

# MEN OF

*Official Journal of the Men and  
12<sup>th</sup> Air Force, United States*

VOL XXXIII



# THE 57<sup>TH</sup>

*Women of the 57<sup>th</sup> Bomb Wing,  
Army Air Force in World War II*



57th Bomb Wing, 340th Bomb Group, 486th Bomb Squadron's B-25 43-4061 - 6K - I'll Take You Home Again Kathleen II's fateful 36th mission. Her ground crew did a remarkable job in repairing her and she went on to perform over 120 missions before returning to the states in July 1945 and being scrapped.

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Honorary Vice President	John Dillin - 57th Headquarters	Deceased 8/27/1998	
Honorary Wing Coordinator	Robert E. Evans - 340th/487th	Deceased 10/12/2010	
Honorary Treasurer	Tom Sullivan - 340th/487th	Deceased 10/01/2012	
Wing Editor Emeritus	Victor Hancock - 321st/445th	Deceased 09/13/2018	
2022/2023 Reunion Committee			
Dianne Ambrosino	Jerry Lester, Reunion Liaison		
Linda and Steve Buechling	Julie Martin		
Pam Cosbey	Tim Jackson, Reunion Coordinator		
Penny and Jim Fouse	Greg Wichtowski Jr.		
Patricia Koenitzer			

**Please note that Linda and Steve have a new address:**

**Linda Buechling  
611 Redbud Lane  
Woodstock, VA 22664**

**And Patty has a new email address:  
pmka624@gmail.com**



It is with great sadness that we announce the passing of our friend and Treasurer, Denise Emler (321st/445th - Richard Emler). Our thoughts and prayers go out to Denise's family and friends!



Our hearts are broken at the loss of Denise. We are grateful for having dedicated volunteers like Denise to keep the memories of our heroes alive. We'll always remember her smile and appreciate the fine work she's done for us as treasurer. Thank you, Denise, for providing the 2009 post below, borrowed from your Facebook page. Rest in peace, Denise!



Denise Emler shared a memory.

October 6, 2021 · 2 people

...

I miss these trips with Dad



12 Years Ago  
[See your memories >](#)



Denise Emler

October 6, 2009 · 2 people

Just got in from a week long trip to Charleston. Sure is good to be home. The trip was my annual father bonding time to visit with him & his WWII buddies. What an incredible group of men they are. They are all in their late 80's and have many stories to tell. Every single one of them say they did nothing special, just did what anyone would have done. Some of them spent time as a POW, some got shot down & the Resistance found them & helped them get back to Allied command. Some flew day after day just hoping to make it one more day. Every year the ranks are thinning, but us children are making sure the stories are told & the guys get to meet as long as they can.





## **57TH BOMB WING GENERAL MEMBERSHIP MEETING 7 NOVEMBER 2021**

### **Annual Reunion in New Orleans**

In-Person attendance sheet recorded in secretary's file.

Attendance via Zoom: Patty Koenitzer, Dan & Cyd Setzer, Vinny White  
Meeting called to order by President Dick Reed at 11:05 AM, and meeting  
led by Greg Wichtowski Jr.

### **I Old Business**

**Amendments** needed to constitution

The last time was in 2012, adding that non-veterans could serve on the board.

1 Eliminate 2-year rule that we can continue to hold office past two years.  
Motion carried unanimously

2 Where 57<sup>th</sup> taxes filed and tax status

Tim proposed he would accept responsibility, adding his address.  
Motion was unanimous

### **Expenses**

1 The wing's funds are not in danger, but newsletter expense is costly. If a paper copy is desired, it will cost extra. To receive online, members would receive a secure message to enable viewing.

2 Continuing to run reunions at the large scale is not something we can do.

The last three reunions (pre-covid) ran below minimums, and hotels were nice enough to not charge penalties. Intent for future reunions is to scale down by not formally contracting with a hotel, which requires a commitment to a number of rooms booked, Hospitality room, and formal Banquet dinner numbers.

According to the constitution, the wing must have a reunion and a general meeting.

A hand vote was taken, and majority voted to continue reunions on a smaller scale.

### **Committee Reports**

Sales: Penny said there was over \$700 in raffle and hat sales.

Report accepted.

Treasurer: Denise was not present, so the report read by Louise.

The bank balance as of September was \$25,503.68.

Total reunion registration deposited was \$9728.00.

Donation of \$100.00.

Report accepted.

Membership: Linda reports "as of today - - the report covers two years."

579 Active members including 171 Life Members (Veterans),

113 Complementary Life Members (Spouses of Veterans),

## **57TH BOMB WING GENERAL MEMBERSHIP MEETING 7 NOVEMBER 2021**

188 Annual Dues paying, 103 Associate of Family,

4 Honorary or Guest.

Total \$2135 in membership dues and donations 2019-present.

Report accepted.

Historian: Dan was not present, so archive report summarized by Greg.

WWII museum will now formally, properly catalog and preserve 57<sup>th</sup> Bomb Wing items. The museum hopes to empty wall space in the Mediterranean Theatre section, then be filled with 57<sup>th</sup> information. Dan has signed a "Deed of Gift" for the museum, which covers the first donations made to the museum in 2012.

Report accepted.

### **Other Old Business**

Vinny requests members send more stories for the newsletter.

Dick Reed suggested republishing old stories.

Linda noted that 650 copies of the newsletter were published in Fall of 2021.

### **New Business**

Future Reunions Presentations:

Greg presented Terri Tokaz' proposal. She has offered to host in Columbia, South Carolina. Terri has done a tremendous amount of legwork, yet volunteers would be needed to assist in Columbia. A bus charter would be necessary. The expense for this reunion would be major. Based on prior meeting discussion, large scale reunions is not the direction the wing could sustain.

Danny DeAngelo, Kansas City, Kansas

There is an air show there in 2023, plus Truman Presidential Library amongst other sites.

Dick Reed mentioned a big air show in Stuart, Florida, November 11–13<sup>th</sup>, Veteran's Day.

Greg mentioned the Wings of Eagles Museum as a possible meeting.

Jerry Lester described the "Drive-In" air show at Willow Run Airport. He is hesitant to get involved now because of Covid. There are many cancellations, and many things remain tentative.

Activities suggested by Dick Reed included seeing a naval base, Cape Canaveral, more civilian places, military museums.

Membership discussion and questions followed the reunion presentations. Members would want to have a hospitality room wherever the reunions are held.

A point was made that transportation in New Orleans was ideal. In future, those renting cars or driving to the reunion locations could shuttle people, if they're willing to do that.

Julie stated that at the Reading reunion transportation was not provided. Members shuttled.#

## **57TH BOMB WING GENERAL MEMBERSHIP MEETING 7 NOVEMBER 2021**

A point was made that in future, much of the responsibility at reunions will fall on members in attendance for making their own hotel and restaurant reservations.

Pam commented on legalities and negotiations with hotel contracts for getting low room costs, Hospitality rooms, formal Banquet rooms and dinner costs. Majority of negotiations are based on number of rooms booked and number of attendees.

In order to gauge interest for future reunion sites, Greg asked for a vote from those present at today's meeting. Results follow:

<u>VOTES</u>	<u>LOCATION &amp; DATE</u>
35	Kansas City September 2023
12	Columbia October 2022
25	Dayton July 30-31, 2022
30	Space/Florida 2022
3	Jersey City/Intrepid Museum 2022

There was a unanimous vote for the reunion to be held in Kansas City in 2023.

A point was made that people could still meet in Dayton this year if they desired. It would just not be an official reunion.

### **Elections**

Julie nominated Pam Cosbey for 2<sup>nd</sup> Vice President. Pam accepted.

Dick Reed and Greg Wichtowski Jr accepted to continue in their presidential roles.

All appointed executive board members will remain.

### **Meeting adjourned by Dick Reed at 12:15 PM**

Minutes respectfully submitted,



Patricia Moffitt Koenitzer,  
Wing Secretary

## THE PRESIDENT'S CORNER—DICK REED 340TH/486TH

Due to this virus, no message has emanated from me in a couple of years. Let's hope that this November's Florida convention gets us back to normal. In my last message, I believe it was in 2019, that I recounted a story of a fatal B-24 crash in a small town on Long Island, NY, around Xmas of 1944. I learned of this crash by riding my bicycle past an historical road marker on a less-traveled street in Matituck, NY. The crew's Bombardier was an old friend of mine and I had no idea until then of the crash or of his death. Since the following year, 2020, was to be the 75th (Diamond) Anniversary marking the end of WW2, I had contacted the local VFW, the American Legion and the local newspaper and we were all in agreement that some sort of service should be held in the village to memorialize this tragic event and to pay tribute to these heroes who were doing their part in fighting that war. But, sadly to say, the Covid arrived and the whole performance was dismissed and will probably be forgotten. I do not have the wherewithal to attempt to renew this project.

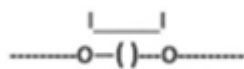


Chris Gilley Photo

I attended our last convention in New Orleans. It was a success, thanks again to our many 57th Volunteer who did all the tasks and preparations. Only two of us vets were in attendance along with a good number of other folks. But we all had fun in that very interesting city.

November will soon be here and I have high hopes that more of the 57th vets will show up for the Stuart, Fl. convention. Stuart airport will have a repeat of their very popular annual air show which is only three miles from my house. Greg W. has made arrangements for a tent to be set up there for our convenience. He is also setting up hotel arrangements and a boat trip down the Indian River into Jupiter, Fl. Meals will be served on board. This should be great and I'm hoping that many vets will attend. I know that Florida is home to a number of our vets; so, COME ON GUYS AND ENJOY!

Dick Reed, Pres.





## FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK

VJ (Vinny) White, son of Joseph P. White (310th, 381st)  
vjwhite57@gmail.com

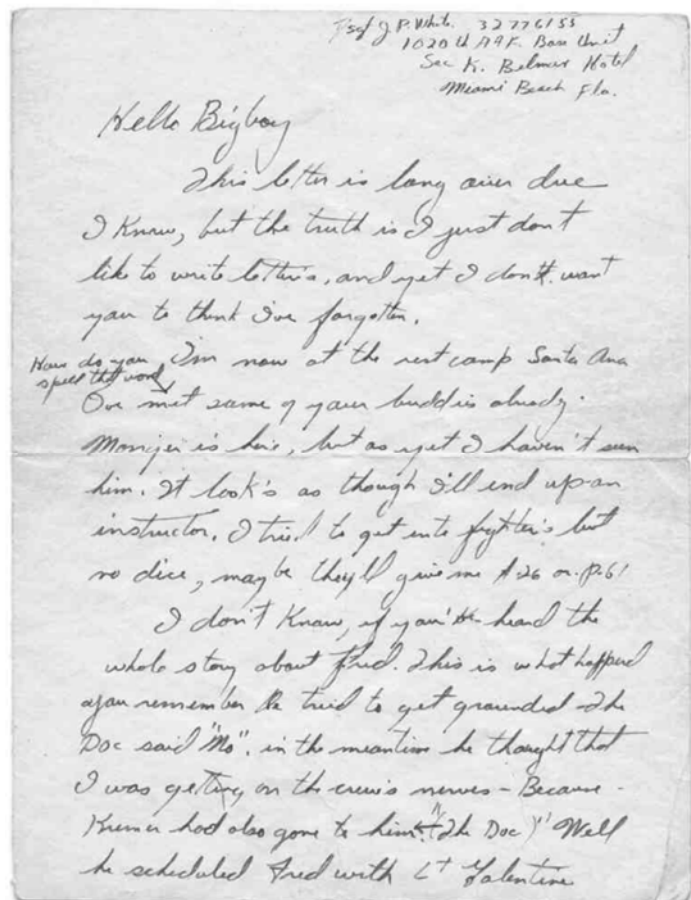
For this edition, I dug deep into the WWII scrapbook I inherited after my dad died of a massive stroke back in 1998. I've been ambivalent about sharing the letter with any one, but I thought it should see the light of day before I, myself, pass away. It reminds me of the 1948 movie, *Command Decision*, about an Army general's struggle with the decision to prioritize bombing the German factories producing new jet fighters over the extremely high casualties the mission will cost. The movie and the letter from my dad's regular pilot included here, reminds us how war forces men to make tough decisions, decisions that have life and death consequences. We must admire the men who made those tough calls, and lived with the results forever after the war was long over. The letter also reminds me of a story that Victor Hancock told me about his ship barely making it over the Alps on a return mission from a Brenner Pass bombing. The Brenner Pass missions took an extreme toll on our 57th veterans.



