

Washington Times



Newsletter

Issue 2

Winter 2001/2



Cover photos

- Top WF512 (44 Squadron) at dispersal, RAF Coningsby (*Ernest Howlett*)
- Centre Left Bomber Command Crest (*Joe Bridge, Webmaster, RAF Marham website*)
- Lower Right 149 Squadron close formation flying (*Jeff Brown*)

Introduction

Welcome to the second issue of the Washington Times newsletter. As you all know following my request for subscriptions, I now have enough information at hand to complete at least 4 more issues and will produce these over the next year or so. Many thanks to you all also for your subscriptions. Without them this would become a very expensive past time! As the issue title (Winter 2002) implies, I had intended this to come out earlier. However, as a part time project other things kept getting in its way so it got delayed. I am, unintentionally, working the opposite routine to the professional FlyPast and Aeroplane magazines. They publish April's issue on the 1st of March - I publish the Winter issue in Spring! I hope that the next (the real Spring issue) will be timelier!

This, second issue, has substantially the same format the first with a piece on the pre RAF use of one of the Washingtons, followed by RAF stories and a selection of the photographs that I have received. I have added a 'letter' section where I hope to be able to record 'discussion' on the articles in previous issues – this issue contains some comments from Jeff Brown – any more are more than welcome! I have also included a roster for 44 Squadron. I am aware that the make up of each squadron changed over time and have opted for a central time. If possible I would like to make up crew lists from these, only the 'Donovan' and 'Worrall' crews have been done so far – any additions are welcome.

To whet your appetites, plans for next issue are:

WF439, known as Flak Magnet while serving with the 40th BG in the Pacific. Description of bomb practice and the B-29 bomb sight. Impromptu gardening with a 2-inch mortar. Plan of Marham and an XV Squadron roster.

I hope you continue to find the contents of this newsletter of interest and, please, feel free to add to it in any way – suggestions for changes in format, additional material etc, comments on articles written etc are always welcome!

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(note the _ symbol between my names. This has caused endless trouble with most people using the – symbol instead and not getting through!)

Letters

Jeff Brown provided some additional information on two of the articles in issue 1:

Bob Cole wrote about going to West Freugh on the Battle of Britain day 1951 – I was in the crew of that aircraft. The landing was 'hairy', we nearly burnt out the brakes when landing on their short runway - smoke was pouring from them by the time we stopped.

The take off was equally 'hairy'. Because our pilot had a friend stationed there he did a low level flypast and heaved the plane up and over a low hill so violently that he wrinkled some of the wing skin – our engineer went mad when he found this after landing back at Coningsby!

15/9/51	11:00	W/445	Sgt. WOOD	..	To WEST FREUGH FOR BATTLE OF	1:10	
		W/445	P/lt. EDWARDS	..	BRITAIN DAY DISPLAY		
15/9/51	16:30	W/445	Sgt. WOOD	..	WEST FREUGH TO BASE	1:20	
		W/445	P/lt. EDWARDS	..			
		W/445	Sgt. WOOD	..			
		W/445	P/lt. EDWARDS	..			

Harry Rickwood wrote about Flt Lt Collins landing across the road at Boston and demolishing the fence, I remember this well. His Polish co-pilot was called Pieniasek, the lads had difficulty with his name so called him 'Adam' after a newspaper cartoon figure that he resembled – he didn't mind! He was a very experienced pilot but could not be made an aircraft captain – an American ruling, only commissioned pilots could be captains.

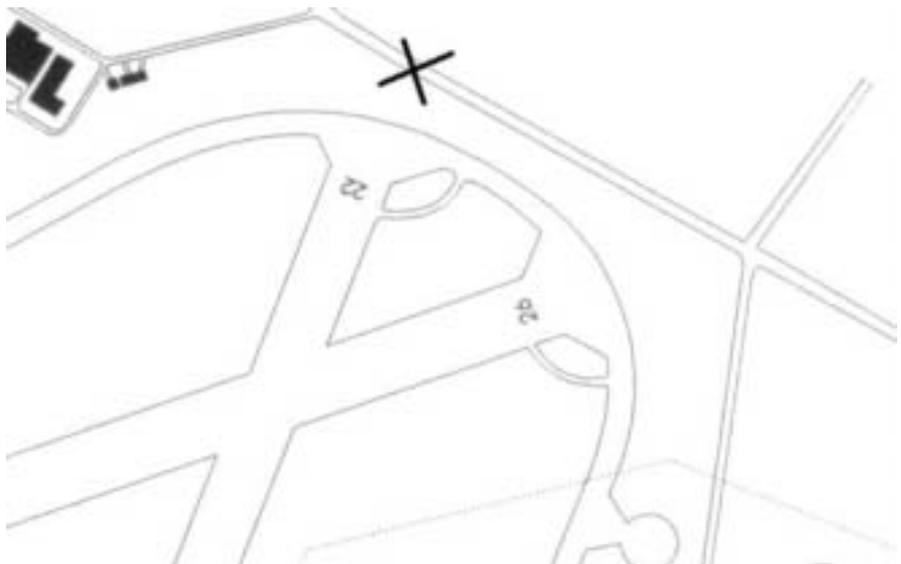
Note in September 195 Pieniasek was a P.1 (pilot one) the post war aircrew grading, by March 1951 he was a flight Sergeant, the aircrew ranks having been scrapped.

I flew with Collins many times, he was a bit of a wild character, my skipper, Edwards stuck to the rules, it was always 'Captain sir' when addressing him, not so with Collins.

On a flight with him over Norfolk one afternoon we were jumped by two Meteors who made mock attacks on us, Collins responded by doing very steep turns into the direction of their attacks, the rear of the B-29 was shuddering and shaking like mad. After a while the engineer called up and said 'Collins, if you don't stop this I am going to spew up all over you and I have just eaten a can of tomato soup'! Collins stopped immediately!

I have marked up the plan of Coningsby with where Collins destroyed the hedge.

X marks the spot where
Collins destroyed the hedge
– see full plan on page 15



Historical Info

WF437

This second installment of ‘what they did before joining the RAF’ covers WF437 or 44-69680 as the USAAF knew her:

44-69680 was built by Boeing at their Wichita factory as a B-29-55-BW¹, being accepted by the USAAF on 18 December 1944. As was the case with most B-29s she went straight to a Modification center to be fitted for war. In this case the modification center was the one at Birmingham Alabama and 44-69680 spent just about 1 month there before departing for Great Bend, Kansas and the 19th Bomb Group (BG) on 28 January 1945. Here she was assigned to Vern Chandler’s crew (crew 12) in the 28th Bombardment Squadron and taken, by them, to North Field Guam as part of the general 19th BG deployment.

Vern’s crew was a squadron lead crew, which meant that they were to lead formations on daylight missions and act as pathfinders for night ones. Due to the higher level of responsibility, lead crews were made up of more experienced members: Vern Chandler had been a flight instructor, the co-pilot, Lt James Stevens, had flown a tour on Lancasters with the RAF before returning to America and joining the B-29 program (he was only to remain a co-pilot until he could become familiar with US aircraft and operating procedures). Additionally the Bombardier, Lt. Neil Allen, and Navigator, Lt George Lane, had also been instructors in their specializations. The rest of the crewmembers were straight from their respective training courses.

