



315th Newsletter

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

September 1997

SPECIAL BUSINESS MEETING HELD IN SAN ANTONIO

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THE SPRINGS THE PLACE IN '98

LOST TOUCH

They've moved or you can't find the address of an Association member you want to get in touch with? Call or write Sandy Friedman who keeps a current roster.
(see where to send stuff, page 6)

Chaired by President "Bert" Petersen a small group of Association members, officers, and Board representatives met in April at the Pear Tree Inn, San Antonio, to discuss several issues which have appeared since the last regular business meeting at the 1996 Milwaukee reunion.

High on the list was the key task of maintaining an up-to-date Association roster. This had been done through a computer service arranged by the late Ed Papp. It was agreed to continue with the service, backed up by computer support offered by Association members. Treasurer Sandy Friedman will be the focal point for all input (see "Where to Send Stuff", page 6) pertaining to address changes. Member computer back-up was arranged.

A second issue was the selection of an Assistant Treasurer. Harold Slack, of the 310th Sq., was nominated and has been appointed.

Dr. Newman L. Riechman was named to replace the late Charles W. Lovett on the Board of Directors. (a current listing of Officers and Directors is included in this *Newsletter*.)

The question of a *Newsletter* editor to replace Ed Papp was resolved by J. S. Smith agreeing to take on the task.

Considerable discussion surrounded ways to increase attendance at the bi-annual reunions. A number of proposals were reviewed. An implementation plan is to be developed and put into place. Basic, however, is the need for personal contact by members encouraging their counterparts to attend.

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

OFFICIAL NOTICE BOARD

Message from the President:

I wish to recognize the members who rallied together, after Ed Papps' untimely passing, to organize a new format for the Newsletter and updated roster. Special acknowledgment to Stan Smith, Doc Cloer and Sandy Friedman who continue to donate so much time and effort. We also recognize those members, who with Gordon Tull's help, met in San Antonio at their own expense, to make suggestions not only pertaining to the roster and Newsletter, but also the upcoming reunion. This kind of dedication indicates that we will have many more successful reunions

While a Newsletter and updated roster are most important in contacting members, Doc Cloer also suggests we enlist the help of several active members from each squadron to contact other members concerning reunion attendance. A visit to the Air Force Academy and 315th Memorial at picturesque Colorado Springs, probably the best AF reunion site in the country is something you won't want to miss. Shortly after the first of the year you'll be receiving registration/reservation forms and probably a call from an active member. Please start planning now to attend.

Getting together with your peers, who know what a depression is, beats another visit to a tourist crowded nowhere. Make the reunion a Fall family vacation by bringing along your Boomer offspring, even the grand kids. Colorado Springs is a great tourist town.

Against Human Stupidity, Even God Fails

Hats off to Bill "Curley" Braun for organizing the 309th Squadron "mini" reunion this coming Nov. 2, 3, and 4th at the Hacienda Hotel in San Diego. Other group members are welcome but they should check with "Curley" for room availability.

(see President's Message, page 6)

STANDING ORDERS

All Fit and Able 315th Troop Carrier Group Association members are ordered to stand by pending receipt of Official Notification of dates for the 1998 Reunion in Colorado Springs. Upon receipt of such, members will prepare to assemble at stated location. Full equipment will be carried, to include pictures, memories and memorabilia, prescriptions, reading glasses, and such other glasses as may be required.

Failure to appear will be so noted on the Group's Morning Report.

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

AFTER THE SHOOT DOWN

The letter which follows was written to Bill Brinson by Frank Hayden, navigator on a pathfinder aircraft shot down during the Battle of the Bulge. Others on the crew from the 315th included Sam Suttle, Jim "Seaweed" Alwood, and Morris Brown. Hayden later became a dentist in his home state of Washington. He was killed in the early fifties when a small plane capsized and sank in a lake while Hayden and friends were returning from a fishing trip.

May 23, 1945
(France)

Dear Billy:

Hope you got the card I sent you from the P.O.W. camp but have doubts as the "Kraut" mail service is (or was) none too good. It was a disappointment to find you boys gone after getting out of Germany. We had been looking forward to seeing the old gang again and talking the situation over. Rumors give Trinidad or West Palm as your location but for lack of more complete information, I'm using the old address hoping this will reach you without too much delay.

