

303rd Bomb Group (H) Association, Inc.

*Might - In - Flight*

# "HELLS ANGELS" NEWSLETTER

VOLUME VII NUMBER 3

JULY, 1983

**Everybody's headin' for  
Washington, D.C.**

SEPTEMBER 1983

Sun	Mon	Tues	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
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4	5	6	7	8	9	10
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<b>25</b>	26	27	28	29	30	

## 303RD BOMB GROUP (H) ASSOCIATION FIFTH BI-ANNUAL REUNION

### Thursday, September 22, 1983:

- 1200-1700 Registration of members and guests
- 1600 Meeting of Association Directors and Officers
- 1800 Cocktails and Seafood Buffet, NCO Club, Andrews AFB. (Pay as you go.)  
Bus transportation provided by the Association. PLEASE, INDICATE ON YOUR REGISTRATION FORM whether you want the Seafood Buffet or prefer to order from the menu.

### Friday, September 23, 1983:

- \*0800 Breakfast (Registration will continue until all members have checked in.)
- \*0900/1300 Bus to Silver Hills. If you select this optional event, PLEASE, INDICATE ON YOUR REGISTRATION FORM your choice of the AM (0900) or PM (1300) tour.
- \*1000-1600 Shuttle bus to Smithsonian Institute, Air Wing
- \*1800 Dinner

### Saturday, September 24, 1983:

- \*0730 Continental Breakfast
- 0800 Association Business Meeting
- 1030 Slide presentation by Mr. Keith Ferris, Thunderbird Artist
- \*1300 Tour of Washington, D.C.
- 1800 Cocktails (Cash bar)
- \*1900 Banquet - Guest Speaker, CMSAF Paul W. Airey, first CMS of the USAF

### Sunday, September 25, 1983:

- \*0800 Breakfast
- 1000 Chapel Services
- \*Meal tickets will be furnished for Friday and Saturday lunch (\$5 per person, per meal)

**The price  
is right:**

EARLY BIRD PACKAGE	
<b>266.</b>	<b>377.</b>
Single	Double
4 Days - 3 Nights	

REUNION PACKAGE	
<b>194.</b>	<b>283.</b>
Single	Double
3 Days - 2 Nights	

**The time  
is now!**

All prices include hotel and all events indicated by a \*

WATCH YOUR MAIL

Registration forms for the WDC Reunion will be in the mail soon after July 1. If you haven't received yours by July 20, contact Joe Vieira. When completing your registration remember to:

1. Indicate your choice for dinner on Thursday SEAFOOD BUFFET or OFF MENU.
2. If you elect to go to Silver Hills on Friday, indicate your choice of the AM or PM tour. Silver Hills is the aircraft restoration facility for the Smithsonian and other air museums.

Register NOW! . . . as soon as you receive the forms. Be a part of this fifth Reunion. It is sure to be the Biggest and Best yet! A great program has been planned and it will be sprinkled with PRIZES and SURPRISES! We're counting on seeing YOU in Washington!

PUBLICITY

Remember to give your local newspaper the details of the Reunion. Most will be glad to publish the location and dates. Be sure to ask that they include the address where interested persons may get additional information. You may even want to include your own name and address as a local contact. Through such publicity, we may reach others of our Group who are unaware of the Association. While you're at it, why not contact some of your ex-crew-mates or old "Buddies" and encourage them to meet you in WDC next September 22!

MORE REUNIONS

Eighth Air Force Historical Society - Houston, TX, October 12-16. The 303rd will hold a mini-reunion here. For more information contact Joe Vieira or 8th AFHS, P.O. Box 3556, Hollywood, FL 33083.

American Ex-Prisoners of War - Cleveland, OH, July 20-22. Contact American Ex-POW 1983 Convention, P.O. Box 34083, Cleveland, OH 44134.

Second Schweinfurt Memorial Association Mini-Reunion - Alameda, CA, October 14-15. Contact Phil Taylor, 3158 Fiji Lane, Alameda, CA 94501.

