



The Ragged Irregular

91st Bombardment Group (H) Newsletter

Vol. 6 No. 4

July, 1973

Washington Rally Round Historic Event

The largest Rally Round ever in the Washington, D.C., area was a whopping success May 12 as 50 ex-91st-ers and guests met at the Twin Bridges Motor Hotel. Flight Leader and host for the affair was Lt. Col. John R. "Long John" Parsons Jr.

It was a uniquely historic meeting, too, with a German general credited with 55 planes shot down exchanging memories with 91st-ers he had flown against.

Special guest of honor was Brig. Gen. Erich Hohagen, commanding officer of the German Air Force Training Command USA, who had flown in from Fort Bliss, Texas for the event. During WW II Gen. Hohagen was a fighter pilot flying a ME 109 on the

Eastern and Western fronts as a squadron leader and as a group commander.

Of his 55 kills, 35 were scored on the Western front, 19 of them against 4-engine heavies. He was decorated with the Knight's Cross.

Toward the end of the war he was a member of the famous fighter squadron 44, which was equipped with the first jet fighters, the ME 262.

The discussion of rival tactics and philosophies by Gen. Hohagen, 91st President Gen. Stanley T. Wray, and former 8th Air Force head Gen. Ira C. Eaker, was taped by Col. Roy L. Bowers of the Air Force History Office for their Living History Department.

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Guest of honor B/Gen. Erich Hohagen, head of the German Air Force Training Command USA and WW II fighter pilot and Lt. Gen. Ira C. Eaker, former head of the Eighth Air Force share toasts and recollections at the Washington, D.C. Rally Round.



Some of the members and guests attending the Washington Rally Round are shown here. Seated, l to r, are: Joe Giambrone, Dr. Manny Klette, Joe Camelleri, Col. Enno Schumacker, German Air Attache, Maj. Gen. Stanley T. Wray, B/Gen. Erich Hohagen, Benny Belletiere (ex-POW).

Standing, LeRoy Sheehan, Harold Kline (ex-POW), Matt Kryjak, Col. Bryce Evertson, (ex-POW), John Parsons, Paul Chryst, Bob Gerstemeier, Harry Hovermill, Jim Harrison, George Odenwaller, W. W. Hill, Frank Donofrio.

Washington Rally Round...

The event attracted widespread media coverage, with the Washington Post giving a four-column page two spread to the Rally Round. WTOP-TV, the Washington CBS outlet, carried the story on their newscasts. The Air Force News Service carried the story to 400 Air Force newspapers worldwide.

Four new LifeMembers were announced at the Rally Round. They were Maj. LeRoy C. Sheehan (Ret.), one of the original 91st-ers of the 322nd squadron, a waist gunner on "Mizpah"; Elmer Gettis, former pilot with the 323rd squadron, Charles Holman, ex-324th squadron pilot of "Pistol Packin' Mama" and captain pilot for Northeast Airlines, and Maj. Victoria Fox (WAF Ret.), associate member who previously served in USAFE under the command of Gen. Wray.

Attending were: Lt. Gen. Ira C. Eaker, Maj. Gen. and Mrs. Stanley T. Wray, Brig. Gen. Erich Hohagen, Col. Enno Schumacher, German Air Attache, Mr. and Mrs. Harold S. Kline, Major (Ret.), Victoria E. Fox, Slippery Rock, Pa.; Paul Chryst, Pottstown, Pa.; Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Camellari, Reading, Pa.; Mr. and Mrs. Nick Bankovsky, Little Falls, N.J.; Mr. and Mrs. James Harrison, Cumberland, Md.; Col. and Mrs. Bryce Evertson, Mr. and Mrs. Matt Kryjak, Elmont, N.Y.

