



315th Newsletter

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WORLD WAR II 315th TROOP CARRIER GROUP ASS'N.

315TH ASSOCIATION EXTENDS WELCOME TO FAMILY MEMBERS

Volume 22, Issue 1

March, 2001

More and more, reunion after reunion, in small but increasing numbers, family members - sometimes with guests - arrive to join 315th veterans at the Association's bi-yearly get-together. Some to share memories with fathers or grandfathers; some to assist an ailing participant; some to hear the stories; some merely to spend time with those whom newsman Tom Brokaw called "The Greatest Generation."

An attendee at a similar reunion expressed her feelings this way in a letter to Ann Landers:

".....My father is a veteran (WWII), and this was his first reunion. My mother and I went with him to make things easier. It was a wonderful experience, seeing all those smiling faces and the warm handshakes of those renewing old acquaintances.....my parents would not have been comfortable attending alone.....my presence make it easier for them, and it was a rewarding experience for me, as well. Hearing all those stories and listening to the laughter put a smile on my face that lasted a week."

At last Fall's Dayton reunion, Armed Forces Reunions, the event manager, recorded a total of 145 participants. Of that number, 71 were Association members, 64 were spouses or registered guests, while 10 attended only the banquet. It is likely that still others were present sometime during the gathering but did not register or attend the banquet.

Responding to those who enjoy attending 315th Association reunions or have an interest in the Group's goings-on, their names can now be added to the *Newsletter* mailing list. This welcome to join the 315th family is extended to spouses, sons, daughters, siblings, and grandchildren of current members as well as former members for whom taps have been sounded. No dues although donations are accepted. To sign up just provide Doc Cloer with names and addresses (*see where to send stuff, p.2*).

The Association's reunions offer an opportunity for today's often widely scattered families to meet bi-yearly, each time in a different city, in a friendly atmosphere offering tours of local highlights, reduced room rates, a private hospitality room, and hear stories - some can even be believed.

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IT'S SAN DIEGO
IN 2002

315th TROOP CARRIER GROUP ASSOCIATION

Olmsted, Florence, Aldermaston, Blida, Spanhoe, Amiens

OFFICIAL NOTICE BOARD

Message from the President:

It's not smart to start off with an apology, particularly if it involves money. However, I'll take my licks in admitting that I was wrong about the amount of our dues. Our dues are set at \$20 per year instead of between reunions. That doesn't affect the excellent condition of our treasury, but I had to set the record straight and admit my mistake in my first (and last) message. (You don't get off that easy - my first message was my last one, too. I'll continue to do my best to honor, serve and represent all of you 'til our 2002 reunion.)

Since the Dayton reunion, letters were written to 227 members whom we hadn't heard from for a long time and "Doc" Cloer (34th) said he'd report the results of these contacts for this *Newsletter*. Director Evelyn "Chappie" Kowalchuk (N) has volunteered to try to "run down" (figuratively) the names with returned letters. If you'd like to assist in trying to locate some of your squadron comrades, give her a call 540 297-5463.

The Board recently approved transfer of a major portion of our treasury funds into a secured money market account to earn interest instead of laying idle in the checking account.

I've saved the best news 'til last. Stan Smith (34th) remains as editor of our *Newsletter*. Only he knows how much work is truly involved, but our appreciation can be seen in the smiles and recollections jogged from our memories of other war stories that we experienced. That's how we can contribute and help make Stan's job easier. If you've got a story to tell, please jot it down and send it to him (1967 Iowa Ave. NE, St. Petersburg, FL 33703).

Richard T. Ford
President

*Naples-Foggia *Sicily *Rome-Arno *Normandy *Northern France *Central Europe *Rhineland

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<i>Richard T. Ford, president Bernard C. Brown, vice president J. S. "Stan" Smith, editor</i>		
WHERE TO SEND STUFF		
<u>Address Information</u> (changes, deaths, new members, drop from mailings, etc.) Robert L. Cloer 1417 Valley View Dr. Yuba City, CA 95993 530 674-3681 E-mail: rlcloer@syix.com	<u>Newsletter Articles</u> (true or false) J.S. Smith 1967 Iowa Ave NE St. Petersburg, FL 33703 727 527-0587 E-mail: JSStan@compuserve.com	<u>Dues and Donations</u> (Annual dues: \$20) Sanford Friedman 2425 Buckhurst Dr. Cleveland, OH 44122 216 464-1529

A DAUGHTER VISITS SPANHOE

by Georganne Baroody Byrd
(Daughter of M. A. Baroody)

Last July, I left for Spanhoe with my mother, husband and a friend. This trip was one that I had been planning for a long time and I was thrilled over the prospect of finally being able to experience the countryside that had provided the setting for so many of the stories I had heard growing up.