359TH SQUADRON COLORLESS ???

Joe Vieira now has copies of all Squadron Insignia. He has the colors for all but the 359th. Surely someone out there has an original 359th Squadron patch in living color! Send it to Joe. He'll gladly return it!

AVIATION MUSEUMS

In your travels around the country, you'll discover many outstanding museums dedicated to the history of man on the wing. Here is a partial list of some of the best collections in America. Even if these locations are not on your itinerary, they are worth a side trip.

NATIONAL AIR AND SPACE MUSEUM, Washington, DC. You'll visit this one as part of the 1983 Reunion package. It's the best-known, most-visited and requires several days to cover.

CONFEDERATE AIR FORCE MUSEUM, Harlingen, TX. Dedicated to preserving the history of WWII aircraft. More than 120 airplanes. All are operational or being restored. CAF Ghost Squadrons tour the country conducting air shows. Each October there is a giant fly-in and air show when most of the touring aircraft return to the home base.

USAF MUSEUM, Dayton, OH. Outstanding exhibit of military aircraft from WWI "crates" to an X-15 rocket plane. Be sure to see the 8th AF WWII, England, Monument and the 303rd Memorial Tree dedicated at last year's 8th AF reunion. Both are located just outside the entrance to the main museum building.

MILITARY AIRCRAFT STORAGE AND DISPOSITION CENTER, Davis Monthan AFB, AZ. 3,000 acres of retired and aging military aircraft. Two-hour bus tours 9AM Mondays and 1PM Wednesdays. Four-hour photographic tour 8AM, second Saturday of each month.

PIMA AIR MUSEUM, Tucson, AZ. Located just outside Davis Monthan Air Base.

AERO-SPACE MUSEUM, Balboa Park, San Diego, CA.

CHAMPLIN FIGHTER MUSEUM, Mesa, AZ.

EXPERIMENTAL AIRCRAFT MUSEUM, Hales Corners, WI

STRATEGIC AIR COMMAND MUSEUM, Bellevue, NE.

U.S. NAVAL AIR MUSEUM, Pensacola, FL.

PLANES OF FAME MUSEUM, Chino Airport, Chino, CA

IN MEMORY OF LT. HARRY E. ROACH, JR.

We are pleased to re-print the following article which was submitted by the author. The story was first published in the November/December, 1982 issue of the MILITARY COLLECTORS JOURNAL.

# 'I Thought It Was Time to Get Out'

## The Escape Tale of Lt. Harry E. Roach, Jr. 427th Bomb Squadron, 303rd Bomb Group

by **Harry E. Roach III**



**Lt. Harry E. Roach, Jr., at Pilot School in 1944.**

In 1954, Major Harry E. Roach, Jr., U.S.A.F., was killed in an air crash while on active duty, ending a fourteen year career in American aviation. He had enlisted in September 1940 as a radioman. After graduating from Navigators School as a lieutenant in 1942, he was assigned to B-17 bombers.

Following further training in the midwest, Lt. Roach's crew (part of a formation of 28 aircraft) flew via Brazil, Ascension Island, and North Africa to Molesworth, England in early 1943 as part of the 427th Bomb Squadron, 303rd Bomb Group, 8th Air Force. On their third mission over occupied France, Lt. Roach's crew was shot down. Six men were killed, four were able to parachute, and, of those four, only Lt. Roach evaded capture by the Germans.

That was on 1 May 1943. Eight weeks later, Lt. Roach was back in England after crossing the Pyrenees into Spain and being repatriated through Gibraltar.

That much I knew at the age of nine, when my father was killed in 1954. As I grew older, my interest in both military history in general and my father's experiences in particular began to grow. My mother and grandmother knew the broad outlines of my father's story, but hard facts were lacking. In 1981 I began to search for more. Through a series of extremely lucky circumstances, an exciting and colorful tale gradually emerged.