"Seaweed" and I have been together the whole time since our little one-way trip last December. We are still left in the dark as to Sam Suttle's whereabouts and condition, however, as we had to leave him in a German aid post when we were marched inland after crash landing. Sam was the only one of the crew to be injured - a badly wrenched or possibly fractured back. He didn't seem to be in too bad shape when we left him so we are hoping he is OK. Have been trying to get news of him but so far have had no luck. The "Weed" and I are in fine shape and are getting fat again on this G. I. chow.

Stalag Luft #1 - Barth, Germany - that cheery little spot on the Baltic, has been our home for the past few months. The Russians arrived May first liberating us and two weeks later we were flown to this huge tent metropolis (an ex-P.O.W. processing camp near the channel and in the Le

Havre area) via B-17 courtesy of the Eighth Air Force.

Naturally we were all quite happy to see the last of the Jerry guards, barbed wire, etc., and to be out of Germany completely. Now we're all anxiously looking forward to getting out of this damn continent completely and home.

Tents, crowded conditions, the inevitable endless chow lines, shot lines, etc., and that going home tension make for a situation here that is far from ideal. We have been here ten days now which plus the two weeks waiting to be evacuated makes a total of twenty four days "prisoners of the Allies" time. But the weather is nice and this chow is making us fat while we are lying around and we'll undoubtedly get home sometime this summer so things are pretty rosy, comparatively speaking.

Two boys from the Group - Kenhoff and Joe Gejecki - showed up at Barth after your last do. They brought in some bad news of others that we know. I'm hoping that the crews of the planes he talked of got out and back. H.B.'s radio operator and crew chief also came to Barth, but you probably have more dope on all this than I.

Well, Billy, it is getting dark and as these tents are without lights, this scribbling must close. Hello to all the boys and please write soon giving me all the latest poop (use home address).

As Ever,

s: Frank

MORE COUGHING UP

Digging into his memory banks Ziggy takes us on a slippery slope loading pregnant wives aboard his faithful DC-3; and then begins another challenging episode with the good guys vs the Swiss Alps.

The final mishap: Assigned as the Ops Officer at Rhein Main (1952-54), the third or fourth rated airport for combined military and commercial traffic in the world, I usually got my monthly flying "hazard pay" in aero-medical evac planes (C-47s specially rigged for such missions). One fun destination was an uneven, grassy field near Verdun, France (Of WW I renown...some trenches still visible). Nearby, the US Army had troops with dependents. USAFE policy was to air-evac pregnant wives in their eighth month to General Hospitals near Frankfurt or Wiesbaden...that being the nature of my once a month routine air-evac (on occasion an emergency flight). Felix Moran (310thSq.) stationed near by was probably the other pilot. He and I flew that mission more than once, always (weather permitting) at low altitude DR (me reading the map...Felix driving)...just like the good-old days at Spanhoe.

The landing area, usually freshly mown, smelled good, but the 3 to 4% grade was a stinker. On this mission the field had been soaked from an overnight drizzle, turning it into slippery patches of mud. Using techniques taught by the former Sergeant pilots (310thers Cecil Dawkins, Jim Drummey, O.J. Smith pop into mind) the uphill landing was no problem. We taxied to the loading area off in a corner where the terrain was even steeper, locked the tail wheel, set the brakes and shut-down. The flight nurses and medical techs introduced themselves to the patients, collected records, loaded and made the bulging mothers-to-be comfortable. I busied myself scraping mud off my shoes and gulping coffee to curb the chill in the air. Felix stayed busy yakking with the Army troops about their boondocks habitat. The arriving ambulance had been accompanied by a staff car and a weapons carrier, which parked just aft the tail.

With the happy, anxious, pregnant gals aboard and content, already envisioning shopping in the "land of the Big PXs", we were in the process of final handshakes. The ambulance and weapons carrier were moving away as I tip-toed around a muddy spot and gave both tires a final kick

YOU'RE NOT GOING TO BELIEVE THIS
- the weapons carrier slid a few feet, enough for a side mounted shovel to swing loose, reaching out just enough to hit and bust the tail light (it did not have a lens cover)! A bulb alone must be pretty cheap, so I'll figure the cost @\$1.51...the grand total I "owe" is then a nice easy \$30.18. The check will be in the mail JUST AS SOON AS I GET THE FIRST 'NOTCH' PAYOFF!!

