



The Ragged Irregular

91st Bombardment Group (H) Newsletter

Vol. 13

No. 1

April, 1980

Royal Flush - Installment Two

In the January issue of The Ragged Irregular Maury Herman related the last flight of the "Royal Flush" when it was shot down over Germany. In this second installment he relates the events that follow. Hopefully, the next issue of the R/I will carry the account of his successful escape from a German prison camp.

In a previous article, I related the last mission of the "Royal Flush." That was 8th Air Force Bomber Command Mission Number 95 to Huls, Germany. The target: the synthetic rubber plant.

This article relates the ten hours of evasion activity I experienced between the time our pilot, Mark Fountain, hit the bail-out bell button and my capture by the Maas River at a point between Geilsenkirchen, Germany and Venlo, Holland.

Out of ammo, out of altitude (and out of luck), we prepared to bail. Up front, Norm Williams had "destroyed" the Norden bombsight. I grabbed a chart of the area, put my 45 in one of my British flying boots, two extra clips of ammo in the other and salvaged the escape hatch. Then I sat in it, my feet out in the slipstream. Norm eyed me warily, for I was a roly-poly 217 pounder encumbered by chest pack chute and stern-slung dinghy. I pretty much filled the escape hatch opening. Norm informed me of his intentions should I get stuck when Mark rang the bell. He had nothing to fear-- I didn't touch any of the sides going out when the bell rang.

One, two, three (I had intended counting up to ten before pulling the D-ring on my chute) when "crack!" a feeling felt in my groin just a split second before I heard the sound overhead. I thought I had hit the horizontal stabilizer. But not so. The canopy was open above me; the Royal Flush also above, and now, ahead of me. What evidently happened was that when hitting the slipstream, the air flow flung my arm away from my chest, D-ring in hand, thus popping the chute at the count of two or three.

As sound of the Royal Flush's operating engines (two working, one dragging and one feathered) faded away, two new sounds took their place: a whisper through the shrouds to the canopy, and the faint bark of a dog below. The scene below was beautiful: bucolic! A planted field lay on my right. A woodland lay on my left. Between the two was a canal and a road. A power line ran along the road on the canal side-- and I was coming down right on top of it! What was it they had taught us about chute maneuvering as an Aviation Cadet? Whatever it was I did it right. I landed, not in the canal, not on the power line, and not in the trees, but on the road!!

A good thing, too, because there were German soldiers on bicycles coming down that road. My hips, knees, and ankles all flexed like they were supposed to on a proper touch-down and I popped my harness and was off and running without a landing roll, the touch-down was that soft and easy. But I had no boots. Also, I had no 45 and ammo, for when my chute had popped open my boots had popped off.

I ran into the woods until, exhausted, I found a culvert under a dirt road large enough to hide me. I crawled in. Minutes later I could hear the voices of the German soldiers who were searching for me. They rode their bicycles over the culvert. For the moment I was still free.

I fell asleep. On awakening I looked at my watch: one p.m. We had bailed out just before nine a.m. I had slept almost four hours! It was still in the woods. Not knowing anything about the countryside other than what I had seen on descent, I headed out of the woods the way I had come in. On reaching the road by the canal, I turned in the

direction from which the soldiers had come.

About a mile down the road I came to a farm house. I observed it for a few minutes. There was no one about; just a dog tied to its house in the yard. I've always had a dog of my own and have never feared one. Friendly or not, this one just eyed me, ha ha'ed and wagged its tail. But I wasn't taking any chances. I didn't pet it. In fact, I stayed just out of its reach. Then I went into the barn. There I found an old pair of coveralls and a coat. I put them on over my uniform and once again took to the road. Soon I passed people in the fields and on the road. I exchanged "guten morgens" and "Heil Hitlers." No one appeared to be suspicious of me. This was the 22nd of June, 1943. Germany was still winning the war. Its people still felt confident and secure.

I came to a field in which a group of people were working. Stacked by the gate to the field were their bicycles. No one was paying any attention to me. I rode off on one of the bicycles and soon reached a paved road wunning west from Wesel, at the confluence of the Rhine and the Ruhr rivers, to the border between Germany and Holland. While on this road I had occasion to give directions to some travellers, and to solicit assistance for a chain repair from another cycler. My father having come from Germany after World War I, I did speak and understand the language some. One of my Dad's brothers ran a hotel in Spa, Belgium, or had run one there the last we had heard, so I planned on going there, God willing (He wasn't, but I'll get to that shortly. Actually, Spa wasn't too far from Venlo, so my plan did have some merit.