The first lucky break came in response to a request for information I placed in the newsletter published by veterans of the 303rd Bomb Group. Former Tech/Sgt. Howard Hernan, a top turret gunner in another aircraft in the squadron, was an eyewitness to the downing of Lt. Roach's aircraft.

Sgt. Hernan steered me to the next goldmine of information, the U.S.A.F. Historical Research Center at Maxwell A.F.B., Alabama. The good people there located copies of the squadron's after-action report of the mission. More importantly, they also had the record of Lt. Roach's debriefing after his return to England. There, in his own words, is his report of the destruction of the aircraft and his subsequent journey to the south of France. Though it cost me only a postage stamp, it is, for me, a priceless document.

The final stroke of good fortune was the most incredible of all. Half a dozen letters from French citizens who had assisted Lt. Roach's escape had lain in my mother's attic trunk since they were received in 1946 and 1947. Apparently, my father had corresponded with them for a few years after the war. In May 1982, I wrote to each of them, hoping against odds they would be still alive and at the same address.

Astoundingly, one was Joseph Monnier, a young boy in 1943, had been among the first to aid Lt. Roach. Not only was M. Monnier able to provide details of that day, but also sent copies of photographs taken immediately after the plane crashed, before the arrival of German troops on the scene. Included were two views of separate sections of the aircraft and three views of two fallen airmen from the crew. I also was able to contact the aircraft's bombardier, David Parker, who lives today in Benson, North Carolina.

This, then, is the background. What follows is the story of Lt. Roach's evasion as reconstructed from first-hand sources.



**TSgt. Howard Hernan, lower left, viewed the explosion of Roach's aircraft from the top turret of Capt. Claude Campbell's B-17 "Old Squaw." Campbell stands in left rear directly behind Hernan.**

Nineteen aircraft of the 303rd, loaded with two 2,000-lb. bombs each, took off on a mission to bomb the German submarine pens at St. Nazaire, France. One aircraft aborted. Visibility over the target was poor, with 8/10 to 10/10 cloud cover. Enemy flak and fighter opposition were reported as heavy.

Two aircraft were lost: 41-24610, piloted by Lt. Vincent X. Walsh, and 42-5780, Lt. Jay R. Sterling. Sterling's crew included Lt. John Neill, copilot; Lt. Roach, navigator; Lt. David H. Parker, bombardier; TSgt. Powell Griffin, top turret/engineer; TSgt. Arthur McCormack, ball turret; TSgt. Harley Fields, radioman/gunner; SSgt. Jessie C. Cleavelin, tailgunner; and SSgt. Daniel Cashman and Sgt. William Whalon, waist gunners.

Lt. Roach: "We left Molesworth about 0930 hours on 1 May 1943 to bomb St. Nazaire. I was the navigator. There was no opposition until we were near Nantes. Then a few fighters appeared and some flak was thrown up. Our aircraft was tail-end of the left wing of the formation. It was very cold and our windows were freezing over rapidly.

"I heard a terrific bang as a cannon shell passed about three feet behind me and hit the rear of our No. 3 engine nacelle. We began to fall behind our formation and the FW's (**Focke-Wolf fighters**), which had remained at a safe distance before, now came at us from all directions.

"Everyone was shouting on the 'inter-phone.' I had only a small portion of the ice scraped from the window above my gun. I noticed that No. 3 engine was feathered. A yellow-nosed FW, evidently one of Goering's squadron (?), came up parallel with us. He seemed to stall there. I let him have the works; he dropped down but I could not see whether he was on fire or had been damaged.

"A single line of flak, trailing our right wing, worried me. I saw one fighter go by on our left, gain altitude, and come in straight at our nose. Not having nose guns, there was very little to be done about it."

**(A/C 42-5780 was a B-17F, which lacked a nose turret. These were added to the G models.)**

"We went into a shallow dive. I heard Lt. Sterling tell Lt. Parker to drop the bombs. I did not think Parker had heard so I rapped him on the shoulder and motioned him to drop the bombs. Shortly after this our inter-phone went out.