After her 10,000-mile delivery flight, 44-69680 arrived on Guam on 20 February 1945 where she was given the ‘block M’ tail code denoting the 19th BG and the number 2, becoming known, officially at least, as M-2. The crew named her ‘Princess Pat’ in honour of Vern Chandler’s 1-year-old daughter Pat. Additionally, each engine was named after the child of another crewmember: Bruce, Mike, Dianna Lynne and Sally (see photo on page 9). However, a few weeks later wing headquarters issued a directive that nose art was to be removed and replaced by a standardized scheme. The 314th Bomb Wing (of what the 19th BG was a part) opted to name their aircraft after cities of crewmembers. Hence Princess Pat became the City of Bakersfield – but Princess Pat always remained in small print (see crew photo – Princess Pat can still be seen on the nose wheel door!).

Vern Chandler and his crew flew Princess Pat on 13 missions to Japan between 3 March and 16 May 1945. On their 10th mission, a mission to the Kawasaki factory on the night of April 15th, they were attacked and hit by 2 night fighters wounding the Radar-navigator, Lt Hermes, setting fire to the radar compartment and damaging the rear bomb doors so they would not close. The gunners put out the fire and tended to Lt Hermes who had been wounded in the leg. They made it back to Guam where Lt Hermes was hospitalized before being returned to USA. Lt Dick Ackerman replaced him in the crew. At the same time, Lt Stevens was given command of his own crew, being replaced by Lt Wayne Christensen. 44-69680 was extensively damaged and out of service for about 3 weeks. During this time Vern Chandler and his crew flew 4 more missions in different planes before regaining their Princess Pat and flying 3 further missions in her.

Wing policy stated that lead crews were to fly planes with less than 200 combat hours and so, after their 13th mission in Princess Pat Vern Chandler’s crew was allocated a new plane (immediately christened Princess Pat II) and went on to complete another 12 missions before the war ended including the mission on the last day of the war and the fly past over USS Missouri and the surrender ceremony on September 3rd 1945. 44-69680 was allocated to Jesse Dillard’s crew and renamed City of Trenton (although this was only applied to the port side, City of Bakersfield remained on the starboard). How many missions Jesse Dillard completed in the plane are not known but 44-69680 survived and was returned to America on 4 November 1945 where she as placed in storage at Victory Ville.

Of note, in May 1945 the 19th BG experimented with painting the bottoms of their planes black to help avoid searchlights during the, by now, predominant night missions. This worked so well the 20th AF generally adopted it - although by no means had all planes been painted at the war’s end. When Jesse Dillard took over 44-69680 she sported lamp black undersides.

Apart from a few excursions to various maintenance facilities, 44-69680 remained in storage until 16 June 1948 when she was reactivated and assigned to SAC and the 2nd Bomb Wing (BW) at Davis Monthan. It was with the 2nd BW that 44-69680 first came to England – as part of a 90 day SAC TDY (Temporary Duty) to RAF Lakenheath. She was accompanied by at least one other ‘Washington to be’, 44-62328 (WF547 of 149 Sqn – see photo on page 17). She remained in England

¹ This was quite a rarity in itself since nearly all Washingtons were B29A models, built at Boeing’s Renton factory. The RAF operated only three ‘standard’ B-29s, WF437 (this one), WF438 and WF442. Both of the latter two were built by Martin at their Omaha factory.

from August to November 1948 before returning home. Upon returning to America she was once more assigned to storage before being handed over to the RAF on 6 March 1950.

On 22nd March 1950, 44-69680 became the first B-29 to be delivered to the RAF, arriving on three engines owing to an oil leak (the first, but by no means last, of the RAF's B-29 oil leaks!). Interestingly (perhaps!) by now the black undersides had gone and 44-69680 was once more in overall natural metal. Why the black undersides were cleaned is not known for sure since some planes delivered to the RAF did sport their black undersides. I suspect that this one was cleaned because of the type of paint used by the 19th BG. The 19th BG were the first group to paint their planes black on the bottom and used a dull black akin to that used by the RAF. Although effective, this had a detrimental effect on the performance so later planes used a glossy black which, although not quite as effective against searchlights, was less harmful to range – a major consideration given the 3,000 or so miles of open ocean crossing needed on each mission.

When with the RAF 44-69680 took on the identity WF437 and was used by both 207 and 35 Squadrons before being returned to USA in July 1953. Unfortunately, I have not been able to find any photos of WF437 while serving with the RAF. The only one that I know of is a fairly famous one, owned by Flight, showing her arriving on 3 engines and still wearing the US tail code but with RAF markings. This I plan to get but have not got around to it yet!

Upon arrival in USA, 44-69680 was delivered to a storage facility, somewhat unusually for ex RAF B-29s, at Tinker AFB (most went to Davis Monthan). Here she remained for a short period before being reclaimed in October 1954.

Below is an account written by an Australian War correspondent for 'The Bulletin' after he accompanied Vern Chandler and his crew on a daylight raid to Hodagoya Chemical factory on 12 April 1945.

Raid on Hodagoya Chemical, Koriyama, Honshu

Daylight April 12 1945 by V Chandler's Crew #12 28th Sqd, 19th BG 314th Wing Guam

VIA Airmail to John E. Webb
 Editor, "The Bulletin"
 252 George Street,
 SYDNEY, Australia.

From: John Brennan,
War Correspondent
C/O Press Relations Office
CINCPAC,
Fleet Post Office,
San Francisco, Calif.,
Guam, April 13, 1945

Passed CINCPAC CENSOR.

The Colonel is briefing his crews for another raid over Japan. He talks about the weather. It's the one thing he harks back to time and again during the briefing. He mentions the possible and expected fighter opposition and the need for flying tight formation so as to bring the greatest concentration of fire power against the enemy; the absolute necessity for holding each plane steady and on its course during the bombing run, no matter how the flak may be; alternate targets and alternate landing fields in the event of mechanical failure that may prevent a plane making the long trip back to base; escape procedure and what's to be done if there's need for "ditching". But over and again he comes back to the question of the weather, where the fronts are now, where they'll be tomorrow, what might change then, how to get through them. It would seem there's no greater worry over taking a flight of a hundred or so planes up over Japan than the worry whether it might rain at Iwo Jima, be a dull day at Guam or blow a gale off Honshu.

This time it's a matter of the first importance for the target is in inland Japan, a hundred and twenty-five miles north of Tokyo, further than the B-29's have ever ventured on a raid. It means a round-trip distance of 3,600 miles, more than 18 hours in the air and, over that time and distance, weather conditions can vary pretty considerably. Too, the ceiling is low for more than half the distance to Japan; it's a daylight strike which means a take-off hours before dawn - and it won't be possible to rendezvous for formation till the planes are close up to the Japanese homeland. Pilots and Navigators mutter a little, but somebody says "There hasn't been a weatherman yet who didn't like predicting hurricanes just for the hell of it", and if the pilots look a little worried it's only because the Colonel's been talking so much he must expect it of them. After he's gone over the weather information for the tenth time or so they go happily enough out to the trucks which will take them down to the strip.