(editor's note: in a previous 'Coughing Up' Ziggy recounted an escapade in which he dispensed with both wing tip lights, explaining the \$30.18 total.)

While I've got Felix on my memory monitor, I must tell you about another special C-47 flight when we shared cockpit feats. He was assigned to the Flight Service Center located in the I.G. Farbin building, Frankfurt, and was attached to the Rhein Main Ops Section for his monthly flying hours. My turf, where I, among other chores, duty'd myself as an IP (Instructor Pilot) which translated into "keeping the right seat warm while the other guy did most of the flying." This time, Felix had the controls when, with Alps peaks protruding well above our flight path, we found ourselves on a high-speed cruise (165 IAS) via the Brenner Pass. Its 6,000 ft. altitude was more than enough to get through this low spot. Below, six centuries earlier, the Hapsburg Tyrolese rulers had built Austrian Chalets, the main farm building of that era. In the stone basements, livestock lived; upstairs, the peasants, indentured to the noble landowners, coped with "room and board" in exchange for their service.

(and so, dear readers, we leave Ziggy in a "holding pattern" high above the Brenner Pass until the next *Newsletter* when 'Coughing Up' continues.)

AMIENS/GLISY TO PUERTO RICO (the hard way)

From Anchorage Alaska, Gil Daney, former 309th Radio Operator, recalls a 1945 saga of trains, POWs, underground goodies, boats, ice cream, banishment, and finally: the USA.

(From the Editor: Author Daney took the college route after service separation, collected a wife, a job and in 1951 headed to Alaska with the Civil Aeronautics Administration. Retiring in 1976 he busies himself these days with oil and gas interests. We look forward to hearing more from him.)

May 7th, 1945, what a lovely sunny day to be here in South London shipping the Co-Pilot's roped & locked up foot-locker through customs at Croyden and getting suspicious stares - I cut the rope and broke the lock in front of the nervous custom agents. Next group of stares was in the Sergeant's Mess when I casually walked through the bar with my overseas cap on. Since I had a 20 pound note button-holed and my occupation money showing in the billfold, the bar attendant refused my offer of "Hafta bouy da rounds" resulting in a diversion of dirty looks toward the bar. After passing through those two gauntlets, I busied myself most of the afternoon casually checking out the aircraft on the field to make sure they were devoid of flares (there was no one around to thank me for this safety precaution since it was tea-time #3 for the day). The rest of the evening after arrival back at Amiens was street style Snake Dancing with the locals downtown and of course shooting off flares back on the field (I still wonder who the two guys were in the 310th latrine when the red flare went streaking through).

May 8th. A Special Announcement "we were going to be eligible for the Defense Medal for future activities in the Carribean". Hurrah! 5 more points! I already had one for submarine patrol in the gulf, but, before I could locate the little cluster for it I was "voluntered" by the 1st Sgt. to the hazardous duty of guarding the RR baggage car. Whether this tent-mate did it for spite or because he trusted me, I will never know. I packed and said farewell to our rigged up tent with the best slit-trench in that muddy area with its hot water rigged British tin, and my blackened wash-basin (helmet to the ladies who bother to read this). How cum I had to boat back? We lost old 4A "R" with its paneled Babst-Rebecca receiver (another story) and our crew had to pay the penalty. 3 different type K-rations containing that "ugh" slimey pork, chocolate bars, etc, etc traded us off with some delicious 7 course meals (including eggs) from the French farmers in the house next to the car. Let me repeat that "7-course meal!". What a way to end the war - even sold my English Hercules (9lb) bicycle at a profit. Hazardous duty did I say? All those well dressed Frenchmen with fresh banded stacks of francs roaming around looking for action from a bunch of air-cons; but, we were well armed with 45's and kept them at bay. What luck to see my former room-mate, the old 1st Sgt. huffing and pulling a french two-wheeled cart on his way to sell his "single", medical type bed, complete with sheets from the Hotel Royal, at the nearest village - I understand that our french friends have no use for single beds???? Gosh. I hated to miss his sales pitch!