We also honor Denise Emler in this edition. I always admired Denise for her dedication and acumen in support of our association. She was part of the team that came together and whose solidarity gave us hope for the continuation of the 57th Bomb Wing Association. We thank her for her unwavering and dedicated service to our association. She'll be sorely missed. We also thank her wonderful family for allowing us to benefit from her valuable work. Rest in peace, Denise!

Please mark your calendars. Our reunion will take place in Stuart, Florida from November 11th through the 14th. Details and registration forms can be found on pages 38 through 41 in this newsletter. The COVID-19 pandemic has taken a toll on attendance at our last NOLA reunion, but we are hoping to put the pandemic behind us.

Some of you have contacted me regarding future stories for our newsletter. Thank you! Please feel free to contact Dan Setzer or me with any ideas you may have for future stories in this journal. We hope to see you all in Stuart Florida. Take care and stay safe!  
Vinny



## LEE MOYER (310/381) - LETTER TO CREW

On November 18, 1944 the 381st Bomb Squadron of the 310th Bombardment Group flew a tough mission over Casale Monferrato. Flack from the target area was intense. Twelve bombers from the 381<sup>st</sup> were on the mission, the other squadrons contributed to bring the total number of aircraft up to 27. Fourteen of those aircraft were holed by flak.

The War Diary for the 381<sup>st</sup> BS carries this entry:

“Not till later did we learn that our other ship had made an emergency landing at a nearby field in a vain attempt to get S/Sgt. F. H. Woodley, wounded turret gunner, to a hospital in time to save his life. S/Sgt. Woodley was on his 69<sup>th</sup> combat mission.”

At this time the tour of combat duty was 70 missions.

This letter from Sgt. Woodley’s regular pilot to his fellow crew members reminds us that every entry in the War Diaries has a back-story. It also reminds us that, war forces men to make tough decisions, decisions that have life and death consequences. We must admire the men who made those tough calls, and lived with the results forever after the war was long over.

T/Sgt. J. P. White  
1020 USAAF Base Unit  
Sec. K Belmer Hotel  
Miami Beach, Fla.

Hello Bigboy,

This letter is long overdue I know, but the truth is I just don’t like to write letters and yet I don’t want you to think I’ve forgotten.

I’m now at the rest camp in Santa Ana. I met some of your buddies already. Monger is here, but as yet I haven’t seen him. It looks as though I’ll end up as an instructor, I tried to get into fighters, but no dice. Maybe they’ll give me A-26 or P-61.

I don’t know if you’ve heard the whole story about Fred. This is what happened. You remember he tried to get grounded. The Doc said, “No.” In the meantime, he thought that I was getting on the crew’s nerves – Because Kremer had also gone to him [the Doc]. Well, he scheduled Fred with Lt. Galentine. We were to get a [RR] bridge at Casale Monferrato, “12 guns.” Fred was in ship No. 3 in the first element. I was No. 5, second element. We were both in the #1 Box. At this target, they decided to pick on our box. The wing man in the first element went on single engine. The lead ship had his hydraulic system shot away. Bomb bay doors were open. One wheel was hanging. Those of us in the second element just picked up a few holes. Fred’s ship was shot up pretty badly. The one piece of flack that did come through hit him in the armpit and severed an artery in his chest. He crawled from the turret and sat on the floor. That’s where the life drained from his body. He was given a military funeral at Bastia. His parents received a letter saying he died instantly. So just between the crew, that’s the way it was.

## LEE MOYER (310/381) - LETTER TO CREW (CONTINUED)

While all this was going on, I didn't know he was in that ship – all I knew was that I escorted a ship on single engine home. And as fate would have it, Fred was in it. Lt Gallentine bellied it in on a single engine up to the 340th. But it was much too late.

I felt pretty badly about it as I was the one who encouraged him to get grounded. Maybe if I hadn't, he would have been with me on that mission. That was one mission where I had them straining the safety belts. One second the nose was pointed straight up, the next it was down – we were strictly on our own. I almost pushed my head through the top glass. I really thought they were going to get us that time. The boys took it hard. “Almond” moved out of the tent. They were down on the Doc a long time afterward.

On Kremer's last mission, the Doc put him on another crew. “This was before” the other incident. I guess the Doc thought I was getting on his nerves – Well, Tom [Kremer] cornered the Doc in the club – and proceeded to tell him just what he thought of him, and flatly refused to fly the last one with anyone but me. He even told the Major what he thought of the Doc. Immediately after, Tom was put back on my ship. I felt dam good, his sticking with me. Maybe I did get on the crew's nerves a little. If so, I hope they won't hold it against me.

After Fred, I did my 70 – and they could all go to hell as far as I was concerned – and that still goes.

While I was home, Pat came to see me. What fun. She said Fred was engaged to the girl in Greenville. And that she took it kind of hard. If I get the chance, I'd like to visit Fred's parents. But I don't know if it would be a good idea, opening old wounds.

Write soon and tell me all. -Lee-

p.s. Send this to White when you're finished, as I don't want to write it over.

People mentioned in this article:

Lt E.L. “Lee” Moyer – the letter's author,  
“Big Boy” – possibly S/Sgt L.J. Slentz (see crew photo),  
S/Sgt H.W. Monger,  
S/Sgt F.H. Woodley, KIA,  
Lt. P.G. Galentine,  
1<sup>st</sup> Lt T.F Kremer,  
“Almond” – possibly S/Sgt J.H. Almond,  
Pat – friend back in the States,  
White – T/Sgt J.P. White

## LEE MOYER (310/381) - LETTER TO CREW (CONTINUED)



About Moyer's letter:

One of the only things my dad, J.P. White, ever mentioned to me about the war was, "They sent me home early because my brother died." That's always been a mystery to me because his brother died in October '43 and my dad's first mission was May '44.

At a reunion, I asked wing historian John Sutay what the required number of missions was in November '44. He told me 65. Maybe it was 65 in October and the number actually became 70 in November. I don't know.

My theory:

November '44 was around the time the Brenner Pass bombings started. This may have been the impetus for whomever decided to send my dad home early. He *\*only\** had 67 missions at the time.

I also found it interesting how [Lee] Moyer, an officer, seemed very friendly with enlisted men. I think that's a good thing, maybe even outside the norm.



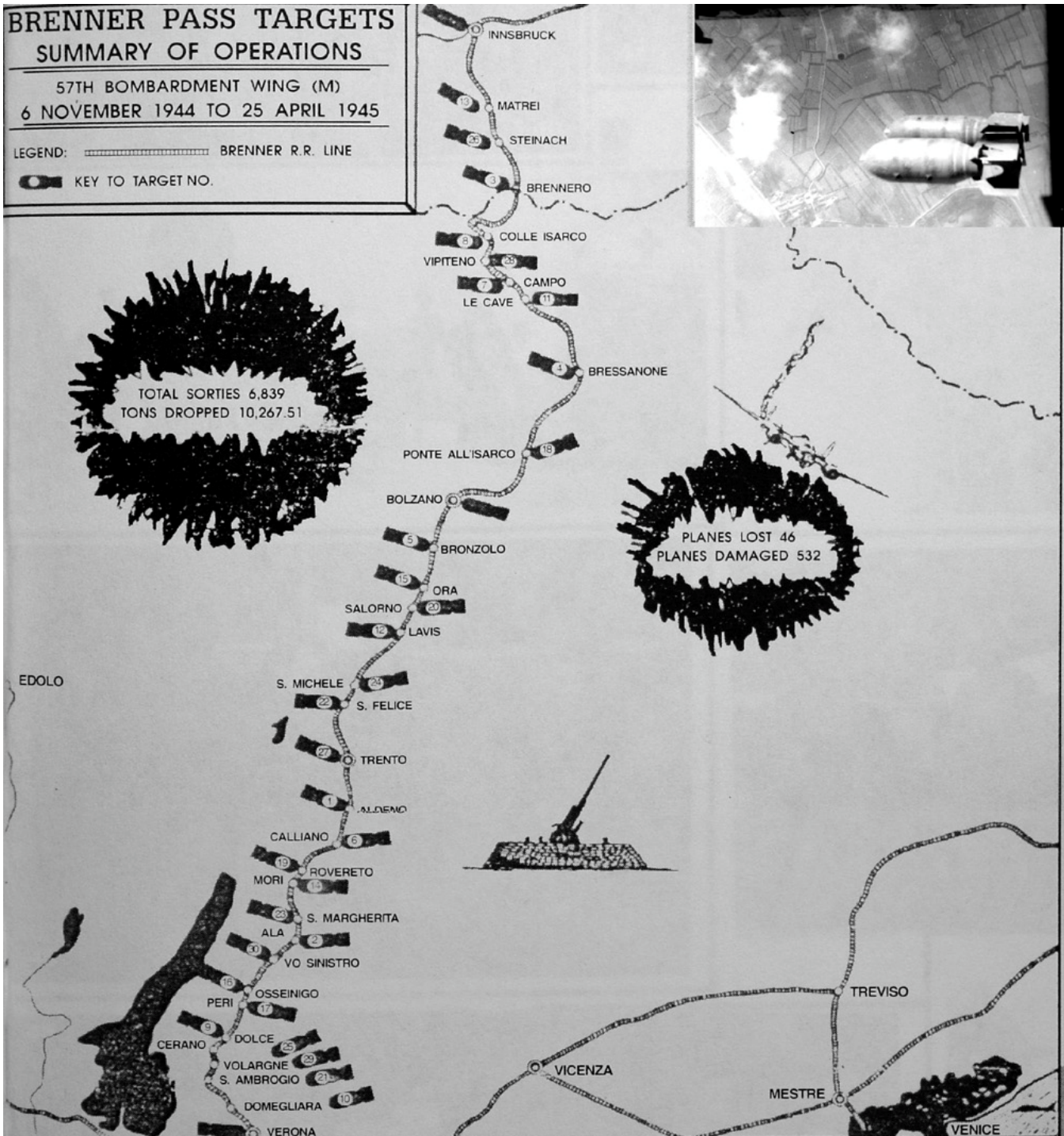
# BRENNER PASS TARGETS AND DATA

## BRENNER PASS TARGETS SUMMARY OF OPERATIONS

57TH BOMBARDMENT WING (M)  
6 NOVEMBER 1944 TO 25 APRIL 1945

LEGEND: BRENNER R.R. LINE

KEY TO TARGET NO.



NO.	TARGET	TONS DROPPED	SORTIES FLOWN	RESULTS			NO.	TARGET	TONS DROPPED	SORTIES FLOWN	RESULTS		
				DES.	DAM.	BLDG.					DES.	DAM.	BLDG.
1	ALDENO	96:00	58			3	16	OSSEINIGO	254:70	153			6
2	ALA	959:86	617	7	4	10	17	PERI	52:00	27			1
3	BRENNERO	37:70	26				18	PONTE ALL'ISARCO	3:60	24			
4	BRESSANONE	116:40	159			2	19	ROVERETO	1,072:10	717	5	6	13
5	BRONZOLO	23:00	39				20	SALORNO	499:00	324	1	1	10
6	CALLIANO	629:90	503	2	5	13	21	SAN AMBROGIO	797:77	512	1	4	11
7	CAMPO	314:60	212	1	2	4	22	S. FELICE	75:00	41			3
8	COLLE ISARCO	36:00	20			2	23	S. MARGHERITA	324:42	223		2	10
9	DOLCE	171:50	103			4	24	S. MICHELE	1,394:25	823	10	7	17
10	DOMEGLIARA	71:75	36			2	25	STAZ DI CERANO	235:40	129			5
11	LE CAVE	31:00	24				26	STEINACH	286:00	208	1	3	4
12	LAVIS	933:80	730	7	1	5	27	TRENTO	201:05	124		1	1
13	MATREI	267:50	162			3	28	VIPITENO	139:55	86	3		
14	MORI	124:50	77			2	29	VOLARGNE	231:05	151			6
15	ORA	454:36	317	2		8	30	VO SINISTRO	371:05	214	1		8

## **JUNE 20, 1941 - THE ARMY AIR FORCES WAS FORMED**

The Air Corps became the branch for Army aviation in 1926. A few years later, in 1935, General Headquarters (GHQ) Air Force was created for operational aviation units. This arrangement existed in the period leading up to United States entry into WW II. There now were two aviation organizations: the Air Corps managed materiel and training and GHQ Air Force had operational units. This arrangement existed in the period leading up to WW II.