There's a checking of the crew, a quick look over equipment – 'Mae Wests', parachutes, flak suits - -then the Superfortresses, slim of fuselage for all their tremendous size, are taxiing to the ready strip at the end of the runway, lining nose to tail, their whirling, four-bladed propellers a flashing arc in the glare of the landing lights.

The take-off is easy. There's a slight drop towards the sea after the plane is airborne, then the long, steady climb as the planes head north.

The darkness is complete, and in the darkness there are a hundred planes. It is a relief to come out above the cloudbank to the friendly brightness of the stars, though the only warning of the presence of other aircraft is the sudden, occasional flash of an exhaust.

Pilot and Co-pilot fly the ship in turn over short periods, changing often. They're tensed, obviously, keeping a sharp look out the whole time for planes about them. The Co-pilot takes out a cigarette and puts it between his lips. He asks over the inter phone if anyone of the crew can notice gasoline fumes. The radio operator thinks he can. "No smoking" the Co-pilot says. He places the cigarette down on the instrument panel beside him, but a few minutes later it is between his lips again. It is twenty minutes before he asks again "Any smell of gas?" The radio operator still thinks there is. The Co-pilot says "No smoking yet." When after an hour he gets a "No fumes here" answer to his question his own cigarette is wet from sucking. He tries to light it then takes another.

The Gunners and the Bombardier are asleep, stretched out on the floor of the middle compartment. Each compartment - Pilots, Navigator, Radioman, Central Fire Control section, Rear Gunner's position is pressurized and there is no need for heavy flying suits: as the plane climbs the temperature inside the cabin remains as warm as it was on the ground. The four huge motors make little sound inside the compartments and Pilot and Co-pilot talk across to each other normally without using the inter phone. The Co-pilot is the oldest man in the crew. He was working in a dairy in Florida before the war and he has had twenty months in the European theater. He was flying RAF Lancasters there and he made twenty-eight flights over Germany. He starts to talk about the Superfortress now, saying what a wonderful plane it is and what it can do. It has all the latest improvements. The fire control is the best he has seen, or imagined. "But" he says, "I'm a bit biased. I still like the old Lanc."

The Pilot laughs. He's a youngster who was flying as instructor for three years until he got a B-29. The only operational flying he has had has been up over Japan. He's taken this crew up eight times now, and apart from the Co-pilot, none of them have flown on missions with anyone else. He's proud of them and he knows they are a good team. The plane is named after his hometown; "City of Bakersfield", it's painted on the nose. It already has nine bombs painted below the name, but once it was flown by another crew.

"If it weren't for the hell of a long way you have to go, things aren't nearly as bad here as they were in the E.T.O." says the Co-pilot. "The flak's nothing. Over any of the German cities you could get out and walk on it."

The Flight Engineer happens to hear that. He takes it up over the inter phone. "What about that night over Nagoya when we were in that damned searchlight for too and a half minutes?" he asks. "There was too much of the staff around then for my liking. And those night fighters, you don't get a chance to see em."

"We've been lucky though" says the Pilot. He explains, City of Bakersfield made four incendiary raids on alternate nights - Tokyo, Nagoya, Kobe and Osaka in order. Over Nagoya he thought he wasn't going to be able to lose the searchlight. The only damage was a small hole in the fuselage, but there was more flak around that night than he wants to see again.

The Navigator calls up from his position on the inter-phone "About that" he says, "I used to think I liked night raids best, but now I'd take the daytime. You can see the bastards then, and what's going on."

It is becoming lighter; a grey, green morning with dark clouds above and below. The sea when it appears through a gap in the lower cloud is black and broken with white caps. Ahead and to the left is another Superfortress. "What's its number?" the Pilot asks. "Yes, that's Joe," he says to the Co-pilot. "I told him I'd try to stick with him."

After a short time the lower layer of cloud clears but the morning is still dull. Iwo Jima shows up ahead, a tiny darker spot on the dark sea, the cone of the volcano at one end - little bigger than the ships which are grouped in the shelter of its northern side. Beyond, the front of thick black cloud rests on the sea, stretching from horizon to horizon.

“There’s the Rock,” says the Pilot. “You wouldn’t give two bits for it, would you? Just a goddamned lump of rotten earth, and they reckon it’s the toughest place the marines ever tackled. But, by God, it’s been worth it. Couple of weeks ago quite a lot of twenty-nines put down there from one raid alone. There are anything up to half-a-dozen forced down or going in for gas every time. It’s a cinch now, no matter how much you get shot up, if you can make it back to Iwo.”

“They’re getting P-51s off there now, too” says the Co-pilot. “We had ‘em along for the first time as escort the other day. The Nips aren’t going to like it when the Mustangs are making regular trips, they’ll take care of any bloody Zeros easy enough.”

“Here it is. Now we’ll see whether the weatherman’s on the ball.” He picks up the tiny throat microphone which he hasn’t bothered to fasten around his neck and holds it close to his lips. “Co-pilot to tail gunner” he calls over the interphone. “It’s going to be pretty thick. You’d better keep an eye out for anything coming behind. Some of the others ought to be catching up fairly soon.”

“Roger dodger” says the tail gunner. “What say we give ‘em a burst if they come too close. Scare the living daylight out of ‘em.”

The thick cloud crowds in around the plane, fogging the glass of the cabin. There is little rain save for an occasional sharp, sudden gust. There are breaks in the center of the front and there’s an occasional glimpse of the other plane still in its same position ahead and to the left. Wreathed with cloud fog it looks like some gigantic ghost plane, the huge tail fin with its squadron marking alone unchanged from reality as if the one part forgotten in a mystic metamorphosis. “Joe’s whooping it up a bit,” says the Pilot. “The Colonel’s with him. He must be getting anxious or some thing. We’ll have to stooge around for an hour or so until the others catch up.”

“By the way,” he says, “The Colonel was one of the originals with the old Nineteenth, the Group that escaped from the Philippines and was the first American Group in Australia. It was sent back up to Java and then driven back out of there again. He was up around Darwin for a hell of a time. He reckons Sydney’s a wonderful joint. I’d like to work a deal to get down there for a while, but I don’t suppose we ever will now. This outfit contains many of his old crew mates of those early days in the Pacific.”

The plane shoots suddenly out of the cloud, and for the first time as the wisps of fog which edge it rush straggling by there is an illusion of speed. Ahead is only the vastness of the ocean, the sky cloudless and bright with sunshine, and low down upon the sea a thick haze of heat.

The Bombardier is awake. He has come crawling up through the tunnel to his position in the nose of the plane and is rummaging in a cardboard box for a sandwich. “What did I tell you?” he asks. “All those bloody weathermen have to ask their wives if they ought to take an umbrella when they go to the office.”