"The ship was shaking violently and I could tell by sound that we were traveling at high speed. I could smell smoke but saw no flames. Our No. 3 engine was smoking badly. Our electrical system was not working. I thought it was time to get out.

"When standing to remove my oxygen mask, I could see St. Nazaire about fifteen miles away and our formation going toward it. The ship spun to the right and I was thrown face-down on the table. Something hit me in the left thigh which I found later to be a shell fragment. Someone was on the cat walk but I did not stop to see who. By this time the ship was on fire and my eye lashes and eye brows were singed. I attempted to release the escape door but was unsuccessful in pulling the release handle. As the ship spun again, I pulled the release-pin handle and the regular handle at the same time and the door flew off. The ship spiraled again and I was hurled backward with a violent jerk. On the next turn I went out head first."

TSgt. Hernan: "My vantage point from the top turret was the

best in the plane. As I remember, your father's plane went down just before we got to the target. I remember it because it was the first B-17 that I ever saw shot down. I flew on 25 raids and don't know how many planes I saw go down, but it was a lot. I was on the first Schweinfurt raid when we lost 60.

"Most of the time, you would only get a fraction of a second to see something happen, especially if the fighters were on you. I just happened to have my turret pointed in the right direction at the right time. At the time, I wished I hadn't seen it, but of course now I can give you some idea of what happened.

"Your father's plane was 'tail-end Charlie.' It apparently had been hit, because it turned to the right and down, maybe trying to head for home. Generally, a plane would get hit by flak or a rocket, then start dropping back, and then the fighters would get on them and finish the job. Your father's plane was at 4 o'clock to the formation, approximately 2,000 feet below us, and approximately a mile away, when it just blew up. I really don't know how to describe a plane blowing up. It's not like you see in the movies. All of a sudden they just blow apart. It was really a rare occasion to see one blow. I didn't see any parachutes."

M. Joseph Monnier: "It was about eleven in the morning when I heard a deafening noise in the sky and saw a squadron of B-17's making for St. Nazaire. One B-17 pulled out of formation and lost altitude. It was attacked by German pursuit planes and finished by exploding in mid-air. Before the explosion, four parachutists jumped from the plane. I followed them with my eyes as they came in my direction, and then about an hour later I met your father on the road."

Lt. Parker: "Harry and Lt. Neill went out the escape hatch but before I could get to it the plane blew up. I was knocked unconscious and must have been blown out the nose of the plane. I came to a couple thousand feet down and pulled my rip cord. I landed real nicely in a plowed field, hid my chute, and ran like hell til I found a briar patch to hide in."

Lt. Roach: "While falling, my chute pack and harness seemed two feet away from me. I pulled my rip cord almost immediately and was pulled up sharply as the chute opened. The harness was hurting my back. I had jumped at approximately 20,000 feet and had trouble breathing due to the altitude. I saw two fighters but they did not approach me. A lot of debris fell about me. A large piece of stabilizer passed me and other parts of my ship---a wing and the forward part of the fuselage went spinning off to my right. The gas tanks must have exploded. I did not see any other chutes.

"I came down very fast, hitting the ground hard with my left hip. The chute started to drag me so I pulled the bottom-side shroud lines and spilled the air. I had landed in a small field and it was with difficulty that I could stand because of my wrenched back. I rolled my chute and Mae West into a bundle and hid them in the bushes. A cut between my eyes was bleeding badly.

"I put my revolver in my pocket and walked toward some farmers in a nearby field. I told them I was an American and they said they were 'camarades.' They motioned me to follow them and we went to a grove of trees where they helped me take off my flying boots and insignia. Soon several women appeared with food and indicated that a man who could speak English was on his way to join us.

"The man arrived and asked me for a cigarette. He could

say only a few English words but did point out our location on my escape map. I had my escape kit, purse, a penknife, and photographs in my trouser pockets.

"I walked southwest and after crossing fields for about half a mile, I met a small boy...."