Whilst our lovable, reliable, pilots droned away with their P38 tanks (if Ziggy had only known I had safetied the rocker boxes on his left engine & worked on his left landing gear on a 100hour inspection before his departure - but Drysdale will fill him in), Jerry motorcycles, (half of Germany was hauled away by the Russians, and the other half was left for the 315th Group). And that volkswagen car we were continually pushing up the hill between Aguadilla & Borinquen? I wondered who flew that over. A lot of unhappy & new C47 & Waco glider French owners were left below. I can still see that little well-dressed Frenchie screaming and running out toward the runway completely disregarding any mines, as one of the gliders was hauled off (Ziggy how could you?). The French RR conductor and

(President's Message continued)

Joan and I have attended a number of "minis" and all were most enjoyable. We usually combine them with a Fall or Spring vacation trip, sometimes with a visit to see our kids. This is a great way to keep in touch during the "off biennial years", which is now more important than ever, given the rapid changes that are inevitable.

"Minis" by all the squadrons in the "off year" might be the answer to reunion planning and forming calling committees. Do we have a "Curley" Braun in each of the other squadrons?.

J. H. "Bert" Petersen

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS

J. H. "Bert" Petersen	President
Ray M. Schwartz	Vice President
J. S. Smith	Past President
William L. Brinson	Corresponding Secretary
Robert L. Cloer	Recording Secretary
Sanford Friedman	Treasurer
Harold Slack	Assistant Treasurer
Dr. Newman Riechman	Term Expires 2002
William S. Perkins	Term Expires 2002
John E. McClain	Term Expires 2000
Monroe Zartman	Term Expires 2000
Gordon Tull	Term Expires 1998
Joseph G. Terebessy	Term Expires 1998

(clip and save)

WHERE TO SEND STUFF

Address Information

(Includes Changes, deaths, new members,
drop from mailings, etc.)

Sanford Friedman or	Robert L. Cloer
2425 Buckhurst Dr.	1417 Valley View Dr
Beachwood, OH 44122	Yuba City, CA 95993
216 464-1528	916 674-3681

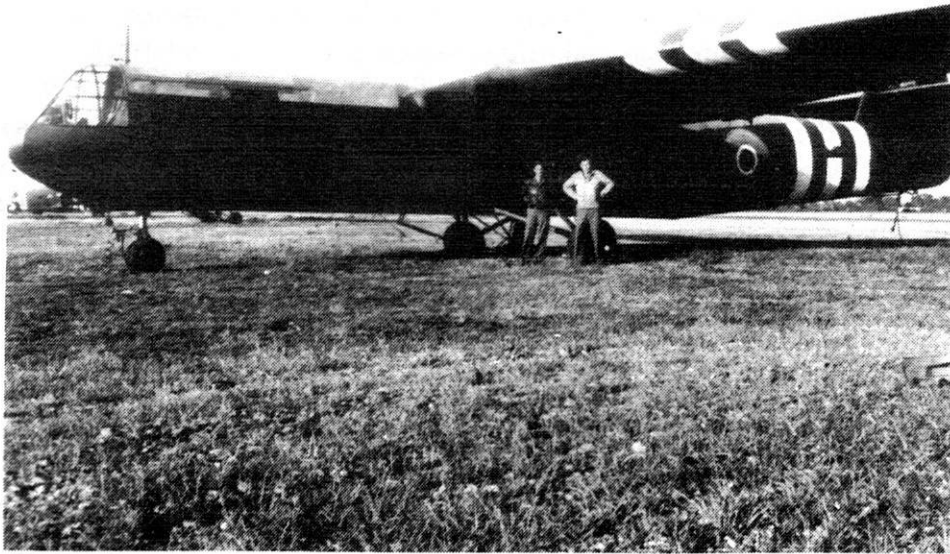
Newsletter Articles

(true or false)

J. S. Smith
1967 Iowa Ave NE
St. Petersburg, FL 33703
813 527-0587
E-mail: 105221.113@compuserve.com

Dues and Donations

Sanford Friedman
2425 Buckhurst Dr.
Beachwood, OH 44122
216 464-1528



Walter "Pappy" Winans and Patrick "Pat" McMorrow overshadowed by a "Big Mudder" Horsa.