On the way, we encountered various setbacks: a flat tire, broken lug wrench, and a trip to a repair station in Corby. Each contributed to delaying our progress, but through determination and the aid of helpful locals, our car troubles were mended and our journey resumed. When we arrived, I was immediately awe struck by the monument dedicated of the members of the 315th that never made it home. My mother and I began to cry as we gazed upon the solemn memorial, casting its shadow upon the ground once traversed by men of courage, ideal and honor. Our tears were for the fallen heroes, forever immortalized through the stone edifice before us, and for the general sense of pride we felt for somehow being connected to these men.

We then drove down to Windmill Aviation and were greeted by the wonderful Tyrees family. They took us into their office and delighted us with the faded, black and white pictures of the men and planes scattered across the walls. It was fascinating to me that they had saved so much about the 315th. It was truly a living memorial to the Group.

After we left the office we engaged in a short tour of the grounds. The hanger that served as the old post office was still being used as storage. Part of the old taxiway was still intact and being used by Windmill Aviation. It was overwhelming to me knowing that my father once resided there, faced with the trauma of death and war, risking his life for the continuation of the American Dream.

We left Windmill Aviation and went to The White Swan Inn. Once again we were greeted by people that had a deep regard for the men of the 315th. They had pictures on the walls of old planes and some of the men in their uniforms. These articles

fascinated me, as they were tangible connections to a major period of father's life.

I can honestly say that going to Spanhoe was one of the most significant experiences of my life. That trip is one I will cherish always and I hope I can return there again.

MEMBERSHIP SURVEY

by Bob "Doc" Cloer

To update the Association's membership listings, a December 2000 inquiry was sent to 227 names on the active list asking them to indicate by return pre-addressed card whether they preferred to remain on the *Newsletter* mailing list or be dropped. The card also requested a current phone number and any change of address information.

As of early February, 149 cards had been returned. Sixteen asked to be dropped, several citing illness. A number were widows who, when later contacted, explained their "no" was to save the Association the expense. For most, their preference was to remain on the list and that will be done. Also, based on information from returned cards, an additional 14 members were moved to the Post War Deceased Roster.

Thirteen of the original 227 first class letters were returned, some with forwarding addresses and others marked Forwarding Order Expired (FOE). Follow up letters have been sent to the new addresses and the FOE's moved to the Inactive Roster.

After the survey is completed, attempts will be made to contact -thanks to "Chappie" Kowalchuk - those for whom address information is incomplete.

An interesting by-product of the survey was receipt of dues/donations from several of those contacted.

George Doll has contributed previously to the Newsletter, notably with outstanding sketches of on-base scenes from WW II. A pre-war musician he was transferred from the 315th to a GI entertainment unit called the "Sky Blazers" playing at RAF and AAF installations in England, France and Belgium.

AN ORIGINAL CHICAGO HOT DOG

by George Doll

My wife, LaVon, had just left me alone on a concourse at Chicago's very big, very busy, very beautiful O'Hare International Airport: she had found a duty free shoppers paradise.

We were on our way back to San Jose from a wonderful, wonderful reunion of the 315th Troop Carrier Group, in Dayton, Ohio. I stood alone, admiring everything like a true country boy, when my eyes spotted a vision from the past! A beautiful vision: "ORIGINAL CHICAGO HOT DOGS" proclaimed the sign on top of a vendor's cart.

Shades of the good old days! The good "young" days. Twelve year old boys from the old neighborhood in Chicago, a humid evening, a dime or two in their pockets, riding "Ranger" bikes and looking in the dark of the city for the tell-tail Coleman Lantern. Ah, but 1928 was a great year! And the size of the dogs - the taste of the dogs - the fixin's ON the dog!!

Gotta have one....Just ONE! I know, I'll ask the vendor for one "to go." For one to savor back in San Jose. GREAT! Twenty minute later, LaVon still shopping - might as well go through security. I saunter up to the entry and, shifting my HOT Dog to my left hand proceed through security BEEP..... BEEP.....BEEP. Not to worry. I take keys, change, and penknife from my pocket and drop them into the proffered basket. Through the arch again. BEEP..... BEEP....BEEP. Back through security. This time, a manger is called. It ain't funny. He "wanded" me up and down and asked, "What have you got in your left hand?"

"Just a HOT Dog...a CHICAGO HOT DOG," I reply. Back again. BEEP....BEEP....BEEP...again. This time another guard is called, and I am again "wanded," and asked "to put your arms over your head."

It was at this point that a puzzled voice behind me asked, "What in the world is going on here?" LaVon had returned from shopping. With a very

unexpressive face the guard said, "I want to see the HOT DOG." I silently passed it to him. He opened it layer by layer, butcher paper, then wax paper, and finally unrolled what seemed to be yards and yards ofFOIL!