Joseph Monnier: "I met your father on the road and brought him home, where we gave him civilian clothes and some cognac. At that moment, Germans on motorcycles came down the road. Your father hid under a bed. Fortunately, the Germans did not stop. Later we headed your father toward Chauve, a small community 10 Kilometers from our place. From there he was sent to Madame Pol Michaud in Nantes."

Lt. Roach: "I was given a complete outfit of ragged clothing and started out again. I saw pieces of my plane and also pieces of clothing strewn about the fields. I grew tired of struggling over plowed fields and took to the main road but very soon had to go back into the fields because I saw a truck filled with German soldiers ahead. I crawled into some bushes and slept for two hours; the sun was going down when I awoke.

"I stopped at a parish house in the next village. There was a man in the yard and when I told him I was an American, in need of food, he took me into the house for the night. The next day an English-speaking lady visited me. **(This was Madame Michaud, a Resistance worker from Nantes.)** She sent me more clothing and a bicycle and on 5 May I rode about thirty miles to another town **(Nantes)** where I was fed, given a bed for the night, and the best route to follow was traced on my map.

"I rode all day, avoided large towns, and that night was successful at the second house I stopped at, asked in, and found food and shelter. I cycled on the next morning and slept that night in a barn. I was soaked from riding in the rain all day.

"The next day went well but that evening I tried four farms before I found one where the people helped me. It was a small inn with no adjacent buildings. The people spoke English. I was well fed and when I left in the morning they said "Hurry up, America." They also asked me to bomb their house with chocolate sometime.

"I had been averaging about 90 kilometers a day but this day **(approximately the 9th of May)** I pedalled 140 kilometers to an address I had been given **(in Agen.)** I made the trip in thirteen hours. After I found the address my subsequent journey was arranged for me."

Thus ends Lt. Roach's Escape & Evasion Debriefing. He had reached an Escapee Assistance group in the town of Agen, about halfway between Bordeaux and Toulouse, 250 miles in a direct line from where his aircraft was downed.

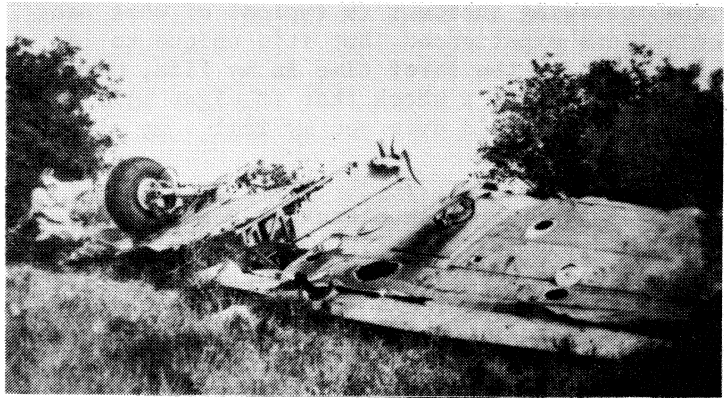
The group was headed by Jean Thibaut, owner of the local cinema, Father Patrick Kelly, abbe of the town's cathedral, and a Captain Bastiol. Lt. Roach stayed in Agen about two weeks while a group of refugees was gathered together to be led over the Pyrenees into Spain. The refugees consisted of Poles, Jews, and a French Air Force lieutenant named Jean Soum. On 1 June they reached the Spanish village of Lerida and were immediately arrested by the authorities. Lt. Roach made a telephone call to the U.S. consul in Madrid, who arranged his release and continued journey. On 19 June, en route to Gibraltar, Lt. Roach celebrated his twenty-third birthday. He reached Gibraltar on the 26th and was back in England on the 29th. He was the 44th airman to get out of Nazi-occupied territory.

Of his three comrades who got out of the B-17, Sgt Powell Griffin was injured and was taken prisoner almost immedi-

ately. Lt. Neill, the copilot, walked into a French police station in Pornic on the morning of 2 May and found it occupied by the Germans. The third crewman, Lt. Parker, managed to escape the area of the crash but was captured further south the next day.