The Army Air Forces (AAF) came into being on June 20, 1941, six months before Pearl Harbor. As war approached, Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson and Army Chief of Staff George C. Marshall saw the need for a stronger and much larger role for Army aviation. Consequently they created the Army Air Forces with General H. H. (Hap) Arnold as its head.

Army Air Forces attained quasi autonomy in March 1942, a few months after the U S entered the war. Acting under authority of the War Powers Act, Secretary Stimson approved a major War Department reorganization. Army Air Forces and Army Ground Forces were made co-equal commands.

Significantly, as Commanding General of the AAF, General Arnold became a member of the WW II Joint Chiefs of Staff along with the Army Chief of Staff (General Marshall), the Chief of Naval Operations (Admiral Ernest J. King), and President Roosevelt's principal military adviser (Admiral William D. Leahy).

The AAF expanded rapidly. It initially had two subordinate organizations, the Air Corps for training and materiel and Air Force Combat Command (replacing GHQ Air Force) for operational forces. As the wartime build-up proceeded, more commands were added -- Flying Training Command, Technical Training Command, Ferrying Command, the numbered air forces and so on.

In the course of wartime expansion and reorganization, the Air Corps ceased to be an operating organization. All elements of Army aviation were merged into the Army Air Forces. Although the Air Corps still legally existed as an Army branch, the position of Chief of the Air Corps was left vacant, and the Office of the Chief of the Air Corps was dissolved.

The Army Air Forces thus replaced the Air Corps as the Army aviation arm and -- for practical purposes -- became an autonomous service. All World War II Army aviation training and combat units were in the AAF. About 2.4 million men and women served in the AAF. Around 600,000 of these were members of other branches, such as Engineers, Ordnance and Quartermaster. Although nominally a part of the Army, the AAF was largely independent.

World War II Air Corps personnel had a strong sentimental attachment to their branch. The Air Corps had an aura about it that seemed to set it apart from other Army branches. After the war, many WW II servicemen still proudly identified themselves as veterans of the Air Corps. However -- although the Air Corps was their branch -- they actually served and fought in the WWII Army Air Forces.

**Not called the Army Air Corps yet, this aviation branch of the United States Army was created as United States Army Air Service in 1918. The start had approximately 280 airplanes, slightly over 1,000 enlisted soldiers and about 130 officers.**

# SHORAN NAVIGATION

## MAIL CALL



### SHORAN NAVIGATION

By Herbert Miller, Pres. 2010,  
LM 877, 448th, 321st

**T**he winter of 1944-1945 over Northern Italy had many thick cloudy days.

Our bombing equipment used a Norden Bombsight which required a visual view of the targets. Therefore we were grounded many days from going on our missions from Corsica to Northern Italy.

RCA engineers developed an electronic called SHORAN (Short Range Navigation). The B-25 had a receiver and an electronic viewing cathode (CRT) ray viewing tube, which was a four inch tube.

The SHORAN equipment was mounted on a small table on the port side of the airplane, aft of the bomb bay. The bombardier set in front of this equipment viewing the CRT. On the CRT three triangular blips; one was fixed, while two others rotated 360 degrees. The two rotating blips were measuring *rate* and *drift*. The equipment functioned on 100, 10, and 1 mile ranges. When the plane reached the 1 mile range and the two rotating blips formed a *diamond* shape, the bombardier released the bombs. Also, the pilot had two analog instruments on his instru-

ment panel.

Two RCA engineers were sent to Corsica to train our personnel. One person was chosen from each squadron to be trained. I was chosen from the 448th squadron and this was a highly secret project.

The Shoran School was held in a large tent which was surrounded by two rings of barbed wire. There was only one entrance, and it was guarded by two armed MP's, each student was checked at the entrance.

During our training period, we were honored by a visit by the Commanding General of the 12th Air Force, General Cannon.

After the training period, each squadron received their Shoran equipment and the Shoran antennas were mounted under the nose of the B-25.

The first SHORAN mission was in February 1945, on a bridge in Northern Italy. Fortunately the flak was very light. The mission was successful and resulted in the

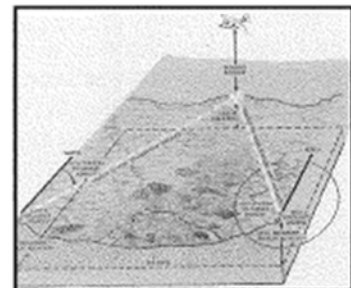
destruction of the bridge.

In March 1945, we were moved from Corsica to Falconara, Italy, and our SHORAN missions were finished."

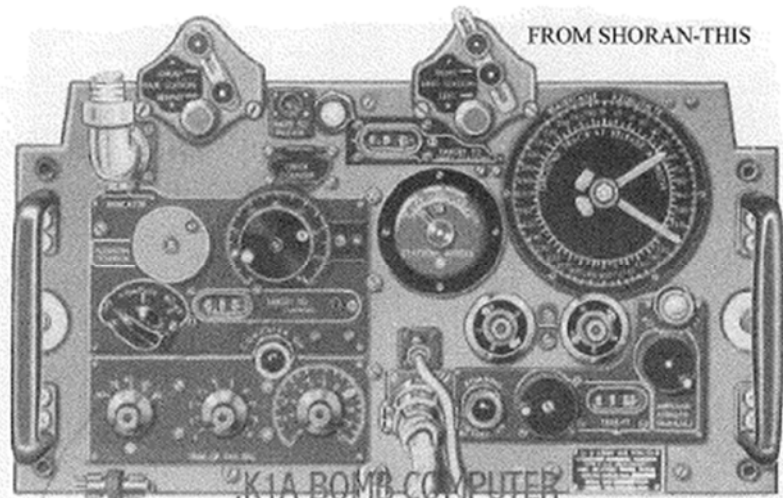
*Herb Miller, 448., 321st  
2261 Lake Forrest Circle  
La Habra.*

(Science Magazine 1951)

A bomber equipped to use Shoran carries a radio transmitter that sends out short pulses of ultra high frequency (above 300 megacycles) waves. Two ground stations at well-separated points behind friendly lines pick up the airplane's pulses and echo them back greatly amplified. Apparatus on the plane measures the time it took for the pulses to make round trips to each of the stations. This gives a continuous picture of the airplane's distance from the two stations—and therefore its position on the map. The system is accurate enough to show the position of the plane within 50 feet.)



FROM SHORAN-THIS





## SHORAN NAVIGATION (CONTINUED)

### A Pilot's SHORAN Experience in both WWII and the Korean War

By Carl A. Lindberg Jr.

My Father, Carl Lindberg Sr. had an interesting career in the Army Air Corps and then the US Air Force. Dad enlisted in the Minnesota National Guard in January 1941. His unit (A 90 MM AAA Regiment) was sent to the West Coast after Pearl Harbor. In late 1942 he volunteered for pilot training and gained his pilot wings in 1943. He was assigned B-25 pilot training and was then sent to the 57<sup>th</sup> Bomb Wing on Corsica. He initially served as a Pilot and later was appointed to be the Asst. Operation Officer and Group Flight Leader. Most of his 46 combat missions were targeted to both rail and highway related targets along the Brenner Pass. In September towards the end of 1944, Dad received a new piece of electronics to test in his B-25, it was the SHORAN (It's to be noted that only units in this area near Italy were given SHORAN to test). Dad flew an aircraft with SHORAN at the last fifth of his tour flying in WWII and then all 24 missions of his flying B-26 Night Intruders during the Korean War included SHORAN.

Unfortunately, all the photos that I have examined do not show any discernible antennas, etc. that relate to the SHORAN system. I have listed below a number of articles relating to the use of SHORAN by B-25s in WWII and B-26s and B-29s during the Korean War. With both the B-25 and the B-26, I could not see any large pieces of exposed SHORAN equipment, but then I dealt with Cold War aircraft (Photos below: Dad's B-25 Panchito, and B-26 Night Intruders)--



Friday, 31 December 43.

Captain Abplanalp, S/Sgt. Boos and Cpl. Keller returned from Algiers.

Three officers and three enlisted men were attached to the Squadron.

Training Program: Two Lectures in Aircraft identification.

The enlisted men were paid today in the Kuku Nut Gruve. The Kuku Nut Gruve giveth and the Kuku Nut Bruve taketh away.



## SHORAN NAVIGATION (CONTINUED)

C O N F I D E N T I A L

ARMY AIR FORCES  
COMBAT FILM SERVICE

5th AAF Base Unit  
Room 616 - One Park Avenue

24 April 1945

SUBJECT: Editorial and Technical Report

TO: Commanding Officer, Ninth AAF Combat Camera Unit, APO 650.  
c/o Postmaster, New York, N. Y.

1. The following is transmitted for your information and guidance:

a. Subject 3468 - Tested in Combat. Shoran Bombing. Blume, Johnson; January-February, 1945. Demonstrates Shoran (Short Range Air Navigation) Bombing, a new method of radar-directed non-visual bombing employed in the ETO and the use of this method in an actual bombing mission. Includes discussion by Major General Cannon and command officers of efficacy of Shoran and condition of equipment; orientation lectures for bomber crews and technicians; demonstration of operation and function of two-way equipment installed in bomber and ground stations; preparations for mission, including plotting and computations of target coordinates, briefing of pilots, takeoff of B-25's; presetting of instruments in accordance with data sheets, checking Scope readings, correction of instrument dials to conform to Scope interpretations, coordination with ground station Scope readings, receipt of corrected signals, all during flight; B-25's approaching target area and final setting of instruments upon Scope checks; actual bombing and visual observations of bombing results.

Outstanding coverage of a complex technical story of the highest importance. Excellent full, medium, sectional, close shots are provided of all instruments, equipment, oscilloscope in all phases of operation. Lighting is generally faultless and visual exposition is so painstaking and thorough (including blackboard illustrations, maps, charts, instrument panels, light graphs) as to reduce the need for technical commentary to a minimum. Over and beyond mastery of technical aspects, cameramen have offered well-integrated and rounded picture of subject, including activation of group, training of personnel, construction of radar installations and the use of Shoran in typical mission. This is supplemented by excellent complete technical data.

It was inevitable that exterior scenes should reflect varying light and weather conditions. Generally, light is bright and scenes sharp and well filtered; however, shots are occasionally soft or flat; occasionally scenes are slightly underexposed; closeups are generally brighter than long shots. Scratches recur. Two or three scenes are out of focus. In lecture sequences a few takes are not as bright as they should be.

Sound is very good though some variations in volume and,

- 1 -

C O N F I D E N T I A L

## SHORAN NAVIGATION (CONTINUED)

C O N F I D E N T I A L

occasionally, overamplified. Coverage of all staged scenes has advantage of reverse angle and reaction shots.

Unit and cameramen merit commendation and appropriate action is being taken.

s/ John D. Craig  
t/ JOHN D. CRAIG  
Major, Air Corps  
Chief, Overseas Branch  
Motion Picture Services Division  
Office, Ass't Chief of Air Staff  
Intelligence

A TRUE COPY:

*Aaron Sterlin*  
AARON STERLIN,  
1st Lt, A.G.,  
9th AAF CCU,  
Adjutant

U.S. Army Air Service became the Army Air Corps in 1926. This name change was a result of disagreements in the Army that ground forces should control the air units. This was a compromise, but the Air Corps' primary duty was still support of ground forces.

CONFIDENTIAL

-2-

## MORE FROM THE 57TH FACEBOOK GROUP



James Wilkinson

Vinny, was it Major General Orrin Matthews?

