

303rd Bomb Group (H) Association, Inc.

*Might - In - Flight*

## "HELLS ANGELS" NEWSLETTER

VOLUME VIII NUMBER 1

Editor: Bud Klint  
5728 Walla Fort Worth, TX 76133

FEBRUARY, 1984

### 1893 - JOHN VIEIRA, SR. - 1984

John, Senior, Patriarch of the Vieira family and father of our president, Joe, died peacefully on January 3, 1984. He was 90 years of age. He died of apparent heart failure while sitting at the kitchen table in his apartment in Rhode Island.

All of us extend our deepest sympathy to Joe and the other members of the Vieira family. We would remind them of the everlasting truth expressed by John Greenleaf Whittier in his poem "Snow-Bound":

Life is ever Lord of Death  
And Love can never lose its own!

Those who met John, Sr. at the WDC reunion last September, were impressed and inspired by his love of life, his friendliness and his sense of humor. Certainly the family must be thankful that he was able to be a part of the festivities there. Surely, if he could, he would tell all of us now, as John Oxenham wrote:

Think not of me as dead, but rather -  
"Happy, thrice happy he whose course is sped!  
He has gone home - to God, his Father!"

### FLASH!! NEW '85 REUNION PLANS!!

The Boeing Company has extended an invitation to all WW II B-17 outfits to rendezvous in Seattle in 1985. They ask that we join in celebrating the 50th Anniversary of their most famous aircraft, the B-17, "Flying Fortress". Your Board of Directors found this to be "an offer we couldn't refuse". The vote to accept this exciting invitation was unanimous and our 1985 reunion has been re-scheduled to coincide with the Boeing "Birthday Party".

### 1985 - SEATTLE, WASHINGTON, JULY 25-28

Friday, July 26, 1985 has been designated B-17 Bomb Group Day. Tentative plans include fly-bys of restored "Forts", static displays of aircraft, special programs at Boeing's Museum of Flight and B-17 historical presentations. They are planning to have

commemorative packets of some sort. You can be sure that Boeing will go all-out to make this a memorable occasion!

In addition to the 303rd, the 95th, 351st and 398th Bomb Groups already have agreed to hold reunions in Seattle in July, 1985. You can be sure that other B-17 Groups will follow. It is only fitting that the MOST ILLUSTRIOUS Group with the greatest record of accomplishments in the B-17 should have the largest representation at this historical celebration! Mark the dates, now! We hope ALL of you will plan to attend and make this extra-special reunion in 1985 an honest-to-goodness record-buster!

Walt Mayer, Chairman of our Board of Directors, spent a lot of time and effort in promoting Spokane, Washington as the site for our 1987 reunion. He made a very convincing presentation at the Board meeting in Washington, D.C. Walt has graciously agreed to give up the '87 date in Spokane in favor of the Seattle reunion in 1985. Walt is going to help "ramrod" the Seattle meeting. He will be contacting 303rds in the Puget Sound area as soon as he and Bev return from wintering in Arizona. He will need plenty of volunteers to assist in this interesting and exciting reunion. If you are willing to help, be ready when Walt gets in touch with you. Better yet, beat him to the punch and offer your services. Drop Walt a note: Rt 2, Box 118-A, Cheney, WA 99004. It would be great if he has a box full of volunteer offers when he gets home after the Spring thaw!

### CONGRATULATIONS, MEL

Thanks to "Chappie" Slawson for sending this information about the current activities of one of the 303rd's Finest:

Mel Schulstad, nationally recognized alcoholism consultant, and former Director of Plans and Programs at The Johnson Institute, has been appointed to a similar position with Brightside Carmel,

a new 22-bed treatment program at Carmel, California.

In making the appointment, Gerry Coughlin, Director of Treatment at Brightside, acknowledged Schulstad's many outstanding accomplishments. "In 1979 Mel was recognized by his peers with the establishment of the 'Mel Schulstad Award', given annually by the National Association of Alcoholism and Drug Abuse Counselors, to an individual who has made an outstanding contribution to the profession of alcoholism counseling."

Among his new duties at Brightside Carmel will be the training of staff, revamping the family and aftercare programs, and working with the local advisory board. Mel, who is a retired Air Force Colonel, will also work with select military bases in northern California on programs of prevention and education.