NOT EVERYTHING WE FLEW HAD PROPELLORS

Charles Rex, along with the ground crew (*can anyone identify them?*) stand beside a CG 4A



engineer hooked up our cleaned baggage car right behind the engine and the rest of the 315th group were hooked up in 40&8's behind us. My pappy used to tell me they were used to haul 40 men & 8 horses. Evidently they hadn't been cleaned since 1918. Lest those of you who flew back get too teary-eyed, we had the capability of leaving the doors open for fresh air and numerous and frequent stops at farm houses checking on wines, cheese, and other edibles. Pappy also used to tell me how the French farmers hid everything underground. Boy! Was he right on. The farmers would usually move me out of the way off the grassy trap door and the 5 of us (3 guards, 1 engineer, and 1 conductor) would climb down to the underground chambers which were a marvel of goodies from chickens, cheese, pigs, geese, old wines (for us to sample), treasures, and so forth and so on. It took us 24 hours to travel from Amiens-Glisy to LeHavre, and we were fortunate that the last few miles of track were straight because by that time the engineer and conductor were really DWI. (Zurakov could have walked and still beat us to LeHavre). Other fond sights were of watching the locals throw coal at German POW's traveling on open cattle-cars.

LEHAVRE-CAMP LUCKY STRIKE

This lovely little bluffside location of tents overlooking the "odiferous" Seine River had the longest chow line in the world. Most of us would either stay in line to play pinochle or wander down to the Seine and bath in the cold water flowing out of the hillside just barely out of sight of highway traffic 100 feet above us. The danger of this was getting caught in the fast incoming tides and coming out smelling other than a rose. (compliments of the Parisienians). Finally, after many days of watching the Jerry POW's peel one potatoe after another (broke our hearts to watch), the navy managed to remove the protesting wounded GI's off the General Gordon and replace theyúns with usúns and we'uns were on our way bidding farewell to the port of LeHavre, one of the most bombed out wrecks in France.

TO THE STATES! TO THE STATES!

Well, not right away. A small series of island detours. 16 (yes Zurakov, it was 16 not 8) days of fresh water showers, pinochle, and a closeup seaward view of Tobago Isle (made a good IP). The Gen. Gordon navy crew didn't know we were flying personnel and definitely didn't enjoy our overly loud descriptions of gourmet foods while they were pouring their guts over the rail. Did I mention hazardous duty? Ever get downwind of sailors disgorging during a windshift? Not funny. It was during times like these we remembered our hard working pilots scraping the firewall with their heels while busily engaged in caging and watching the automatic pilot and switching tanks (I HOPE). Ice cream. I forgot about the ice cream. During a refueling endeavor with a Tin Can (destroyer), the weight went thru the Tin Can's window and the Captain of the General Gordon announced on the horn that because of this little error by his crew, the Gordon would recompensate the other ship with several gallons of ice cream. **ICE CREAM! THEY'VE GOT ICE CREAM!** Pinochle cards came flying out of sleeves & socks. The Captain damned near had a riot (actually he did) on his hands until he promised his passengers ice cream at the next meal. After this major incident, we settled down to fawning over our two different record versions of "Rum & Coca Cola".

PORT AU SPAIN, TRINIDAD

Arrival in the late afternoon (still in wool OD's) and a long wait until nightfall for transportation to Waller Field gave us ample time to watch the barracudas and break the Rum & Coke records into teeny-weeny pieces. Why break the records? In the evening, all we could see on the docks were white pants walking up and down (just like the Invisible Man movie) which mean't to us that the Andrew Sisters had all this time been blasting out propaganda and dashing our hopes into a blackened nightmare. If Ed Shack were here he could describe it better. Finally transportation to Waller Field. We were shifted (shafted might be a better word) to T barracks far from a possible contamination of PP's (permanent party personnel). A few days later, we shipped on a smaller boat with lots and lots of fresh water for showers and once again we were on our way to an island a little closer to the "States".