Mr. and Mrs. George Odenwaller, Hillsdale, N.J.; Lt. Col. and Mrs. John R. Parsons, Jr.; Harry Hovermill, Col. W.W. Hill, Mr. and Mrs. Donald B. Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Gettis and son, Major and Mrs. L.C. Sheehan, Mr. and Mrs. Bob Gerstemeier, Lansdale, Pa.; Mr. and Mrs. Joe Giambrone, Glenside, Pa.; Dr. Immanuel J. Klette, Columbus, Ohio; Col. E. C. (Bud) Laedtke, Frank Donofrio, Memphis, Tenn.; Mr. and Mrs. Benny Belletiere, Brooklyn, N.Y.; Nick Terefenko, Reading, Pa.; Owen Glenn Cooper, Baltimore, Md.; George Jacobs, and Col. Roy L. Bowers.



Col. W. W. Hill, Eastern Division Chairman Paul Chryst and Gen. Hohagen discuss "the good old days."



Specially drawn for the Washington get-together by artist Milton Caniff, whose "Steve Canyon" strip is especially relished by all ex-flyers, is this group of Memorial Association officials. Shown are: front center, Paul C. Burnett, editor, The Ragged Irregular; left, M/Sgt. George Parks (Ret.), Western Division secretary-treasurer; right, Paul Chryst, Eastern Division chairman; standing, center, Maj. Gen. Stanley T. Wray, president.

California Rally Round Set

A Northern California State Rally Round has been set for September 22-23 at Fairfield, near Travis Air Force Base. The event will run from Saturday at 1 p.m. until noon on Sunday. Western Division Chairman Lt. Col. John R. McCombs is flight leader.

Headquarters will be the Holiday Inn at Fairfield, on Interstate 80 near Travis Blvd. For reservations call 707-422-4111. The Zip Code is 94533. Room rates for 91st-ers will be singles, \$12; doubles, \$15, with extra person in room, \$4 extra. When making room reservations you must advise them you are a 91st-er.

"Pene's Pub," the 91st hospitality room, will open at 1 o'clock for early arrivals. The new "Memphis Belle" film and others will be shown in the hospitality room during the afternoon until 5 p.m.

A no-host cocktail hour is set for 6-7 p.m., with dinner of prime ribs and all the fixin's scheduled 7-9.

Dancing will follow dinner, and "Pene's pub" will reopen at 10 for visiting and relaxation.

Additional information may be obtained from the Western Division Committee Members:

Lt. Col. John R. McCombs (Ret.) 2334 Platt Dr., Martinez, Ca. 94533.

M/Sgt. Eugene J. Letalien (Ret.) 260 Hemlock, Vacaville, Ca. 95688.

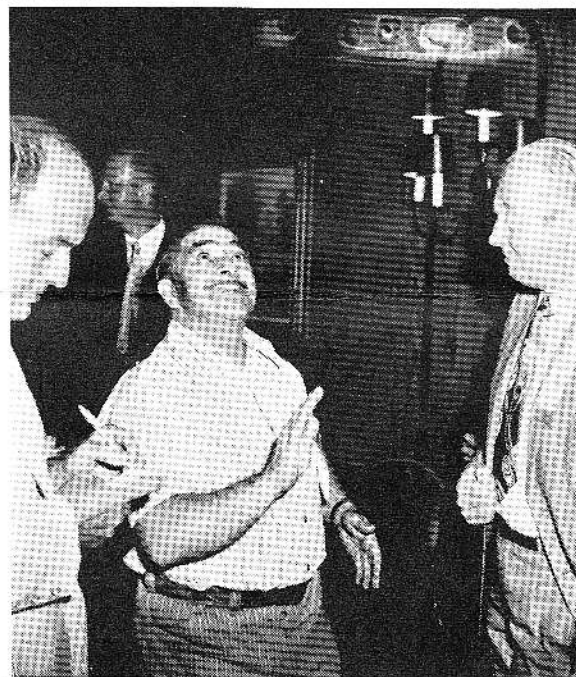
M/Sgt. George Parks (Ret.) 109 Wilshire Ave., Vallejo, Ca. 94590.



Gen. Wray and Gen Hohagen discuss tactics.



Washington Flight Leader John Parsons and German Air Attache Col. Enno Schumacher study a 91st scrapbook.



Ex-POW Benny Belletiere tells it like it was to Gen. Hohagen.