About six in the evening I arrived at the bridge crossing the Maas river to Venlo, Holland. I could see that it was well guarded and that the guards were checking travellers while I was still a few hundred yards away. I turned off the road and into a potato field, hid the bike, dug up and ate a few raw potatoes (ugh!) and reconnoitered the river bank. I located three guards, about 200 yards apart upstream from the bridge. Once again I hid myself to await favorable conditions (darkness). But this time I couldn't sleep. I was too keyed up, too excited. Holland was just a hundred yards or so across the river. Spa, Belgium was no further west from the river than the distance I had already travelled on my bike, about 50 kilometers. I looked at my watch again (God the time was passing ever so slowly!) It was almost 8:30, still light, though dusk was beginning to fall. I decided to move out.

No one was in sight in either direction, so I headed for the river bank, took off my shoes, laced them together and hung them around my neck, stepped into the water and started to swim. Suddenly, to my astonishment and chagrin, I heard a voice, close by, commanding me in German to halt or be shot. I looked back over my shoulder into the muzzle of a Mauser, held by a soldier on the bank not more than 20 yards away. I looked at the far bank, still about 80 yards away. I'm not a very good swimmer, even on top of the water. I didn't see how I could possibly make it. My luck had run out, so I answered back "Nicht schoosen, Ich komen" in what I hoped was understandable in meaning if not in the German language, and headed back to the near shore and captivity.

This sentry, whose presence I had overlooked during my reconnoissance, marched me back toward the bridge. He didn't speak to me; he didn't search me. In the failing light I removed and swallowed my wedding ring and the compass from my escape kit. I then removed my knife from its sheath, hidden under the coveralls. The sentry spotted that movement, put the muzzle of the Mauser to my head, took the knife, and told me in German what had to be, in effect, "You stupid bastard, one more trick like that and I'll let you have it." He watched me closely the rest of the way. At the bridge he turned me over to the officer in charge at the Guardhouse, who greeted me with the question and statement: "Englander oder Amerikaniner? Macht nicht, var du das krieg ist uber."

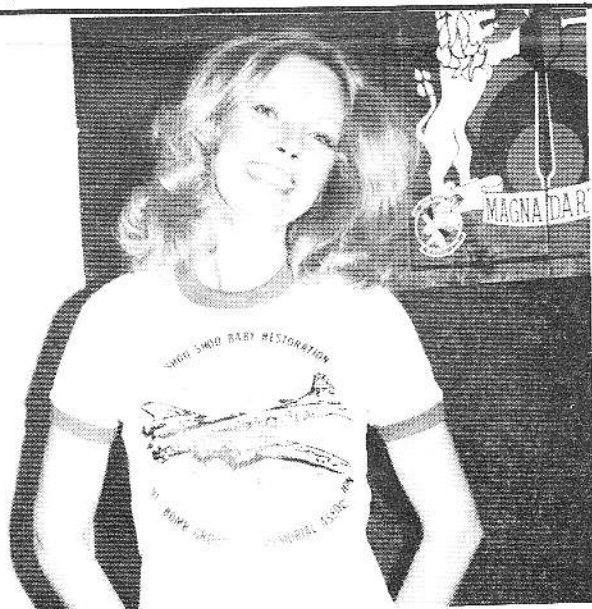
I looked at my watch. It was ten minutes before nine.