Lt. Roach, because of his knowledge of French resistance circles, was not returned to flight status. After treatment for injuries to his leg and back in a hospital in Wales, he was assigned to briefing aircrews on escape and evasion. In 1944 he returned to the U.S. for pilot training. He was killed in 1954.

**Harry E. Roach III also is an Air Force veteran, having served in Vietnam, and currently is editor of Military Images Magazine, a journal of American military history from 1839 to 1939.**



**Wreckage of Lt. Roach's B-17 near Pornic, south of St. Nazaire.**

\* \* \* \* \*

Editor's note: I got a bit of a start when I saw the picture of "The Old Squaw" which accompanied Harry Roach's story. I rode that old gas-guzzler just once - on her final flight.

It was mission number 6 for Lt. Bob Hullar's crew and I was the co-pilot. It was September 6, 1943, target . . . Stuttgart. We made it to the target O.K., but knew by then we really would have to "nurse" the Squaw if we were to get her back to Molesworth. We didn't quite make it. That's the day we joined the Goldfish Club by dropping The Old Squaw in the Channel about six miles from the English coast. All fuel tanks were dry and all four engines feathered.

Until that picture arrived, the last I saw of The Old Squaw, she was headed for the bottom of the Channel, nose first. Our crew was one of ten B-17 crews that ditched that day. We were promptly fished out by an RAF Air-Sea Rescue launch. After six hours of "sea-sick" patrol, they hauled us into Southampton. We spent the night at a near-by RAF base before returning to Molesworth.

\* \* \* \* \*

By Helen Kirk

World War II was a time of sacrifice, heroism, tragedy, death and much patience. Those who served in the 303rd BG can attest to this.

However, helping to offset these negative aspects somewhat were the times when members of our armed forces were given a few hours or days to spend with their families and friends back home. These brief visits served to lift the flagging spirits of everyone and renewed their determination to end the war as soon as possible.

The following incident is typical of what many civilians experienced, but it's unique to me because, for the first time in my life, it made me realize with a shock that it might well be the last time I'd ever see my idol - my older brother, Bud.

In 1941, the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor prompted Bud (William E. Lewis) to enlist in the Army Air Corps. A few weeks later, he was accepted, and in April, 1942 left his hometown of Detroit, MI, to begin basic training.

That was one month after my 12th birthday and it's still impossible to describe the knot I felt in the pit of my stomach at his departure. I was saying goodbye to the guy who had always understood that I was a tomboy. When other little girls played with dolls, he gave me the toy soldiers and the peewee football I preferred. He also made it possible for me to buy my first brand-new bicycle. Therefore, when Bud left Detroit, it's easy to understand why part of me left with him.

Bud, subsequently earned his wings as an Observer-Bombardier at Victorville, CA and was commissioned in September, 1942.

After overseas training at Spokane, WA and Casper, WY, he and the other members of the crew were transferred to Salina, KS (Smokeyhill Army Air Base), for overseas processing and assignment.

On the morning of May 14, 1943, they took off on the first leg of their flight, with Prestwick, Scotland as their ultimate destination. The first stop was Selfridge Field, Mt. Clemens, MI, not far from Detroit.

Forty years later, it's difficult to remember whether our family received a telegram or a phone call from Bud the day before, but we did receive prior word from him that he'd be

with us on the 14th, and that sometime during that afternoon the pilot of their Flying Fortress would make a point of "buzzing" our general neighborhood before landing at Selfridge Field.

When I arrived at school on the morning of May 14, I shared this exciting information with my teacher and seventh-grade class-mates. Most of them also had close friends or relatives serving in the armed forces, so our teacher always made allowances for such unexpected events.

Sure enough, during the afternoon, our studies were abruptly interrupted when we all began hearing the unmistakable, wall-shaking thunder of an approaching bomber. The windows of our classroom faced north, and immediately all 35 students and the teacher flew toward those windows.