"HOT DOG"

After serving with the 315th in WW II, A. J. Knudsen had a break in service. Volunteering for recall in 1949 it was off to the Berlin Airlift. Assignments followed at several training bases where at Williams he was a T-6 and T-28 instructor, then upgraded to T-33s. Two recruiting assignments were separated by a Hdqs. European Command tour. Retiring in 1966 to Colorado he entered civil service, claiming to be "only retired Lt. Col. to pull KP at the Air Force Academy Hospital to get permanent Civil Service status." Now residing in Wenatchee, WA he's 83 and says "still going strong."

LAST FLIGHT FROM AMIENS

by Art Knudsen

My crew and I were scheduled to deliver the not unusual load of jerrycans filled with gasoline to a destination in Germany on the morning of 15 May 1945. It might have been the last scheduled mission flown by a 315th Group plane from the field at Amiens/Glisy.

Arriving over our destination, there was no sign of anyone on the ground who might be awaiting our cargo. Flying at an altitude of about 500 feet, I turned east above a good highway and heard a big boom from what appeared to be a German tank located in the woods below. I made a 180 degree turn and heard another boom from what looked to be an American tank firing at the German tank. After continuing west for about two miles I decided to land on the highway thinking that the American tank could possibly use the gasoline. After landing, we unloaded the gasoline cans in a neat stack about ten yards from our aircraft and alongside the highway.

see *Amiens*, page 8

NOTICES TO AIRMEN

PAST NEWSLETTERS

Do you or your offspring have any past Newsletters stashed away that you no longer want? Don't trash 'em! Send them to "Doc" Cloer. Those between 1979 and 1990 are the most needed....but all are welcome.

HISTORICAL DOCUMENTS

The 315th has opened an account with the *Institute on WW II & The Human Experience*, Dept. of History, Florida State University, Tallahassee, FL 32306-2200, Dr. William O. Oldson, director.

The Institute seeks items which can assist in preserving 315th history, such as: decorations and award orders, overseas orders, unit moves, casualty reports, orders identifying organizations assigned to or organizations assigned to the 315th, rosters, personal diaries, unit awards, intelligence summaries or any document which might be of historical value. Items sent should use Accession #00.0229 and note it is for the WW II 315th Troop Carrier Group history. (NOTE: past Newsletters are not needed. A complete set has been sent.)

WONDERING ABOUT DUES?

At the Dayton Business Meeting members voted to retain Association dues at \$20 annually. However, you'll be credited with any amount you feel comfortable sending. To find out where you stand, contact Treasurer Sandy Friedman (see where to send stuff, p.2). All records are confidential.

VISITING SPANHOE?

If you are planning a trip back to Spanhoe, be sure to first contact Doc Cloer. He has maps, addresses, etc., which can make your visit easier and more enjoyable

LOOKING FOR

Doc Cloer has been unsuccessful in locating three former 43rd crew members who were severely injured in a 17 Sept 1943 plane crash near Great Bircham, Norfolk, England They are: pilot, F/O Richard Vance, co-pilot Lt. Robert Drew, navigator Lt. Peter Pfeiffer (the radio operator, crew chief, and cargo handlers were killed). If you know of their home towns or have any information which could assist in locating them, if they are still alive, let Doc know (see Where to Send Stuff, p.2)

WANT a FREEBIE?

If you'd like a Troop Carrier decal for your car's rear window send Doc Cloer a small, self addressed, stamped (34cent) envelope and one will be on its way to you.

MISSING PIXS

Morris Barber is seeking six to eight 43rd Sq. photos he sent for display at the Colorado Springs reunion. If you have knowledge or have the pixs please contact Morris at 1030 N. Plaza Cr. #1, St. Clair, MO 63077 Ph.636 629-4156

E-Mail Roster Up-dated

(if you are not on this roster and want to be, send Doc Cloer your address)