“Hell for all you know this might be next week,” says the Navigator. “If there’s anyone else in the whole Pacific gets in more sack time on these trips than you do they must have to hold his eyes open while he drops his bombs. Next war I’m going to be a Bombardier or a munitions worker, nothing else.” He looks at his chart and makes a few calculations. “Should be about two minutes off,” he says.

“That’s right, I think it’s just over there under the haze” says the Copilot. “Yes, there’s Joe just beginning to circle. Hell, we’ve got 57 minutes to wait before we can take off. Better take her in close and follow in under his side on the turns.”

“Let me know when any other ship joins the formation,” says the Pilot into the inter phone.

The plane ahead begins a slow wide circle, passing beside the marker for formation. It’s a tiny island, just the rim and crater of a long-dead volcano, nothing else, its sides rising sheer in rock hundreds of feet out of the sea. There’s a faint fuzz of green on parts of it, which might from this height be huge trees or just low, wind-swept scrub. There’s no slightest sign of habitation, nor any place where it would seem an approach to the island might be made from the sea. Perhaps a helicopter might find sufficient level grade to make a landing on the top of the rim. The maps show no other land within fifty miles of the point.

“Two B-29s at six o’clock; coming up to join formation,” says the tail-gunner over the inter phone. Then after a little while “Three more high at nine o’clock. Must be another squadron. Can’t see their numbers.”

“Three B-29s same level at eight o’clock, coming in close; forming up the second element. Yes, they’re three, five and seven.” The fire control man makes his report.

“The first element has all its planes.”

“The second element is still two short. It’s closing formation.”

“Only three planes in the third element yet.”

“One B-29 high at six o’clock. Must be a straggler from’ the other squadron. Yes, it’s going over the top, circling the other way.”

The planes are falling into their pattern now, the several squadrons flying at different altitudes, circling in opposite directions. There is another group forming up in the distance over to the west. The speed of the formations can be gauged again as they cross and pass each other. The pilots wave to one another as they come into position.

“First element right. Second element right, but not closed up yet. Third element still one plane short.”

“Three minutes before we leave,” says the pilot. “He may have gone off to abort or the alternate target. Can you distinguish the numbers in the third element?” “I can see 9 and 11. Can’t make out the others.”

There is a slight puff of smoke from the lead plane and three or four red flares from a flare pistol chasing each other down to the sea.

“Here we go,” says the Pilot. The planes complete their turn and head north again, flying tight in formation. The third element is still short one plane. Above and below to left and to right there are other formations. The sun glints on the silvered bodies of the planes. The heat haze is rising thick and unsteady from the sea. Everyone is awake now.

“You can switch the guns on and test fire” says the Pilot. “Let me fire the nose guns.” The Bombardier gets up out of his position and the Pilot climbs over the seat to the nose of the plane. He fiddles around with the automatic sight, lining the guns up on something far down below on the surface of the sea. He’s like a youngster with a new rifle wanting to shoot it off just for the sake of shooting. Tail and turret gunners each fire a short burst, but the pilot is still working on the sight, adjusting it. It’s over a minute before he pulls the trigger, and then far ahead and below is a flash of tracer bullets and a group of sudden tiny splashes on the broken sea. The pilot climbs back to his seat at the controls a little shame-facedly. “I didn’t hit the wave I was aiming at,” he says. The Bombardier tries to explain: “If you’re shooting at something stationary - or practically stationary; those waves aren’t moving much - the computer...” “But” the pilot cuts him short “I know all that,” he says, “But I just can’t hit ‘em.”

The haze is thickening and reaching higher into the air. “This is what they call the Japanese noon-day haze,” says the Navigator. “Looks as though we’re not going to be able to see a damned thing. We’re coming up off Honshu now. It should be over at about 11 o’clock, about thirty miles or so away.”

There is nothing to be seen, but the haze. It is becoming difficult to distinguish the lower formations, though the ones above are bright in the sunlight.

“Better put on the flak suits now,” says the Pilot. “And everybody keep a look-out for fighters. They can come any time now. I want a report when everybody is ready.” His voice somehow is different, as though he is giving orders for the first time during all the trip.

The heavy flak suits - metal jackets covered with canvas - go on top of all the rest of the gear, hanging down like sandwich boards front and back over the rubber life jackets, or Mae Wests, and over the parachute harness. They fasten on each shoulder, and there is an emergency ripcord that will allow them to fall away. They weigh heavily and make movement difficult. The flak helmets fit down over each ear covering the headphones to the intercom set. The precision instrument operator hangs metal curtains at the entrance to his compartment amidships.

“Tail gunner ready,” comes the word over the inter phone.

“Radio ready.” “C.F.C ready.” “Navigator ready.” “Co-pilot ready.”

“Pilot to Navigator; where are we now? Can you estimate time to I.P.?”

“Due east Tokyo Bay, about thirty miles. Just a minute. I. P. about forty-seven minutes. Can you see the coast line?”

“No, there’s nothing but haze.”

“Pilot to Engineer: How long have we been in the air? How much gas do we have?”

“Nine hours, ten minutes. Thirty-six hundred.”

(Here a line has been deleted by the censor.)

“Roger”

“There’s the coast over there,” says the Bombardier through the inter phone. He turns to look at the Pilot sitting a couple of feet behind him and points to the west, through the haze.

“God, you’ve got good eyes,” says the Pilot. “I can’t see it.”

The haze seems to be thickening still, and rising even higher. After a few minutes there can be seen faintly in the west a line of beach and breaking surf. There is no land beyond it in the haze. The formation is flying parallel to the line of surf.

“There it is,” says the Co-pilot. “Pilot to navigator, How long to I.P.?”

“Thirty minutes. He’s taking it too close in. We should be out about another ten miles.”

“Perhaps he’s cutting it to make up time. The other formations are in their right places.” There is no talk now other than what is necessary. Each ten minutes now seems to be longer than did the long hours of the night.

“I’ll take it for a while,” says the Co-pilot. “So you can have it from the I.P.”

“Twenty minutes to I.P.” says the Navigator.

The haze seems to be thinning out a little. “I think it may be all right.” says the Bombardier. “Anyway, it may be even better over the land.”

The line of the beach is clearer now. It is broken by headlands and there are shadowy hills behind.

“Ten minutes to I.P.” says the Navigator.

There is no doubt now. The haze is not so thick. There is a river coming down through the beach and beyond it another. The land behind the beach seems covered with lagoons.

“He’s got us close in all right,” says the Navigator.

“Tail Gunner to Pilot: Fighters, about seven, high at seven o’clock. Not coming in. No,” his voice changes, “They’re twenty-nines.”

“Two minutes to I.P.” says the Navigator.

“Yes, there’s Joe turning now,” says the Pilot. “I’ll take it, Steve.”

The Co-pilot drops his hands away from the wheel and down by his sides, wiping them on the legs of his trousers below the flak suit. They are wet with perspiration.

The formation turns westward in a wide sweep towards the land. Over the beach the haze has cleared. It is something that is somehow surprising. It is a promise of perfect bombing conditions over the target, this fine bright, sunny day, and the change has come so suddenly.