Make San Diego In September

New Members - Address Changes

Abb, Robert A. L/Col. (Ret)	Route 1, Box 138	Blue Eye	MO.	65611
Basnight, Arvin O.	101 Wicklowe Rd.	Lafayette	LA.	70503
Battista, Armand	R.D. 5, Box 245-G	Jackson	N.J.	08527
Birch, Oliver K.	5737 W. Fairmount	Phoenix	AZ.	85031
Birdsall, Steve	31 Parkland Rd. Mona Vale,	Sydney, Australia		
Birdsong, George P. Col (Ret)	630 Seaforth #503	Victoria B.C. V9A-3R8	Canada	
Bonner, Charles H. Maj (Ret)	109 Brevard Ct.	Summerville	S.C.	29483
Bradley, Gilbert	350 N. Silverbell #167	Tucson	AZ.	85705
Braman, Charles R.	416 W. Lomita Ave.	Glendale	CA.	91204
Braund, Cyril J.	1616 - 13th Ave. SW	Great Falls	MT.	59405
Brown, Arnold W. MSGT (Ret)	Route 6, Box 6152	Belton	TX.	76513
Brown, Kenneth L. Col (Ret)	3167 N. Vista Del Forte	Tucson	AZ.	85712
Calvert, David E.	Casper Mountain Star Rt.	Casper	WY.	82601
Carpenter, Hubert B.	Route 2, Box 290	Pittsburg	TX.	75686
Casgrove, George	156 Osceola	Clermont	FL.	32711
Christopher, F.L. L/Col (Ret)	P.O. Box 9127	Orlando	FL.	32807
Cohen, Myron	63 Bristol Ave.	Hyannis	MA.	02601
Cronk, James J.	1703 Teakwood St.	Boulder City	NV.	89005
Davis, Walter J.	5069 E. Oakhurst Way	Scottsdale	AZ.	85254
Delo, Peter M.	187 Pebble Beach Cr.	Naples	FL.	33942
Denning, Jack	5151 W. Berkeley Rd.	Phoenix	AZ.	85035
Dorcy, Robert L.	5538 Aqua St.	Columbus	OH.	43229
Fitzgerald, Thomas J.	11649 Margate St.	N. Hollywood	CA.	91001
Gamblin, Leonard	32544 - 24th S.W.	Federal Way	WA.	98003
Geiger, Bruce	12177 Deerwood Ln.	Sunnymead	CA.	92388
Gillespie, Clyde G.	10303 Northwest Frwy-S-536	Houston	TX.	77092
Goldberg, Marvin M.	5530 S.Shore Dr. Apt. 19-C	Chicago	IL.	60637
Gray, Leighton E. Jr.	P.O. Box 505	Rockway Beach	MO.	65740
Griffen, Agnes May, Mrs.	440 N. Madison Ave #702	Pasadena	CA.	91101
Hall, Fred F.		Chaseley	N.D.	58423
Harden, Neville L.	1510 Sanford Ave.	Sanford	FL.	32771
Harless, Ray L.	2150 Westbank Expressway, Suite 520	Harvey	LA.	70058
Harris, George D.	39-06 Kramer Place	Fair Lawn	N.J.	07410
Hawkins, John G.	4154 Lanark Lane	Houston	TX.	77025
Herrick, Ted	401 Thornton Dr.	Norman	OK.	73069
Howland, John W.	2501 N. Eastman Rd. Apt. G-500	Longview	TX.	75601
Hudson, Charles S.	14868 - 18th Ave.	Lemoore	CA.	93245
Jackson, Frank R. L/Col (Ret)	8341 E. Colette	Tucson	AZ.	85710
Jackson, Ronald W.	Box 2010	Sparks	NV.	89431
Kaltenbach, Willis J.	120 Marshall Dr.	Renfrew	PA.	16053
Kamykowski, Frank Col (Ret)	Broadmoor Apt. B-33			
	101 S. Burbank Drive	Montgomery	AL.	36117
Kelley, E.R 'Bob'	P.O. Box 1016	Project City	CA.	96079
Keirsey, Walter H.	13556 Point Pleasant Dr.	Chantilly	VA.	22021
Kirkham, Charles M.	P.O. Box 6037	Arlington	TX.	76011
Klabo, Clay	11046 N. 53rd St.	Scottsdale	AZ.	85254
Knowles, Joseph M. TSGT (Ret)	1255 - 14th St.	Sarasota	FL.	33580
Leavitt, Raymond F.	100 Corey St.	Lowell	MA.	01851
Lieberman, Harold	454 Warren St.	Hudson	NY.	12534
Linn, Mrs. Rice C.	3912 Dalgreen Dr.	Dallas	TX.	75214
Mangold, Jack R. Maj. (Ret)	1456 E. Philadelphia St.	413 Ontario	CA.	91761
Manzaro, Andrew	375 Branner Rd. Box 48	Lakeland	FL.	33803
Martin, Lloyd W.	9426 Sherbour NE	Houston	TX.	77016
Maon, Clyde V.	1001 Evergreen Dr.	Bellevue	WA.	98004
McQuain Willis W. SMSGT (Ret)	360 E. 8th Dr.	Mesa	AZ.	85201