TO THE STATES, TO THE --- (this was getting old)! PUERTO RICO

This would have been a nice friendly trip except that we left the crew chiefs and mechanics behind. Anyhoo, on arrival at San Juan (still in OD's) the powers that be still suspected contamination and boated us way, way, over to the cheesy, dirty side of the harbor. 12 long, hot, hours in the aged closed-in RR cars along the northern coast of Puerto Rico put us into the georgous looking housing area of Borinquen Field. Immediately there was an eruption of cool, young, fresh, khaki clad GI's in our direction yelling "*You guys our replacements?*". Such a sad retreat for these PP's when they discovered these hot, tired, dirty, sweaty, swastika carriers were overloaded with frozen points. Because of our be-draggled condition the near-riot did not occur. Contamination still remained in the minds of those who controlled our destinations, and again we were shunted. WHERE? To the States we hope? NAH! To the other side of the field of course where the original aged and dusty T barracks would shield the permanent party from the horrible infectious "aliens" (weúns in other words). "T" barracks were supposed to last 10 years according to Ü S propaganda WRONG, WRONG, WRONG!

Let me state here from a RO point of view, that we were not happy individuals residing on the "FAR SIDE" of the field. Flying without our crew chiefs, and far from the flight line and PX with lousy transportation caused us to take our sweet little time going to the hanger where the air-crews were supposed to pick up the Form 1's. Judging from the way our pilots would make extremely low takeoffs over the golf course indicated a 100% agreement with the RO's. What a pleasure to be flying thru upcoming golf balls instead of flak. Then we finally got into stone barracks and the pilots their stone houses - WOW!!! Walk downstairs to the Cafeteria (not mess hall) and never get our feet wet in the tropical downpours. The swimming pool just across the street. Really living! But, the first morning we were awakened by a terrific, barrack's shaking **BOOM** from a 75mm blank cannon fire a few blocks away (some of these RO's were faster than I was diving under the bunks). It seems this was the Base Colonels substitution for bugles - he had not consulted with us Veterans. Later some of the guys were making their way to the cannon site with plastics to blow it up but found someone had tipped the MP's off and there were quite a bunch of them with 45 sub-machine guns guarding it. Some of the most rewarding kicks we got was standing in the line that looped one and one-half times around the PX's ice cream & banana split section and listening to the PP's (permanent party) wail about those wonderful days when they could just walk in and eat (by then we were disguised in khakis). Later I found Ed Shack's "How Green Was My Project" on the BB and immediately taking a liking to it, made a trip after 5pm to the 1st Sgt's typewriter in the Base Colonel's office and memographed a bunch of 6-page copies. At 6:15pm I was heading for the door with my load with a little help from a guard that strolled by (Khakis without wings - what a wonderful disguise!). I saved the stencils for Waller Field, Trinidad; but, when I saw the tower boys, they already had retyped it on legal stencils and were in the middle of their 300th copy and suggested I carry mine on down to British Guiana. I understand that later there was an intensive search for the "guilty" typewriter but I doubt seriously if they ever found it. Months later, the last flight to Miami. No, I didn't kiss the ground - it was just too messy from thousands of other GI kisses. Instead, I just stood there on the taxiway, looked up and quietly said "THANKS!". No more heights. No more flying over cold water. 1 pack of cigarettes instead of 3. "SNAFU LIVES!"

(from the editor)

WE'RE LOOKING FOR

Pictures: No, not old Blue the world's greatest fox hound. Rather, photos all readers might enjoy. Shots of your crew, or squadron mates, or fellow cooks or mechanics, or those who made the 315th special for you. Explain who or what. Black and white duplicates preferred. Any size, but not over 5 x 4. Keep the original.