VJ White

James Wilkinson Yes!

Bev George Underwood

Yep Jim that is the guy and thank for the memory. He had a castle style home on Coronado Island, San Diego. Wonderful den full of his memorabilia, and the fabulous stained glass window.

Penny Fouse

I remember Gen. Orrin, he was very active on emails. I might still have some saved. Is his house open for visitors?

Penny Fouse, I think he had already moved from the house when I met him. I'm guessing the window stayed with the new owners.

P.e. Chatham

MG Cooper was Major Cooper during WWII and was beloved. He lived in California and kept in contact with Rocky Milano 446th throughout their lives.

ReplyShare49w

VJ White

P.e. Chatham I was always impressed that rank meant nothing at the 57th reunions I attended. I also appreciated the well-deserved respect the 57th flyers had for their ground crews. - Incredible teamwork and a model for modern industrial collaboration!!

Perhaps there's a story here ...

Any story contributors out there?

## EMAILS TO THE EDITOR

Daniel Setzer

Sat, Apr 4, 9:05 AM

to Denise, Patricia, Linda, Dianne, Daveandpam9@aol.com, jm.highlands@gmail.com, tjack153@cox.net, me, greggles327@gmail.com, pfouse@sbcglobal.net, douglas\_culver@hotmail.com, rdoyle1949@aol.com, hilldoyle@aol.com

Cyd and I, like most of American now, are under a 'stay at home' order. We are well stocked with food, beer and wine, and have settled in for the duration. Dinner is the big event of the day, and we are being very creative with leftovers.

When the weather cooperates we go out for walks in the neighborhood.

With people having to stay at home, many are finding the time to address projects that they have put off, such as finding out more about their family member's service during WW2.

I have been working with the Sterling Ditchey collection (310th BG, 380th BS). Apparently, Ditchey meticulously saved every piece of paper that touched his service during the war. Everything from his DFC Award to a receipt for returning a screwdriver the army issued him. We will have over 1,500 pages of documentation added to our archives. Absolutely an invaluable resource for future generations.

I finished reading Paulo Pellegrini's book "069 Down!" about "Ladies Delight" shot down over Italy (321st BG). I wrote a review and posted it to Amazon to help promote the book, and also posted it to the Wing Facebook page.

Edmund McCaffety's (310th BG) son asked about his father being mentioned in Charles Hair's book "Bullets, Bombs and Bridges." I located the page and sent him a copy.

Frank Rowel's (340th BG, 489th BS) grandson asked for information about his grandfather, and I was able to share with him some pages of our newsletter with a story about him.

Donald Porter's (340th BG, 489th BS) son asked for copies of the crew lists of his father's 40 missions, which I was able to provide.

A retired army officer in France is writing a book about the 321st BG bombing of the bridges near his town of Pont-Saint-Esprit. We were able to provide him with target photos and pictures of some of the crewmen who flew the missions.

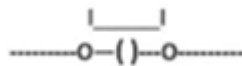
The director of the Vermont Military Museum contacted us to tell us about the exhibit at the museum honoring Ralph Goss (310th BG, 380 BS) who was shot down over N. Africa and spent a very long time as POW. He has Goss's diary and is transcribing it and will share it with us when complete. He sent us a photo of the display at the museum.



## EMAILS TO THE EDITOR (CONTINUED)

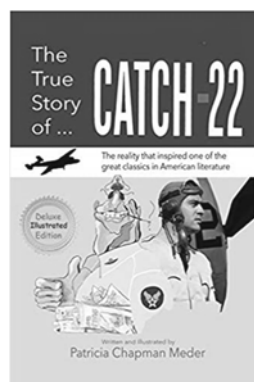


Vermont Military Museum exhibit at the museum honoring Ralph Goss (310th BG, 380 BS) who was shot down over N. Africa and taken POW.



## REMINDER FROM THE 57THBOMBWING.COM BOOK CORNER

**The True Story of Catch 22: The Reality that Inspired one of the Great Classics in American Literature**, by Patricia Chapman Meder  
Available on Amazon.com,



**Dear Mom: A Family Finds Its Past in World War II Letters Home**, by Michelle Cahill  
Available on Amazon.com



## WHAT'S NEW AT 57THBOMBWING.COM/ BOOK CORNER

Dear Friends and Members of the 57th Bomb Wing Association,

I am delighted to announce the publication of a new book centered on the activities of the 57th Bomb Wing during WWII.

The book was written by Tom Cleaver, who did such a wonderful job with his book "The Bridgebusters." He has done an equally splendid job with this book also.

Once again Tom worked very closely with the 57th BW Association to produce this book.

The book is titled: "Gothic Line 1944-45: The USAAF Starves Out the German Army."

It is lavishly illustrated with color battle scenes, diagrams and maps. There are 50 photographs mostly drawn from the 57th BW Archives, nearly all of which are appearing in print for the first time (with the possible exception of our Newsletter).

It is available in both print and digital formats. Osprey Publishing is offering a very generous 20% discount to friends and members of the 57th Bomb Wing.

To get the discount enter the code: GOTHICLINE19420 at checkout at Osprey Publishing.

[NOTE: Osprey is located in the UK. Your credit card company may see the overseas purchase as 'suspicious' if you do not alert them ahead of time. PayPal is also an option.]

Gothic Line is essential reading for anyone interested in the exploits of the men of the 57th.

The book may be ordered from Osprey Publishing here: Gothic Line 1944-45

Or, at Amazon.com here (**Discount does not apply**): Gothic Line at Amazon.com



## FROM THE EDWARD BETTS (310/379) COLLECTION

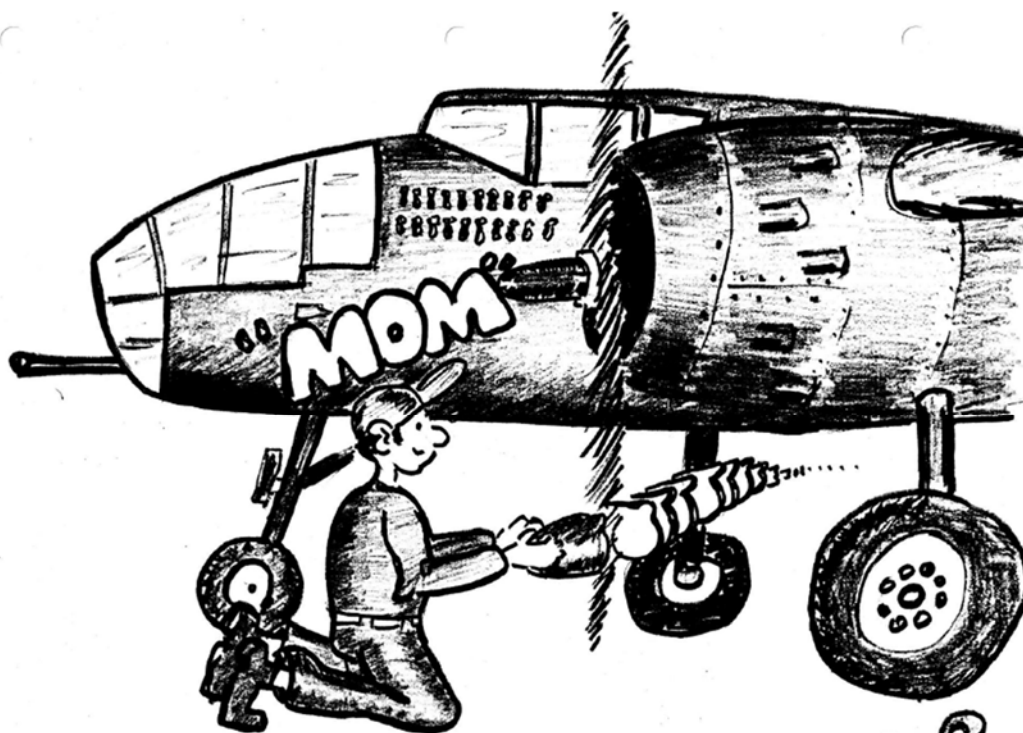
### Enemy Appreciation of Bomber Effort During the Initial Phase of the Spring [1945] Offensive

Interrogation of captured PWs supplied vivid accounts of the effect of our bombing attacks in support of the Fifth and Eighth Armies. Following are some of the excerpts:

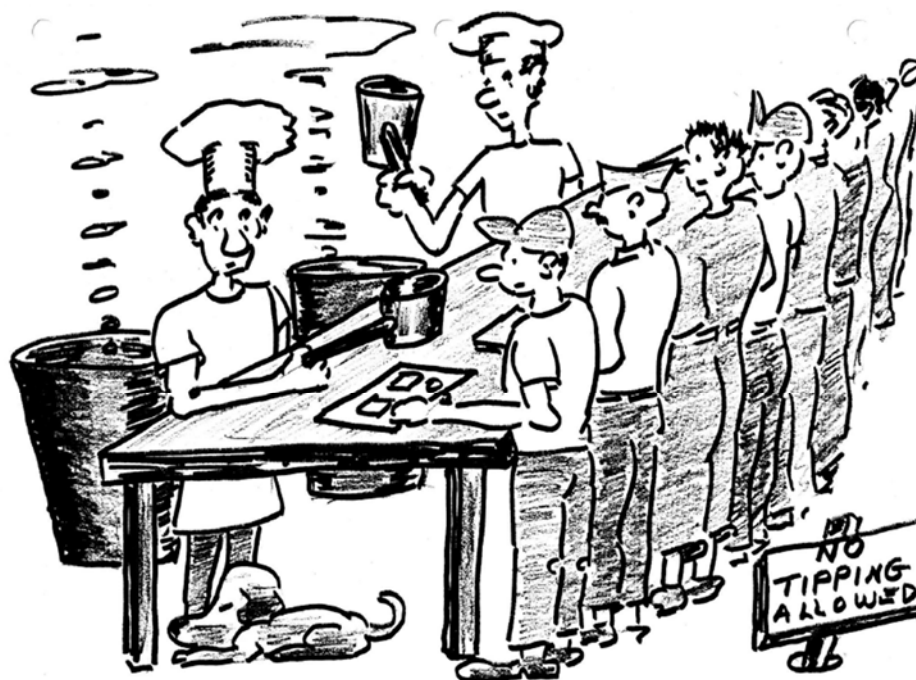
1. "Two-engined aircraft appeared and kept dropping fragmentation bombs. Late in the evening, I was able to go back to where the bombing had taken place and found that supply and ammunition dumps had been bombed successfully and there was considerable loss of life. No additional details. The effect on the morale of our troops was indescribable. We know now that you mean business in Italy, and that we will not be able to stand up to these terrifying attacks much longer. I believe that my men were quite content to be taken prisoner a few days after this last raid. My men were nervous and fed up, but no one revealed his fear to the other, of course."
2. "I was glad to escape the Allied bombing in Germany, but after last Sunday's attack south of Bologna, I realize what is in store for us over here in Italy. As PW I will be able to sleep in peace. My morale – well, I am a prisoner!"
3. "About 20 of us were in our positions on a hilltop in the vicinity of M. Sole. We were expecting an attack by the enemy ground forces. At approximately 1000 hours bombers appeared and started to bomb the highway near Casalecchio di Reno. At first we thought that the bombers were blowing up the roads of retreat and that parachutists would drop behind our lines and take us prisoner. Most of us thought that the game was up and the we would either have to fight it out or surrender. We observed from our hilltop that our supply dumps (food and ammunition) were being blown sky high. Up till now, food and supplies from these dumps were being brought up at night, but now they no longer existed. At first our AA started to fire, but as the second wave of bombers passed over, we knew that the AA positions had been silenced. We observed several houses and castles standing on the hillsides bombed. Rock and dirt were falling from the hillsides like an avalanche. I personally made up my mind that bombing was to be a daily occurrence on the Italian front from now on. Later in the afternoon fighter-bombers appeared, strafing and dropping FTI over our positions. We had all come to the conclusion that this was an all-out attack in Italy. Successive bombing formations which passed over us during the following days so completely stunned us that we had little resistance to offer against the advancing ground forces. Our lines of supply and communications were very disorganized on account of your bombers. To conclude this, I must say for myself and most of my comrades who had been around Bologna these last few days that we were all glad that our solution to what may follow up had been solved by being taken prisoner."