- Rick Adams, 34th - Rladams1921@cs.com
- Iddy Andrews - andrei@sidney.k12.oh.us
- William E. Bennett, 43rd - WBENNLCL@aol.com
- Joan Black - JBPUDGY@aol.com
- Jan Bos, Hon. - circle82@wishmail.net
- Bill Braun, 309th - abbraun@desertinternet.com
- Bernie Brown, 43rd - bbar3@yahoo.com
- Robert L. Cloer, 34th - rlcloer@syix.com
- George Cholewczynski, Hon. - mikeplusdodo@dellnet.com
- J & E Ciskowski, 34th - esonjski@dmi.net
- Cal Enderlin, 309th - cenderlin@prodigy.net
- Art Ertel, 34th - arjex@iopener.net
- Beth Glover - Beth.Glover@dana.com
- Mark Grosinger, 34th - Grosinger@Tritel.net
- Sandy Friedman, Hqs - Harsan316@aol.com
- Henry Hamby, 310th - Group315@aol.com
- Chip Hamby - ATCMiles@aol.com
- Spence Hogg, 310th - SpenceHogg@aol.com
- Larry Ison, 34th - Lison1@compuserve.com
- Richard Kenton, Hon. - REKenton@earthlink.net
- Evelyn Kowalchuk - ekowalchuk@yahoo.com
- Roger L. Lueck, 309th - rogernary@home.com
- Robet D. Lutes, 43rd - highflyer@centurytel.net
- Jack Mancinelli, 309th - jack@caltel.com
- Keith Mattausch, 310th - hargar@aol.com
- Abby McLelland - a_mcllland@yahoo.com
- Bert Petersen, 309th - Burt71220@aol.com
- Aubrey Ross, 310th - ROSS2HP@aol.com
- Wally Russell, 43rd - ruswly@open.org
- Eldon Sellers, 309th - eldon@interx.net
- J. S. Smith, 34th - jsstan@compuserve.com
- Jake Sternoff, 309th - irv@sternoff.com
- Leonard Thomas, 310th - lenjean@Flash.net
- J. W. Way, 309th - Jaynizy@aol.com

On September 21, 1944 C-47A #42-23609 of the 310th Troop Carrier Squadron, crewed by Pilot 1st Lt. Oliver J. Smith, Navigator 2nd Lt. Sanford S. Provin, Crew Chief Cpl. Clyde W. Doan and Radio Operator Sgt. Ralph E. James, transported paratroopers of the 2nd Polish Para-Bn, 1st Polish Para-Brigade into the airborne assault near Nijmegen, Holland. Co-pilot on the mission was 2nd Lt. Richard T. Ford, now President, 315th Troop Carrier Association. For more on President Ford see p. 11.

A MARKET MISSION STORY

by Dick Ford

On Sept 21, 1944 while flying #2 in the right element of the first 310th echelon near Nijmegen, the 13 paratroopers of the 2nd Polish Para-Bn of the 1st Polish Para-Brigade were slower getting out of the plane than other formation elements and, when the last of the troops left, other echelon aircraft were already peeling off to the right below our plane to clear the DZ and forcing OJ Smith ("Smitty") to hold altitude while making a right turn to retrace our entry route. Meanwhile, singled out by German ground troops, we were receiving moderate to heavy small weapons fire.

Just as I reported the other planes of our formation had cleared the lower airspace, a flak burst exploded beneath the rear of the plane, accompanied by increasing ground action. Seconds later, a loud explosion sounded close to the rear of the aircraft, filling the plane with a strong odor of burned gun powder as though a flak blast had occurred within the rear of the fuselage. Immediately, flight controls become useless. OJ moved the control column several times through the full range of rudder and elevator actions without any effect or airstream resistance. Fortunately, after several anxious seconds, control pressure returned fairly rapidly and controls began responding normally.

As soon as OJ regained control, he immediately dove for the deck while heavy ground fire continued. German troops continued to concentrate a steady stream of rifle and automatic weapons fire on our single aircraft from positions on roads paralleling our path from about a half mile distant. Meanwhile, OJ had pushed both throttles and prop controls to the crash wall and I told him I was easing off to 40" manifold pressure to reduce the load on the engines.

Literally, hundred of bullets were incoming constantly from both sides, but because of our air

speed and grass height, most missed, but also created an ominous clang while striking the engines, fuselage and wings, but miraculously missing vital areas.

Shortly after we arrived on the deck, OJ asked me to check on the crew. Tuning around to determine their condition, I saw that both the crew chief and radio operator were seriously injured and needed medical attention. OJ instructed me to go back and see what I could do for them while he remained at the controls alone. I obtained Lt. Provin's help to bring Cpl. Doan to a sitting position above the self-sealing fuel tanks. He said they had received a direct hit at the cargo door as they attempted to pull in the shroud lines. While Lt. Provin stayed forward, I advised OJ that the crew had received a direct shrapnel burst, advising him that Cpl. Doan was bleeding profusely, had lost a finger and had shrapnel at the side of his head and that Sgt. James was hit too, but had dragged himself forward to the wing area without help. OJ saw I had removed my flak jacket and I said it was hindering my effort to help Cpl. Doan. Between trying to keep Cpl. Doan from slipping into deepening shock and to halt the bleeding, I regularly returned to the cockpit to check on OJ and to reduce the manifold pressure once again.