**The new 91st Directory is off the press
and will be coming your way soon.**

Schweinfurt Raid; Hiding Out In Belgium

By Maj. Edward P. Winslow (Ret.)

Editor's note: This account by Western Division member (ex-322 sqdn. bombardier) Ted Winslow is unique in two respects. One, it deals with the August 17, 1943 Schweinfurt raid, one of the roughest ever flown by the 91st. Second, the story is run exactly as it was written in Winslow's POW Log Book in Stalag Luft 1 at Barth, Germany.

Mission to Germany

My story begins in the group briefing room at our bomber base in England. The date was August 17, 1943, and the time early morning; so early that it was not yet daylight outside. I remember some of the intelligence officer's words as he pulled back the curtain, revealing a gigantic map of Europe with our mission indicated by colored strings.

"Our target today, gentlemen," said the major, "is the ball-bearing factory at Schweinfurt. If we are successful in putting this plant out of operation we shall, no doubt, shorten the war by a considerable length of time."

We hardly heard the words. Our eyes were fixed on the map and most of us were wondering how we could fly all the way to this target and back on the amount of gasoline our ships carried. The briefing continued with instructions from another intelligence officer who told us the number of German fighters we could expect, pointed out flak areas, and projected pictures of our target on a screen.

The group operations officer was next, giving us our formation positions and telling the pilots that they must fly with the mixture controls set at 'automatic lean' in order to conserve enough gasoline to get us home again. The briefing ended with a synchronizing of watches and a reminder that any of the Catholic officers who were to fly could receive communion in the little chapel at the rear of the room.

After the briefing came the usual hurried, tasteless breakfast and a rush to get into our flying clothes and down to the line. Oxygen masks, parachutes, Mae Wests, throat mikes and other pieces of equipment were piled on a truck with us and taken out to the ships.

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Here is the crew of "Frisco Jinny," named for the wife of pilot Jack Hargis. They were flying in "Dame Satan" on the Schweinfurt raid Winslow writes about. Shown are, front row, l to r: Jack Hargis, pilot; Carl Smith, co-pilot; Dick Martin, navigator; Ted Winslow, bombardier.

Back row, Gerold Tucker, waist gunner; Rudy Thig-

pen, ball turret; Al DiMinno, waist gunner; Leland Judy, tail gunner; Jarvis Allen, engineer; Vic Ciganek, radio operator. Martin was flying on another ship during the mission and Thigpen was hospitalized. Smith, Allen, DiMinno, and Judy evaded through the underground and made it back to England.

At dawn we were at our stations and ready to go. The powerful engines were started but soon shut down again. The pilot called down that take-off time had been postponed. We climbed out of the plane and relaxed nearby. Our squadron commander (Donald Sheeler) drove up in a jeep and said that we must wait a few hours until the weather cleared. He had good news for our ball turret gunner (Star Tucker). His staff sergeant's rating had just come through so he could sew on another stripe when he got back. (He didn't make it.)

"One good thing about 'Dame Satan,'" he said. "She always comes back." I remember thinking at the time I wish he hadn't said that.

Just before noon we got the order from the tower to start engines again and taxi out to the take-off position. We all got back to our places in the ship. The engines were started and we rolled slowly off the dispersal mat and out to our place in the line of ships awaiting their turn to take off.

We turned on to the runway, hesitated a moment while the engines were run up and then, when the brakes were released, started moving; slowly at first, then faster and faster until we no longer felt the bumps of the asphalt strip beneath us and we were off!

We climbed and assembled into position with other planes until our formation was complete. Then, a last look at our airdrome and a hope that the last words of the squadron commander would not be wrong. . . "She always comes back."

Up in the nose of the ship I watched the altimeter until it read 10,000 feet and then informed the rest of the crew to put on their oxygen masks. They acknowledged that they had done this in their regular order. . . "Tail gunner. . . Roger! Waist gunners. . . Roger! Roger in the ball! Radio room and pilots. . . Roger!" The navigator, sitting behind me, nodded and put his mask on.