All the PWs describe in detail the extent and severity of the damage caused by Allied aircraft, and seemed to agree that the air-ground tactics employed during this phase were most effective. The troops, pinned down by alternate bombing and strafing combined with accurate mortar and artillery fire, were left trembling in their holes for days without food and without knowing what was happening above them.

FROM THE EDWARD BETTS COLLECTION



ANYONE FOR BREAD?



WE ARE FRESH OUT OF MISCELLANEOUS!

## MORE INFO FROM 57THBOMBWING.COM

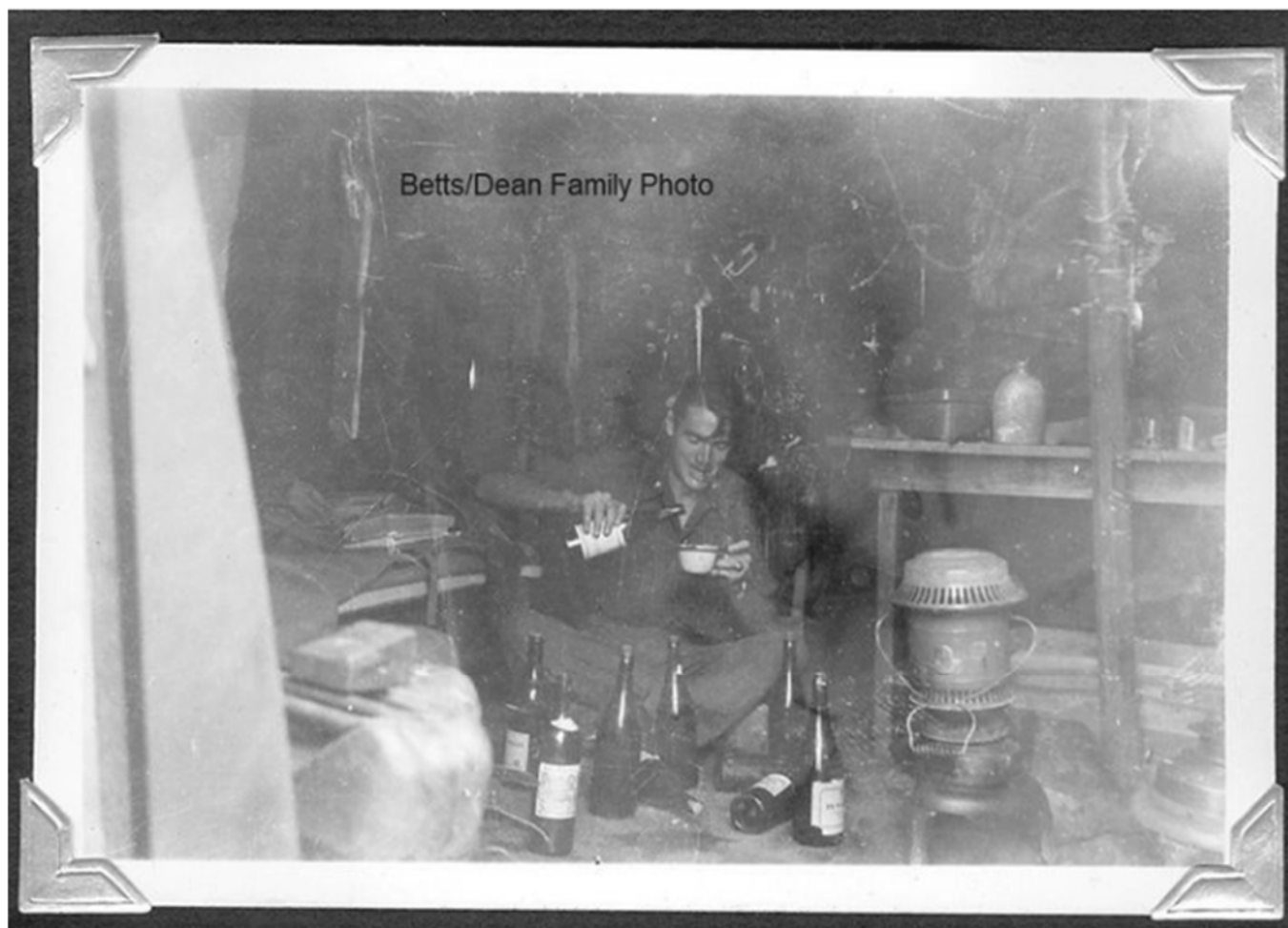


Janet Betts Dean

October 9, 2021 · 🌐

...

My father was Capt Edward G Betts. He was in the 57th bomb Wing, 380th Squadron, under General Knapp. He flew 74 missions, 241 combat hours, hit 32 times. In March of 1944 he was shot down over water and tragically had to watch most of his crew drown. He managed to stay alive by giving his life jacket to someone and swimming for hours until a British destroyer came along and pulled him out of the water. He documented his time in the Army Air Force including a picture of the still he built using his engineering skills he learned at Berkeley.



**In 1941, the Army Air Corps became the United States Army Air Forces and soon after, became a separate military arm of the United States military.**

**The actual Army Air Corps continued to be a combat arm of the United States Army until 1947 when it was abolished.**



## INFO FROM 57TH BOMB WING ASSOCIATION FACEBOOK GROUP



James Bob Mell

September 30, 2015 · 🌐

### I'LL TAKE YOU HOME KATHLEEN II

...

Hi. My name is Shirley Mell. I am new to facebook and having computer problems, so bear with me. My dad, James "Bob" Mell was a b-25 pilot in Corsica. He flew 58 missions, after his approximate first 15 missions, he was designated lead pilot at the age of 20. Growing up, he never discussed the war or any of his experiences. However, after his retirement, he began to open up and tell his family great stories. We are all so very proud of him and his 20years in the military. On their missions, he never knew what plane or crew he would have. I saw the article in "Men of the 57th" about the plane "Take me home again Kathleen 2" We also have a picture that is almost identical to the picture in that article and I do have the last names of the men in our picture. I also have a pic of dad in the co-pilot seat of that plane. He has told everyone repeatedly that he was only in that seat for the picture, he always flew it in the pilot's seat. LOL. I asked him if he knew what happened to the first "Take me home Kathleen" and he seems to remember that it was destroyed with several other planes from a volcano before he arrived in Corsica. Dad is still alive and healthy at soon to be 92. He is legally blind and recently struggling to find words, but fortunately I have heard most of the stories and can fill in the gaps. I'm not sure if this is the right forum to share some stories and pics, but y'all can tell me please. We went to the Charleston reunion and are hoping to attend New Orleans



James R. Mell - 340th/ 486th

**Joni Adams Sesma:** Yes this is the right place. And here's why being here can often be a problem for me! Here I am at work & happen to see a post & then see a name I've seen in my Dad's records & crew sheets & it just stops me in my tracks. My dad Angelo Adams flew at least a few times with your dad - as a navigator / bombardier. I'll get back to you later when I get home & can check my notes. Welcome to the 57th on Facebook!

**Mike Laney:** I got to get to know your dad before he passed away. Kathleen II (6K 43-4061) was a replacement for the first Kathleen that was damaged in the Vesuvius eruption. My grandfather Lt William LANEY was the airplane commander for both 6Ks (taking over after the second commander Joe McCormick left for the states). Kathleen arrived April 44 and went back to the states with over 120 missions in July 45 only to be scrapped

**Chris Gilley:** Charles "Doc" Waggamon was the pilot that flew 6k back to the states. He is supposed to be sending me a picture of him and his crew in front of the plane the day they landed back in the states

## THE ORIGINAL I'LL TAKE YOU HOME KATHLEEN



Joe McCormick

November 28, 2013 · 🌐

...

This is the original 6k (I'll Take You Home Again Kathleen) which was destroyed in the Mt. Vesuvius eruption in 1944.



Mike Laney: As I understand it this plane was originally with the 310th or 12th BG and was a replacement/transfer to the 486th sometime while in Sicily



## I'LL TAKE YOU HOME KATHLEEN II (CONTINUED)



Joni Adams Sesma

July 15, 2014 · 🌐

...

Am I imagining this or is there someplace I've seen a history of I'll Take You Home Kathleen? One of my Dad's scrapbook pages has a newspaper article about Kathleen II that talks about losing her nose and most of her name on her 36th mission, and getting her name back after her 100th mission. Curious about the dates for those missions. He indicates that he was on that 36th mission, which according to his log was his 15th on July 5, 1944. Anyone?



While many of the Air Corps leadership desired to expand the Air Corps, between 1927 and 1937, the Great Depression made this difficult.

## 486TH FAMILIES OF ADAMS/CAHILL REUNITE



Michelle Cahill

March 23, 2015 · 🌐

...

Last week family members of Lt. Angelo Adams and Lt. Tom Cahill (both navigators/bombardiers, Squadron 486/Corsica) linked these boys together again by meeting in person for the first time. To attend family events in California, Joni Adams Sesma traveled from Maryland to Orange County where I live. Joni was my first connection to Tom after she and I met online three years ago. I guess we came full circle: Ang's wife Betty, Tom's mother Mary (my grandmother), and Tom's sister Patricia (my aunt) lived near each other in Los Angeles and visited together several times during the war. Ang and Tom were great friends and I think they would be excited to see Joni, her brother Mark and me reminiscing about them. Thank you Joni for taking the time to link up with me and introduce me to your awesome family. (In the photo, a staged shot for the group's public relations department in May 1944, Tom is second from left, Ang is far right.)



**In 1931, The Army Air Corps put the Air Corps Tactical School at Maxwell Field, Alabama. They provided a 36 week course for officers that included military aviation theory.**

# FROM THE DROPBOX OF BRIAN SHEAR

Son of Meyer Shear (321/448)

The link below can be found on the 57th Facebook group page by searching on Brian Shear. It contains hundreds of photos that his dad took. Worth a visit!

[https://www.dropbox.com/sh/jerxsu4w3bhqtp7/AABLMIhYS7DFrQ\\_FUnEPxFX9a/loose%20photos?dl=0&subfolder\\_nav\\_tracking=1](https://www.dropbox.com/sh/jerxsu4w3bhqtp7/AABLMIhYS7DFrQ_FUnEPxFX9a/loose%20photos?dl=0&subfolder_nav_tracking=1)

## RETREAT OR COLLAPSE?

### THE TRUTH ABOUT THE CATASTROPHE IN THE SOUTH

**German soldier! These are the sober facts about the course of the heavy fighting south of Rome:**

**The 5th Army beachhead of Nettuno joined to the main front. The Via Appia in the hands of the Allies.**

**German positions at the beachhead overrun. Aprilia, Cisterna, Littoria and Cori taken.**

**Second bolt position in the South cracked. Piedimonte, Pontecorvo, San Giovanni, Roccasecca stormed.**

**Eleven German regiments completely destroyed. The 71st, 94th and 362nd Divisions ground up.**

**Destruction of German supply columns from the air continues. Supplies are therefore insufficient.**

**Blocking of the Via Casilina through artillery. Thus the most important roads of retreat are cut.**

**Over 15,000 German soldiers taken prisoner by the Allies since beginning of the offensive on May 12.**

**The immediate future may bring the most important decision of your life. Ask yourself whether your grim sacrifice can still be of any use to your country and your family.**

**15,000 of your comrades were taken prisoner during the last two weeks and thereby earned the right to see their families again when the war is over.**

**YOU, TOO, HAVE THAT RIGHT!**

### PRACTICE DOES IT

## Yank Bombing Squadron Sets Accuracy Record

BY NOLAND NORGAARD

ROME—(AP)—A group of eager young men, whose leader had convinced them that bombing "is just like football—you have to practice all week to play on Saturday"—chalked up an unprecedented record of 93.5 per cent accuracy in placing their missiles on German targets in October. Now it is shooting to better that mark.

The sharpshooters comprise the veteran 321st Bomb Group of the United States 12th Air Force, flying B-25 Mitchell medium bombers. They're commanded by Col. Richard H. Smith, 34, of Nashville.