Every time OJ climbed to clear tree rows, top branches and leaves went flying too, but the plane became a clay pigeon from every visible direction. After running this gauntlet for about five minutes, we arrived at one more tree row when I happened to be in the copilot's seat. Upon clipping the tree tips and diving steeply for the ground, we looked ahead directly into a machine gun position occupied by three soldiers. When they saw our airplane bearing down on them, all three found they were the target instead and frantically tried to climb out of the gun pit. Two managed to escape in one leap, but the third

failed and was seen sliding awkwardly back down the side of the pit as we roared past. As OJ and I continued to play throttle tag, he suggested crash landing at Best glider DZ if we located it and then try to escape.

I reminded him I had a wife back home who was pregnant with our first child that I wanted to see. I suggested we try to make the Eindhoven air strip we had spotted on the way "in" where equipment was filling in bomb craters. This seemed to be in Allied hands and probably had field medical services for Cpl. Doan.

After flying for about 15 minutes trapped in the crossfire between two forces of a German panzer division, firing gradually subsided. However, we agreed that the Germans had probably inflicted more injuries and damage to their own forces than they did to our plane and crew because of the ground level trajectory of opposing small arms fire less than a mile apart.

As we neared Eindhoven, equipment was still working on the runway. OJ made one pass over the field to have Lt. Provin fire a red flare, signaling injured aboard. With a tight left-hand 360 degree turn OJ tried to come in for a landing as equipment and workers scurried out of the way. OJ wanted a high touchdown speed because of an unknown stalling speed, but neither gear nor flaps would come down.

Upon checking the instrument panel, I noticed the airspeed indicator read 250 (and that's not a misprint). We made one more circuit at idle power and the gear came down and locked just before touchdown. When the plane stopped at the other end of the field, we were met by medics of the 101st Airborne Division, who immediately clambered aboard and started a blood transfusion on Cpl. Doan before departing with both crewmen for their makeshift hospital.

Upon deplaning and examining the aircraft, we counted four flak hits and over 600 holes and jagged openings in skin surfaces, primarily in mid and rear areas, plus bullet dents and scratches on propellers and engines. All tail control wires were frayed and right rudder controls and all trim wiring

was severed. The door to the lavatory at the rear of the aircraft was riveted shut by shrapnel fragments and small arms bullets which penetrated the side surfaces.

OJ's flying skills and maneuvering during this brief encounter left no doubt in our minds that he had not only saved the plane, but all our lives as well.

With the enlisted crew being safely cared for, the three of us decided to tour the town of Eindhoven and immediately discovered that the three of us were the first American flyers to arrive in the town after it had been liberated. Our presence was rapidly noted and within a few minutes we were met by the town mayor who immediately befriended us and escorted us to his second story apartment. While climbing the stairs, we noticed a 6" hole in one step near the sidewall and pointed to it. He nonchalantly replied that, during the German invasion of their country, a Stuke dive bomber had dropped a bomb which failed to explode and was still in the basement. After meeting his wife and sharing a social drink, we departed after a very brief visit.

After taking in more of the city sights, we returned to the airfield and ate 3-1n-1 rations in the airplane and began discussing where to spend the night. The airborne troops recommended against staying at the aircraft because it was an inviting target and a Jerry patrol had been fought off at the perimeter of the airfield the previous night. We figured the plane had survived being shot at by a panzer division so we'd take our chances there. At nightfall we opened a parachute for a blanket and laid together on the sloping floor facing the door with 45's beside us and the .30 carbine above our heads. We slept fitfully in the cold while being alert for intruders. Even the airborne stayed clear of our plane that night.

At daybreak we arose and decided to go look for German souvenirs. After walking a short distance along the main spearhead highway, we hailed the driver of a solitary weapons carrier, asking if he would take us to the front line. He agreed but didn't tell us he hadn't been there before.

We passed troops marching single file beside the road and, after driving a couple of miles, crossed over a canal bridge in sight of the town of Best to find