By the time we had started out over the English Channel we had climbed to over 20,000 feet and our group had formed with other groups into a large and mighty formation.

An order came over the ship's interphone, "Test fire guns and acknowledge." I fired a few rounds down into the water and replied "Nose gun. . . Roger."

The navigator was having trouble with one of his guns. We checked the ammunition and found that it contained some short tracer rounds that were jamming. We replaced it with a spare belt and a few bursts showed that the gun was working properly again.

As we neared the Dutch coast we saw that the Germans were expecting us. There seemed to be hundreds of fighters in the sky ahead. Some of them were our escorts who had arrived ahead of us. They were giving the Jerries plenty of trouble but couldn't stay around long because of their short range.

As soon as our fighter left we were attacked. Most of them were FW 190's and some of their pilots had plenty of nerve; rolling, banking, and twisting through our formation with their guns blazing all the time. Some of them were hit by our gunners but the fighters did their damage, too. Our wing man and a few others in our group were on fire, dropping behind, unable to keep up and on their way down.

The deeper we got into enemy territory the more we were attacked. As we were nearing the target a fighter came in from 12 o'clock, straight on, toward the

nose and hit the supercharger on our number two engine with its fire. We started to lose speed and altitude so the pilot called down for me to salvo the bombs. I opened the bomb-bay doors and flipped a switch. When the panel lights indicated that the bombs had gone I closed the doors again, but we were still slipping behind the rest of the formation.

A few of the fighters took advantage of our vulnerable position and attacked. We fought them off and the tail gunner called in that he had hit one and set it on fire! The pilot announced that we would have to turn back and asked the navigator for a course out. We turned and took a heading for Belgium. This would take us over the narrowest part of the channel where we would have to ditch, for we did not have enough gas to get us all the way back.

The fighters left us for a while and during the breathing space I reloaded my gun. Unfortunately, though, the only belt of ammunition left was the one with the short rounds in it but I had no choice. We flew back over southern Germany, giving all the cities in our path a wide berth for each one would shoot up an umbrella of flak as we approached it.

As we neared Brussels someone saw fighters and gave the alarm. One came in toward the nose from 11 o'clock but passed without hitting us. The second flew into the 1 o'clock position, turned, and started coming in. The cannons on his wings flashed and I started firing. No more than a couple of rounds passed through the gun before it jammed. I looked up. The fighter was right on top of us! The ship vibrated as a few shells found their mark, and then over the interphone. . .

"Oh. . . I'm hit!"

"Who's hit?" asked the pilot.

"The radio operator. . . in the chest."

"Prepare to bail out," came the command. "Someone help the radio operator."

The navigator and I snapped on our parachutes and awaited the next order. I tore up some papers and threw them out. The altimeter indicated 16,000 feet and was dropping. Then came the command, "Bail out when ready. Bail out when ready."

The navigator motioned for me to follow and disappeared through the small door. I heard the pilot's voice call, "Hurry up, you guys. I can't hold this thing up all day."

I took a last deep breath of oxygen and knelt at the escape hatch. Things below on the ground looked so small and green I bent forward and tumbled out head first. Instantly there was a terrific jerk and a sensation of being pulled through space at a tremendous speed. Something was wrong! I couldn't see, but I could still hear the plane's engines roaring. I decided I must be caught on the tail. My chute had opened too quickly! I was terrified by thought of what might happen if I was still caught when the plane crashed. Suddenly the parachute twisted and popped open above me like a beautiful white umbrella. The noise of the ship died away.

I looked around and saw other parachutes stepped down below me. The wind was swinging me so much that at times I thought my parachute would collapse. I could see green fields below with a few farms and buildings scattered about. As I neared the ground I heard dogs barking and imagined that the German patrols might be using them to search for us. I noticed that I was drifting sideways with the wind and toward a wagon that had sharp poles sticking up on it. I pulled a shroud line and slipped sharply to the

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left. I must have spilled some air from the chute doing this for I hit the ground very hard and felt my right leg snap.

