



# 315th Newsletter

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

## MEMBERS ASSISTANCE NEEDED IN REISSUE of "THREE ONE FIVE GROUP"

Volume 22, Issue 3

September, 2001

An expanded version of Bill Brinson's *Three One Five Group* is being readied under the direction of editor George Cholewezynski, an honorary member of the 315th Association, author of *Poles Apart* and other books on military history. The projected publication date is intended to precede the September, 2002 San Diego reunion. (editor's note: Author Brinson -see Taps- had agreed to the reissue.)

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Extracts from previous Newsletters will be included in the expanded version, as will new, original stories and photographs. The goal is to offer members, their families and friends a product to be both enjoyed and treasured. Modest commercial sales are also anticipated.

This can only be accomplished with the early cooperation and participation of Association members. Needed now are ruminations, suggestions, human interest stories as well as combat tales. Sought is any input that could add to the original. If you've been telling yourself for years "I ought to write that down," this is the time. In fact, you don't even have to write it down. Put it on tape and send it; or call Cholewezynski and he will make a tape while listening to you. If you recall a *Newsletter* story that impressed you, tell him. If you know of someone who, in your opinion, has a yet untold worthy 315th story let Cholewezynski know. Whatever you send, however you send it, will be welcomed. Choices are needed, the more the better.

Also, review your 315th clear black and white photographs: aircraft, gliders, troops, day to day life at Spanhoe/Amiens/Green Project. Retain the originals, instead make copies at a print shop and send those. The ones to be used will be asked for and the original returned later to you.

When the book is published, members will be advised of the cost & handling and how to purchase.

George Cholewezynski, PO Box 56307, New Orleans, LA 70156-6307  
Ph: 504 948-9979...or...e-mail: walka44@msm.com

IT'S SAN DIEGO  
IN 2002

18-21 Sept

315th TROOP CARRIER GROUP ASSOCIATION  
Olmsted, Florence, Aldermaston, Blida, Spanhoe, Amiens

**OFFICIAL NOTICE BOARD**

**Message from the President:**

As I write this, I feel the same sort of exhilaration which we experienced when we were preparing for an air drop mission. Yet this time, the anticipation is vastly different because next week (Sept. 17-21) I return to Spanhoe and Arnhem for the first time in 56 years. These places which remain vivid chapters in our youth are no longer the same and exist only in our memories. Consequently, I'm returning with mixed emotions, grasping at the past from the perspective of another century. However, the warmth of our English and Dutch friends already is notable, with generous offers to house and transport me through the countryside of the English Midlands and the grounds of Market Garden. I promise to have lots of photos visually depicting my journeys for display at the 2002 San Diego Reunion. *(Incidentally, I'm footing all costs for this trip because it's something I wanted to do.)*

Block off September 18-21, 2002 for fun time, with something for everybody. Presently, action is scheduled to begin at noon on the 18th and will wind up with the banquet on Saturday evening, the 21st - the San Diego Zoo, Old Town, Harbor Cruise, city sights, Aerospace Museum, Hotel Del Coronado, Tijuana, ball game - the options go on forever. The package tours and hotel costs will be included in the next *Newsletter*.

Professor Bill Oldson, head of the Institute on World War II and the Human Experience, will be there throughout the reunion (also as a banquet speaker) to convince everyone "why your memories are vitally important to preserving our national heritage."