SMITH'S FLIERS believe that 93.5 per cent figure probably establishes them as the most accurate precision bombing group in the world. So far their claim is unchallenged.

The report said: "A 90 per cent bombing accuracy record is something which was hardly thought possible six or seven months ago. The outstanding group in the theater in February, March and April was bombing in the 60s. This accuracy then was considered so remarkable that the group received a Presidential citation for it."

CAPT. MELVIN A. ANDERSON, of Seattle, a former reporter for the Seattle Times and now group bombardier, revealed the group's success secret:

"Col. Smith gets the guys all steamed up," he said. "Our main job for months has been on German bridges and the Germans are not dumb. They know that when we miss a bridge the first time, we probably will keep coming back until we bust it."

"YOU KNOW, it sounds like college 'rah-rah,' but competition really works with these kids. The colonel builds up that idea too. It gets so hot they begin betting on their targets. Then they can't afford to miss."

"Another thing. Our bombardiers navigate all the way out to the target. That gives us a double check. Our group never yet has had a formation bomb the wrong target."



## **I VISIT SARDINIA ... WITH BOMBS!**

By Maynard Bell, 310th Bomb Group HQ

Originally published in the 1998 Summer edition of the Newsletter

When I awoke that bright, sunshiny morning of May 13, 1943, I had not the slightest idea that within the next nine hours I would experience the most thrilling episode in my somewhat uneventful life; that from this advance airbase in North Africa I, a "DODO," (an air corps term for a funny little bird that walks but does not fly), would be soaring into space on my first bombing mission over enemy territory! Had I known that I was going on this hop, I probably would have worked myself into a state of nervous prostration by take-off time and would have been grounded. As it happened, I was blissfully unaware of all that was in store for me.

Perhaps it is difficult to understand why I, an officer in the Air Corps, should be so upset by the very thought of going on a routine bombing mission in a wartime theater of operations, so I'll explain in justification of what might appear to be an unusual mental attitude. I am an administrative officer and am never called upon to fly except when I go for the sheer enjoyment of flying. My job is to see that all these combat crews are well fed, have adequate quarters (if that is possible in the heart of this mysterious land), are clothed properly, secure medical attention, are paid on time and supervise the multitudinous stacks of paper work which the government finds so necessary to properly wage a war. I am a member of a medium bombardment group. Our pilots fly those swift-flying, hard-hitting, two-motored bombers, which create so much havoc and destruction day after day and about which so little is ever written. For five months our unit has been waging aerial warfare and has done more than its share in driving the Axis into the Mediterranean sea.

Somehow or other, on this particular morning everything seemed different. I collared our close-mouthed operations officer and wormed the information out of him that we had a might important target for today and that it was going to be a "big show!" My interest in the feverish activity about me was aroused to almost uncontrollable heights. The CO and the group navigator were pouring over large maps and aerial photographs in one corner of the map room and were conversing in guarded tones. I was not to be denied...I discovered that it was to be Cagliari this time, that important port and naval base in Southern Sardinia! It wasn't our show alone. It was to be a concerted attack in conjunction with Flying Fortresses, Marauders, other Mitchells, Warhawks and Lightnings. A hundred heavy bombers were to strike the first blow by smashing the docks and warehouse along the waterfront just ahead of us. Our outfit was to lead the mediums, more than ninety bombers, over the target to deal the final crushing blow on the strategic railway terminal, marshalling yards, the nearby gas and chemical works! Another vital enemy military target was to be struck a devastating and demoralizing blow.

Why, I will never know, but right then and there I decided to go along! Before I had a chance to think about it and change my mind, I cornered the CO and put the "Bee" on him for permission to make this raid as an observer – all I could do was look! Me! A ground officer! I seldom ever had the chance to fly, even on local transition. Well, the Colonel stared at me with a credulous expression then said "OK!"

I dashed into the operations officer and told them to put me on a ship for this mission, trying all the time to act as calm and natural as if I had made a hundred such excursions over the enemy lines. The staff thought I was kidding, but I finally convinced them that I was just going along for the ride. Ha! Ha! My throat was dry! I was in a cold damp sweat! They hurriedly gave me the ship number and the name of the pilot and told me where I could find this particular aircraft parked #

#

Only a few minutes were left before briefing time. The room was already crowded to capacity when I went in. There was just space for me to stand by the door. Flight leaders were huddled in a corner talking over the last-minute details with the CO and the Operations officer. I had been to other briefings, but never to one that meant so much to me as#

## **I VISIT SARDINIA ... WITH BOMBS!**

did this one. I clung to every word that was said.

The roll of combat crews was hurriedly called and the positions in the flights assigned. The Operations officer took over the rostrum and announced the target for the day. Pointing to a large-scale drawing of the target area on a blackboard, proceeded to outline the entire plan of attack to the smallest detail. Small-scale target maps were handed to each pilot. Each jotted down the take-off, initial point, rendezvous times. Watches were then synchronized.

The intelligence officers followed to pour forth all the terrifying details such as the number of flak batteries and where they were located, enemy airdromes and the number and type of fighters we might expect to encounter, barrage balloons, if any, etc. I tried to swallow, but couldn't. Then came the weather officer, who spread a weather map on the wall and talked of high-pressure areas, winds aloft, surface winds, cumulus nimbus or something. Visibility was to be CAVU over and back. The Signals officer emphasized the radio call signs, talked of homing stations, fixes, high frequency and gave last minute instructions on the colors of the day – some of which I didn't understand, but felt that they must be important. The final send-off was given by the CO, who told us just what we were expected accomplish, how we were to do the job, and emphasized the importance of destroying the target. He wished us good luck.

As the crews filed out of the room and made their way to jeeps and two-and-a-half-ton trucks which would take them to their ships, I tarried for a moment to load myself down with steel helmet, pistol, first aid pouch, extra ammunition, full canteen of water, sheaf knife, field classes, notebook and pencil, and various confidential items to be used in case we were forced down in enemy territory. I was instructed to empty my pockets of all wallets and other items that might identify my unit or its location. I looked and felt like one of those sorrowful burrows that the Arabs use to back all their possessions. While all this was going on, a thousand things were turning over in my mind – I was mumbling to myself as to what a Me-109, or a Fw-190, or a Macchi 200 looked like, finally giving up in hopeless despair. At least I knew my own fighters!

It was only a few moments before I found myself out to the ship. It was a beautiful looking job, strong, swift and deadly, and I could not help but look upon it with pride. The plane was affectionately called "El Lobo," and painted upon the side of the cockpit was a vicious-looking timber-wolf, howling at a moon. This ship was a veteran. Pilot and plane were old friends, for they had stood by each other on twenty-nine raids against the toughest of competition. Four enemy ships had been sent to the bottom of the sea, ample evidence of its deadly sting. All this gave me a very comfortable feeling and my stomach retired to its customary anatomical position.

The crew had already arrived. There was Dean H. Draemel, Captain, and pilot, and intrepid and fearless flyer who was making his thirtieth raid. His home was in Fremont, Nebraska. The co-pilot, a young-looking chap, was Robert J. Sours, First Lieutenant, from Duluth, Minnesota. He, too, had made 29 forays over enemy objectives. First Lieutenant Robert C. Kanode of Catonsville, Maryland, was the navigator with 26 missions. The biggest man in the crew, a husky lad of some six-foot-three and former star football player for Notre Dame, was First Lieutenant Richard C. Mizerski of Chicago, Illinois, the bombardier who was making his twelfth raid. Technical Sergeant Robert M. Shambaugh of Somonauk, Illinois, with 29 missions was the radio-operator gunner. Staff Sergeant John A. Williams of Bellevue, Kentucky, also with 29 missions to his credit, was the upper turret gunner. I was to be the observer. Last but not least was Vino, a frolicking little black and white terrier of questionable ancestry, who was a full-fledged member of the crew and on this particular day was making his 12<sup>th</sup> raid. How I envied his care-free spirit! Vino had been grounded for the two days before. Had the GIs, so they said.

## **I VISIT SARDINIA ... WITH BOMBS!**

smoking a cigarette.

It was an ideal day, either for a local hop or a bombing mission, it mattered not which. We were clipping along at better than two hundred miles an hour over green valleys of waving grain. White ribbons of limestone roads reached out in every direction, threading the verdant landscape. Tiny towns and villages, with their white walls and red tile roofs, would flash into view then quickly disappear. Now and then our flight skimmed over barren hills of gray stone which scarred the otherwise picturesque countryside. Thousands of olive trees dotted the hills and valleys as we neared the coastal plain. We reached our rendezvous point at the edge of the sea without incident and once there, circled lazily as we picked up our fight escort of P-38s and P-40s and the balance of our formation, some sixty Mitchells and Marauders.

We headed out to sea as soon as the flight was assembled, passing over the coastline near a large seaport off to our left. Silver-colored barrage balloons were swinging in the gentle breeze, protecting the harbor installations from low-flying enemy aircraft. A few small boats were the only visible signs of activity in the harbor. Had I not realized that we were on our way to bomb an enemy city, I could not have asked for a more peaceful scene. Two destroyers, with long, white wakes, were headed eastward, hugging the curving shore. The sea itself was a beautiful deep blue with a slight tinge of green, just as I had always imagined it would be.

With the coastline fast disappearing behind us, the crew began to ready themselves for the serious business ahead. The navigator and I tried on our chutes and made the necessary adjustments. Those packs of silk were might nice things to have around in case of an emergency. The bombardier did likewise, then left us for his place of business in the plexiglassed nose of the plane. The navigator was constantly checking the course while the pilot and co-pilot were engrossed in flying a beautiful close formation. Our weather officer had been right, visibility was CAVU. We could see for miles despite a slight haze that hugged the surface of the sea.

Suddenly a shattering explosion of machine gun fire broke in above the roar of the props, shaking the ship. I jumped about three feet and began looking wildly for a place to hide! I was convinced that enemy planes were attacking us. To my relief, I suddenly realized that it was only the upper turret gunner testing his twin-fifties. I wiped my brow and remarked more to myself than anyone else that "it was awfully warm and stuffy!" No one heard me. A few minutes after this excitement the navigator left me to crawl through the tunnel into the nose of the ship to aid the bombardier I pin-pointed the target on the final approach. I had the compartment to myself and I went from one window to the other watching the fascinating sight below, above and behind me.

Our fighter covering force was on the alert above us. Off to my right and left, a formation of Warhawks cruised along smoothly. Far above, Lightenings made lazy-eights in the clear blue sky.

It was a fifty-minute run from the coastline to the target. I was lost in thought, gazing out of the side port, when the copilot reached back and shook my arm and pointed ahead and to the left. He said something, but I could not understand him. Looking off in the direction that he pointed, I could make out the hazy shoreline of the island of Sardinia, and off to our front lay the city of Cagliari, our target for today. It was both a beautiful and terrifying sight, for at that very moment huge Flying Fortresses, at least ten thousand feet above us, were pulverizing the docks and quays with high-explosives block busters! Smoke and dust were rising thousands of feet into the air. The pilot and copilot reached for their steel helmets and I quickly followed suit, then hastily donned my chute.

## **I VISIT SARDINIA ... WITH BOMBS!**

We skirted off to the right across the waters of Cagliari Gulf edging toward a neck of land only a few miles dead ahead. I could see the black puffs of exploding anti-aircraft shells beginning to dot the sky all about us in a sort of crazy-quilt pattern. I was helplessly fascinated by the sight! I could see the red flashes from the firing flak batteries which formed a part of the defenses of the city, pointing straight at us, or so it seemed. Those brilliant sheets of flame came from everywhere, and I made an effort to pin-point their location on a map which I held in my hand. I suddenly realized that those folks down below, manning the guns, were mad at us; they were playing for keeps! I could not help but keep my eyes glued, first on those black puffs of bursting flak, then to the guns which were sending hundreds of screaming shells up into the sky.