Meade, Cloren A.	1409 McKinnley Ave.	Beloit	WI	53511
Milan, Carrol K.	Route 1, Box 234	Keeling	VA	24566
Nelson, J.A.	Route 3, Box 238	Crockett	TX	75835
Nelson, John H.	24552 Camelia Way, Lake of the Pines	Auburn	CA	95603
O'Neill, Fred M. Col (Ret)	1620 Montgomery Ave.	Villanova	PA	19085
Parks, George W. Jr.	19 Elm	Clovis	CA	93612
Pearson, John D.	Route 1, Box 53-A	Dangerfield	TX	75638
Peris, Joseph M. Jr.	462 E. Wanteta Lake Rd.	Dundee	N.Y.	14837
Peterson, L.V.	5039 Vilalge Garden Dr.	Sarasota	FL	33580
Petzschler, Horst W.	5353 S. Country Club #18	Tucson	AZ	85706
Phillips, Edward J.	63333 Loftus, N.E.	Albuquerque	N.M.	87110
Renz, Wilbur D.	Route 11, Box 194	Muncie	IN	47302
Rountree, Robert L.	2028 Virginia Ave.	Augusta	GA	30906
Sanders, James K.	5418 Warwood Dr. Rt.2	Salem	VA	24153
Seaver, F.G.	836 Bridle	Fort Worth	TX	76108
Shook, George W.	1804 Idlewild	Wichita	KS	67216
Siddoway, Grant	P.O. Box 98	Teton	ID	83451
Skawienski, Ted L. Col (Ret)	146 S. Pepper Tree Ln.	Visalia	CA	93277
Smith, Donald R.	Los Tres Cabollos, Paris 3-G	Torremolinos, Malaga	SPAIN	
Snodgrass, V.C.	Box 163 Star Route	Dell City	TX	79837
Soderberg, Harry A. 'Swede'	3933 Dumont St.	Odessa	TX	79762
Staffa, Joseph S.	639 Cambridge St., P.O. Box 1825	Fall River	MA	02722
Stone, Osborne E.	15 Fairview Ave.	Derry	N.H.	03104
Tallichet, David C.	2977 Redondo Ave.	Long Beach	CA	90806
Taylor, M.P.	P.O. Box 67	Rhome	TX	76078
Terry, W.D.	2627 Louis Ave.	Brentwood	MO	63144
Thomas, James E.	2020 Santa Clara Ave., #209	Alameda	CA	94501
Thomason, Earl C.	Route 4, Box 241	Rusk	TX	75785
Verla, Milton J. L/Col (Ret)	Box 81	Andale	KS	67001
Vincent, Emile	Route 3, Box 279-A	Lafayette	LA	70505
Walker, H.S. 'Ray', Col (Ret)	3003 W. Broadway #91	Tucson	AZ	85705
Wallace, John	2500 One Indiana Square	Indianapolis	IN	46204
Ward, Ray R.	Route 3, Box 63	Gatesville	TX	76528
Weiberger, Herbert M.	88 Bishops Dr.	Aston	PA	19014
Weisgarber, John C.	230 McLaughlin St.	Curwensville	PA	16833
Wentz, Roy C.	1801 Saratoga Ct.	Allentown		
		'Country Crossing	PA	18104
Wyzkoski, Theodore	192 Grove Ave.	Pittsburgh	PA	15229



Shoo Shoo Baby! We are still raising funds to help in the restoration of the 401st bomb squadron's B-17 Shoo Shoo Baby.

For every \$10 donation contributors will receive a unique T-shirt similar to the one modelled by Terry "Shoo Shoo" van Brakle. To receive your T-shirt send \$10 check or M.O. made out to the 91st Bomb Group Mem. Assn. Inc., to W.W. Hill, 4002 Braddock Rd., Alexandria, Va. 22312.

Proceeds will go to the 512th Antique Aircraft Restoration Graoup, Dover AFB, Del., where the aircraft can be seen. Sorry, gentlemen, you get only the T-shirt, not Terry "Shoo Shoo."

National Reunion - Don't Miss It!