OFF THE GRAPEVINE (AND OTHER QUESTIONABLE SOURCES)

In the book, Arnhem - 1944, The Airborne Battle, author Martin Middlebrook quotes our own 1st Lt Bernard Coggins as follows: "Flying-wise the weather had to be the worst feature. Flying in and out of Burtonwood Air Depot to pick up and deliver freight to all parts of England was, with all the smog from Liverpool, in many ways worse than actual combat. Getting to fly to all parts of England, Scotland, North Ireland and later to the Continent was very good, as I was a sort of history buff. Social-wise the language was no barrier, the girls loved dancing, and the fact that our salaries far exceeded that of our English counterparts made life very pleasant."

from news clippings: Tragic news for all who were at the Milwaukee reunion and visited Basler Turbo Conversions. On 15 March 1997, Warren L. Basler, company founder and CEO, along with three employees were killed following a mid-air collision between a company owned Beechcraft taking photos and a recently converted DC-3 on a test flight.

- tachometer: a device for measuring tackiness.

COMMENTS ON WE AGING SURVIVORS:

- Ziggy: "chronologically advantaged."
- Bill Brinson: "eat dessert first"
- Doc Cloer: "don't buy green bananas."

- From the mail box: "Lonely granddaughter seeking contact with Air Force person stationed at Spanhoe during 1944-45. Frequent visitor to Boars Head Inn, Peterborough. Favored Guinness light. Quoted poetry fluently. Went by name Shelly Byron. Ill grandmother anxious I meet my grandfather. Write: Sadie, 29 Foxhall Lane, Apt., # 14, Peterborough, 2K8 U4M, England."

(Just a joke, guys)

-June 6th, 1997 marked the 53rd Anniversary of D-Day.

- From the July, 1997 439th Sq Newsletter: "It is amazing what you can learn at a reunion. Fred Nagle-crew chief-told me those planes we flew didn't belong to the pilots. They belonged to the crew chiefs! I never knew that."

THE SPRINGS THE PLACE IN '98

(from the editor)
BEEN THERE...DONE THAT

We want to hear from you. Tell us in thirty words or less what you've been doing: read a great book we might enjoy, swam the English Channel, discovered a scenic spot everyone should see, bulldozed a steer, ran into a long lost 315th type, finally set the clock on your VCR (then the power went off), had a great dining experience, won a Triathlon, shot your age in golf (admit it, nine holes), hit the Lottery, published a novel, had your 50th++ Anniversary. Let your friends know what's happening! (see where to send stuff, page 6)

- From May, 1997 issue of Y 9 News (15th TCS): "61st TC Grp War Diary, Feb 5, 1945. The 61st Shamrocks beat the 315th Troop Carrier Group 44 - 31 when the two groups 'A' Teams clashed in a basketball game tonight."

- From Florida citrus country: a med fly invasion provoked an eradication war using airborne spraying. The vehicle: DC-3s!

COMBAT TIPS (infantry style)

- Never share a fox hole with someone braver than you.
- If your attack is going well, you have probably walked into an ambush.
- Incoming fire has the right of way.
- Don't draw fire, it irritates the people around you.

TAPS

WITH DEEP REGRET WE RECORD THE DEATH THESE COMRADES

(If close friends are on this list a letter to their family would be a thoughtful remembrance.)

Clifton Adams	310th	March	1997
Joseph Kryszakowski	34th	May	1997
J. Kenneth Demoret	34th	Aug	1996
Richard S. Kennedy	310th	April	1997
Joe C. Hardin	310/34th	June	1997
Carl Fittkau	43rd	?	1997
Joseph Munroe	309th	?	1997
Fleetwood Guthrie	310th	July	1997
William Ward	34th	Jan	1997
Joseph Bryan	310th	?	1997
Walter Sitarz	34th	?	1997
R. Airgood	?	?	1997
Leonard Godby	309th	Feb	1997
Earle Shoup	34th	Mar	1993
Marvin Amburgey	309th	July	1996
Dr. J. Chulsey	34th		?
L. W. Westover	Hq.		?
Wm Black	34th		?
J. L. Davidson	Hq		?

DONATIONS

A number of Association members have expressed the desire to provide a donation in memory of former comrades or acquaintances. The Association has agreed to accept such through the organization's treasurer and, further, to inform the family a donation has been received.

We gratefully acknowledge donations received (since publication of the April 1997 *Newsletter*) in memory of: Ed Papp, Carl Fittkau, Joe Kryszakowski and Joe Hardin from the following: R. Gibbons, B. Coggins, B. Brinson, D. Collison, W.L. Johnson, J. Diamantakos, Wm. Bremeyer, S. Friedman, M. Barber, B. Pleasant, L. Zurakov.