We hit the point then headed for the target. The pilot began evasive action to keep us out of the direct line of fire from those heavy batteries just ahead. More bombs were bursting in the dock area. The heavies were hiving it a terrific pounding. Dust, smoke and flames were everywhere. We leveled out, on our bombing run, and the bomb-bay doors were opened! Both flights were maneuvering into position for the final approach! Suddenly, it was "bombs away!" Strings of bombs were on their way down. I glanced out of a side window just in time to see a string of "beauties" dropping from the yawning belly of the bomber on our right wing onto the target below. The pilot shoved the nose down and dived the ship in a long sweep away from the target and out over the waters of the gulf, following the lead flight. Flak was bursting around us still, but no one seemed to pay it a bit of attention. Almost miraculously, none in our flights appeared to be hit. I quickly climbed into the astrodome so that I could see what damage we had inflicted on our section of the target. A huge pall of smoke and dust was rising over the target then drifting over the city. Many direct hits had smashed our objective. Huge bombs of high explosives had plummeted down into the railroad marshalling yards, repair shops. A gas plant was hit; so was the chemical plant. Someone laid a string in an oil storage yard for a huge column of black smoke was billowing up into the sky, three thousand feet high.

I quickly counted the ships in our group and breathed a sigh of relief. All were there. By this time the formation of bombers who were to follow us in were pasting its share of the target into a shapeless rubble. It would be a long time before the enemy could use those yards again.

We headed home, leveling off around six thousand feet. I continued to watch the distant city fading away in the haze. Gigantic clouds of smoke from the burning ruins were still spiraling high into the sky when we were thirty miles away. The lone black column of smoke from the burning oil or gas had reached at least five thousand feet and was still boiling upward. Everyone was in high spirits. We removed our chutes and helmets and relaxed. I was content to watch the rest of our formation behind us and counted all the ships again just to make sure all were there.

Every one had the self-satisfied feeling from a "job well done." We had bombed an important military target and destroyed our objective; not a ship had been lost. It was another great day for the medium bombers, those seldom-heard-about ships which do a tremendously effective job, day after day.

One of the ships had trouble with its bomb release mechanism over the target and was forced to salvo its bombs on the run home. It was with regret that I saw those beautiful giants of destruction drop into the sea where they could do no damage.

The trip back was uneventful. The navigator returned and asked if I had seen much of the "big show." I was enthusiastic in my response. I had seen so much in those few breath-taking seconds. Soon we were winging our way across the sandy beaches of the African coast and there, two flights of bombers and part of our fighters headed for their own airdromes. A few more minutes and we sighted our home base. After circling the field, waiting for the flight ahead of us to land, we swooped in low in a beautiful "buzz job," peeled off and landed without incident.

## I VISIT SARDINIA ... WITH BOMBS!

Trucks were waiting for us at the parking area. We piled in, Vino and all, and were whisked off to headquarters for the interrogation. I felt like an old-timer who had been on dozens of such missions. The crews were chattering loudly about the excellent results of their bombing, the flak, the lack of enemy fighters, the huge black column of smoke. It had been a perfect day.

The interrogation was brief. We gave the intelligence officers the desired information, then dashed out of the building into the courtyard where a very lovely brunette by the name of "Sue" was serving coffee and doughnuts from a large stone table of Roman vintage. It was a treat provided by the American Red Cross, always awaiting their return from missions. All were milling about telling and retelling their experiences to many willing listeners.

As for myself, I said little as I sipped hot coffee and munched doughnuts. A few inquired about my ride. What did I think of the flak? Did I see the bombs hit? The smoke from the oil fire? Were there any fighters? It was difficult to answer them all. I had seen so much, yet now I wasn't sure of anything that I had seen, it had all happened so quickly. I know there was lots that I missed and if I ever go again, I know exactly what I will do.....but that is a military secret. On second thought, maybe I should clip my wings and stay down on the good old earth. After all, paper work is mighty important!







## 57<sup>TH</sup> BOMB WING ASSOCIATION 2022 NATIONAL REUNION



# STUART AIR SHOW

## STUART, FLORIDA

### NOVEMBER 11-14, 2022



Join us in Stuart, Florida for the 53rd National Reunion  
*for 57th Bomb Wing Members and their Families/Guests*  
***Space Limited this Year—Register ASAP!***

**Marriott Resort Hutchinson Island**  
**Stuart, FL**

#### NEW REUNION SCHEDULE

**This year, our schedule will be a little different and a little more informal.**

**Friday:** Arrival day. We will gather in the Hospitality Room at the hotel (Hospitality Room only available on Friday.) The *General Business Meeting and Election* is Friday evening at 7:30 pm in the Hospitality Room.

**Saturday:** The group will be transported to the *Stuart Air Show* and enjoy the day in our private, comfortable hospitality tent right on the flight line. Lunch included.

**Sunday:** We relax on a 4.5 hour lunch river cruise on the *Island Princess Jupiter Island*. Transportation provided.

[Note: We will not be holding a formal Sunday night banquet. Evenings will be free to explore several restaurants and meeting areas throughout the resort with 57th family and friends.]

**Monday:** Check out or extend your stay a few days on your own.

# NOVEMBER 2022 REUNION SCHEDULE



**NOTE:** Hospitality room available only on Friday.  
Several resort hotel restaurants, bars, and meeting places onsite.  
*We will follow all current CDC Guidelines for safety throughout the weekend.*

## **FRIDAY, NOV 11, 2022**

### **ARRIVAL DAY**

- All Day      **Hospitality Room Open all day for registration and visiting. Explore the Resort!**
- Evening      Dinner with friends at the resort hotel or area restaurants.
- 7:30 pm      **Wing General Business Meeting and Election — Hospitality Room**  
              **\*\*NOTE—Different General Meeting day and time than usual !\*\***

## **SATURDAY, NOV 12, 2022**

- Morning      **Complimentary Continental Breakfast (2 per room)**
- Morning & Afternoon      **Stuart Air Show— 57th Bomb Wing Private Hospitality Tent on the Flight Line**  
                                 **Transportation to the Air Show provided**  
Enjoy comfortable seating and an excellent view of the show from inside or outside our private 57th Bomb Wing hospitality tent. Lunch included. Refreshments and 2 free bar drink coupons provided. (We will have limited parking spaces for our vans. If you would like to drive your own car, you must reserve a parking spot at the Show:  
Contact—[stuartairshow.com/premium-parking](http://stuartairshow.com/premium-parking).)  
  
Thrilling performances by nationally known performers as well as interesting static displays of historic aircraft and vehicles. The event includes the USAF F-16 Demo Team; US Air Force Heritage Flight; US Navy "Rhino" Demonstration Team; US Navy Tailhook Legacy Flight; Aeroshell Aerobatic Team; and much more.
- Evening      Dinner with friends at the resort hotel or area restaurants.

## **SUNDAY, NOV 13, 2022**

- Morning      **Complimentary Continental Breakfast (2 per room)**
- Morning & Afternoon      **Island Princess Jupiter Island Lunch Cruise**  
                                 **Transportation to the Cruise Dock provided**  
Delightful and entertaining 4.5 hour fully narrated lunch cruise, with gorgeous views while following the Indian River past celebrities' homes and vast nature preserves with unique wildlife like exotic birds, manatees, and dolphins. Great photo opportunities at the historic Jupiter Inlet Lighthouse. Boxed lunch included.
- Evening      Dinner with friends at the resort hotel or area restaurants.

## **MONDAY, NOV 14, 2022**

- Morning      **Check out—Safe travels!**



## REUNION HOTEL:

### Marriott Resort Hutchinson Island

555 NE Ocean Blvd

Stuart, Florida

*Marriott Hutchinson Island Marriott Beach Resort, Golf & Marina offers something unique—the chance to experience South Florida in an idyllic oasis. Nestled between the Indian River and Atlantic Ocean on more than 200 acres, you'll find a slower pace here, where you're able to enjoy each moment to the fullest.*

#### Call for Reservations:

(772) 225-3700 and select “reservations.” Be sure to mention our group name “57th Bomb Wing.”#

Or you may use the online system to make your reservation here:

[https://www.marriott.com/event-reservations/reservation-link.mi?](https://www.marriott.com/event-reservations/reservation-link.mi?id=1663602090746&key=GRP&app=resvlink&fbclid=IwAR0Vactc8LpKtm6hDxa54ZR1i11E4torfD_NWJMJErq3YR3U_E5iUfbEkMk)

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Go to [57thbombwing.com/news](http://57thbombwing.com/news)

#### Resort Amenities Include:

- Free Marriott Shuttle around the resort
- Three on-site restaurants
- Tennis, Racquet Ball, Pickle Ball
- Full use of complimentary bicycles on property
- Fishing Pier
- Member rate at Ocean Club Golf Course
- Complimentary driving range
- Pool-side kids activities
- Paddle boards, kayaks, jet skis, boats for rent at:  
[www.feetwetadventures.com](http://www.feetwetadventures.com)

#### TRAVEL LOGISTICS

##### AIRPORT Options:

- Palm Beach International Airport—53 miles
- Fort Lauderdale International Airport—87 miles



**\*\*\*\*\* IF YOU ARE A WWII VETERAN \*\*\*\*\***



**FREE transportation to and from the airport will be provided by the Wing for all WWII vets and their travel companions.**

Contact Greg Wichtowski Jr for more information or to arrange veteran transportation needs.

917/828-6828 or email: [greggles327@gmail.com](mailto:greggles327@gmail.com)

#### QUESTIONS About Reunion Activities, Accommodations, or Registration?

Contact: Julie Martin, [jm.highlands@gmail.com](mailto:jm.highlands@gmail.com) or 978/994-1236 cell

**JOIN THE EMAIL LIST for all the latest Reunion Updates:** Send your info to

Membership Chair Linda Buechling: [gapoova@yahoo.com](mailto:gapoova@yahoo.com)





# The 57th Bomb Wing Reunion Registration Form Stuart, Florida Nov. 11-14, 2022 Wing Registration Deadline: Space Limited this year—Register **ASAP!**

PLEASE MAIL THIS ENTIRE PAGE WITH YOUR CHECK. (Retain a copy for yourself.)

Your Name: \_\_\_\_\_  
 WWII Vet Member: \_\_\_\_\_ Associate or Family Member: \_\_\_\_\_  
 WWII Veteran's Name: \_\_\_\_\_  
 Group: \_\_\_\_\_ Squadron: \_\_\_\_\_  
 Your Address: \_\_\_\_\_  
 City/ State/Zip: \_\_\_\_\_  
 Home Phone/Cell: \_\_\_\_\_  
 \* Email: \_\_\_\_\_  
 Emergency Contact and phone: \_\_\_\_\_

**GUESTS:** The following guests will be with this group. If needed, please list additional guests on a separate page, including addresses and email. (We use this information for the name badges, reunion directory, and participant contact.)

1.) \_\_\_\_\_  
 GUEST NAME  
 Address, City/State \_\_\_\_\_  
 Home Phone / Cell Phone \_\_\_\_\_  
 Email \_\_\_\_\_  
 2.) \_\_\_\_\_  
 GUEST NAME  
 Address, City/State \_\_\_\_\_  
 Home Phone / Cell Phone \_\_\_\_\_  
 Email \_\_\_\_\_  
 3.) \_\_\_\_\_  
 GUEST NAME  
 Address, City/State \_\_\_\_\_  
 Home Phone / Cell Phone \_\_\_\_\_  
 Email \_\_\_\_\_

Please make checks payable to 57th Bomb Wing Association.