Richard T. Ford  
President

\*American Theater \*Naples-Foggia \*Sicily \*Normandy \*Northern France \*Central Europe \*Rhineland

*This Newsletter is published irregularly by the 315th Troop Carrier Group  
Association, 1967 Iowa Ave NE, St. Petersburg, FL 33703  
Richard T. Ford, president Bernard C. Brown, vice president J. S. "Stan" Smith, editor*

**WHERE TO SEND STUFF**

Address Information

(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

Newsletter Articles

(true or false)  
J. S. Smith  
1967 Iowa Ave NE  
St. Petersburg, FL 33703  
727 527-0587  
E-mail: JSStan@compuserve.com

Dues and Donations

(Annual dues: \$20)  
Sanford Friedman  
2425 Buckhurst Dr.  
Cleveland, OH 44122  
216 464-1529

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*This is the third welcome appearance by Association President Dick Ford. After WWII he returned to civilian life and a career as a fire fighter in California's Division of Forestry. He was recalled during the Korean conflict, then back to civilian status but to remain in the Air Force reserves and retire as a Lt. Colonel in 1972. He stays active today as a consultant and advisor on fire and arson matters.*

## VARSITY MISSION -- *Twice over the DZ*

*by Dick Ford*

On March 24, 1945 a formation of 81 planes of the 315th TCG departed Boreham RAF Station in East Anglia, England with paratroops of the British Sixth Division as a unit of a massive aerial armada participating in the largest single day airborne operation of WW II. The assault involved 320 C-47 and 80 C-46 aircraft and a tow of 900 CG4A gliders attempting to establish an Allied crossing of the Rhine River near Wesel, Germany.

The 315th followed C-46s of the 313th Group, which was holding formation into the drop zone despite heavy losses from intense, accurate anti-aircraft and light arms fire. Aircraft were exploding and disappearing in a ball of smoke, bursting into flame, losing altitude with jumping troops, or winging over out of control and crashing to the open countryside. From our serial's vantage point it seemed that only half of the planes managed to make a normal drop on the DZ.

The heavy, spectacular losses to the C-46 formation ahead created a sobering feeling for aircrew members with prior airborne assault experience, but the impression on first-timers had to be traumatic and, in some cases, overwhelming.

As our formation approached the DZ, the concentrated fire from German ground forces shifted to our arriving aircraft. Heavy ground fire continued against both aircraft and parachuting airborne troops, but the sturdy Gooney Bird again proved to be the durable, combat worthy aircraft of earlier actions and handled the barrage without affecting the mission or drop accuracy.

I was flying #2 position of #2 flight of the 310th squadron lead at the rear of the second 315th serial. Nearing the DZ, things abruptly went awry aboard this aircraft. My co-pilot, who shall remain nameless, literally "froze" at the sight of the heavy C-46 losses and was unable to move or speak, requiring

me to perform both cockpit duties over the DZ. After dropping quarter flaps preparing for the drop, I slapped him across the face to snap him out of it, but got no reaction.

At the sight of the paratroopers beginning to fall from the lead aircraft I eased off power on the left engine and flipped on the red jump light.

When I saw that the troops had cleared other aircraft, I waited for a confirming holler from the crew chief, but instead he yelled. "The first one fell down in the door. They didn't get out." Now, safely through the DZ and no longer under major ground fire, I was able to break through the metal block of the co-pilot by ordering him to repeat my instructions and then perform them.

Although I didn't welcome the thought of a second pass over the DZ, I yelled to the crew chief that I'd reset the lights and to "shoot and push him out if he falls down again!" By that time I was past the Rhine, so I made a left 45 and a tight right turn-around to line up for a reverse pass and saw that the DZ was clear. The return drop across the DZ went smoothly with no other aircraft in the area and attracted only light ground fire until the troops begin their drop onto the large grassy clearing now littered with parachutes. About the time the last jumper cleared the aircraft white puffs of bursting flak began appearing 20 feet in front of the plane's nose. While the German gunner tried to zero in on his only target, I pushed the nose down into a steep dive, but couldn't out-race the lowering barrage. We finally got below his line of fire in a tie with the flak bursts still 20 feet directly ahead of us.

*(see "Twice over DZ" page 10)*

Have you called George Cholewezynski with your story for the expanded "Three One Five Group"? Call: 504 949-9979
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George Doll has contributed both sketches and stories to previous Newsletters. A pre-war musician he was initially assigned to the 315th Medical section then later transferred to a GI entertainment unit called the "Sky Blazers." He was asked by the editor to recount some of his experiences with them. It turns out he kept a diary. Here is part one of that diary. Part two will be in the next edition..

