



303rd Bomb Group (H) Association, Inc.

Might - In - Flight

"HELLS ANGELS" NEWSLETTER

VOLUME VI NUMBER 1

JANUARY 1982

HAPPY NEW YEAR
from
YOUR NEW OFFICERS!

The following were elected to two year terms during the general business meeting of the 303rd Bomb Group Association. The meeting was held Saturday morning, August 22, 1981 at the Bahia Hotel, San Diego, CA.

President: Dick Waggoner
1st Vice Pres: Joe Vieira
2nd Vice Pres: Paul Barton
Recording Sec: Howard Frohman
Treasurer: Joe Vieira
Asst. Treasurer: John Ladd

The dual offices to be held by Joe Vieira was approved by official action of members present at the meeting. In the same action, the new office of Assistant Treasurer was established.

"All of your officers join in wishing every 303rder a wonderful year in 1982. We are proud to have been elected and each of us is dedicated to making the 303rd Bomb Group Association a meaningful organization for every member. We encourage you to take an active role in our Association . . . by attending reunions, encouraging other 303rd veterans to join with us, by contacting any of us when we can help you or you can help us, and by just caring about the other guys who shared an important part of your life at Molesworth, England."

303rd BOMB GROUP (H) ASSOCIATION
FOURTH BI-ANNUAL REUNION
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA
AUGUST 20-23, 1981

A RECORD BREAKER!

The August reunion set all kinds of new records - for attendance - fun - fellowship and tall tales. 288 attended the banquet, Saturday night, August 22nd. Chaplains Skoner and Slawson each held Sunday morning services for overflow crowds. General Lew Lyle was there with boxes of photos and a mission briefing that rekindled many memories.

Ober Lieutenant Hans Busch, former Luftwaffe pilot added to the memories with his briefing. The tour of San Diego's Balboa Park, Space Museum, Star of India and the aircraft carrier, Ranger as well as the trip to Tiajuana all added to the fun and provided more opportunities to make new friends and get reacquainted with old ones.

We all owe a 303rd "Thank You" to the officers of our association, the committee who made the arrangements and especially to Joe Vieira who was in the middle of everything. Joe always seems to tie the loose ends together.

As a "first timer" at a 303rd reunion, I can say it was a fantastic and rewarding experience. I recommend it highly and hope that many

of you who were unable to make it in '81 will start planning now to be a part of our Fifth Reunion to be held in Washington D.C. in '83.

Joe Vieira says, "To the 288 persons who attended the San Diego reunion, Thank You! Without you, the reunion could not have been the great success it was. I certainly hope that you all enjoyed it and plan to attend many more of them. Thelma and I were overjoyed at meeting all of you. We are looking forward to the Mini Reunion with the 8th AF this coming October and our calendar is already marked for Washington, DC in 1983. I also wish to thank all the members who were of assistance in helping plan and working the San Diego Reunion along with Bill and Mary Eisenhart."

NEXT REUNIONS

303rd Mini reunion will be held in conjunction with the 8th Air Force Annual Reunion - Cincinnati, OH, October 7-10, 1982. Cincinnati is the home of our new Pres., Dick Waggoner and he promises an outstanding time for any 303rders who are able to make the Mini.

303rd National reunion - Washington, DC, September 22-25, 1983. Mark your calendars, now! Plan your 1983 vacation so you can be a part of the next big 303rd "Blow-out". It will be a great opportunity for you to visit the Nation's Capitol and with that location, you can count on an unforgettable program!

LEST WE FORGET

General Lew Lyle has suggested that the 303rd Association should have some purpose other than a bi-annual get-together. He told of a permanent Memorial Wall which his 379th Bomb Group has arranged to have built in the Air Force Academy Cemetery in Colorado Springs. This memorial will have sections suitable for plaques commemorating other Air Force units. Since General Lyle was assigned to the 303rd when it organized in Boise, ID and spent most of the Air War flying with it, he said he has reserved a special portion of the memorial wall with the hope that we would prepare a suitable plaque to be installed on it.