Behind the beach on the flat land before it runs into the hills, there are small farms and patterned roads. What look like lagoons are probably flooded rice fields. Nowhere is there any sign of life. There is no wisp of smoke from the tiny houses; there is no movement on the roads. The hill country beyond is broken and wild, but the farms seem to run up its sides. It is not very high. The day is hot and the Superfortress bumps surprisingly in the up-currents of air over the hills. It has come through weather fronts over the ocean without any noticeable bouncing. The pilot glances quickly at the Co-pilot and says “It’s pretty holey.” He doesn’t smile any more and for the most part he keeps his eyes on the lead plane to his left. The target is almost fifty miles inland from the coast. The Co-pilot sits leaning back looking completely relaxed in his seat. His head turns slowly the whole time from side to side as he searches for signs of fighter opposition. No-one speaks in answer to the Pilot.

Beyond the low hills is a valley, patterned again with farms and roadways. The formation follows along its length. To the west is the mountainous central range and high in the midst of the broad light blue expanse of Lake Inawashire-ke. It is mid-morning and warm and bright with sunshine, but as far as the eye can see on the west the ridge tops still are capped with snow. It is all a contour map of Japan, colored to show the different elevations - from the light green of the valley floor, through the darker green of the mountain slopes to the snowy ridges, not white, but lightly golden like sand in the sunshine and light haze.

This is Japan. It is a beautiful land; calm, peaceful, like any other land anywhere. This is the land whence come the people who in August of last year on the island of Guam took forty-eight Chamorran laborers into a tiny clearing in the jungle, bound their hands behind their backs, forced them to kneel, then lopped their heads from their bodies with swords, so that they fell one on top of the other and their heads rolled between their legs or hung by threads of skin and sinew, and their old straw hats fell among the heap of bodies. From this land came the people who, when the city was already lost to their forces, burned Manila; (Here again, the censor deleted a line.) These are the things that we have seen and know. This picture-postcard land of valley floor and lake and snow-streaked mountain range is the land from which these people came. The hundred and more huge silvered planes which fly above it now have come from Guam, from off a two mile tarmac strip in a man-made clearing in the jungle.

Below in the floor of the valley there is a winding river and there beside it a railway line. There ahead is the town of Koriyama and to the north of it the target - the Hodagoya Chemical Industries plant. There is no mistaking it. Other formations of bombers have gone in ahead and dark red fires and the thick mile-wide column of lazily-spreading smoke almost obscure the two high, black smoke stacks.

“Hold it,” says the Bombardier. “Bomb bay doors open.” And then after a little while “Bombs away.”

The plane lurches slightly, but it is scarcely noticed. Slowly, like pebbles tossed from a giant hand, a belly full of five-hundred pound bombs are falling away from the planes on either side.

The formation turns south slightly and east, for the long run out to the coast of Japan. The Pilot turns in his seat and looks back towards Koriyama. He points with his finger but he says nothing. The smoke stacks cannot be seen now. The base of the lazy, waving column of smoke is ringed with angry fire. The smoke is billowing slowly five thousand feet above the ground. Just above it there is another formation of planes. There is no sign of life anywhere on all the wide land below. There is no flash of gunfire. In the sky there is only the sun, and beneath it the untroubled formation of American planes.

The line of beach and surf falls behind and then runs parallel to the formation on the west. Out over the sea the Co-pilot says “That’s the kind of raid I like. The more of these the better. I’ll take it.”

The Pilot releases the control. He says nothing. After a long while, he says, “All right, you can stow the flak suits.”

The Bombardier climbs up out of his seat. “Right on the nose,” he says. “Would you believe it? Go in over Japan at mid-day and the little bastards haven’t got a plane in the air and don’t even fire a shot. You’d think the suckers would have enough sense to get out of it and let us all go home to mother. I think I’ll get some sleep. Won’t I tell that weatherman off though.”

There is only the long trip home. Pilot and Co-pilot take it in turns to go back to the center compartment and sleep. The automatic pilot flies the plane, but one of them stays near the controls, lying back, relaxed, listening to the music which comes through the earphones tuned to the radio compass.

John Brennan

(Note: This was written by an Australian war correspondent who flew with the crew of Capt. Vernon L. Chandler, 28th Bomb Sq., 19th Bomb Group, on the bombing mission to Hodagoya Chemical Industries, Koriyama, Honshu Japan on 12 April 1945. Squadron Leader was Capt. Joe Simmons, accompanied by Colonel John A. Roberts, Group Commander.)

Princess Pat shortly after arriving on Guam. Note names on engines as well as Princess Pat name. (*Pat Chandler*)



Pat Chandler – ‘Princess Pat’ aged 1, 1944. (*Pat Chandler*)



General view of 28th Squadron area. Note black bottoms. M-2 is the plane furthest from the camera. (*19th Bomb Group*)

Bomb release over Japan amidst flak bursts. The identities of the planes in the photo is not known but is believed to show the 19th BG. (*S. Smisek*)





Public Relations Office
 Pacific Headquarters
 Army Air Forces

Mailed: MAY 15 1945

HEADQUARTERS, 21ST BOMBER COMMAND, GUAM---
 This is the Superfortress "City of Bakersfield"
 and her crew which have been acting as Bakers-
 field's representatives in carrying the war to
 Japan. Left to right, crew members are: (stand-
 ing) Captain Vernon L. Chandler, Airplane commander,
 of Bakersfield, Calif.; 1st Lt. James F. Stevens,
 pilot, of Daytona Beach, Fla.; 1st Lt. George
 H. Lane Jr., navigator, of Hasbrouck Heights, N.J.;
 1st Lt. Neil C. Allen, bombardier, of Lincoln,
 Nebr.; 2nd Lt. Frank J. Hermes, Jr., instrument
 specialist, Cincinnati, Ohio. Kneeling: M/Sgt.
 Harold L. Galbreath, flight engineer, Devers,
 Texas; Sgt. Douglas F. Snook, gunner, Saginaw,
 Mich.; Sgt. Rutger, H. Kindberg, gunner, Rehoboth,
 Mass.; Sgt. Robert W. Tannahill, radio operator,
 Arlington, Va.; Sgt. Andrew J. Kerzner, gunner,
 Glendale, Long Island, N.Y. Capt. Chandler's
 wife, Katie, and daughter, Patricia, live at 218
 Harding Ave., Bakersfield. (AAF Pacific Photo).