## SKY BLAZERS....part 1 UK, France....D-Day + 17

by George Doll

This morning we were awakened at 5:45 am - after getting to sleep at 1:00 am - to throw our newly issued assortment of equipment into a truck, ride for an hour and a half, throw piano and all of us into a C-53 and take off for France.

All fourteen of us went, plus Lieutenant Bankson who is our officer in charge. We left as an independent unit on temporary duty to entertain front line troops.

A half hour after taking off we sighted the Channel --and hundreds of ships plying their way back and forth through the calm waters.

After another half hour of craning necks we sighted the coast of France and in the early morning sun we all anxiously looked at our new adventure: torn up ground - slit trenches, Yanks lining up for chow in a field kitchen, huge Red Crosses, lines of heavy vehicles, a burned out Spitfire, wrecked ships of every description, and finally the dusty landing strip where we were to land.

A heavy yellow dust blinding our visions, the bump that emphatically tells us we are no longer air borne, and War Correspondents to greet us.

Unshaven, dirty men standing around all wearing helmets and bearing weapons, and the somewhat bomb-shattered houses of the vicinity were all visible and very interesting.

A truck backed up, in it we piled our mess and started out for the interior - the roads weren't bad (a tribute to our bulldozers). MPs and hundreds of signs kept us from getting lost.

However the countless wires were a tribute in themselves to the Signalmen (troops who came right after the enemy left say that linemen literally covered

the ground - shot by Jerry snipers).

French civilians very undemonstrative. We're told they were well treated by the Germans who in four years must have made some ties.

Finally we arrive at our Headquarters and had "K" rations which weren't bad at all - coffee, biscuits, jelly, fried egg and pork patty, a fruit bar and gum. Assuming we were to live in the field with the thousands of mud-sloggers we have seen its a pleasant surprise to find we're sleeping in the Marine barracks until recently occupied by the German garrison. Very comfortable.

Incidentally, we're in the sea coast town of Grande Campe and the barracks are surrounded by an elaborate trench and dugout system which connects certain strong points that are still well supplied with Stokes Mortars, machine guns, hand grenades, and a 40 mm gun gazes silently towards the town's only pier and harbor.

Ammunition for these weapons is laying all over the ground in its original containers.

Jack Wolf and I found the area had been freed of mines and traps so we really searched about - though all rifles, revolvers, and other things valued as souvenirs had been taken.

We found deep, comfortable, cement quarters underground connected by long, angling camouflaged trenches, broken up by other trenches leading to machine guns, signal switch boards, and sleeping quarters.

Overcoats, spare machine gun barrels, gas masks, denims, even the Dispensary's supplies are still all over - disturbed somewhat by huge craters which evidently helped decide the issue.

One story concerns the German C.O. and the Rangers who took the town - the Rangers barged into the Headquarters, saw the German C.O. sitting down to dinner, shot him and ate the hot dinner themselves. Air Force boys who followed the Rangers say no quarter was given and Rangers and Jerry were laying everywhere.

Saturday June 24, 1944

We took a walk this morning and were taken by some MPs to a house, empty now except for the

*(continued on next page)*

biggest wine barrel I've ever seen in its basement - the wine barrel was full and the wine good

A little fellow came up and I mentioned something about at least not hearing any more of that eternal "Any gum, Chum?" which is so tiring in England - Sooo the little boy grabbed my fingers and called in perfect English, "Any gum, Chum?"

A young girl walked past pushing a wheel barrow - after a lengthy look in the little blue French book, I ventured a "Bon jour, Mademoiselle." She countered, again in fair English, "Good morning, Yank."

Very provoking indeed.....

The battle for Cherbourg goes on and its fall is expected hourly.