A Belgian farmer who had been watching ran over and after finding out I was an American told me to lie down and hide while he went to get help.

Evading Capture

I covered myself as best I could with the foliage around me until a German searching party had passed. When the farmer was sure that they were far enough away he returned with civilian clothes, helped me into them and carried me to a shed behind his barn. He and his family began questioning me but I could not understand them until a girl who could speak a little English arrived and acted as an interpreter. They wanted to know if I had a gun that I would give them but I wasn't carrying one. They gave me bread and coffee and covered me with straw to wait until darkness came.

In the evening they put me on a home-made stretcher and carried me across the fields for quite a distance until we came to a large farm. Here I was put to bed and made comfortable to wait for a doctor.

A few hours later we heard a motor which excited the dogs and thought it must be the Germans. To our relief it was the doctor arriving on a motorcycle. He gave me a sedative, examined my leg and set it in a cast. He said that it would take several weeks to heal and in the meantime I must be moved periodically from place to place to keep the Germans from finding me.

Three days later, the doctor returned and had a portable X-ray machine with him this time. He came in a sedan which had been converted into an ambulance. After taking X-rays of my leg he put me into the ambulance and drove me to another place a few kilometers away.

I was moved in the same manner every few days to three different places, finally arriving at a farm where I was kept for over two months. The elderly couple here treated me as though I was their own son. The farmer's wife, who wanted me to call her 'Mama,' served my meals to me in bed and took the same care of me that a nurse would have.

After I was there for a few days I received a visitor named Volaire from "L'Arme Blanche" (the white army). This was a Belgian patriot organization that worked in conjunction with the underground against the Germans. Volaire had a message for me from one of the gunners (Gerold Tucker) of our crew; a sergeant who had been broken up a bit from his parachute jump, but was in good hands. He told me that two of the crew were dead. Our pilot's parachute has ripped and the ball turret gunner's had failed to open. Everyone else, I learned, was still free except the radio operator who had been wounded in the ship and taken to a German hospital.

Voltaire visited quite often after that and brought me cigarette papers and a rolling machine. One night he took me to visit the sergeant who was at a farm a couple of miles away. My leg was still in a cast so we went on bicycles. We had a tough time making it for it was very dark and we had to keep to the fields and back paths. However, it was worth the effort because he and I were glad to see each other and talk over our experiences.

The following weeks passed slowly for I was confined to the room all the time and anxious to be on my way back to England. "Mama" brought me a book in English to help pass the time. She had to search all

over Brussels for it because the Germans had confiscated most of them.

Late in October another "Armee Blanche" member brought an English-speaking priest to see me. He said that he had connections with the underground and would arrange things for us when we were ready to go. A few weeks later, when the leg had healed, he had us moved to a city called Ath to await passage and escort to Brussels.

The people who took us in at Ath treated us excellently. They bought all the finest food obtainable for us and opened their best burgandy. After waiting a week here, a man and an attractive girl came to take us to Brussels. We went to the railroad station, which was crowded with German soldiers, and waited for the train. The train was late and we were quite nervous, imagining all the while that every German soldier was staring at us.

When the train finally came we hurried aboard with the girl, leaving the man behind. We kept silent and pretended to be reading so that no one would engage us in conversation until we reached Brussels. The girl took us through the guards in the Brussels station and out to a street-car terminal. We took a street-car to a residential section of the city and walked to a church where we were to meet two men.

We walked around the block a couple of times until the men arrived. The girl introduced us to them and was just walking away when two Germans came around the corner and walked up to us.

Taken Prisoner

One of the soldiers spoke and motioned for us to come along with them. I thought that they must have just stumbled upon us until I saw the girl was out of sight and the two men (one of them was a Belgian collaborator) were following along behind the Jerries. I realized then that the men were Gestapo agents and the girl had tricked us into a trap!