Those attending the San Diego reunion unanimously endorsed the General's suggestion. Chaplain Skoner was named custodian of the memorial fund. In his inimitable fashion, "Chappie" proceeded to "put the arm" on those present. They responded with \$3,340 to get the fund started.

Every 303rd veteran will want to be a part of this permanent memorial to the accomplishments of the 303rd Bomb Group. If you weren't at the reunion and haven't had a chance to contribute to this fund, please use the coupon at the bottom of this page. Whether you send \$1, \$100 or \$1,000, DO IT NOW! We want this to be a fitting memorial to all who served in the 303rd. As soon as we know how much money we have to spend, plans will be finalized and reported to our membership.

303RD BOMB GROUP ASSOCIATION MEMORIAL FUND

Make checks or money orders payable to 303rd Bomb Group and mail to:
 Edmund J. Skoner
 P.O. Box 24118
 Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33337

Dear "Chappie" Skoner,
 Count me in as a contributor to the 303rd Memorial Fund.
 I consider it a priveledge to enclose my check (money order) for \$_____.

Signed _____ Address _____
 City/State/Zip _____

Big plans for Barksdale museum

Text by Bobby Lamb/Photos by Billy Upshaw

HE LOVES THOSE PLANES

H.D. "Buck" Rigg was the type of kid that loved gluing together model airplanes.

As an adult, the self-proclaimed "Air Force brat" still has a passion for putting planes together, but the aircraft are real and are part of a grandiose plan for a 21-acre indoor-outdoor museum on Barksdale Air Force Base.

"We've got big plans," said Rigg, glancing off to a World War II era, which will be the setting for the proposed tourist attraction that will be developed in phases.

From the moment a visitor steps off a double-decker English bus, he will be in a different world that depicts the development of the 8th Air Force from its infancy. The 8th will be signified with separate compounds for the 1st, 2nd and 3rd air divisions and their respective bomb wings.

Rigg, a civilian employee under the 2nd Bomb Wing command structure, verbally paints a picture of a miniature airfield full of restored aircraft, display huts, a mission briefing room, maybe even an English pub. Popular music of the 40's fills the air, recordings simulate aircraft buzzing the field. Those who run the facility "will be dressed to the hilt" in old uniforms.

The day when people will be hurled back in time is only a concept, but it is a concept that has been gaining momentum since 1977 and may soon move closer to reality if the Strategic Air Command approves use of the 21-acre site on Barksdale's East Reservation. "I'm hoping it will be a nice Christmas present," Rigg said.

The second step will be formation of a non-profit foundation to raise funds for construction of the compounds, hangars and huts, since the Air Force cannot participate. Rigg is negotiating sponsorship of the foundation with the local chapter of the Air Force Association.

"It all hinges on a foundation," Rigg said.

"Just the potential of it for the area is what overwhelms me," Rigg said.

Aircraft are already being accumulated and restored by Rigg, his brother, George, and a handful of young volunteers. The collections are scattered around the base.

"I'm really anxious to get out there (on the site) and get settled," Rigg said, jesting. "It'll do a lot for energy conservation just to get into one spot."

Lt. Gen. R.L. Lawson, commander of the 8th Air Force in 1977, planted the museum seed by launching a search for copies of the 8th's original aircraft — the B-17 and B-24 bombers. Both are at Barksdale now along with a B-47 bomber, KC-97 cargo-tanker and Minuteman Missile.

Rigg is looking forward to adding an F-84, B-57, B-29, B-58 Hustler and AT-11.

In 1978, Col. Kenneth M. Patterson, 2nd Bomb Wing commander, originated theme exhibits for the annual bomb competition at Barksdale. "It gave a good look back, so we decided to put them (exhibits) all together," Rigg said. A small room in the 2nd Bomb Wing building at Barksdale, open to the public by appointment, has come to house a growing number of display cases that are also beginnings for the museum dream.

"The basic thread that ties it all together, I guess, is strategic bombing," Rigg said. Rigg wants to represent aircraft from 1918 on.