Tille has just fallen and I've heard something about us entertaining engineers up there. At any rate, it looks though we'll leave here tomorrow.

Tonight we gave an outdoor show on the grounds of the barracks - it's strange to see German influence still present while young Americans are laughing and happy around you.

Even the sticky tape for catching flies that so lazily moves to and fro from its anchorage in the ceiling has transferred its allegiance. Upon examination I found it to be German. So now it's catching flies for the Allies.

\*\*\*\*

One of our favorite authors, Ziggy Zartman, has reappeared, now living in Arizona. Again we find Ziggy, as always a bit outside the lines, leaving a General wondering what happened to his tire.

## TIRE, WHAT TIRE?

by "Ziggy" Zartman

During the siege of Liege, General Paul Williams led the transport armada of some 200 C-47s, as I recall. He made a smooth landing and was taxiing on the sharp-edged PSP (Pierced Steel Planking) when he flattened a tire. He commanded another aircraft from his wing and returned to base intending the next day to send a crew in with a tire and wheel.

This happened in the late afternoon. Flying a night mission, I landed sometime after midnight and unfortunately also flattened a tire on the PSP. No one else was stirring on the base and bombs were going off in the distance. John Stewart, the engineer on the flight, and I figured it wasn't good to endanger two transports when one could be repaired. So ----- rounding up the necessary jacks we took the good wheel from the General's aircraft.

I'm told the General was quite upset and real excited, but he never did discover our identity.

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## 315th TO GET OWN WEB PAGE

The 315th Association may soon be joining the Internet thanks to Miles "Chip" Hamby; son of retired Colonel Henry Hamby, former 310th Squadron Commander. With the approval of Association President Dick Ford, Hamby is currently developing a framework that would appear on the net initially at one of his web sites as 'members.aol.com/315Group'. Members will be encouraged to offer comments and suggestions as to the framework, structure, etc.

As Hamby explains, "I think, beside a readily accessible information source of upcoming events,

recent experiences and news from members, the site will be a wonderful memorial to the unit and all who made it. And it will be 'living' in that the structure, as well as the content, can be readily changed to achieve the maximum benefit to its readers."

Once a framework is established it will be reviewed by the Association's Officers and Board to include procedures for approving site additions, changes, etc. Eventually, Hamby sees the Association arranging for the site to be hosted as a direct site.

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Sandy Friedman, the Association's hard working treasurer, went overseas with the 435th TCG and on the way faced a few white-knuckle experiences. After safely arriving in England he was later transferred to the 315th.

## OVERSEAS THE HARD WAY

*by Sandy Friedman*

As a member of the 435th Troop Carrier Group, I flew overseas to England, departing on 21 October 1943 from Bear Field, Ft. Wayne, Indiana with five crew members, myself and one other passenger. He, fortunately for us, was an engineering officer.

Some legs of the flight produced some very unusual happenings.

First, flying from Puerto Rico to Trinidad, our engines suddenly quit. The pilot immediately switched from the cabin tanks to the wing tanks and power returned. After an over-night stay we were scheduled to leave in the morning. However, arriving at the flight line we found all planes grounded. It was explained that our engineering officer had worked to find out why the engines lost power and discovered that a plug had been inserted in the cabin tank fuel lines. The conclusion was sabotage. We were told it solved the problem of Air Corps planes being lost on the flight from Belem, Brazil to Ascension Island.

The next happening occurred after we left Dakar, Senegal and were on our way to Marrakech, Morocco. Heavy weather prevented us from flying over the Atlas Mountain Range and required a landing at Tindouf, Algeria, a French Foreign Legion desert outpost. Fascinating, because it gave us a chance to roam the fort used in the famous movie *Beau Geste*.