After a 315th Association's donation in Ed Papp's memory to St. Mark's Church Memorial Gardens, Barbara Papp wrote: "I am so gratified to all of you for remembering Ed in this way. The Church was an important part of Ed's life and I know your gift would make him happy, as it does me."

Charles Lovett's son and daughter - Charles W. Lovett, Jr., and Beverly J. Hess - wrote: "He was extremely proud and honored to be associated with each and everyone of you. He kept all of your Newsletters and personal letters, and we will always cherish and keep them as part of our father's mementos."

Mrs. Clifton Adams wrote of her husband: "Cliff and I really looked forward to the reunions and he was very proud to be a part of the 315th Troop Carrier Group."

Sharon Amburgey wrote of her father: "During his last two years (after the loss of my mother) my father shared your newsletters with me. Since I was born in 1943, I found them most interesting and could feel the pride and camaraderie among those who served."

Helen Kryszakowski wrote of her husband: "He so loved the 315th Group."

in September, 1998

COLORADO SPRINGS

Winter Harbor, ME 04693-0358

P.O. Box 358

Richard L. Adams

THINK

REUNION

ADDRESS SERVICE REQUESTED

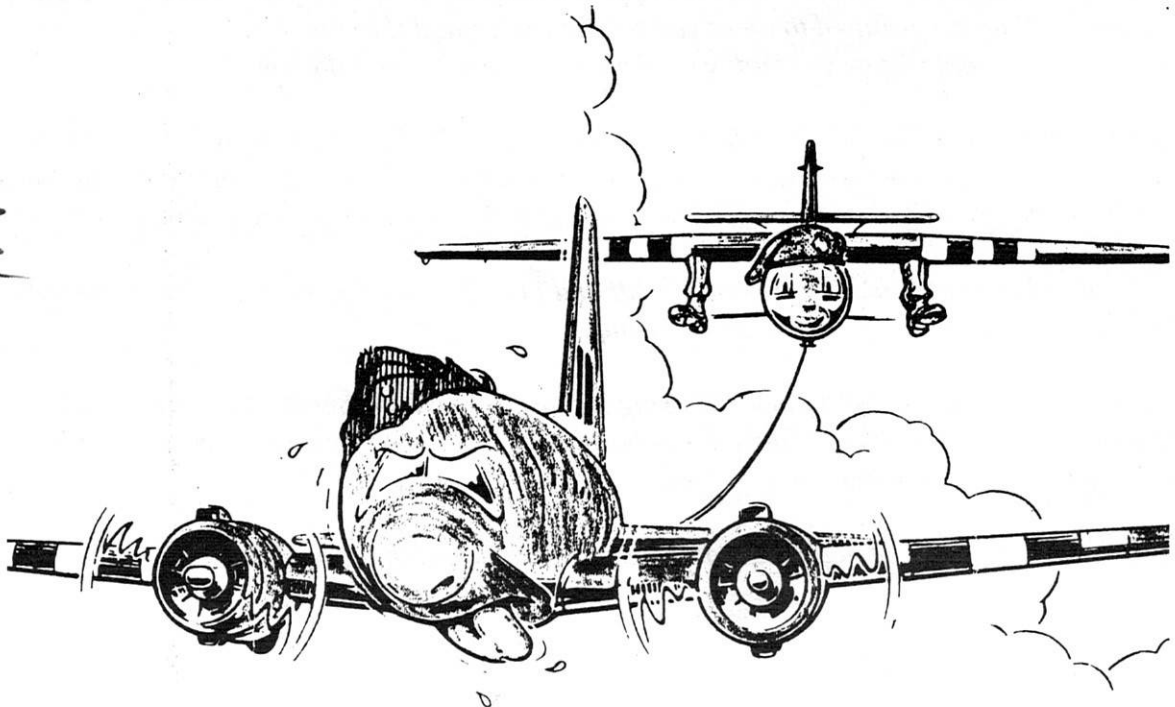
St. Petersburg, FL 33703

1967 Iowa Ave NE

WW II 315th Troop Carrier Group Assoc.

J. S. Smith, editor

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