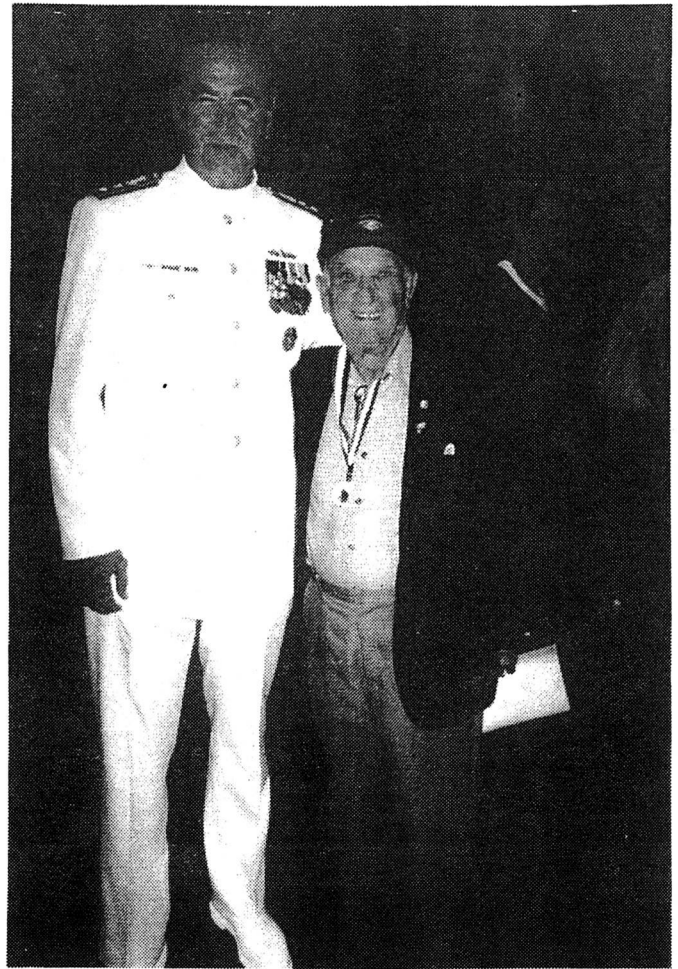
see Market, page 10

PHOTO OPS



(above) Thanks to Bill Taylor, here's a photo taken behind one of the hangers in Blida of some typical neatly uniformed troops. He identifies them as 43rd members. (top row from left) James Volkwine, Akron, OH; William Welch, Richmond, VA; Joseph Ramor, CA; R.L. Bundy, Berwin, IL (bottom row from left) George White, Shennandoah, PA; J. B. Long, Allentown, PA; Bill Taylor, Fayette, MO; Owen West, Kerman, CA.

(right) Anthony "Tony" Bianco, 309th, sent this photo of him receiving the "Liberation of France Medal" from Rear Admiral J. W. Eastwood on June 6, 2000, the 50th anniversary of the Allied Landing in Normandy. He was one of a group of WW II veterans so honored during ceremonies at Mays Landing, NJ sponsored by the Atlantic County Government.



Amiens

We had just completed off loading when a small single engine German fighter appeared about one half mile north of our position on the obvious pattern of a down wind leg for landing.

We did not have time to climb aboard and start our aircraft, and it appeared that the German plane intended to blow up the gas we had stacked alongside the highway.

I suggest to the crew that we should get behind the wheels of our aircraft so if the fighter hit the stack of gas cans we would be partially protected from the blast. The German continued on a base leg, and then turned on a final approach toward the cans. Nosing his aircraft down, the pilot opened fire from at

least four guns and our crew observed shells hitting the ground for a least 20 yards toward the stacked cans.

The pilot seemed to panic and pulled the aircraft up sharply and flew toward German which was only two miles straight ahead. My crew scrambled aboard our C-47 and we took off from the highway heading west and north and flew into the nearest cloud we saw and headed home arriving back after dark to a completely deserted base - even my tent was gone. Reassembling, we took off from Amiens/Glisy the same night for our first stop on the way to Trinidad.

OFF THE GRAPEVINE

(AND OTHER QUESTIONABLE SOURCES)

C=ME2

by Gene D. Cohen

(extracts from Modern Maturity, March-April 2000)

...as a gerontologist and psychiatrist, I frequently hear this faulty assumption- that our talents crest and ebb in our middle years...why does it matter? Because creativity, which I define as our innate capacity for growth, is empowering. It is the energy that allows us to think a different thought, express ourselves in a novel way. It enables us to view life as an opportunity for exploration, discovery and an expanding sense of self...and *it knows no age.*

WASH OUTS

(from AF magazine, October 2000)

"According to the museum (Air Force Museum, Wright Patterson AFB) an average of 40 percent of the cadet pilots in training during World War II washed out of flying school. By the end of the war, however, AAF Training Command had graduated 250,000 pilots from its schools."

AF MUSEUM VIDEO

A 45 minute video covering the highlights of the Air Force Museum can be obtained by calling 937 256-6245 and requesting item #72387601. Charge on either a VISA, Master, or Discover card. Cost is \$25.50 (\$21 for the video, \$4.50 handling and mailing).

TOWER TALK

(actual exchanges between airlines and control towers)

- The controller who was working a busy pattern told the 727 on downwind to make a three-sixty (do a complete circle, usually to provide spacing between aircraft.)
The pilot of the 727 complained, "Do you know it costs us two thousand dollars to make a three-sixty in this airplane?
Without missing a beat the controller replied: "Roger, give me four thousand dollars worth!"
- A DC-10 had an exceedingly long roll out after landing with his approach speed just a little too high.
San Jose tower: "American 751 Heavy, right at the end if able. If not able, take the Guadeloupe exit off of Highway 101 and make a right at the light to return to the airport."