Finally, on the last leg, on our way from Marrakech to England, we flew substantially outside the coast of Portugal and France. A flight a few days before ours, which was carrying the movie actor Leslie Howard, had been shot down by a German fighter plane. As we approached England at Lands End there was solid cloud cover and our fuel was running low. As we descended through the clouds the pilot directed the passengers to take positions near the

door. Our job was to cut the cargo straps and push the cargo out the door when we came down in the water. Luckily, we broke clear about 75 feet above the water, within sight of land and our destination. We had 10 to 15 minutes of fuel left in the tanks when we landed.

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*(In the March 2001 Newsletter, Dick Ford wrote of the heavy battle damage received by his aircraft #42-23609 during an Arnhem mission, 21 September 1944, resulting in a forced landing at Eindhoven, Holland. The plane was repaired and returned to service. What then happened to 609 was recounted by Eric Pepper in the BOTNA bulletin, March 2000.)*

## "609" - A TOUGH OLD BIRD

Records show that "609" returned to the USA on 27 September 1945 and was placed in storage with the Reconstruction Finance Corp 19 October 1945. The corporation was the US storage body formed to dispose of Government materials until March 1946 when the War Assets Administration took over. Purchased by American Air Export & Import Co., Miami, 609 was registered as N17079. This company used DC-3s between 1946-51. The stay was for one year, then the aircraft moved to All American Aviation, a company which changed its name to All American Airways Inc. in 1948; a re-registration was made in May 1950 until 2 January 1953 when All American changed to Allegheny Airlines Inc and caused a new registration of N151A. On the move again, the plane was sold to Houston Aviation on 8 May 1961, staying for two years. Next to Exec Aircraft Services, Dallas, TX, then to Central Construction Company Inc. Dallas, in 1964 with another registration change to N852C. Four years down the line it moved to Coastal States Gas Producing Co., Corpus Christi, TX, then to R. S. Johnson, Corpus Christ, 1969. Exec Air Transportation Inc as "Marilyn" 1976 and finally Hill Air Company Inc., Fort Lauderdale, FL registered with them 9 September 1976. Up to 1984 the aircraft was possibly still on register.

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"Ya might hafta catch a boat. One of them kids ya chased off th' field wuz the pilot."



"Gee, I didn't realize how rough you boys lived on th' ground."

A favorite target of cartoonists during WW II was the age of Air Corps pilots. Here are three employing that theme. Certain to stir memories they are offered thanks to Sandy Friedman who has an



"Uncle Willie!"

extensive collection of wartime cartoons. He's considering bringing them to the 2002 San Diego reunion for members to enjoy. One more reason to put the reunion on your "don't miss" calendar.

## IN REMEMBRANCE



Above, members of the Polish Airborne Association hold a remembrance ceremony at Tinwell Church and Easton-on-the Hill for comrades lost 60 years ago. On 8 July 1944, en route to a practice drop, two aircraft of the 309th Squadron collided and crashed. Twenty-six Polish paratroopers and 8 crew members died. Following is descriptions of the ground scene from John Rennison's book "Wings Over Rutland."

### TRAGEDY AT TINWELL

The traumatic events that occurred in the sky over the little village of Tinwell on the evening of the 8th July 1944 will never be forgotten by those that were involved in them.

The story began at the airfield of Spanhoe, sometimes known as Haringworth, just south of the Rutland border. Thirty-three olive green C-47 Skytrains of the 309th Squadron, 315th Troop Carrier Group of the U.S. 9th Air Force, began to get airborne shortly after 21:30 hours. Their cargo was 369 paratroopers of the Polish First Independent Airborne Brigade, their destination a drop zone at R.A.F. Wittering.

Once settled in formation at 1300 feet, the thirty-three aircraft made an impressive sight against the backdrop of the last rays of the summer sun. Suddenly the illusion was shattered, two of the aircraft touched wings and became locked together. Like autumn leaves, strangely out of place on a summer's eve, they tumbled to the ground. Corporal Thomas Chambers of the U. S. 9th Air Force saw his chance as he stood in the doorway of one of the

stricken aircraft and he jumped. He was to be the only survivor. The aircraft crashed down in the meadows on the Ketton side of Tinwell by the river Welland.