Under gray, rain-filled clouds, from the east (to our right) we saw the magnificent silhouette of a Flying Fortress as it slowly banked left at a very low altitude. Noses pressed against classroom windows, we squealed and chattered excitedly at the impressive sight and deafening sound.

Ultimately, the pilot made a total of three passes over that area before heading for Selfridge Field. Needless to say, I was on cloud nine and was also "Queen for a Day" the rest of that afternoon.

Bud and some of the crew members spent that evening at our home, leaving the next morning from Selfridge Field for Presque Isle, ME. (Our family had no idea the crew might be heading overseas, but we could sense a certain tension throughout the evening.)

After staying in Maine for a few days, during which time wing-tip tanks were installed on the crew's new B-17F, the crew left for Gander, Newfoundland, arriving late on May 19. The tanks gave them an additional 1,000 gallons of gas, enabling them to fly directly to Prestwick, instead of having to fly first to Greenland and Iceland.

At Prestwick, the plane was turned over to the 8th Air Force, and the next day the crew proceeded by train to CCRC #11 at Watford, England.

After two weeks of indoctrination, they were assigned to the 303rd Bomb Group at Molesworth. The majority of their missions were completed aboard the "Vicious Virgin"- B-17E,

#25314 - "Q" for "Queenie".

Of the original 10 crew members, all lived through the fracas, and at least five received Purple Hearts. Nine completed the tour of 25 missions, with the 10th man being sent home early due to wounds received.

Now it's 40 years later. All my brother's crew members were fine men, but the only one I vividly remember is the navigator, Warren C. Kotz, who's now retired and living in St. Petersburg, FL. I know, because I talked to him on the phone last May. It wasn't until then that I had the courage to tell him I'd had a crush on him when he visited us in Detroit, and I was an impressionable, teenaged girl.

The only things I miss about WWII are the live radio broadcasts which featured Glenn Miller's music, and the sound of the old propeller-driven war planes.

Luckily, my Glenn Miller record collection continues to satisfy me almost as much as his live music did. In addition, since we now live in northern California, which is plagued by forest fires during the summer months, I frequently hear the nostalgic sounds of a variety of ancient WWII fighter planes and/or bombers flying at low altitudes as they drop borate on nearby canyon fires.

Only another adult who loves old planes could understand the peculiar mixture of emotions I feel at those times, but I always pray that their crew members will come home safely - just as my brother Bud did.

THANKS, HELEN

I'm sure all of you appreciate this "War" story with a different twist - through the eyes of a teenager. Mrs. Kirk worked hard to get this story just the way she wanted it. Here's an excerpt from her cover letter: "Sorry I've been such a pest, and many thanks for your patience on the phone, etc. It's really been sorta fun "meeting" you and Joe, and just having the chance to get in touch with Warren Kotz again was a very special joy, all in itself.... Hope you have a pleasant Memorial Day...how appropriate that I'm sending you this copy at this particular time..." Thanks again, Helen. We hope you will share more memories with us in some future article.

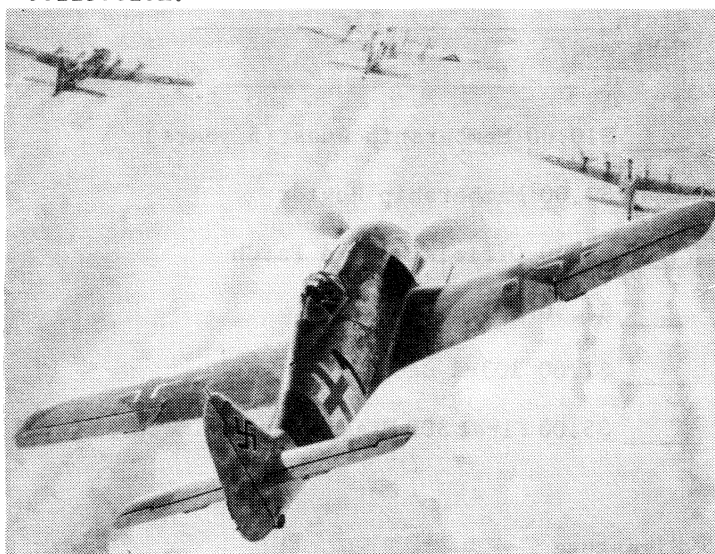
HOW ABOUT YOU? If you're too bashful to share some of your experiences with the Group, perhaps you have a sister (or brother) who