(Pat Chandler)

Rosters

44 Squadron Roster 31 July 1951

Sqd Cdr	Sqd Ldr R. L. Wade D.F.C.	Pilot
Training Officer	Flt Lt G. W. O'Donovan D.S.O., D.S.C.	Pilot (WF508)
Flt Cdr Flying	Flt Lt Frank W. Alder A.F.C.	Pilot
Flt Cdr Flying	Flt Lt K. E. P. Evans	Pilot
Engineer	Flt Lt E. F. G. Launder	Eng
Flying	Flt Lt Howard Currie	Pilot
Flying	Flt Lt Gerry Maloney	Nav (WF508)
	Flt Lt J. D. Foster	Pilot
	Flt Lt Gordon K. Easter	Pilot
	Fg Off Pete G. Worrall	Pilot (WF513)
	Fg Off J. H. Lucop	Co-Pilot
	Fg Off Doug Cook	Co-Pilot (WF508)
	Fg Off D. F. Denison	Co-Pilot
	Plt Off D. A. Taylor	Pilot
	Sgt N. G. Allsop	Co-Pilot
	Sgt S. A. Blupton	Co-Pilot
	Sgt W. J. Hyde	Co-Pilot
	Sgt G. R. Stevenson	Co-Pilot
	Sgt H. M. Good	Co-Pilot
	Vacant	
Nav (sn)	Flt Lt D. I. Jeffrey	Navigator
	Flt Lt J. G. Armstrong	Nav Leader
	Flt Lt Gordon E. G. Galletly	(WF513)
	Fg Off P. P. Dusek	
	Flt Lt J. K. Bruton	
	Fg Off John K. G. Marsden ('Kiwi')	(WF508)
	Capt. W. D. Badger (USAF)	
	F/Sgt P.T. O'Reilly	(WF513)
	F/Sgt R. F. Rawlinson	
	Sgt D. Lamsley	
	Sgt J. Preston	
	Sgt Keith F. Sheppard	
	Sgt Jan R. Smuts	
	Sgt Z. T. Stepniewski	
Engineers	W/O J.L. Fairweather (Master Engineer)	Engineer Leader
	F/Sgt J. E. Dollins	
	Sgt John King	(WF508)
	Sgt S. Morris	
	Sgt J. C. Peto	
	Sgt Lou J. Pinn	
	Sgt J. M. Silverright ('Jock')	
	Sgt Matt F. Stubbs	(WF513)
Gunners	Flt Lt G. Mitchel	Gunnery Leader
	F/Sgt A. Bruce	
	F/Sgt M. Marsh	
	Sgt R. Bell	(WF513)
	Sgt Robert (Bob) Bevan	(WF508)
	Sgt S. S. Carey	(WF513)
	Sgt E. A. Cole	
	Sgt D. A. Comber	
	Sgt N. R. Curtis	(WF508)
	Sgt K. Firth	
	Sgt A. F. O. Glen-Leary ('Glen' – Rhodesian)	(WF508)
	Sgt R. Goldsborough	

	Sgt S. B. Hill	
	Sgt P. G. Hollingsdale	(WF513)
	Sgt W. G. N. Kellet	
	Sgt D. Lee	
	Sgt C. M. Lyall	
	Sgt I. Micholson	
	Sgt Jimmy J. O'Dwyer	
	Sgt M. A. Palmer	
	Sgt T. E. Parish	
	Sgt A. D. Pitt	
	Sgt J. H. Potwerton	
	Sgt M. J. Simonds	
	Sgt P. J. M. Sullivan	
	Vacant	
Signallers	Flt Lt H. B. Kneale	Signals Leader
	F/Sgt Phil H. Batty	Currie Crew?
	F/Sgt Phil E. Elliot	
	F/Sgt K. Lorenzo ('Lorie')	
	F/Sgt L. Walker	
	Sgt R. E. P. Alcock	
	Sgt K. G. Harding	(WF513)
	Sgt R. Rankine ('Jock')	(WF508) But posted away early.



WF508

Top Plt Off (later Gp Capt) Doug Cook (co-pilot).

Next row Sgt. Curtis (Sig) Flt. Lt. G.W. O'Donovan (Capt.).

Third row Flt. Lt. (later Gp Capt) Gerry Maloney (Nav/Bombaimer), Sgt 'Glen' Glen-Leary (CFC), Sgt. Bob Bevan (Scanner)

Kneeling Fg Off John "Kiwi" Marsden (nav/radar), Sgt (Later Sqn Ldr) John King (Flight Engineer)

The crew was short one scanner at the time. Bob Bevan was a National Service recruit, Glen-leary was a Rhodesian and John Marsden was from New Zealand. (*John King*)

RAF Stories

Operation “Home Run” – Returning WF513 to the USAF

At the beginning of 1954, RAF Bomber Command brought the Canberra into service and the B29A Washingtons that had plugged the gap between the Lincoln and the Canberra were returned to the United States under the code name “Home Run”. This is a brief recollection, some forty-seven and a bit years on, of one such repatriation.

I was a National Service Air Gunner serving in 207 Squadron based at RAF Marham in Norfolk. National Service AGs were called “Widgets” by other aircrew trades, I guess that was because we did not have much to do and there were four of us in each crew. When it was, as it always seemed to be, cold, the cry would go up “throw another Widget on the fire!” There being nothing much to shoot at, we were expendable.

The Washington only required one gunner to do anything useful, other than to keep a look out as, the cockpit was a very long way in front of the tail and turns would otherwise have been blind. The useful bit one of us had to do was to start the APU (auxiliary power unit) that was a power generator run by a Ford petrol engine. We called it, among other things “the putt putt” because that was what it sounded like when starting the beast on the ground when all else was quiet was easy. It was a different story before landing, with the cacophony of the four engines. You try guessing when a motor has fired, when stone deaf.

Anyway back to the plot. At 1520 hrs. on 15th February 1954, WF513 roared down the runway with a crew of eight on board, en route for the wild west of America where all Washingtons were put out to grass. Oh yes those of you with an arithmetical bent may have noticed that two pilots, two navigators, an engineer, a signaller and one gunner add up to seven. The eighth member was a Wing Commander who was bumming a ride and as he was in the centre section with me, I had to behave. No crafty drags thought I, until he offered me one! I forgot to say that we stopped being “gunners” when we climbed aboard a Washington, as we became CFC (Central Fire Controller) Left and Right Scanners and Tail (at least he was) Gunner. My Wingco was Left Scanner, although he spent most of the time up the sharp end.

We headed north to Prestwick, Scotland that was the jumping off point for tracking to North America. This bit was uneventful. We had experienced some minor radio problem and when I went out to 513 later, because I forgotten something or other, I found that a radio tech was fiddling about with the equipment. I was up front sitting in the captain’s seat pretending to be a pilot, when the tech, called to me to do a radio test to the Tower on channel two. The only radio communication that I had done was on intercom and that was limited to “Putt putt on the line Sir”, “Clear Right Sir” and the occasional acronym for “send help its terrible” when something un-nerving happened. Anyway, I punched the channel two button and with great aplomb called “Prestwick Tower, Prestwick Tower, this is Royal Air Force 513 for radio check, how do you read?” Back they came in a flash “Royal Air Force 513, reading you load and clear.” The only problem was, as I later found out, I had forgotten to say that it was a ground test and they are probably still doing a search for the missing Washington.

On again at 0023 hrs, yes that’s 23 past midnight, we always seemed to start things when everyone else was asleep. This time bound for the Azores, which is a very long way over water and I hoped I could remember my dingy drill. Eight hours and ten minutes later we landed at Lages Field and were lead to a parking bay by a truck with a big sign on the back which read “SIGA ME” my schoolboy Spanish had come in useful at last, I knew what it meant. So it seems, did the captain as he followed it. 1251 the next day we were off again, over more and more ocean, arriving nine hours twenty minutes later in Bermuda. Thank goodness deep vein thrombosis hadn’t been invented then!