A few miles away in Stamford, the crews of two St. Johns Ambulance Brigade vehicles were quickly gathered and dispatched to the scene of the tragedy. Not knowing the exact site of the crash the two ambulances approached Tinwell from different directions, one via Easton on The Hill and the other down the main road from Stamford. Peter Middleton was a member of the first crew to arrive and found an R.A.F. ambulance already there. One aircraft was smashed to pieces, while the fuselage of the other was still intact. Peter recalled that the ground was soaked with aviation fuel and only after a short time his shoes and trousers were saturated with it. There were bodies everywhere, some of the paratroops had tried to jump when it was far too late and their parachutes had failed to open.

(see "Remembrance," page 10)



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# OFF THE GRAPEVINE

(AND OTHER QUESTIONABLE SOURCES)

## DID YOU HEAR?

(thanks to Leonard Zurokov)

When told Gen. Montgomery had supposedly said that Market Garden was a great idea which went sour, and if he had it to do again he would still do it, Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands reportedly replied: "If Gen. Montgomery has any other such ideas, I pray he will not involve the Netherlands."

\*\*\*\*

## DILBERT'S WORDS OF WISDOM

- My reality check bounced.
- On the keyboard of life, always keep one finger on the escape key.
- I don't suffer from stress.....I'm a carrier.
- Never argue with an idiot. They drag you down to their level then beat you with experience.

\*\*\*\*

## SILENT WINGS MUSEUM

The National World War II Glider Pilots Association, Inc., has reached an agreement with the City of Lubbock, TX to be the location for its Silent Wings Museum. The Association's artifacts, archives, memorabilia and gliders will be transferred from the present museum to Lubbock into new facilities slated to be ready in time for the 2001 reunion.

\*\*\*\*

## SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

- At 100, Grandma Moses was painting.
- At 94, Bertrand Russell was active in international peace drives.
- At 93, Bernard Shaw wrote the play Farfetched Fables.
- At 91, Eamon de Valera served as President of Ireland..
- At 91, Adolph Zukor was chairman of Paramount Pictures.
- At 90, Pablo Picasso was painting some of his best works.
- At 89, Albert Schweitzer headed a hospital in Africa.
- At 89, Arthur Rubinstein gave a recital at Carnegie Hall.

\*\*\*\*

## MORE TOWER TALK

(actual exchanges between airlines and control towers)

Tower: "Eastern 702, cleared for takeoff, contact Departure on 124.7."

Eastern 702: "Tower, Eastern 702 switching to Departure.... by the way, after we lifted off, we saw some kind of dead animal on the far end of the runway."

Tower: "Continental 635, cleared for takeoff, contact Departure on 124.7; did you copy the report from Eastern?"

Continental 635: "Continental 635, cleared for takeoff roger; and yes, we copied Eastern and we've already notified our caterers."

\*\*\*\*

## A Pilot's 'sign off'

Blue skies and tail winds...

and may your tanks never run dry

\*\*\*\*

## MEN ON WOMEN:WOMEN ON MEN

*men on women*

- You can know a woman is about to say something smart when she starts her sentence with "A man once told me..."
- In the beginning God created the earth and rested. Then God created man and rested. Then God created woman. Since then, neither God nor man has rested.
- Woman will never be equal to men until they can walk down the street with a bald head and a beer gut, and still think they are beautiful.

*women on men*

- They can live without sex but not without glasses.
- They are proud of their lawnmower.
- Their best friend is dating someone half their age....and isn't breaking any laws.
- They no longer think of speed limits as a challenge.
- The end of their tie doesn't come anywhere near the top of their pants.
- They talk about "good grass" and are referring to someone's lawn.

\*\*\*\*

## MORE LEGAL STUFF

*(from the internet) Things people actually said in court, word for word, taken down and now published by court reporters.*

Q: Sir, what is your IQ?