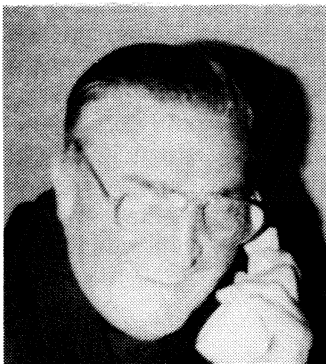
Schulstad's appointment was made in conjunction with the grand opening of Brightside Carmel, a newly remodeled and upgraded treatment program located on the scenic Monterey, California Peninsula.

Jokichi Takamine, M.D., Corporate Medical Director at Brightside Carmel, praised the appointment of Schulstad. "Mel's arrival further signifies our strong commitment to building the finest staff for the highest of quality care", Takamine said.

The above was a news release issued by Brightside Carmel just prior to grand opening ceremonies which were held last November 12. By now Mel is into his new assignment with both feet. We wish him well and want him to know that we are all proud of his continued achievements.

## THE CHAPLAIN'S LETTER

### From Father Edmund J. Skoner



Our first Newsletter of 1984 emphasizes for us the end of the holiday season. I trust that you had a wonderful Christmas and that you will have a Jolly New Year. To the tune of "Auld Lang Syne" you recalled the memories of many of your old friends and acquaintances. Included in your memories, I am sure, are the members of the 303rd Bomb Group, and especially those we are perpetuating in our many Memorials. For your generosity and thoughtfulness, I congratulate all of you in making it possible to establish both the Memorial at Dayton, Ohio and the one at the Academy in Colorado Springs, Colorado. These actions prove, far more than words can say, that you remember. A special orchid to Major General

Lew Lyle for his inspiration and encouragement in establishing these Memorials and to his continued guidance whenever he is called upon.

Our next Memorial will be set-up in Molesworth, England. There we intend to establish a permanent plaque in memory of our valiant men who never had the good fortune to return to their homes in the United States. In June, 1984, we shall culminate our Memorial dedications at the very place we "sweat blood and tears" for the entire period of World War II. Our actions prove that we have never forgotten those men with whom we shared our quarters, our food, our lives. We are doing our very best to perpetuate their memory for all time. Thanks to each member of the 303rd Bomb Group for your unselfish support of our many projects.

Editor's Note: Father Skoner reports some response to our request for additional contributions to the 303rd Memorial Fund in the last Newsletter. The balance in this fund is now approximately \$2,300. If you haven't contributed or if you want to make an additional gift, make your check payable to the 303rd Memorial Fund and mail it to:

Rev. Edmund J. Skoner  
2455 N.E. 51st St.  
Building E - Apt. 202  
Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33308

## NOW, WE KNOW

The beautiful poem, HIGH FLIGHT, printed in the last Newsletter, prompted a flurry of correspondence offering additional information. A couple of these letters will be of special interest and are quoted here:

From Eddie Walker, an Associate Member serving with the USAF and stationed in England:

"Hope that you, your family and all the 'Hell's Angels' had a very nice Xmas and wish you all the very best in this coming New Year.

Recently I received the Nov. Newsletter and was pleased to see that the 303rd plans a visit over here in '84. Hope very much that I can make it for a visit and maybe meet some of your people.

The poem, 'High Flight' printed in the Newsletter and sent in by Mrs. Helen Kirk prompted me to write. Mrs. Kirk believes the author to be a WW I flier. The following details are all that I know about the author: Pilot Officer, John Gillespie Magee, Jr., Royal Canadian Air Force, serial number J/5823.

Buried at Sopwick, Lincolnshire. England.

As to the circumstances of his death, I do not know. The poem, he wrote in 1941 so I assume that he would have been a WW II flier."

The most complete story came in an attachment to a letter from Margaret Rahn. Here is her letter and the enclosure:

"Ref. to the 'High Flight' poem in the November Newsletter. I never read this magnificent poem or hear the words spoken, without feeling every wonderful moment of that flight, and I get choked up every time.

The information I am enclosing would, no doubt, be of interest to Mrs. Helen Kirk and, I feel it would be an interesting article for a future Newsletter.