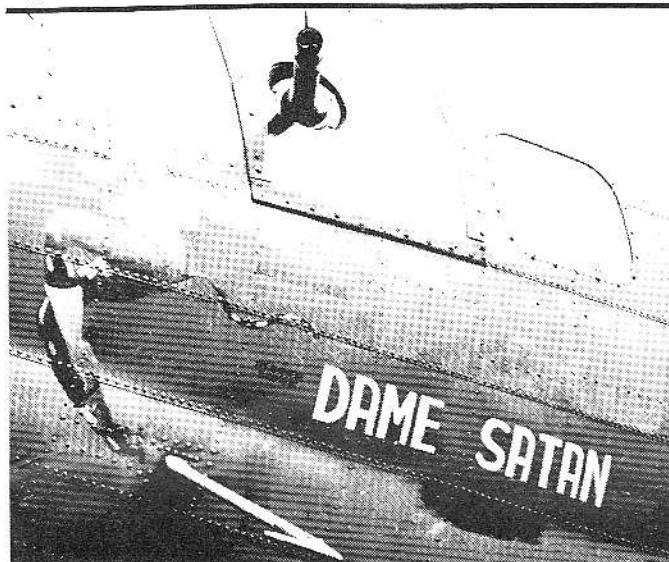
We were pushed into a large sedan and taken to a house that the Germans were using for headquarters. They searched us and kept a few of our things. Then came the questions. . . Who had helped us? Where had we been living? Where were our homes? And many others. We both refused to tell them anything and so were accused of being spies, saboteurs, or terrorists and threatened with prison and possible death. Late in the afternoon the Germans grew weary of this attack and sent us off to prison.

St. Giles prison in Brussels was a huge fort-like affair with two great towers on each side of the gate, giving the place a medieval castle appearance. Inside the wall the prison was fashioned like a wagon wheel with about six three-story cell blocks representing the spokes. As we walked through the prison yard the guard with us kept up a self-amusing chatter in broken English with remarks such as "Welcome home, boys," and "For you da var iss over."

We were kept in solitary cells for many days, living on a meagre diet of black bread, ersatz coffee, and a bowl of cabbage soup occasionally.

On the evening of the eleventh day we were taken away and put on a train bound for the interrogation camp at Frankfurt-on-Main. We were so overjoyed to be out of solitary and to be able to talk to some of the other American and English prisoners on the train that we did not sleep at all, but chatted on trivial subjects all night.

We were thankful for the guards around us when we arrived in the Frankfurt station because many of the civilians, recognizing us as enemy airmen, cursed



Dame Satan, the ship Winslow's crew was flying on the Schweinfurt mission, was one of the original aircraft on the 322nd squadron, assigned to pilot Bob Campbell, who was squadron C.O. until his tour was complete and Don Sheeler took that post. After its loss at Schweinfurt it was replaced by Dame Stan II.

and spit at us. The guards put us on an inter-urban street-car and took us to the camp which was on the outskirts of the city.

The interrogation camp was made up of a number of buildings, each of which contained a number of tiny, solitary cells. Each cell had a small barred window, sound-proof walls, a strong metal door, and a sack of straw. I was pretty tired after the trip so I lay down and went to sleep.

I was soon awakened by a German who came in carrying a briefcase. He took out some papers that he said were for the Red Cross committee's records. I looked them over but refused to sign them as I did not believe they were for the Red Cross and they contained many questions that might have been of military importance.

The next day I was interrogated by an officer who wanted to know my group number, squadron, etc. I told him that I was not allowed to give this information so he opened a large book and proceeded to tell me all these things, and still more. He had records of where I had trained in the U.S. and the names of all the members of our crew. He asked me more about the people who had helped me in Belgium but I told him I knew no names or places.

After staying in the "cooler" for three days I was put on a bus with a number of other prisoners and taken to another camp on the other side of town to await shipment to a permanent camp. This place was appropriately called "the Palm Gardens." The prisoners named it this because it was a comparative 'heaven' after being in the cooler, having food and clothes which were supplied through the Red Cross.

The sergeant (Gerold Tucker) and I were parted here and sent to separate camps. I left Frankfurt with forty other officers on Nov. 30. We were packed into a freight car with benches in it and travelled across Germany for five days with meagre rations and little sleep, to reach Stalag Luft 1, the permanent camps at Barth, Germany, on the fourth of December, 1943.