A: Well, I can see pretty well, I think.

+++++

Q: Trooper, when you stopped the defendant, were your red and blue light flashing?

A: Yes.

Q: Did the defendant say anything when she got out of her car?

A: Yes, sir.

Q: What did she say?

A: What disco am I at?

+++++

Q: Now doctor, isn't it true that when a person dies in his sleep, he doesn't know about it until the next morning?

+++++

Q: The youngest son, the twenty-year-old, how old is he?

+++++

Q: Were you present when your picture was taken?

+++++

Q: So the date of conception (of the baby) was August 8th?

A: Yes.

Q: And what were you doing at that time?

+++++

Q: She had three children, right?

A: Yes.

Q: How many were boys?

A: None.

Q: Were there any girls?

\*\*\*\*

(Twice over DZ)

Later, after the crew chief had pulled in the shroud lines, he came to the cockpit and casually asked, "You didn't really mean for me to shoot him, did you?" I half-laughingly replied, "No, but they didn't know that." Silently, I prided myself on how well this strategy had worked. However, several minutes passed before I suddenly realized that the crew chief hadn't known it either.

With only a few bullet holes in the fuselage and flight surface, the return trip to Spanhoe proved to be uneventful, except for the recurring and sobering thought of the possible outcome from my verbal outburst to the crew chief.

\*\*\*\*

(Remembrance)

Doctor Hawes, the Medical Officer of Health for the district, was also at the scene as they began to clear the casualties. Sometime later an American ambulance arrived and the crew began to search for their personnel. Corporal Chambers was found impacted in the mud by the river bank, a very lucky man indeed.

It was found to be impossible to enter the fuselage of the intact aircraft and cutting gear had to be sent for. The job would not be complete until the early hours of Sunday morning.

The Polish casualties were taken back to the mortuary in Stamford's North Street and the grisly business of sorting them out began. At one point this was interrupted by the arrival of the American ambulance crew, they were as they put it "a leg missing." It was eventually found by dint of fact that the American airmen were wore brown boots opposed to the black ones of the paratroops.

The Americans took their casualties to Cambridge for burial. The Poles were picked up on Monday morning by Polish Army personnel and taken to the Polish cemetery at Newark. The wreckage of the two aircraft, serial number 42-108873 and 43-15341 was later removed by one of the American mobile salvage units.

\*\*\*\*

Have you e-mailed George Cholewezynski your story for the expanded "Three One Five Group"?  
Send to: walka44@msm.com

## NOTAMS

(Notices to Airmen)

STILL WELCOME: The Association has extended a join-up welcome to spouses, sons, daughters, siblings and grandchildren of both current members and those former members for whom taps have been sounded. Send the names to Doc Cloer and they'll be added to the mailing list and will receive the *Newsletter*. No dues, but donations welcome.

WEB PAGE MOVED: The Troop Carrier Web Page has moved to <http://www.douglas-dc-3.com/troopcg.htm>. They are seeking history and photos.

NEW USE FOR CAPS: A member related to Sandy Friedman how a Troop Carrier decal on his car saved him from a traffic ticket when he was pulled over. Sandy says he keeps his 315th cap in the car - just in case. The message is: if you haven't yet got your cap, there's no better time. They are available. Call or write Sandy.

COMING IN THE MARCH NEWSLETTER: Program details of the September 18-21, 2002 San Diego reunion will be included as well as attendance sign up forms. Start your planning now.

TROOP CARRIER HISTORICAL SOCIETY: Randy Hills reports efforts to establish a Troop Carrier Historical Society and Archive is "alive and well though moving more slowly than anticipated." Additional survey forms are being distributed to gauge interest and support level from Troop Carrier veterans. If interested, contact Hills through e-mail at [cpths70@aol.com](mailto:cpths70@aol.com) or write him at 3080 Whirlaway Trail, Tallahassee, FL 32308.