I am a little ol' 'Limey' from Northhampton, England, married to Lehman Rahn, Lt. Col., retired, and have many nostalgic memories of dear old Molesworth-in-the-Mud.

Was terribly disappointed to have missed the reunion held in California, and can assure you we won't miss the next one that takes place reasonably close."

#### **Pilot Officer John G. Magee, Jr.**

Magee was only 19 years old when his imagination captured all the exultant wonderment of flight with a minimum of words as he piloted his SPITFIRE along "the wind-swept heights" above the U.K. In September, 1941, just a few weeks after his RCAF unit arrived in England, he dashed off a boyish note to his parents, that told how the soaring lines were born: "I am enclosing a verse I wrote the other day. It started at 30,000 feet and was finished soon after I landed. I thought it might interest you."

The letter went to a distinguished address, historical St. John's Church on Lafayette Square, opposite the White House, in Washington, D.C. The pilot's father, Rev. Dr. John Gillespie Magee, was then rector at this widely known "Church of the Presidents" where the Nation's leaders have worshipped since 1816. Dr. Magee has since deceased; his widow lives in Pittsburgh.

Pilot Officer Magee was born in China, where his father had been a missionary since 1912. The boy first came to the United States in early 'teens to attend prep school in Connecticut, where his marked literary talent began to show itself. A few years later he went to England's famed Rugby School, winning the coveted Rugby poetry prize in 1939, a few months before World War II exploded.

Returning to the States, young Magee decided against accepting a scholarship at Yale and instead joined the RCAF because he felt his duty lay in serving the cause of freedom. He was 18 when he enlisted in September, 1940.

The Library of Congress acclaimed HIGH FLIGHT, ranking Magee "with our best known poets of faith and freedom," and noted literary authorities hailed the sonnet as the work of gallant genius. The plaudits never reached the poet's ears. Within three months of the poem's creation, Magee flew his last mission and, as he so prophetically wrote, put out his trusting hand "and touched the face of God" which he knew all along waited in the sky where he found it.

The original of HIGH FLIGHT is preserved as a rare manuscript in the Library of Congress. A Copy hangs on the wall inside the entrance to St. John's Church,

where its eloquent lines are read by the countless tourists and other visitors to Washington.

Gene Girman also wrote a note and sent in the back page of the calendar published by the USAF Museum at Wright-Patterson. High Flight was printed on this page with a photo of the Thunderbirds. Below the poem there is a brief statement about the author which includes one additional detail, explaining that Magee was killed when his Spitfire collided with another airplane inside a cloud.

That should about wrap up the story of High Flight and Pilot Officer Magee. I hope there is something in this issue and all future ones that will elicit as much response from readers. It's great to hear from you and your letters and stories always make better reading than anything your editor can concoct! Keep those letters and cards coming!

#### **HERE'S YOUR CHANCE**

What did you think? How did you feel as a member of an Aircrew in WW II? Now, you can tell all and help in an important project. We have received the following request which will interest you:

"I am writing to request your assistance. Presently, I am working on a book-length project with the working title, 'U.S. Bomber Aircrews in Europe, 1942-45'. One of several objectives, I am attempting to learn what crews thought and how they felt about a variety of important issues."

The writer has compiled a questionnaire which will guide you in furnishing the information he needs. If you would like to help, request a copy of the questionnaire from:

Lowell W. Newton  
Professor of History  
University of Louisville  
Belknap Campus  
Louisville, KY 40292

#### **CHICK'S CREW**

Here is a book that is a must for all 303rdrs. Written and illustrated by one of our own and a member of our Board of Directors, Ben Smith, Jr. of the 360th Squadron, it is his own story of his tour of duty with Hell's Angels. The book has been widely acclaimed.

Gen Curtis LeMay: "Chick's Crew is the best book I have seen on life in the Air Force circa 1944."

Roger Freeman: "A masterly job!"

Gen. Dale O. Smith: "My favorite book about the 8th Air Force."