Editor's note: Winslow remained at Barth until May 1, 1945. He says: "Stalag Luft 1 was evacuated by our own 1st Division B-17's under the operational supervision of the 91st! Did those triangle A's ever look beautiful as the circled the camp to land at the Luftwaffe field on the other side of the town of Barth."

The surviving members of the crew are holding a 30th anniversary reunion at the home of the co-pilot, Carl Smith, in Denver August 17.

From the Editor's Desk...

Paul C. Burnett

Box 909 Auburn, Al. 36830

We continue to find old 91st-ers the long way round. This time E.R. Kelley, whose story we told in the April issue, used the French Underground to find his man. . . his co-pilot that day, Andy Anderson. In a letter the chief of the Underground who hid the crew that day had mentioned that a member of the co-pilot's family had visited them in France, and through him Kelly got Andersons' current address. Andy is a high school principal in Northridge, Calif. His address is A.W. "Bill" Anderson Jr., 9735 Paso Robles, Northridge, Calif. 91324.

Noticed in the Publisher's Auxiliary where former 91st-er Victor G. Bloede, who is president of Benton and Bowles Advertising Agency in New York, is the newly-elected president of the American Association of Advertising Agencies.

Jack Fearheller, ex-322nd Sqdn. Photo Lab, has generously donated 12 Olde English Pewter Tankards to the Eastern Division Committee for future gifts to the Rally Round member who travels the greatest distance to attend. Each mug will be suitably engraved to commemorate the occasion. The Fearheller family is unique in 91st ranks as the only family in which every member hold Life Membership. Jack joined the Life Member ranks several years ago and has since contributed more than \$200 for his wife Ginny and son John's associate Life Memberships. Active in community affairs, a past Commander of the VFW, Jack is a successful restaurateur and has earned the Host Flight Leader award for several Rally Rounds in the Ocean City, N.J. area.

Larry Smith, ex-324th sqdn., and his wife Esther have been undergoing treatment for some months from serious injuries received in an automobile accident in late November. Larry suffered a broken left hip and a crushed left leg, and Esther had her stomach torn out and extensive facial fractures when an out-of-control pick-up truck smashed their station wagon. Both are mending well now after long treatment. Their address is Route 1, Box 29A, Chouteau, Ok. 74337.

One of our associate members, Chief Master Sergeant Charles W. Yaroshak, has just retired at Travis AFB after 30 years of service. CMS Yaroshak, a former member of the 413th Bomb Sqdn., 96 Bomb Group, flew 30 missions over Germany, 25 over Korea, and 67 airlift missions into Vietnam.

The deaths of two outstanding ex-91st-ers has been reported since our April issue. Major Sidney Hantman, DSC, National Commander of the Legion of Valor during the 1968-69 term, died of a heart attack at his home in Silver Spring, Md. on 17 March. He is survived by his wife Lillian, and two sons, Harry and William. Burial took place at Arlington National Cemetery.

Maj. Hantman's Distinguished Service Cross was for extraordinary heroism in a mission to Anklam. Although he had finished his tour as a pilot he volunteered as tail gunner, observer, and "traffic control" for the lead ship. During the attack he was struck by an explosive shell which blew off his right arm at the shoulder, caused a compound fracture of his right leg and inflicted extensive wounds to his right thigh. In total disregard of the pain of his wounds and without regard for the preservation of his life, Lt. Hantman remained at his post without first-aid or assistance and continued to discharge his duties under enemy attack until he collapsed from shock and loss of blood.

Sid roomed next door to me at Bassingbourne. We spent many free hours together. He was a great guy.

John Dowrick, a retired vice president of American Express company and a Life Member of the 91st, died June 7 in California. John and his wife Scottie had lived for several years in Mexico before returning to the U.S. John was with us at the national reunion in Denver in 1968. We of the 91st have lost a good buddy.