IT'S A PLETHORA OF HISTORY

Among the displays are the lineage of flight helmets used by pilots, murals of planes and airfields, bomb sites, posters and magazine covers. A visitor can see one of the first under-wing bombs used. Before that, pilots just threw bombs out of their cockpits. One of the first uniforms is on display. "They just added a set of wings onto the basic cavalry uniform," which had spurs and riding pants, Rigg said, since the Air Force originated as an arm of the Army.

A flight jacket belonging to the nation's most controversial advocate of a separate Air Force is in one display. Army Gen. Billy Mitchell had theories about military air power that were rejected and later borne out in World War II. Mitchell's vehement advocacy resulted in his court-martial, however, he eventually received a Congressional Medal of Honor.

There is a wood splinter and tail light from the plane which claimed the life of the base's namesake, Lt. Eugene H. Barksdale. The famed World War II pilot died testing a plane. After one successful pull-out from a diving spin, Barksdale failed in a second attempt at McCook Field, Ohio, and his parachute caught the tail of the crashing plane as he bailed out.

Downstairs from the displays, Rigg works out of a dimly lit room full of filing cabinets with old flight manuals, model airplanes and a giant photograph of Barksdale's flightline. In a frigid room in the back, uniforms dating to 1918 hang on racks, radios and parts line the floor and mannequins sit in corners.

The museum collects the items in various ways, ranging from donations to swaps of surplus parts for needed parts.

"We don't like to cross palms with money," Rigg said.

"We deal mostly with individuals," who may have anything from military equipment to plane parts, Rigg said. The items may be stored away in an old inherited trunk. In many cases, veterans of the Great War give up keepsakes. "It's his way of helping out. He'd rather keep it," but feels the keepsake serves a better purpose by authenticating a plane.

"Slowly but surely we're getting everything. It's all out there. I'm finding that a lot of people saved gun sights, gun mounts — a lot of the interior gear," Rigg said, adding, "I'm glad for packrats."

The facility at Barksdale is an extension of the Air Force museum and gets most of its planes and some display items through the main museum. Rigg also makes frequent trips to the "boneyard," an Air Force base salvage yard for surplus planes in Tucson, Ariz.

NOW THIS IS RARE...

Probably the rarest find of all is a tail section from a B-6 that was accidentally spotted in Barksdale's own backyard in aerial photos. Rigg said the B-6 remains are left from days when the mothballed planes were used for bombing practice targets on the East Reservation.

Rigg and his 10 volunteers work as they can on restoring the planes they receive. "It depends on how hot the day is," Rigg joked.

"Our goal is to make the airplane as fully functional as possible," he said.

In authenticating a plane, nothing replaces the "personal touch that a crew member can give us," Rigg said. For a curator who has a "fascination with flight," there's a degree of excitement. "You get to stand in the airplane that he was in."

Rigg said the job "makes me appreciate how brave they were," enduring the cold missions and danger with "everything downstairs that was being thrown at them."

"That's what makes me work harder to do it right," Rigg said.

And one thing he's learned from his research and restoration work is "models are a lot different from the Real McCoy."

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If you want more information about
this project, contact: Quenton
Hargrove, 636 Olive St., Shreveport,
LA 71104.

FROM COMBAT TO MITRE

A flight engineer on a B-17 during World War II, Rene Gracida, came home a different person.

His odyssey would lead to the priesthood

by JERRY BUTTERFIELD

RENE H. Gracida had recently returned to the States after having participated in 32 combat missions over Germany as a B-17 flight engineer with the 303rd Bomber Group. Taking off from bases in England he had encountered the penetrating and dark uncertainty of high-risk missions through bad weather and clouds of flak. Now he was learning all he could about the operations of the B-29 bomber, to be used on the Pacific front if the need were to arise. It didn't. The war ended.