To get your copy of Chick's Crew, send \$12.95 (includes postage) to:

Ben Smith, Jr.  
P. O. Box 1586  
Waycross, GA 31502

## CODE NAME - "GRAPEFRUIT"

Here's a tale from Larry Peacock that will stir some memories for anyone who was at Molesworth late in 1943:

I was a Navigator on a B-17 with Bob Sheets as Pilot. In October, 1943 we were practicing dropping a new type of Glide Bomb out of Brooksville, Florida. The bomb had a 6-foot wing with twin 4"x4" tail booms and a gyro behind the bomb. We carried two of these, one under each wing on external racks.

We would fly across Florida to some island in the Bahama chain that was uninhabited. When we reached the I.P. at 20,000 feet, the Bombardier would engage the gyros. This was about 20 miles from the small island (target). The pilot would drop the nose of the 17 to let the air speed build to 195 mph while holding a heading toward the island. When released, the bombs were supposed to glide on the same heading into the target area. The idea was to perfect the technique so these glide bombs could be used against targets in the Ruhr Valley.

Surely you remember that the Ruhr area was nicknamed "Happy Valley" because of the concentration of anti-aircraft guns the length of this highly industrialized region. The whole idea of the glide bomb was to use an I.P. 20 to 25 miles from the target and at high altitude. When the glide bombs were released, they could glide into the target and the B-17s could turn away before getting into the flak concentrations. The Air Force figured that any strike in a vast industrial complex such as the Ruhr Valley would result in considerable damage even without pin-point targets. After my tour, I heard they only tried the glide bombs once - over Cologne. The Iseman Group of 40 B-17s did a lot of practicing and dropped a lot of glide bombs in the Atlantic Ocean to no avail.

Now comes the funny part of this story. The Iseman Group finally received orders to leave Brooksville and fly to Presque Isle, Maine to prepare for the overseas flight to England. Four crews got clearance to leave a couple of hours ahead of the rest of the group. The pilots of these 4 B-17s were Sheets, Watson, Young and Goolesby.

When we left Florida, headed north, these 4 planes buzzed everything from mule-drawn wagons to sailboats on the Potomac River. As we approached Washington, D.C., I warned my pilot that we were entering a highly restricted area, but to no avail. I guess these 4 pilots were determined to have their last Stateside "fling".

We flew on to the New York area and that's when all hell broke loose. The World Series was in progress in Yankee Stadium. Three of the 17s circled the field, but Goolesby decided to fly down into the stadium - not

only once, but three times! From my position in the nose, I saw the 17 Goolesby was flying disappear below the rim of the stadium. I figured he must have blown off a thousand hats with his prop wash.

Next morning, the NEW YORK TIMES carried an AP photo of the B-17 departing Yankee Stadium and these captions: "Bomber Swoops on Stadium, LaGuardia Protests to Army" "Flying Fortress Comes In Low Over World Series Opener Three Times, Startling Throng; Game Is Halted While Players Gape." The article reported that Mayor F. H. LaGuardia, in an angry mood, asked the Eastern Defense Command to take disciplinary action against the B-17 crews who flew over the stadium frightening many of the 68,676 fans attending the Yankees-Cardinals game.

We didn't know we were in trouble until after landing at Presque Isle. We all were placed under quarantine and asked to tell which crew had buzzed the stadium. Naturally, no one would point a finger and the next day an official investigation was launched. Before it got off the ground, the Board of Inquiry was notified that the 4 crews involved were part of the Iseman Provisional Group on a high-priority assignment and under top-secret orders. The Board was urged to expedite the inquiry.

Needless to say we were released very quickly. We were processed and, within a few days took off for England to start our tour of combat duty.

## WHAT HAPPENED THEN?

The next chapter of Operation "Grapefruit" comes from someone looking at it from a little different angle. It's titled: "The Glide Bomb Fiasco" and it's written by none other than the leading Newsletter story-teller, Nathan Smith.