Event	# People	X Price	= \$
Registration fee, per person. * WWII Vets are exempt * (Hospitality & meeting space; snacks, drinks.)	_____	\$30	\$ _____
1. Saturday, Nov 12 Stuart Air Show (Includes private tent seating & box lunch)	_____	\$100	\$ _____
2. Sunday, Nov 13 Island Princess - Jupiter Island River Cruise (Includes box lunch)	_____	\$55 Adults (Age 12 & up)  Kids: \$36 (Age 3-11)  Kids under 2 Free	\$ _____  \$ _____  \$ 0
Additional Donation (To help with reunion costs, transportation, etc.)	_____	_____	\$ _____
Total Amount Enclosed	_____	_____	\$ _____

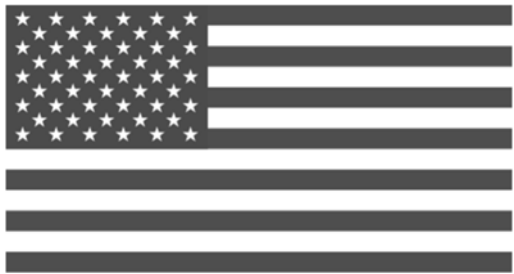
**Make check payable to: 57th Bomb Wing Assoc.**

Mail Registration form and check (sorry, no credit cards) to:  
 57th BW Assoc  
 c/o Julie Martin  
 PO Box 543  
 Canton, ME 04221

Questions to:  
 Julie Martin (486th), Email: [jm.highlands@gmail.com](mailto:jm.highlands@gmail.com), 978/994-1236

Transportation/Logistics questions to:  
 Greg Wichtowski Jr  
 Email: [greggles327@gmail.com](mailto:greggles327@gmail.com) or 917/828-6828 cell

[NOTE: Transportation for WWII Veterans and companions provided.  
 Contact Greg Wichtowski Jr for scheduling.]



# TAPS



This list includes Veterans of the Wing who have passed since our last reunion along with the names of those Veterans about whose passing we have been notified since our last reunion. List is alphabetical.

Veteran	Date of Death	Squadron
Calvin Allen	July 2, 2016	380
John M. Batcho, Sr.	June 1, 2022	381
Donald C. Biggs	January 8, 2013	379
Durley Bratton	April 18, 2017	488
Paul Buckley	October 25, 2019	447
Robert Buzzard	January 27, 2017	380
Lyle Cazell	June 8, 2013	486
Willard O. Ekegren	August 1, 2021	445
Donald Iver Hanson	September 26, 2020	381
Frank Hanson	September 17, 2013	489
Fred Kehlet	February 18, 2014	428
Robert J. Lessard	September 2010	489
Roy Lowe, Jr.	October 24, 2011	428
R. Keith Murchland	May 22, 2021	447
Frank Pehrson	December 5, 2021	489
Robert Ragsdale	October 30, 2019	380
Norman Rose	April 10, 2020	447
Reed Stoney Salley, Jr.	December 4, 2020	380
Russell L. Scott	November 19, 2019	489
Paul A. Tilden	February 12, 2022	488





## **KYRA FROSINI IOANNINA—A SMALL PIN LINKED TO TRAGIC EVENTS. IOANNINA, SALERNO AND THE SHOAH**

Among the many events of the World War II, it seems difficult to find a connection between the Greek campaign, the landing in Salerno and the Holocaust. Yet, a small discovery made by Luigi Fortunato a member of the Salerno 1943 association, a group of volunteers who recover the traces of the Avalanche operation, has connected these 3 episodes. It is an oval silver-colored metal pin found together with military equipment near a German trench. On the front is reproduced the Aslan Pashà mosque, a building built by the Ottomans in Ioannina (Ioannina), Greece, in 1618. At the top there is the inscription KYRA FROSINI IOANNINA which commemorates Euphrosyne Vasileiou, better known as Kyra Frosini, a Greek noblewoman believed to have been executed for political reasons by Aslan Pashà and that for this reason in Greece she is considered a national heroine.

How and why did this Greek brooch arrive in Salerno? The city of Ioannina was the scene, in April 1941, of violent fighting between the Greek armed forces on one side and the Italian and German SS-Leibstandarte "Adolf Hitler" on the other. On April 19 the Germans took the city, thus completing the encirclement of the two Greek armies deployed against the Italians. The next day, in the same city, senior officers of the Greek army met with those of the Wehrmacht to discuss the armistice. It was ratified on 21 April in Larissa, at the command of von List's 12th German army, with Germany only, excluding the Italians from the agreement. Mussolini, however, full of indignation for that unilateral act, did not accept its terms and protested with Hitler, obtaining that the ceremony will be repeated on April 23 in the presence of Italian representatives in a villa near Thessaloniki. It's reasonable to suppose that one of the German soldiers present in Ioannina in those days had taken a souvenir in memory of the battle that took place there. It was in fact very common among World War II soldiers to keep a family heirloom as a ring, a bracelet or a pin, which recalled the region or city of the battles in which he had participated. It can be supposed that, later, this soldier took part in the fighting that took place in the hills of Salerno in September 1943 where he lost the Greek souvenir with part of his equipment.

But how does this find relate to the Shoah? During the war there was no Jewish community in Salerno. In the town, Jews had been present since ancient times, were relegated to a ghetto located in the part most exposed to the dangers coming from the sea, that is now known as Vicolo Giudaica. The Salerno Jews experienced periods of relative peace alternating with periods of intense persecution and serious humiliation such as, for example, when the rabbi was obliged to offer his head as a lectern for reading the Gospel on the eve of the feast of St. Matthew in front of the door of the Lions of the Cathedral. The Jews disappeared from Salerno in 1541 when they were expelled from all of Southern Italy by the Emperor Charles V. Many found refuge in Greece where, under Ottoman rule, they were granted freedom of religion, they could carry out various jobs and manage independently their communities.

Yet this pin found in Salerno remember the Jewish extermination due to what happened in the 1940s in Ioannina. It was part of the territory occupied by the Italians. After the battle, life resumed relatively peacefully for its inhabitants. In the city there was a large community of Romani Jews. They were Jews present in Greece for over 2000 years who had adopted the Greek language and customs while maintaining Jewish traditions and language in worship. As long as the troops

## KYRA FROSINI IOANNINA—A SMALL PIN LINKED TO TRAGIC EVENTS. IOANNINA, SALERNO AND THE SHOAH

of the Royal Army were present in the area they had no particular problems although deportation to the extermination camps had already begun in the regions occupied by the Germans. Things changed drastically after the fall of Mussolini and the consequent armistice of 8 September 1943. With the disappearance of the Italian military, the whole of Greece and therefore also Ioannina came under Nazi control.

The Germans led by General Jurgen von Stettner occupied the city. From the very beginning they induced Sabbethai Kambilis, a leading member of the Jewish community to believe that Jews would be safe from persecution if they obeyed the orders given by the occupation forces. Despite the first German assurances, things have worsened. A synagogue was destroyed and, in March 1944, all Jewish families were registered and their houses marked with crosses. Those who didn't trust the Nazi promises were hiding.



Ioannina spilla

At the top there is the inscription KYRA FROSINI IOANNINA which commemorates Euphrosyne Vasileiou, better known as Kyra Frosini, a Greek noblewoman believed to have been executed for political reasons by Aslan Pashà and that for this reason in Greece she is considered a national heroine.

On March 25, 1944, all the Jews of Ioannina were forcibly driven from their homes and gathered in Mavilis Square and at the Military Hospital. They were only allowed to carry one piece of hand luggage. The husbands were separated from their wives and children and that caused the first traumas as evidenced by some dramatic photos taken by a German soldier and preserved at the Bundesarchiv in Koblenz. They were all loaded on trucks that took them first to Trikala and then to Larissa, and from there, in appalling conditions, on a train to Auschwitz where they arrived on April 11. Of the 1,870 men, women and children deported that day, only 112 survived.

The Jews of Ioannina were among the millions of victims of the Holocaust. The gigantic killing machine created by Hitler and his hierarchs killed many people simply for what they were, as in the case of the Jews, Gypsies and Slavs. Many others were exterminated for what they did, for example political opponents or homosexuals. Still others were persecuted for what they refused to do as did conscientious objectors and Jehovah's Witnesses who didn't take up arms against others and didn't support Nazi policy.

This small discovery of the Salerno 1943 association thus becomes a silent but significant testimony of the tragic years of the World War II and combines three seemingly unrelated events.

Matteo Pierro  
(translated by Denise Pierro)

# KYRA FROSINI IOANNINA—A SMALL PIN LINKED TO TRAGIC EVENTS. IOANNINA, SALERNO AND THE SHOAH



Bundesarchiv, Bild 101-179-1575-15  
Foto: Wetzel / 25. März 1944



Bundesarchiv, Bild 101-179-1575-20  
Foto: Wetzel / 25. März 1944



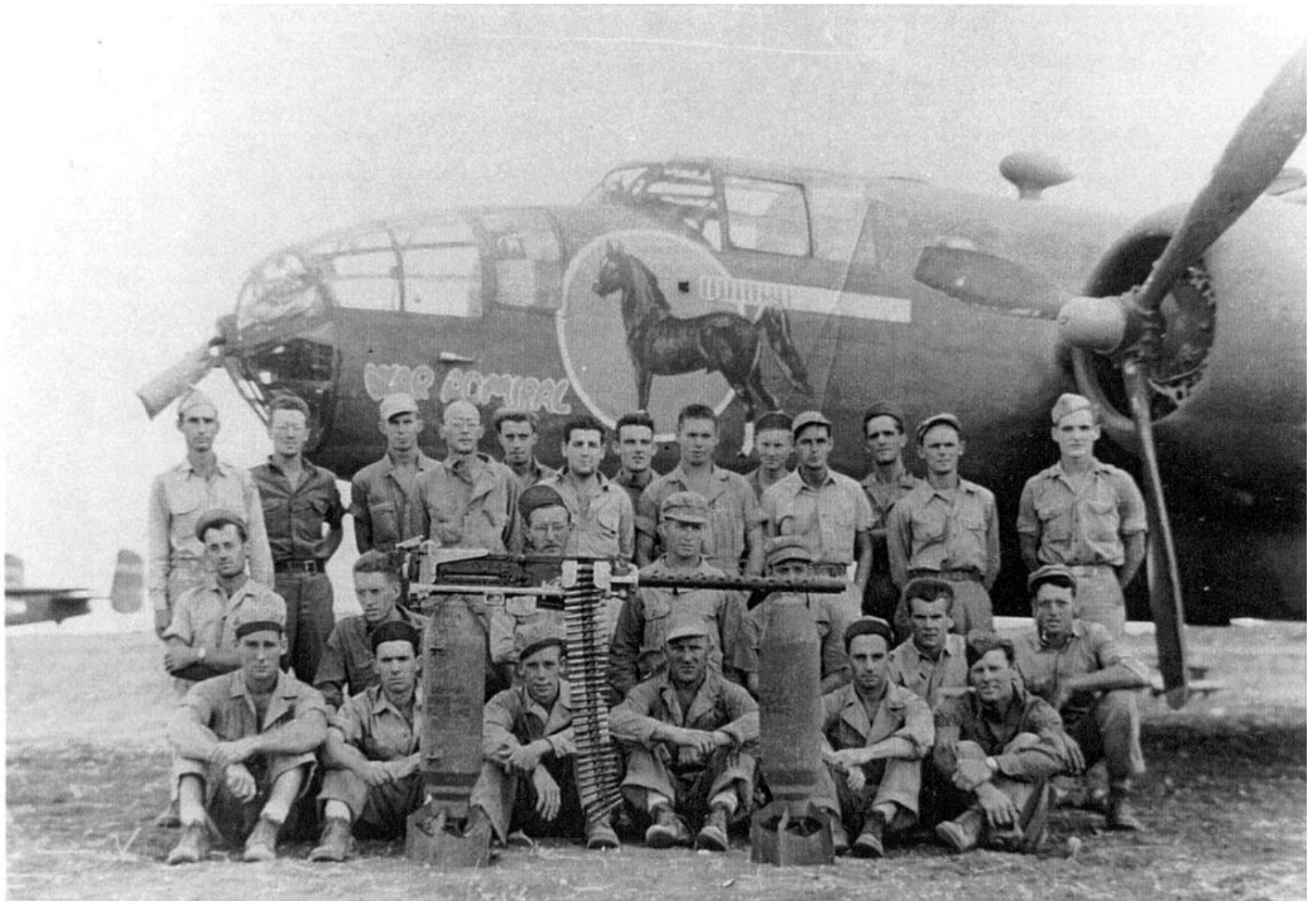
**Jews of Ioannina—March 25, 1944 - Wetzel Photos**

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**Armorers of the 380th pose in front of B-25 War Admiral, named after a champion American Thoroughbred racehorse who is the fourth winner of the American Triple Crown. He was also the 1937 Horse of the Year and well known as the rival of Seabiscuit in the 'Match Race of the Century' in 1938.**