As 22-year-old Gracida, mustered out of the service, walked through the airbase gates in Amarillo, Texas, in 1945 to return to his family in Texas City, Texas, he was aware of the irony of discovering peace within himself during the chaos of wartime. The man who would eventually become the first bishop of Florida's Pensacola-Tallahassee Diocese had renewed his faith and resumed regular contact with the Catholic Church and the sacraments in the military. Now he was heading home.

What he didn't know at the time was the persistent restlessness and agony he would experience over the next five years of peacetime. Discerning his vocation in life would be another, and often lonely, flight into darkness with a destination unknown.

Gracida returned home to his father, Enrique, a native of Oaxaca, Mexico, whose family had fled from Mexico in 1910 during the persecution that accompanied the revolution in

that country. He was rejoining his mother, Mathilde, a fifth-generation French-American, born and reared in New Orleans. Gracida knew he was coming home a different person than the one who left for the war. But different in ways that perhaps only God understood.

In talking about his vocation, Bishop Gracida recalls the crisis of faith that lasted three years, coinciding with his college days at Rice University and part of his military service.

"My crisis wasn't a doctrinal rebellion, that is, rejecting the teachings of the Church. It was simply — in retrospect I can safely say — a crisis of finding the humanity of the Church an almost insurmountable obstacle," he says. "The 'clay feet' of priests, nuns, bishops — all members of the Church — constituted a serious difficulty for me."

Bishop Gracida remembers that, at the time, he felt the Church was out of touch with the reality of contemporary life, "was rigorous, inflexible and unbending." He had difficulty making distinctions between perceptions of individual churchmen and the teaching of the Church itself.

During this period of personal crisis, he attended Mass and received the sacraments, regularly at first, then irregularly, then not at all.

In Salt Lake City, Utah, after three years of this alienation from the Church, he experienced a reconversion. "I don't know exactly what happened, or why it happened," he says. "I guess I was turned off by the profligate life-style of some of my fellow servicemen — the alcohol and carousing that was typical of many soldiers during the Second World

War." The entire milieu Gracida found himself in prompted intensive soul searching — trying to answer the basic questions — Who am I? Why am I here? Where am I going? What's the purpose and meaning of life?

"I began to feel the acute need to reestablish contact with the Church and with my God in a sacramental way. When I went to Mass in the cathedral one day, I experienced a reconversion, what charismatics today call a Baptism of the Holy Spirit," he said. "I didn't think of it in that way then, but it was a profoundly moving experience."

Gracida was glad "to be home" in the Church when he repeatedly faced the threat of death at 25,000 feet over Germany. "I matured tremendously during that time," the bishop says. He had seen death, and he had come to grips with the basics of life.

After Gracida returned to civilian life, he resumed his studies in architecture, this time at the University of Houston. "As I studied architecture, especially the history of architecture, and studied in detail the great churches of Europe and the monasteries, a certain disquiet, a lack of peace, was implanted in me," he said. Gracida began to question whether architecture in itself would be satisfying. He did, however, go on to earn his degree and practice his profession in Houston. "In many ways, it was a rewarding time of my life. But something was missing," he says.

With a good job in an architectural firm and as a part-time instructor at the university, the young, handsome and energetic Hispanic-American was certainly an eligible bachelor. He had dated since

high school and was seriously dating a particular girl. "We were engaged. I thought seriously of marriage, but kept postponing," he admits. There remained that nagging, persistent uncertainty of his "calling in life."

When a Benedictine monk from Saint Andrew Abbey in Belgium came to Saint Thomas University in Houston to give a series of lectures over a period of months, Gracida attended them.

"I was fascinated by not only the monk's lectures, but also by the man himself. I acquired an enhanced sense of pride in my religion and my faith based upon the contributions of the Benedictine monks over the centuries," he said. "I began now to be drawn to the priesthood."

However, the decision was not an easy one; the signs were not all that clear. Gracida had become so unsettled that in 1950 he enrolled in the University of Fribourg in Switzerland to study theology and philosophy, visit the famous churches and monasteries in Europe, and make a Holy Year pilgrimage to Rome. While in Rome, his personal odyssey would come to an end. The answer would come — gradually and quietly during the next few months.