In late 1943, shortly after the World Series, Brigadier General Travis, Commander of the 41st Combat Wing, sent for me. I was NCOIC, Intelligence and the only regular army enlisted man in the unit. As I headed for the General's office, I wondered, "What have I done now to warrant this special attention". After the usual military formalities, General Travis invited me to sit down. He said, "This is classified information", then proceeded to tell me of a completely new idea in bombing. "You attach wings to bombs. When released, they glide a number of miles to the target. As a result, our bombers will not have to expose themselves to enemy anti-aircraft fire." Wow! It sounded great! He told me that the wings and other component parts had been produced, tested by flight crews in the States, and were on their way to us. I said, "Those will be great to use on the Ruhr". He replied, "That's the idea, Sergeant". He told me that the 41st Combat Wing, with operational control of the 303rd, the 379th and the 384th Bomb Groups, had

been selected to run the show and that he had picked the 303rd to train with these new glide bombs and to use them in combat. He went on to say that the wings, tails, gyroscopes and other parts, including special exterior bomb racks would be arriving the next Monday morning. He delegated me to supervise the unloading of the trucks, unpacking and storing the parts in the rear of hangar No. 1 with the 444th Sub Depot Technical Supply.

Monday morning, a fleet of GMC 6 by 6s started arriving. I had the large crates unloaded and stacked six deep, the full length of the north side of hangar 1.

One thing about the eight guys from the 444th, they had lots of tools available! We began removing the dozens of screws which held down the top of each of those big crates. Inside each crate, we found a wing about six feet long, a tail assembly, a gyroscope, bomb release mechanism, electrical wire and some bracing struts. Everything was kept from shifting inside the crates by oversized cross beams. Four of these were under the flat bottom of the wing and four were above, shaped to fit snugly over the top surface and against the leading and trailing edges. There were more beams holding the tail, the gyro and the other "goodies" in place. These braces ran crosswise and were held in place by six, five-inch long wood screws inserted through the outsides of the crates and into the braces. All of the braces were Black Walnut which looked to me to be gunstock quality. I had these stacked into the crates as they became empty. All the glide bomb parts were taken into the 444th supply rooms. I had the crates full of Black Walnut put in a store room at the rear of the 41st Combat Wing building.

A dozen or more B-17s arrived from Stateside and were assigned to various Squadrons. These crews had experience flying with and releasing the glide bombs. One crew was assigned to the 427th Squadron. We soon found out that the Pilot was in "Dutch" because he had buzzed the World Series in New York on his way overseas. I always was kind of partial to the 427th, as I had been a member of the old 38th Reconnaissance Squadron for two years.

Under the guidance of the experienced crews, the 303rd began practicing with the glide bombs. They would fly over the ocean, to the west of England and east of Ireland. They had to fly a precise pattern, then nose the B-17s down, get to an exact air-speed and pretend to release the glide bombs. Those were the only times I saw the 303rd come back to base with their entire bomb load since that very first mission to St. Nazaire on November 17, 1942. After each practice run, the glide bombs had to be lowered from under the wings of the planes. The glide structures were removed from the bombs and stored separately.

The Group went on several regular missions and then,

the great day arrived! A glide bomb mission was scheduled! All the wings and stuff were attached to bombs. Two of the assembled glide bombs were hooked under the wings of each of the B-17s. Then it was start engines ... taxi to the end of the main runway ... take off ... get into formation and head for Germany.

I saw the Group safely off, then bicycled over to the Site 4 Mess Hall. I ate lunch, picked up my supper bag and headed back to the Combat Wing office. I started to line up my equipment and supplies to make out the Strike Photo Report. I got paper and carbon paper ready for all the other reports that had to be completed after every mission. One original and seven copies were required. We always made two originals with four carbons each. This meant typing everything twice, but it was the best way to get seven legible copies. Suddenly, it dawned on me, there would be no strike photos from our 17s! They were just going to point their noses toward the Ruhr, release those glide bombs, then turn and head back to Station 107. (Some called it Molesworth.) Just to be ornery, I went ahead and typed a Strike Photo Report. Right across the middle I typed a big fat, "NO PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN!"

When it came time for the Group to come home, I went out to the edge of the field, The planes began landing. One by one they rolled down the runway, rumbling as only a B-17 could. As was my practice, I counted them as they peeled off the runway and headed for their hardstands. As the last one taxied off, I said to myself, as I used to yell when I took the First Sergeant's place at formation: "ALL PRESENT AND ACCOUNTED FOR, SIR!"

Soon the reports started coming in from the debriefing room. The glide bombs had all been released. The crew members who looked back as the B-17s headed for home reported that the wings promptly broke off or folded upwards on some of the glide bombs. Some stood on their nose and went straight down while some headed up and did inside loops. Others turned suddenly to the right or sharply to the left. A few headed for the target. The reports began to sound like the lines of the poem: "I shot an arrow into the air; it fell to earth, I knew not where."