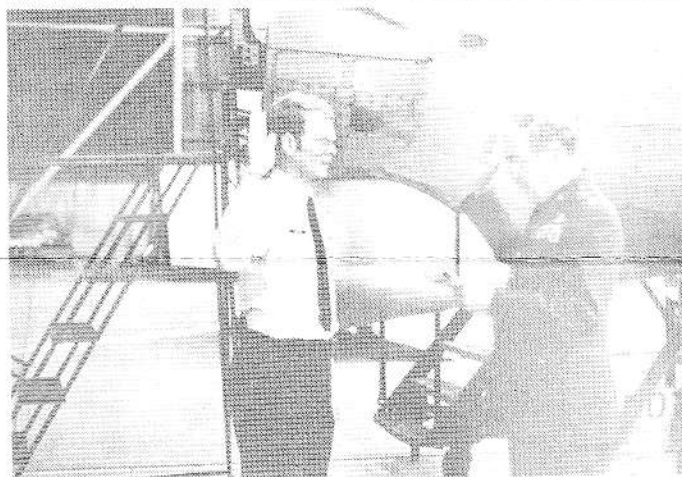
From John R. Paget, SMSGT (USAF RET), 1980 Reunion Chairman

No less than two of recent The Ragged Irregular publications have "headlined" the 1980 National Reunion. This issue once again or if you will, "one more time" (remember), brings to your attention our desire to make this the "best one ever." HOW? Simply by planning to be in attendance! WHERE? At the magnificent Town and Country Hotel! WHEN? September 2nd thru 6th, of course! WHY? The best reason ever. To meet with old crew members and buddies who you may not have seen since those days long ago in Merry England. This reunion is going to afford you plenty of time to become reacquainted in relaxing atmospheres and also provide you the best in group attended activities and good times.

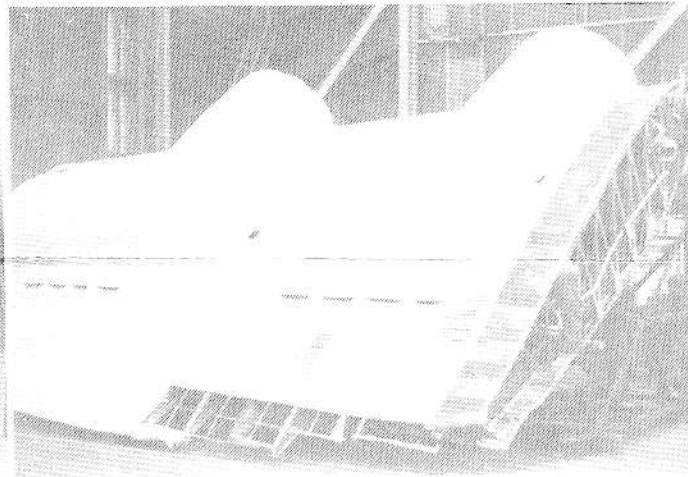
All members should have received the "official flyer" announcing the final plans and reunion schedule, or will find one included in their issue of The Ragged Irregular. As promised in this flyer, names of all members who have returned their PRE-REGISTRATION FORMS will appear in the July issue of the R/I if received by publication time. So if you haven't sent the form in as yet, do so as soon as possible. For those of you who may have lost or misplaced the announcing flyer, simply send your name, address, telephone number to SMSGT John (Jack) Paget, (USAF Ret), 4650 Dulin Road, Space 58, Fallbrook, Ca. 92028. State if you are interested in attending the SEA World tour and the SAN DIEGO HARBOR CRUISE, either one or both. If you plan on staying at the Town and Country Hotel and do not have the hotel registration card or haven't registered as yet, please do so immediately. The address is: P.O. Box 80098, 500 Hotel Circle, San Diego, Ca. 92138, telephone (714) 291-7131. This information will be repeated again in the July R/I.

One error in the "flyer" has been detected as regards the exact location of the Town and Country Hotel and is corrected to read "at the northeast intersection of State 163 and Interstate 8." Make this correction on your flyer if you plan to bring it with you.

Your REUNION COMMITTEE will be all set to greet you and make your reunion a happy occasion. Now it is up to you. Make your plans now to attend. Get together with old friends near you and urge them to attend. Write or phone to those too far to visit and urge them to attend. We are looking forward to the largest attendance of any reunion to date. LET US SEE YOU THERE!