The bishop admits that he didn't feel attracted to the diocesan priesthood. "I thought about it and was reasonably certain that I wasn't suited for it," he says. In retrospect Bishop Gracida also feels that a subconscious fear of discrimination and the lack of Hispanic priests may have colored his perceptions of the diocesan priesthood in Texas.

"My family didn't quite fit the typical pattern that was the basis for discrimination in Tex-

as," he explains. "Nonetheless, I did at times suffer the humiliation which comes with being a member of a disliked minority. The fact that I didn't know of one Hispanic priest at the time in the Galveston-Houston Diocese, also discouraged me from becoming a diocesan priest," he adds.

Two priests did serve however, as "models" for him at that time: one whom he knew well; the other whom he never saw, but who had an intimate influence on his life.

Father William Roach, a priest of the Galveston-Houston Diocese, was a close friend of the family. He was a frequent visitor, a zealous priest, a holy man. In the prime of his life, while ministering to the victims of the S.S. *Grandcamp* while it burned at dockside, Father Roach was killed by a blast from exploding chemicals onboard the ship. Unexpectedly Gracida had lost a friend — a friend who was a priest — a priest who had died while ministering to others.

About the same time Gracida had discovered the life of another priest who, although far removed in time and distance, had affected his own life — his great-uncle, Father Carlos.

It seems that the Mexican priest, vicar general of Oaxaca, had led quite a heroic life. At the height of the persecution in Mexico, he was the only priest left in the province to minister to the some one-and-a-half-million Mexicans. Perhaps because of his sanctity, fame and popular support, the soldiers spared his life. Father

Carlos often exhibited his bravery by bringing the sacraments to the Indians and into the mountain pueblos in the rural areas. Gracida was not to learn fully of Father Carlos' life until he was considering the priesthood himself.

"I was beginning to realize that life could have a greater meaning than making money, pursuing a career, and just settling for a decent job," says the bishop.

"I realized that for many people, not everyone, God calls them to do things, to be an instrument of His will for the sake of others. I had seen that in the lives of Father Roach and Father Carlos. So I began to question whether or not that was the cause of my lack of peace," explains the bishop.

In 1951, Gracida entered the Benedictine monastery in Latrobe, Pennsylvania. After eight years of education and formation, he was ordained a priest as a monk in 1959 at the age of 36.

After 10 years in the monastery, two as a priest, Father Gracida left the Benedictines. For complex reasons, some involving his health at the time, he left the monastery to be a diocesan priest — something 10 years earlier he could not envision himself ever doing.

The bishop admits that as a priest in the Archdiocese of Miami, he found to his "utter amazement," the opportunities for a fulfilling vocation as a diocesan priest. "The archbishop plunged me into chaos," Bishop Gracida said. "He changed my assignments every four to 18 months, sending me

to beach parishes, interior parishes, young parishes, old parishes, Hispanic parishes, Anglo or typically American parishes."

Not until he exercised fully his priesthood in terms of a wide-range of sacramental and pastoral ministries did Father Gracida begin to understand what it meant to be a priest.

After serving as an auxiliary bishop in Miami, in 1975 Bishop Gracida became the first ordinary of the new Diocese of Pensacola-Tallahassee — a 300-mile wide, 18-county area of Northwest Florida parhandle with some 40,000 Catholics.

During Bishop Gracida's lifetime his perceptions of his own vocation changed. "When I first became a priest as a monk I saw my vocation of serving Christ in terms of the priestly-monastic state, not necessarily through the fullness of ministry. With my assignments as a diocesan priest I learned the true meaning of expending oneself for others in sacramental and pastoral ministry."

Today, burdened with administrative chores and meet-

ings he must attend inside and outside the diocese, he is "regrettably removed" from the regular active and full sacramental contact with people at the parish level. That is why the bishop enjoys his pastoral visits — three- or four-day visits to parishes — listening, teaching and celebrating with people of all ages.