would like to write an article for the Newsletter. All contributions are welcome.

Send them to: Bud Klint  
5728 Walla  
Ft. Worth, TX 76133

NEW LITHOGRAPHIC PRINT BY KEITH FERRIS

Keith and his wife will be with us at our Reunion in September. Meanwhile, you may want to add this fine quality lithograph to your collection.



RAUHBAUTZ, MARIE, SPECIAL DELIVERY AND BONNIE B The German side of the Keith Ferris mural in the National Air and Space Museum, titled "FORTRESSES UNDER FIRE". Featured in this print is Lt. Klaus Bretschneider in his FW-190-8, "Rauhbautz" attacking the B-17s, Marie, Special Delivery and Bonnie B. The print is full color, an 850 edition, signed and numbered. Overall size: 24"x30". \$100.00 each. Order from:

Keith Ferris Galleries  
50 Moraine Road  
Morris Plains, NJ 07950  
New Jersey residents, please add 6% Sales Tax.

**FINAL TAPS**

We extend our deepest sympathy to the family and friends of this former member of the 303rd Bomb Group:

ARTHUR SCHULZ  
Rt. 1, Box 441-K  
Omak, WA 98841

Remember - WASHINGTON, D.C. - September, 22-25



### 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. # \_\_\_\_\_ City \_\_\_\_\_  
 State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_ Home Phone ( ) \_\_\_\_\_ Business Phone ( ) \_\_\_\_\_ Ext. \_\_\_\_\_  
 Crew and/ Pilot's Retired Military  
 or Duty \_\_\_\_\_ Squadron \_\_\_\_\_ Name \_\_\_\_\_ Grade, if Any \_\_\_\_\_

- \_\_\_ \$10.00 Membership Dues (5 years)
- \_\_\_ \$1.00 Membership Roster
- \_\_\_ \$2.50 Official 303rd Patch
- \_\_\_ \$1.50 303rd Pin
- \_\_\_ \$1.00 303rd Decal
- \_\_\_ \$5.00 First 300 Mission Book (Includes Decal)

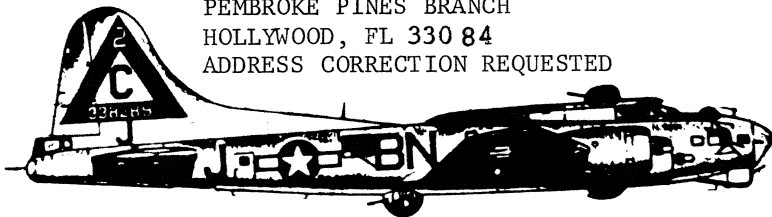
DO NOT SEND CASH THROUGH THE MAIL!  
 Make check or Money Order payable to:  
 303rd Bomb Group (H) Association, Inc.  
 Mail to:  
 JOSEPH VIEIRA  
 6400 Park Street  
 Hollywood, FL 33024

If you are already a member of the Association,  
 please pass this application along to another  
 303rder who is not a member. Thank you.

Signature \_\_\_\_\_ Date \_\_\_\_\_ Amount Paid \$ \_\_\_\_\_

303rd BOMB GROUP (H) ASSOCIATION, INC.

P.O. Box 8531  
 PEMBROKE PINES BRANCH  
 HOLLYWOOD, FL 330 84  
 ADDRESS CORRECTION REQUESTED



# FIRST CLASS