Reminiscent of times gone by, T/Sgt. Mike Leister is re-enlisted under the nose of a B-17, Shoo Shoo Baby, by the Commander of the Air Force Reserve, General Richard Bodycombe. Sgt. Leister is in charge of the Shoo Shoo Baby restoration project at Dover AFB.



New inboard wing sections have been obtained by the Air Force Museum from a private company in Arizona and shipped to Dover AFB in a C-5, where Air Force Reservists with the 512th MAW are working to restore Shoo Shoo Baby.

Make San Diego In September!

Brig. Gen. Baskin Lawrence, Former C.O., Dies

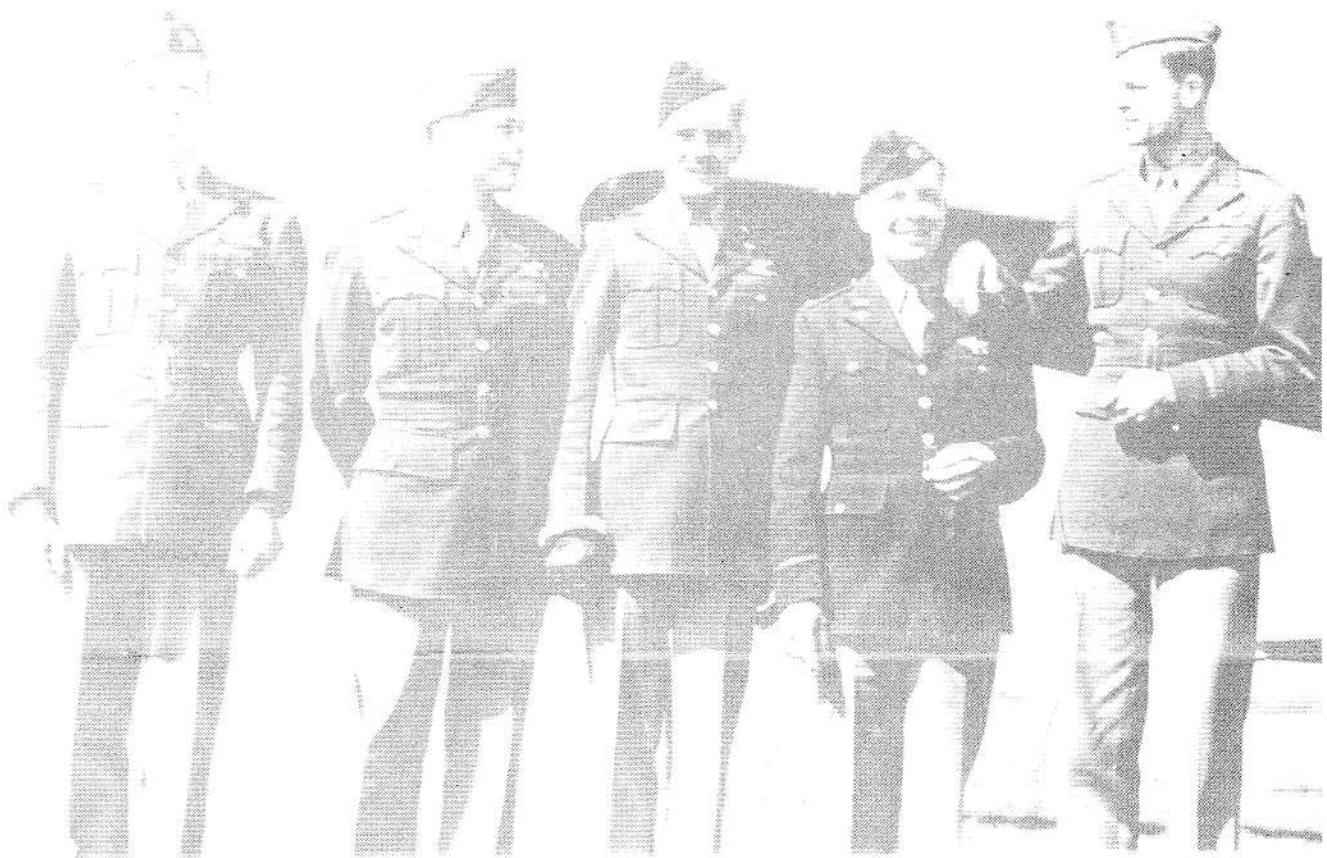
Brig. Gen. Baskin R. Lawrence, Jr. USAF (Ret), one of the original members of the 91st, died February 2 in Rutland, Vt. following a heart attack. Gen Lawrence was second in command of the Group until May, 1942, when he took over command for a short time. After leaving the 91st command he activated the 482d Pathfinder Group, the first Army Air Force Unit equipped to carry out bombing with the assistance of radar.