Bishop Gracida admits that the hardest lesson he has had to learn as a layman, then as a priest, and now as a bishop, is to accept the human condition. "One must constantly work to accept the human condition — to realize fully and appreciate that humans don't exist in any idealized, much less angelic state. We're imperfect and make mistakes. We exist in time and space with all the frailty and weakness that are attached to human nature. I've come to accept that without cynicism," he says.

From the time he entered the monastery, he has never regretted the decision to become a priest. Says Bishop Gracida, "Like Newman, I've had a thousand difficulties, but not a single doubt." ■

NOTE: The above article originally appeared in OUR SUNDAY VISITOR. It is reprinted with permission of the editor. The author, Jerry Sutterfield, is executive editor of the GOOD NEWS VISITOR, official newspaper of the Diocese of Pensacola-Tallahassee. Bishop Gracida flew with the 359th Squadron during his tour at Molesworth.

IN MEMORIUM

We have a letter from the son of a deceased member of our Association, Alfonso Almon. The son is seeking any information about crew members who flew with his father. If you knew Alfonso or have any information about his crew members, please contact Joe Vieira.

We received word in San Diego last August of the death of one of our members. Our sincere sympathy is extended to the family of:

Kenneth Meeks
E. 17106 Broadway
Greenacres, WA 99016

WERE YOU THERE?

This excerpt from a letter to ex-Pres., Bill Eisenhart is certain to stir some memories for those who shared this or similar experiences:

Knowing how long you were at Molesworth, I imagine that any given event would be difficult for you to remember, there being all kinds of wild and woolly affairs of aircraft landing in distress, etc., but let me wonder if you recall the 27th of September, 1944. That date was not all that outstanding compared to the next day when, it is clear, we lost our tails. (The Air Force History of the Group says we sustained our worst losses on the 28th.) For me, the 27th was very hair-raising. Let me recount what happened.

We were bombing Cologne and just a split-second before "bombs away", we took a lot of flak in the left wing. No. 1 engine was knocked out but wouldn't feather. The propeller control still worked so it didn't run away. Our 400 cycle AC was burned out and the radio receivers were dead. The rudder trim cable was shot in two and the elevator cable was held together by only one of several small cables which made up the whole bundle. I suspected the left tire was flat (it was).

I waited until the rest of the Group had landed and then made a pass. On the downwind leg, I remembered that the flap indicator wouldn't be working so I was not to pay any attention to it. I knew I didn't want to get flaps and gear down until I knew we had the runway made. On the final approach, I called for the gear and got it, along with the green light from the tower. I remembered that the flap indicator was going to show zero, but forgot that I hadn't put them down anyhow. When we were very close to the ground, I called for and got flaps. About this time, we passed over the end of the runway and I chopped the power.

I was astonished when the airplane suddenly went to full left rudder. In trying to control the thing and keep it from cartwheeling, I decided to take it around and try again. Full power on the three good engines got us started all right, but shortly thereafter, I felt a throttle control kicking against the palm of my hand. Instantly I knew that the turbo blast gates were locked in the position where they had been at altitude when we got hit and we were pulling far too much manifold pressure.

As fast as I could, I throttled back to 46" and the go-around continued uneventfully and we got back down nicely, flopping on the flat left tire and sliding on the braked right one.

We were told that a big fireball came out of No. 4 when we started the go-around and exceeded the manifold pressure. People on the ground thought we were going to pack it in. The maintenance officer called me later and told me I had pulled 62" of manifold pressure on the three engines. Nos. 2 and 3 wouldn't start; No. 4 had thrown a rod and cracked two other cylinders. I suppose it was exciting for the people on the ground, but I was too busy to share in the fun!

William F. Miller
Major USAF (Ret)

Bill Miller and crew were shot down the next day and spent the duration in a POW camp.

HELP!

Here's a note from an ex-Molesworthite asking for your help. There's sure to be someone out there who can fill this request. If you can, please contact Jim at the address shown:

I spent 4 or 5 years at Molesworth teaching at the DOD dependent school before it moved to RAF Alconbury. I also am a plastic modeler and would like to do a B-17F that was assigned to the 303rd. I am looking

for an aircraft with some importance but not "Knockout Dropper" or others you see a lot of photos of in magazines. I would like some information on such an aircraft with photos showing the markings the aircraft carried.