HISTORY CHANNEL

If you're a History Channel buff they offer a catalog which includes programs as well as merchandise. You can receive a copy by calling 800 625-9000 or write to The World of A&E, P.O. Box 2284, So. Burlington, VT 05407-2284. You can visit them on the web: try AndE.com

NOT ONE OF US

A man was invited to an old friend's home for dinner, where he noticed that his old buddy preceded every request to his wife with an endearing term, calling her Honey, Darling, Sweet-heart, Pumpkin, etc. He was impressed, since the couple had been married 50-some years. While the wife was in the kitchen, he said, "I think it's wonderful that after all the years, you still call your wife those pet names."

His old friend hung his head and said, "To tell you the truth I forgot her name about 10 years ago."

MORE BON MOTS

(thanks to Leonard Zurokov)

- There are two kinds of light - the glow that illuminates, and the glare than obscures. (James Thurber)
- We could never learn to be brave and patient if there were only joy in the world. (Helen Keller)
- The way I see it if you want a rainbow, you got to put up with the rain. (Dolly Parton)
- When spiders write, they can tie down a lion. (Ethiopian proverb)
- My wife and I were happy for 20 years; then we met. (Rodney Dangerfield)
- To wish to be well is part of becoming well. (Seneca)

EXERCISE GLOSSARY

(from The Retired Officer Magazine, May, 2000)

- Aerobic or cardiovascular exercise: Activities such as running, swimming, brisk walking, bicycling, or aerobic dance that sustain an elevated heart rate (pulse) over an extended time.
- Alpha State: A condition of relaxed wakefulness where the mind is essentially thought free, a meditative state.
- Anaerobic exercise: Activities such as weight lifting, yoga, or golf that use muscles but don't significantly increase the heart rate for an extended time.
- Mind-body exercise: Activities that induce the alpha state. They can be either rhythmic aerobic exercise, such as swimming or running, or anaerobic activities, such as meditation, tai chi chuan, or yoga.
- Tai chi chuan: sometime called "meditation in motion," this is a slow-motion, dance-like offshoot of Chinese martial arts.
- Yoga: A Hindu theistic philosophy that teaches postures, poses, and breathing.

BEST BUMPER STICKERS

(from The Washington Post)

- I Used to Be Schizophrenic, but We're OK Now.
- Don't Treat Me Any Differently Than you Would the Queen.
- Love May be Blind, But Marriage is An Eye Opener.
- Get a New Car for Your Spouse, It'll Be a Great Trade.
- I'm Going to Graduate On Time, No Matter How Long It Takes.
- All men are idiots, and I married their King.
- In America, Anyone Can Be President. That's One of the Risks You Take To Live Here.

dead German soldiers laying in an open field on the other side of the canal and burned German armored equipment and a tank pushed off to the side of the road.

We told the driver to stop so we could inquire how much farther the front lines were located. The casual response, was, "This is as far as we go, the only ones up ahead are German."

We got out there and the driver made a quick departure headed back towards Eindhoven. We introduced ourselves to the soldiers of a Canadian Infantry Division and said we were American flyers looking for German souvenirs, such as luger pistols and rifles.

They advised that pistols were hard to find as they were prized as carried sidearms, but that the Germans had been surprised while eating lunch and the area was still littered with most of their equipment. However, a pile of rifles had been stacked beside a dirt road a couple hundred yards towards German positions. A patrol had just returned from this location, but the troops cautioned us that enemy patrols frequently scouted the area.

Armed only with sidearms, the three of us started walking in single file to the rifle pile, carefully avoiding the shallow ditch on both sides of the road over concern about booby-traps. As we advanced, we noticed a few Canadian soldiers scattered about lying hidden in the adjacent grassy field with rifles and binoculars trained on the town ahead.

After progressing about 100 yards, an explosion followed shortly thereafter by a similar loud boom interrupted our advance. This began to occur with increasing frequency and we collectively decided that a mortar attack was underway. As we couldn't determine which side was doing the firing, we promptly forgot our concerns about the safety of the roadside ditch and dove into it for cover. We remained there for a only few minutes before deciding that "no-man's land" was no place to be found by an attacking German force. Singly we rose and ran weavily back to the main Canadian position only to discover they were the troops firing the mortars. We then joined the soldiers carrying mortar shells to the firing weapon, but, after lifting one, found out they

were very heavy and rapidly abandoned that volunteer effort.

Meanwhile, we meandered back towards the main road and there we were introduced to a Colonel who was the Division Commander. We advised we had been shot down returning from the airborne invasion and were looking for war souvenirs before checking in with American authorities. About that time a tree top air burst of a German 88 shell exploded nearby, with shrapnel rattling through the metal roof of an abandoned barn, sounding like a heavy hail storm.