Well, anyhow it had looked good on paper! And so, the glide bomb fiasco, or Operation Grapefruit, ended. I found that the dozens of crates were expendable. I turned the boys of the 444th loose on some of them for kindling. Meanwhile, I had several hundred pieces of gunstock quality Black Walnut in the back room. One day, General Travis asked me what I intended doing with all that wood. I thought real fast and said, "I think I'll use it to build a real fancy bar at Site 5, in the joint Enlisted / Officers' recreation room". He thought that was a good idea, it would help morale.

Since I committed myself, I had to get to work on the project. I recruited all the help I could. We built a frame out of the wooden crates. We smoothed the Black Walnut and cinched the pieces together with the long screws I had salvaged. Even General Travis helped with the sanding. The completed bar was twenty-four feet long and the top was three feet wide. We had to stagger-splice a few pieces to complete the top, but it was a beauty when we finally got it finished. That bar saw good service through most of 1944 and for a few months of 1945. I guess it was about the only good thing that came out of the glide bomb project. It was a shame we had to leave it behind in the 41st Combat Wing recreation room when the Wing was broken up and we headed for home.

### **IT'S FUN TO REMINISCE!**

Here is part of the letter to Joe Vieira that accompanied the story printed below:

"For forty years I have been tempted to write about some of my experiences in WW II. A complete history would probably be boring and disjointed, but to me, some of the incidents were tragic, some funny and some just interesting memories. I do think that stores and articles by any member of the 303rd makes the Newsletter more interesting.

It is kind of fun thinking back about an exciting time in my life. If you like the enclosed items, all of which are true, please feel free to use them in the Newsletter."

### **MEMORIES OF THE 303RD**

**By E. Bruce Connors**

I never fully understood why I was getting overseas shots less than an hour after graduating and receiving wings at San Marcos, Tex. Either the AAF felt I had done a great job and didn't really need Gunnery School, crew orientation or practice in a B-17 or else there was a shortage of Navigators in the 8th Air Force. I finally concluded there was a shortage.

In any case after a one week leave I left on a British ship for England and soon arrived at Molesworth.

The first day, January 11, 1944 was a real shocker. A staff sergeant took me to one of the so called officer's barracks, pointed out 4 or 5 beds and said I could have my choice as the previous occupants had failed to return from that day's mission. A number of GIs were emptying lockers of personal belongings into wooden boxes that looked very much like small caskets.

Later I learned that the mission to Oschersleben had been heavily attacked by fighters and losses were unusually high on that day.

My next shock came at the Officers' Club where two fifths of Scotch were opened each night at 1900 hours. In about thirty seconds the Scotch was gone

and we were back to drinking warm British ale. A really fast man could manage two drinks, but he had to be fast.

As a Navigator with no crew I was first assigned to the crew of Jack Watson. Jack had a very interesting career. He buzzed Yankee Stadium in a B-17 during the 1943 World Series, had been reprimanded and told he would remain a second lieutenant, permanently.

However, Jack returned alone, without any crew, from the Jan. 11th mission. The plane was badly shot up and he landed dramatically with fire and smoke trailing behind. Yank photographers took some great pictures of the landing and soon pictures and stories of the heroic landing appeared in Yank and Stateside newspapers. New York Mayor Fiorello LaGuardia arranged a radio broadcast and personally forgave Jack by long distance phone for the Yankee Stadium incident.

Sometime later, I was shot down and wound up at Stalagluft 1 at Barth, Germany. There I met one of the members of Jack's crew that had bailed out on that Oschersleben mission. He was understandably, not too sympathetic when he heard about the hero treatment Jack had gotten. He felt that maybe the whole crew should have ridden that riddled Fort back to base, rather than being ordered to jump over Holland.

### **A CHRISTMAS KISS**

"Kriegies" at Stalagluft 1 had lots of time and spent much of this talking about home, wives, girl friends and "when can we go home".

While we sometimes received German news bulletins telling of US and British attacks which had always "been repulsed with heavy Allied losses", we also had a few secret radios tuned to BBC for more accurate news.