I would be most grateful for any help along these lines that anyone can give me.

Jim Dresser
401 S. St. Joe
Apt. 7
Hastings, NE 68901

300 MISSION BOOK TO BE REPRINTED

Arrangements have been made to re-print the FIRST 300, a great historical record of the 303rd. If you don't have a copy or if yours is as dog-eared as some we saw at the SD reunion, you'll want to get your order in at once. We need the money now so we can have new printing plates made. The pre-publishing price is \$5.00 per copy. That's a bargain you won't want to miss!

Only 1,000 copies will be printed. They will be available on a first-come, first-served basis. Your order along with your check or money order should be sent to Joe Vieira. Clip the order form at the bottom of this column and get it in the mail, today!

Mail to: Joe Vieira
6400 Park Street
Hollywood, FL 33024

Please reserve _____ copies of the
FIRST 300 MISSION BOOK
for me at \$5.00 per copy.

My check (Money Order) for \$ _____
is attached. Copies are to be
mailed to me when completed at
the address below:

Name _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

MEMBERSHIP

Joe Vieira reports that we have had 26 new members join the Association since the SD reunion. All of us welcome these newcomers and hope that we can share many reunions with them.

The Association now has 857 regular paying members, 25 honorary members and 17 associate members for a total of 898, less 10 delinquents, making a net of 888.

DUES REPORT

Class of 1975 - Members with numbers 1-120 - 10 are delinquent.

Class of 1976 - Membership numbers 121-277 - If you haven't renewed, you are now delinquent. Please check your membership card and get your dues payment to Joe Vieira pronto.

Class of 1977 - Membership numbers 278-418 - Your dues are paid until your anniversary date this year. You may as well renew now for another five years.

Remember, dues are only TEN BUCKS for 5 years and Joe has no objection to receiving them well in advance of the due date!

RAY CAUSEY

Remember the English printer who produced the beautiful print titled "Coming Straight In"? Ray attended our San Diego reunion and was made an honorary member of the Association. He announced that he still has a few copies of this limited edition print. He also exhibited a new painting, "Dawn Mission". It is a striking portrayal of B-17s taking off from Molesworth in the sun's first rays. Mr. Causey will produce a limited edition of 250 numbered prints from this painting. We will pass along more information on these prints in a future newsletter.

303rd BOMB GROUP(H)ASSOCIATION, INC.
MIGHT-IN-FLIGHT

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP PLEASE PRINT ALL INFORMATION

Name _____ Military _____ Spouse's _____
 Street _____ Grade _____ Name _____
 Address _____ Apt. Number _____

City _____ State _____ ZIP CODE _____
 Home _____ Business _____
 Phone: () _____ Phone: () _____ Ext: _____
 Crew and/or _____ Retired Military _____ Pilot's _____
 Duty _____ Sqd. _____ Grade if Any _____ Name _____

_____ \$10.00-Dues(5yrs) _____ \$2.50-Patch _____ \$1.50-Pin _____ \$1.00-Roster

I HEREBY MAKE APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP IN THE 303rdBOMB GROUP ASSOCIATION

Signature _____ Date _____ Amount paid:\$ _____

DO NOT SEND CASH THRU THE POSTAL SERVICE: IF you are a member, please pass
this application on to another 303rder that is not a member, THANK YOU.

MAKE CHECK PAYABLE TO: 303rd Bomb Group(H)Association, INC., and Mail to:

JOSEPH VIEIRA
6400 Park Street
Hollywood, FL 33024

303rd BOMB GROUP(H)ASSOCIATION, INC
P.O. Box 8531
PEMBROKE PINES BRANCH
HOLLYWOOD, FL 33024
ADDRESS CORRECTION REQUESTED
RETURNED POSTAGE GUARANTEED

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PERMIT NO. 1129