While standing in the open roadway, a sniper in the church steeple in the town of Best fired a round at our group. The Canadian Colonel nonchalantly admonished us not to look where the bullet had traveled to avoid redirecting the sniper's aim and said we'd move out of his line of sight in a minute or so. After receiving another round nearby, the Colonel advised that he had tried to avoid shelling the steeple, but may have to do so. Meanwhile, two soldiers carrying a litter bearing a wounded comrade moved past us from the road ahead.

The Colonel then introduced an aide to see that we got the available souvenirs and instructed his driver to take us to Brussels airport in his personal staff car so we could report in to American authorities.

Loaded with our personal souvenirs, the driver took us by our airplane where we collected personal items and the opened parachute before traveling in the open command car for a delightful two hour sight-seeing trip of the Belgian countryside to Brussels. Upon arriving, we reported to Colonel Richards, the airfield commander, who said he would notify our Spanhoe base of our safe return and instructed us to stay overnight at a historic, centrally located hotel in Brussels and to check back with him tomorrow.

Two days later we were picked up by one of our aircraft diverted to Brussels enroute back from a resupply mission and were returned to base.

Have a story about the 315th? Write it up, send it in, and join the others who contribute to the *Newsletter*

TAPS

WITH DEEP REGRET WE RECORD THE LOSS OF THESE COMRADES

*(If you were close friends a call or letter to
their family would truly be welcomed.)*

Roland H. Thomason	Hq.	1992	Alvin G. Hilby	309th Sq	unk
Leo Decker	34th Sq	1998	William H. Bowers	310th Sq	May 2000
Cameron W. Bvrd	34th Sq	Oct 1998	Wilbur H. Ely, Jr.	310thSq	Jan 1994
Gil Halverson	43rd Sq	2000	Don Glover	310th Sq	Dec 2000
Robert C. Harrold	43rd Sq	Dec 1977	David M. Stillwell	310thSq	Feb 2000
Chester Nighbor	43rd Sq	Oct 2000	Mike Kolotila	310th Sq	Sep 2000
Owen L. West	43rd Sq	Mar 1999	Leonard Luckenbach	310th Sq	unk
Carlos Church	43rd Sq	Dec 2000	Richard A. Harris	310th Sq	unk
Bernard J. Fidler	309th Sq	Nov 2000	<i>note: a recent limited membership survey revealed past losses of which the Association had not previously been aware.</i>		
Frank Hambrick	309th Sq	Nov 1998			

DONATIONS: The Association gratefully accepts donations whether in memory of former comrades or in support of the Association. Donations have been received (since publication of the October, 2000 *Newsletter*) from the following: Georganne Baroody Byrd, Geraldine Talich, Dave Trexler and Wayne Bowers. Given: in memory of M. A. Baroody (310th Sq.), for those whom taps have sounded, and for the Association's benefit.

MEET YOUR PRESIDENT

Dick Ford is an identical twin born in California's San Joaquin valley. After high school he was a beat reporter for the local daily until in early 1941 he and brother Bob became firefighters for the state's Division of Forestry (CDF). During WWII both signed on as aviation cadets. Dick got his wings in Class 44-C, two months ahead of Bob, then shocked his brother's barracks mates - they unaware he was a mirror twin - by appearing with his new brass bars,

Married during basic flight training, the honeymoon and married life was short-lived. His graduation was followed by C-47 transition then in June, 1944 off to England and the 310th TCSq. When the war was over it was a brief stint flying on the Green Project and in Sept 1944 a return to California, civilian life and his newspaper career.

Two years later it was back to state fire-fighting. Promotions followed, then recall in 1951 during the Korean conflict with flying duties, as well as fire and crash rescue officer, at Castle AFB. Offers were made to remain on active duty but a return to

CDF won out; meanwhile retaining reserve status to retire as a Lt. Colonel in 1972.

In the CDF, advances followed to where he became Regional Division Chief for Law Enforcement and Fire Prevention in Fresno. He helped develop California's fire safety regulation and created a scientific system of wildfire investigation now in universal use. He authored two books on the method and 19 technical articles on related subjects. After retirement in 1979 he opened a private practice as a fire investigator. In 1990 came a relocation to Sunriver, OR continuing to investigate regional fires.

In June, 1999 he lost his wife of 56 years. A son and daughter reside in Oregon. He has four grandchildren and four great-grandchildren. Today, he serves either as president or in other official capacities of five fire/arson and environmental organizations as well as President of the 315th Troop Carrier Group Association.

Return to Sender
He Pass Away

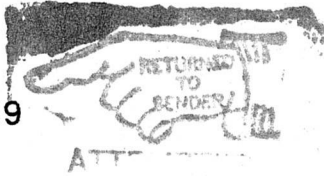


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THINK SAN DIEGO



Polish paratroopers wait for clearing weather before boarding.