be sent to your Editor, Tom Ramey, 1211 Montclaire Ct., Appleton, WI, 54915. All material submitted will be returned after publication.

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