In late August and early September '44 when Patton's Third Army was charging thru France and the Wehrmach was falling apart many thought the end of the war was near. One brave soul said "if the war isn't over by Christmas I'll publicly kiss your ---."

So: A stage resembling a boxing ring was erected in the center of the west compound sports field and on December 25th, thousands of Kriegies gathered to watch the great event. A Master of Ceremonies (or referee) introduced the principals, their seconds, and announced official rules.

Seconds for the "kissee" then bared his rear end, carefully washed it with soap and warm water and dusted it with talcum powder. The "kissor" then circled his buddy, carefully studied his target from different angles and finally planted his lips on each cheek of

the victor's rear end. The participants circled the ring, bowing and acknowledging the shouts and cheers of the audience.

A great time was had on Christmas day even if the war wasn't over.

Now, how about some of the rest of you 303rds? Each of you had interesting experiences during your days at Molesworth. Why not jot down something that you recall and send it in so it can be shared. This is YOUR Newsletter. It will be only as interesting as YOU help to make it!

### A-2 JACKETS

Following is a letter addressed to all 303rd members: "When I was captured in Germany during WW II, the Commander of the fighter wing where I was initially interrogated 'took' my leather A-2 flying jacket as his war booty. Ever since then I have wanted another. Recently I saw one in a local department store - the price was \$195.00 - I almost fainted.

Since my son is in the textile business, I have, through him, made special arrangements with the manufacturer to obtain the A-2 jacket which is an exact replica of the WW II jacket for a very special price. Incidentally, the jacket is U.S. made. The cost of the jacket, handling, packing and postage is a fantastic low price of \$130.00. This is a terrific bargain considering the quality of the jacket and the regular retail price.

Fill out the order form below and send a check or money order, no cash please, to:

Colonel (Ret.) Clyde W. Bradley, Jr.  
Bradley Associates  
2019 Vaughn Lane  
Montgomery, Alabama 36106

Incidentally, I was at Luft 111 - West Compound - Block 163 - Room 7 - smallest man on the Block softball and football teams!!"

(Clyde was a member of the 360th when shot down.)

Enclosed is my check/money order for \$130.00 for 1 A-2 jacket.

My size is: (circle one) 36 38 40 42 44 46 48 50

(Please print)

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

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### TAPS

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We extend our deepest sympathy to the families and friends of these former members of the 303rd who have passed away recently:

**GALE HARTEL**, 358th Squadron  
P.O. Box 607  
Canal Fulton, OH 44614

**ROBERT H. HALPIN**, 359th Squadron  
123 North East Street  
Crown Point, IN 46307

**QUENTIN J. GORMAN**, 358th Squadron  
2108 56th Avenue  
Sacramento, CA 95822

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# 303rd Bomb Group (H) Association Reunion in Britain '84 June 19-26, 1984

'OW ABOUT IT, GUV? Will you be a part of this great event? Going back to Molesworth to help dedicate a 303rd memorial is a "once in a lifetime" opportunity. Don't miss it!

Recently, you should have received another brochure describing the tour and including another registration form. Don't procrastinate any longer. Send your reservation in, today! Remember, space is limited. If you wait too long, you may be left out.

If you need more information or have questions, contact:

TOWSON TRAVEL CENTER  
Group Department  
Equitable-Towson Building  
401 Washington Ave.  
Towson, MD 21204  
(301) 823-7780 or (202) 737-1064



### 303rd Bomb Group (H) Association, Inc. Might - In - Flight



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APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP PLEASE PRINT ALL INFORMATION  
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Name \_\_\_\_\_ Military Grade \_\_\_\_\_ Spouse's Name \_\_\_\_\_  
 Street \_\_\_\_\_  
 Address \_\_\_\_\_ Apt # \_\_\_\_\_ City \_\_\_\_\_  
 State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_ Home Phone ( ) \_\_\_\_\_ Business Phone ( ) \_\_\_\_\_ Ext. \_\_\_\_\_  
 Crew and/or Duty \_\_\_\_\_ Squadron \_\_\_\_\_ Pilot's Name \_\_\_\_\_ Retired Military 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 33084  
 ADDRESS CORRECTION REQUESTED

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