I can’t remember when it was that we lost an engine. I think it must have been before Bermuda. Well not literally lost it, that would have been careless, but it stopped. This was not unusual for Washingtons so we didn’t take much notice. As we were coming in to land I was doing my scanning bit when to my amazement I spied a B17 with a dirty great lifeboat hanging from its bomb bay creeping up from astern, or in gunner speak at 6 o’clock. Apparently the skipper had told the tower when on his approach that it would be a three engine landing, and they had alerted the Coastguard, in case we ditched. Very comforting. Mind you that was before I knew about the Bermuda Triangle.

0251 the next day off again over more ocean and the USA. At one point one of the navigators said “there’s the Mississippi” and looking down from about 20,000 feet, I am sure I saw a paddle boat. I took a photo but you can’t tell what sort of boat it was. At last, after a short trip of three hours fifty minutes we landed at the USAF base near Dover, Delaware. We spent a few days there, as we were to take another aircraft on to Tucson. I think that 513 was too tired to continue. Not us though. Some of us hitched a ride to Philadelphia and spent our time doing what we always did, sampling the local ale. We went to a nightclub and heard a singer nobody had heard of called Dean Martin. When I think that we were in the place

where the USA was born with the liberty bell and the declaration of independence just around the corner! Oh well I was only nineteen.

1830 on 24th February we headed for Davis Monthan USAF Base near Tucson, Arizona, a ten-hour flight in WF559. I can't remember the time differences but it was still dark when we landed and we taxied for what seemed ages past parked aircraft. For some reason I had to climb into the bomb bay while we taxied and as we lurched left and right on the brakes I grazed my head on something and it started to bleed, as scalps are wont to do. As soon as we finally halted, I was whisked off to the base hospital for treatment. Our American friends certainly knew how to do us proud. In UK, I would have been told to bung a Band Aid on it or was Elastoplast?

Next morning we looked out on a truly amazing scene. For as far as the eye could see, there were rows of aircraft parked in the desert. It was impossible to count how many but I have the memory of hundreds of B29 tail fins glinting in the hot sun. We went down to formally hand 559 back to the USAF. Within a few minutes, the guns and other bits and pieces had been removed, all of the plexiglass had been cocooned with what I suppose was fibreglass and she was up on jacks. Years later I saw a small paragraph in a newspaper that said that the last of the Arizona B29s from the Arizona desert had been used as missile target.

The trip back was fairly uneventful. We went by bus to Tucson Airport, seeing real Indians as we went, DC6 to Chicago, missed the following days flight to New York due to three of us having bad headaches and sleeping in. Oh yes, there was the Chicago taxi driver who tried to get us to airport on time. I'd rather forget that. The Chicago to New York flight that we finally caught was a DC6B "champagne breakfast" flight. Well Alka Seltzer has bubbles too! New York to Hartford, Connecticut, was by Convair - very up market. The last three flights were on commercial airlines and so we were spoilt for what was to come.

Hartford was close to Westover USAF Base, the main US base for MATS, the Military Air Transport Service and I think all US service personnel would have left the States for Europe from there.

ACM was not the last word in comfort with freight in the middle of the fuselage, we sat in what was a sort of canvas bucket bench strung over aluminium tube that cut into your legs, for hour upon hour. We were supposed to stop in Newfoundland for a meal and a refuel, but when we climbed aboard, we could all smell a distinctly kerosene smell. The Loadmaster was a Master Sergeant and we told him that they must have refueled this piston-engined aircraft with jet fuel. He refused to believe us, at first but finally agreed to speak to the captain. Sure enough, it was J4 jet fuel. So we had a good night's rest while the tanks and lines were purged. At breakfast, I saw my first RCMP Mountie, complete with red tunic, jodhpurs and "boy scout hat". On again across the Atlantic to the Azores and then on to Blighty. Great, we were to land at Burtonwood, only a few miles from Marham and it was to be a Station Stand Down, two days to sleep this off! After hours of painful legs and rears, we let down to the Burtonwood runway, I glimpsed it through snow as I twisted round to peer out of the port. Suddenly a great roar of engines - the landing aborted! And guess what, two hours later we landed back at Prestwick, being the closest clear diversion point.

There was no easy way to get back to Marham and so we headed for our homes. Across Scotland by train, ensuring that nobody picked our 'chutes by the silver "D" ring. We looked proper Charlies in RAF Uniform carrying our kit and a backpack parachute! Change at Edinburgh to catch the London Express, hours more on the train to arrive in London after midnight. Across to Charing Cross Station to wait in the cold for the first train on the Mid Kent Line to Hayes. Three hours later, on the train. My home station was three from the end of the line and I awoke to have a porter shaking me and saying "Where was it you wanted to get off son?" I stood up on the next train back up the line and slept for the entire weekend to be back at Marham by 2359 hrs on the Monday. Talk about "Home Run"

John Forster
October 2001



Not WF513 but reminiscent of WF513s final departure!
A Washington departs from Marham.
(John Forster)