We have a most interesting letter from Miss B. Ottewell, whose family kept a hotel called "The Flying Horse" at Markfield. Quite a number of 91st-ers, especially from the motor pool, made "The Flying Horse" their second home while at Bassingbourne, and the Ottewell family is interested in hearing from any of their "old boys."

Miss Ottewell says, "I already write regularly to Charles E. Newlin in California. He's the only one who has ever written to me or my family to say thank you for the kindness they received. I might add we didn't charge them a penny piece for all the food they had, for Mom said they are far from home and if she had sons she would like to think they were being treated the same. We would be very pleased to hear from any members of the group."

The address is: 1 Oxford St., Coalville, Leicestershire, England.

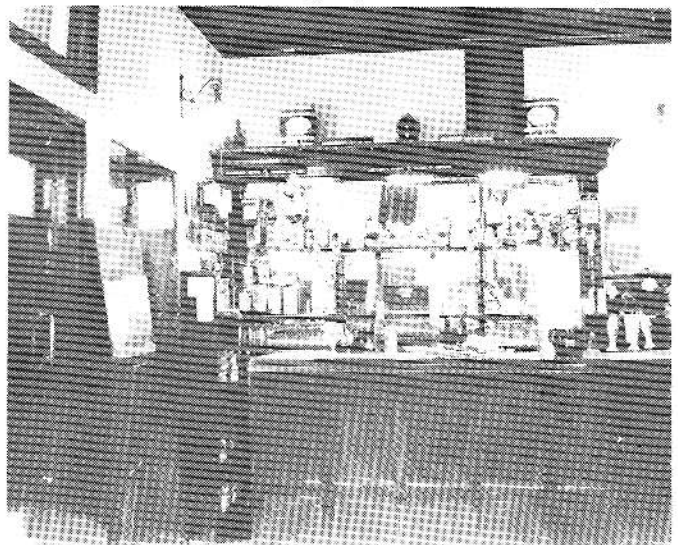
The latest on the status of "Shoo Shoo Baby," the 91st plane whose restoration was planned by the Air Force Museum, is that the situation is "hold." It now appears that no restoration will be possible for quite some time, possibly years, because of a shortage of funds and personnel for the work, since there are more pressing projects demanding attention. At any rate, the old ship is now safe from further weathering and vandalism.

Incidentally, Australian air historian Steve Birdsell, who found Shoo Shoo Baby for us on an airfield in France, has a brand new book on B-24s on the market. It is the first significant book on the aircraft and should draw much attention. The "Log of the Liberators," published by Doubleday, sells for \$12.95.

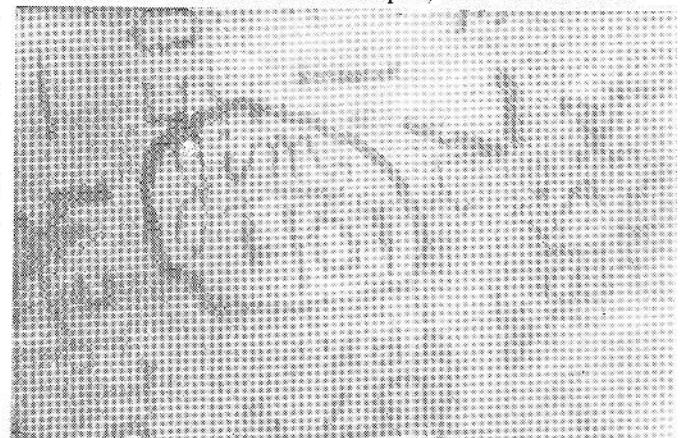
These pictures of a favorite after-flying hours headquarters of the 91st members, the Eagle pub in Cambridge, were taken recently by Flt. Lt. E.M.C. Rowe (RAF), who is gathering material for a book on the 91st.



Exterior shot of the Eagle pub from the coachyard.



The saloon bar of the Eagle. The public bar, where the drinks were a little cheaper, was to the left.



Still preserved on the ceiling of the Eagle are the mementoes written there in candle smoke. They have been varnished to preserve the record of the war days.