After the war, Gen. Lawrence held a number of posts in the research and devel-

opment field. At the time of his retirement for reasons of health in 1964 he was Chief of the Command Control Defense Systems of the Air Defense Command.

His decorations include the Silver Star, the Legion of Merit with one Oak Leaf Cluster, the Air Medal with one Oak Leaf Cluster, and the Army and Air Force Commendation Medals.

Survivors include his wife, Cheryl C., of Fairfax Station, Va., two daughters, Shelley L. Vickery and Sherin L. Rose, and five grandchildren.



Shown fourth from left is Lt. Col. Baskin R. Lawrence, Jr., who died of a heart attack February 2, with four of

his squadron commanders. They are, 1 to r: Clyde Gillespie, Paul Fishburne, Paul Brown, Lawrence, and Haley Aycok.

Don't Forget Your 1980 Dues

91st Bomb Group (H) - A Restaurant

A unique recognition of the fame of the 91st will take place at the Memphis International Airport in mid-May, when Specialty Restaurants Corporation opens their newest deluxe character restaurant--"The 91st Bomb Group (H)".

The company, with about 60 fine restaurants across the country, is well-known for their 94th Aero Squadron Restaurants in California, the Mid-west, and the Southeast, using a World War I decorative theme built around the famous "Hat in Ring" American fighter squadron. The restaurants resemble the French farmhouse that served as squadron headquarters.

There are 94th Aero Squadron restaurants in Costa Mesa, Van Nuys, Torrance, and San Jose, Ca.; Denver, Co.; Wheeling, Il.; St. Louis, Mo.; Dallas, Texas, and in St. Petersburg, Ft. Lauderdale, Miami, and Orlando, Fl.

Originally the company had planned a 94th Aero Squadron restaurant at Memphis, but when they found that the 'Memphis Belle' was in need of a "home" for its preservation and restoration the Specialty Restaurants president, David C. Tallichet, Jr. (who flew co-pilot with

the 100th Bomb Group in WW II) offered them a spot on the 25 acre restaurant site and got permission from the 91st Memorial Association to name the restaurant after the 91st.

The editor of the R/I met with Tallichet and Director of Design Ron Weil at the Orlando 94th Aero Squadron in January to discuss modification of the Memphis structure and the decorative scheme. Pictures of 91st personnel, planes, and areas, together with appropriate mementos to recreate the WW II atmosphere will be featured. A large entrance sign will carry the squadron insignias.

An impressive opening has been planned for the new "91st Bomb Group." And on May 31 the Memphis Belle Memorial Association, headed by Frank Donofrio, is holding a \$100-a-plate dinner there kicking off a renewed action toward the restoration of the Belle and the construction of the long proposed Memphis Belle museum. The crew of the Memphis Belle will be guests of honor, and many outstanding guests, including Lt. Gen. Ira Eaker, will attend.

We hope to carry photos of the new structure in the July R/I.

From The Editor's Desk...

Paul C. Burnett Box 909 Auburn, Al. 36830

The death of Gen. Baskin R. Lawrence reported elsewhere in the R/I brought back to memory the only three times I ever flew with him, on none of which, I'm afraid, I made a very good impression on him. Gen. (then Lt. Col.) Lawrence flew lead ship in the transfer of the 91st from Walla Walla, Wash., to Bangor, Me., when the group was first headed overseas. The plan was to pick up ten new planes in Boise, Idaho, in return for the flying wrecks we had been training in, and proceed in stages to Bangor in an effort to foil enemy spies. Meanwhile, the bulk of Group personnel was proceeding by train in a roundabout route that took them all over the U.S. before winding up in Bangor.

However, every taxi driver in Walla Walla knew the final destination, and there was a great crowd of wives, friends, etc., who beat the Group to Bangor by days.

For those going by air, the pilots and navigators were told only the destination of each day's flight. I was navigating the lead plane, Lt. Col. Lawrence was flying co-pilot, and Capt. Frank McCormick was pilot, as I recall.