KOREAN WAR SERVICE MEDAL: During the Korean War the United States disallowed the wearing of the Korean War Service Medal because of prohibiting regulations. That was later changed. On the 50 Anniversary of the Korean War ex-service members are being reminded that the medal is still being distributed. Veterans applying for the medal should contact the Air Force Personnel Record Center by calling (800) 558-1404, or by FAX at (210) 565-3118 or off the Internet at <http://www.afpc.randolph.af.mil/awards>

George Cholewezynski needs black and white photos for the expanded "Three One Five Group".  
Send copies to him at:  
PO Box 56307, New Orleans, LA 70156-6307

### TAPS

WITH DEEP REGRET THE ASSOCIATION  
RECORDS THE LOSS OF THESE COMRADES  
AND EXTENDS OUR SINCERE SYMPATHY TO  
THEIR LOVED ONES

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

William L Brinson	Hqs.	Aug. 2001
Harold J. Boyland	34th Sq	June 2001
William C. Conine	34th Sq	Sept. 2001
Lloyd G. Perry	34th Sq	July 2001
Albert S. Brigham	309th Sq	May 2001
Charles J. Grove	309th Sq	Mar 2001
Oakey McKim	310th Sq	Jan. 2000
Arthur Plough	310th Sq	June 2001

### DONATIONS

The Association gratefully accepts donations whether in memory of former comrades or in support of the Association. Families are notified when appropriate. Donations have been received (since the July, 2001 Newsletter) from:

- Bernie Pleasant	- Sandy Friedman
- Jack Alexander	- Leonard Zurakov
- Barbara Papp	- Bob Cloer
- Ed Plock	- Irv Sternoff
- Beth Glover	- anonymous

Given in memory of: Bernie Coggins,  
Bill Brinson, Lloyd Perry, Bill Conine,  
others for whom taps have sounded and  
for general use.

### William L. Brinson

Col. ret. William "Bill" Brinson, longtime Corresponding Secretary of the 315th Association died under the care of Hospice on Thursday, August 9, 2001. A native of Waynesboro, Georgia he had returned there several weeks before his death from his home in Jacksonville, Florida. A much admired member of the 315th he was one of the founding members of the Association. Over the years his quiet leadership was a major contributor to its success. His book *Three One Five Group* was a particularly important and impressive accomplishment.

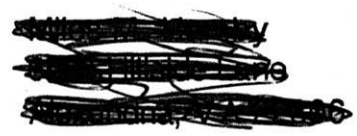
Following World War II he elected to remain in the Air Force and achieved a distinguished career. He flew C-54s on the Berlin Airlift. During the Korean conflict it was airlifting troops out Washington State's McChord AFB. After Command and Staff School at Maxwell he commanded the 173rd Air Transport Sq. (Air Evac) at Travis AFB, moving patients to military hospitals throughout the West Coast. In 1958 he commanded a composite unit in support of nuclear testing at Eniwetok. He was selected to head the second MATS squadron to be equipped with C-135s, the Air Force's version of the Boeing 707. Following Navy War College came a Pentagon assignment, followed by a three-year tour as Chief, of the Military Assistance Group in Morocco. His career ended at Maxwell AFB as Commander of the Academic Instructor and Allied Officers School. It was the same base he reported to as an Aviation Cadet 30 years earlier. His wife Alice, childhood sweetheart, the girl who lived across the street from him in Waynesboro, survives.

Past President Ray Schwartz and Ilse represent the 315th Association at the funeral services. A floral wreath was presented.

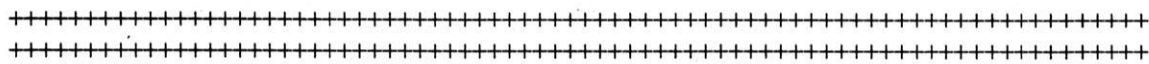
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(and the editor)