The first destination after leaving Boise was Lowery Field in Denver. After we had been flying for some time Col. Lawrence called down for an ETA. By that time you could see Lowery, so undiplomatically I suggested that he could see the base if he looked out to the left. Rather testily he snapped "I didn't ask where it was, I asked for an ETA. So I replied "Three minutes."

The next day we were to proceed to Selfridge Field in Michigan, so Col. Lawrence told me to plot the shortest possible course to that base. By chance, the shortest route had already been laid out by the airlines, and there was a complete system of radio ranges from Denver to the field. So that is the route I plotted.

(Continued on page 8)

When I showed it to Col. Lawrence he snorted "Damn! This was supposed to be a navigation training flight." When I suggested that some of the pilots needed radio beam training worse than I needed navigation practice he "Damned!" again several times--but that is the route we flew.

Another annual Rocky Mountain Rally Round has been set for area members for May 17. The group will get together at Sam Newton's Country Dinner Playhouse, 6875 South Clinton, Englewood, Co.

Western Division co-chairman Glenn Boyce is heading up the Rally Round. In addition to the usual fine meal the group will enjoy one of the Playhouse dramas. Cost is \$15 per person.

Flyers with details of the Rally Round have been sent to all area members.

CMSgt Bob "Mo" Modell, ex-323rd sqdn., is still in the service at Barksdale AFB, maintenance superintendent in the 2nd Field Maintenance Squadron, trying to keep 30 old B-52 bombers and 20 KC-135 tankers flying. When Bob retires in June, 1981, he will have more than 38 years in service.

Col. Henry W. Terry (ret), former 91st Group C.O., has been living in England and Spain for the past several years, but was back in the States in February for a short visit. Col. Terry keeps in close touch with the old group through the R/I, and sends along his best wishes to all.

Torbjörn Olausson, the Swedish TV producer who has written about 91st planes that landed in Sweden during the war for The Ragged Irregular, has sent along a previously unprinted picture of a Group plane down in Sweden, LL-F, #297467. Olausson was in the U.S. in April and visited with Sec.-Treas. George Parks.

"The U.S. Air Force," more popularly known as "Off We Go Into The Wild Blue Yonder," has at long last been adopted as the official song of the Air Force. Gen. Lew Allen, Jr., Chief of Staff, made the announcement and suggested that "In keeping with our tradition, let us stand proudly when it is played and sung.

The 8th Air Force Historical Society is holding a national reunion in Orlando, Fl. October 30 thru November 2. Any 91ster interested in attending should contact 8th Air Force Reunion, c/o Rambling Tours, P.O. Box 1304, Hallendale, Fl. 33009 for information.

Since our last issue we have learned of the deaths of a number of former Group members. Sometimes we get only a little information, so we cannot give complete details. Those we have received include:

Vincent Evans, 59, former bombardier on the Memphis Belle, was killed in the crash of his Piper Aztec plane April 20 as he approached the Santa Ynez airport. Evans, a Life Member of the 91st, his wife Margery, their daughter Venetia, and the co-pilot all died in the crash when a sudden Central California storm caused extremely hazardous flying conditions. His son Peter Duke Evans was not with the family.

Evans, the owner of Split Pea Andersen's restaurants in Santa Barbara and Merced counties, lived in Buellton, Ca. He had planned to attend a reunion of the nine surviving members of the Memphis Belle crew in Memphis on May 31, an event sponsored by the Memphis Belle Memorial Association.

Luther H. Mitchell passes along the information that he has learned that Herman H. Moser, who was a crew chief with the 322nd sqdn. died last June 24 in the V.A. Hospital at Columbia, Mo. Moser had operated a restaurant in Brunswick, Mo., after leaving the service.

Don Northcott, who was with Hq. & Hq. Sqdn. and the Air Inspector's Office, died of a heart attack at his home in Dallas, Texas February 16. Don had contributed a number of pictures to Memorial Association files.

Earl McCullough, ex-401st sqdn. died at the VA hospital in St. Petersburg following a heart attack. For the past ten years Earl had operated Earl's Amoco Station in St. Petersburg. He is survived by his wife Bonnie L., 3604 Beach Dr., Tampa, Fl. 33609, and a son, Melvin of West Covina, Ca.