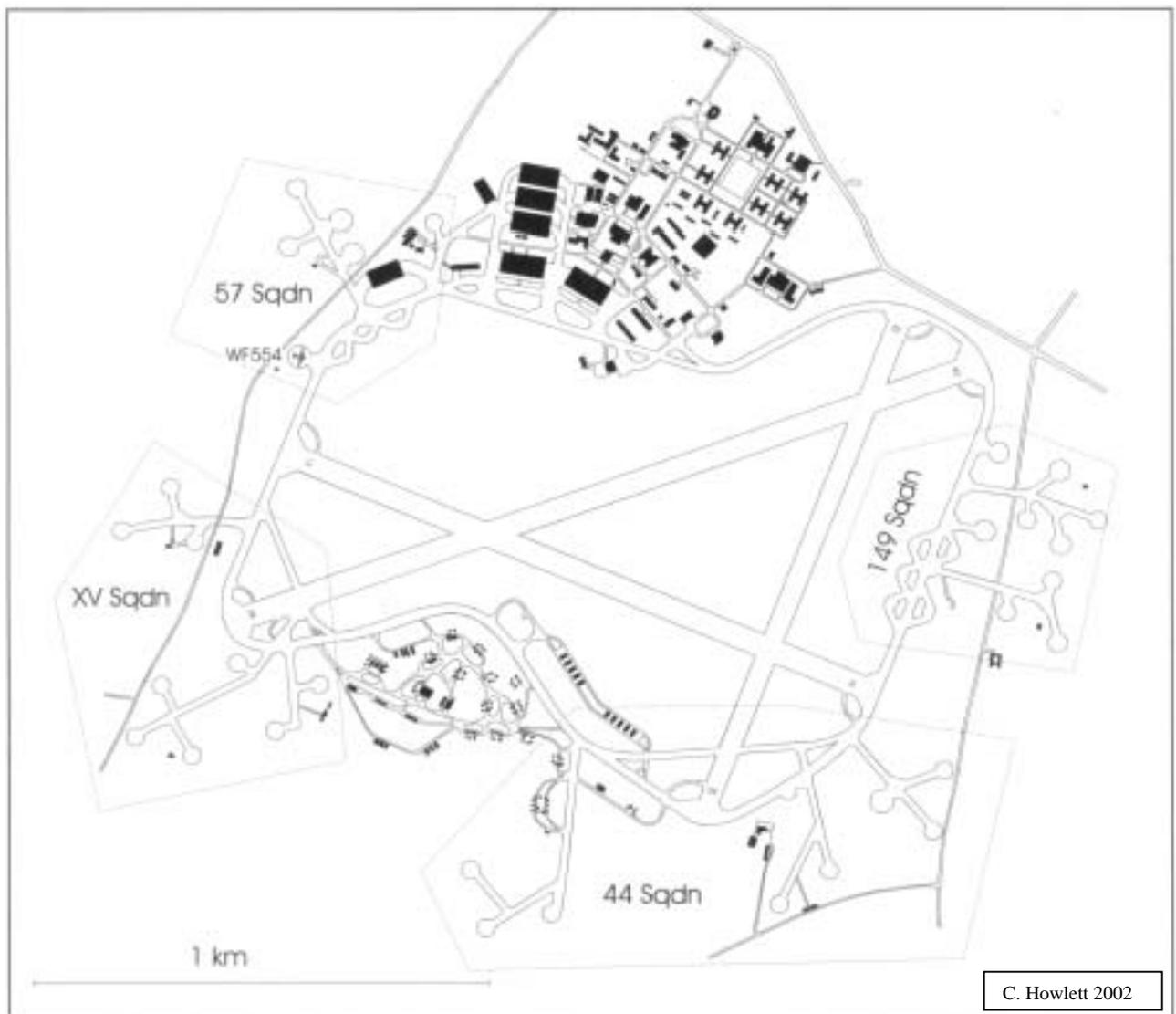
RAF Coningsby

On the following two pages are sketch maps of RAF Coningsby as it was in the 1950s. They have been drawn from some aerial photographs supplied by English Heritage. The photographs are dated 1948 so not everything will be correct (nor will my copying have done them any favours!). However, there should not be many differences.

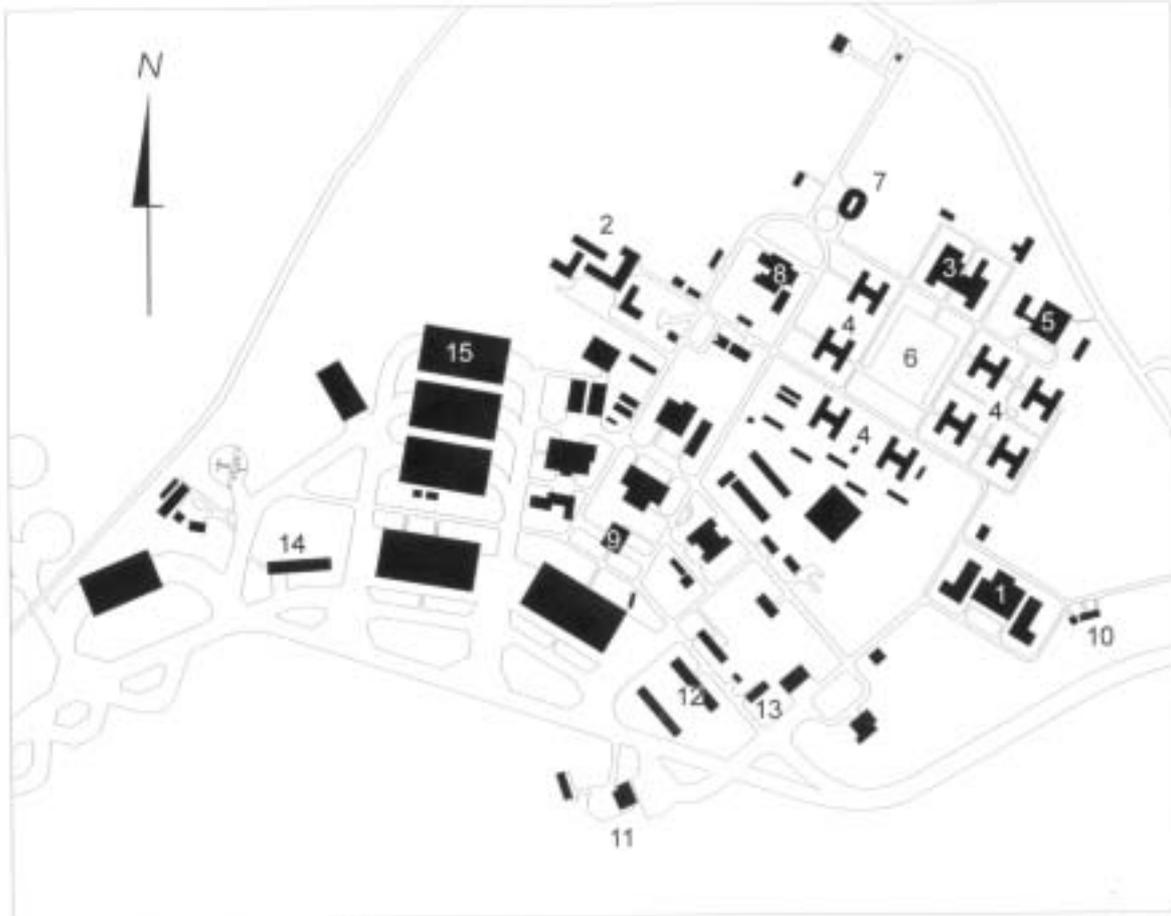
If possible I would like to annotate the maps with where significant places were, where known they have been done already. If you can remember any others I would be most interested in hearing. In particular I am interested in individual aircraft hardstands (so far I have only WF554), squadron offices, street names etc.

Of note perhaps is the length of Coningsby's runways. The US 20th Air Force had problems operating their B-29s from the Marianas islands with 8,500 ft runways. The main one (26/08) at Coningsby was only 6,000 ft, with the others being shorter (4800 and 4200ft) although I guess that take offs were not done at the gross weights (140,000lbs) that the WWII flights used. Were maximum weight take offs practiced? If so, does anyone recall problems with getting airborne! (The Marham squadrons had it easy in comparison since Marham's main runway was huge at 9,100ft – see plan in next issue!).

RAF Coningsby circa 1950



RAF Coningsby



Sketch map of technical area circa 1950

C. Howell 2002

- | | | | |
|----|----------------------------|--------|------------------------------|
| 1 | Officer's Mess | 11 | Flying Control |
| 2 | Sergeant's Mess | 12 | 149 Squadron Offices |
| 3 | Airman's Mess | 13 | 149 Squadron Gunnery Section |
| 4 | Airman's 'H block' billets | 14 | 57 Squadron Offices |
| 5 | NAAFI | 15 | Hanger used as garage |
| 6 | Parade Ground | 16 ... | To be added!! |
| 7 | Main Guard House | | |
| 8 | Station Headquarters | | |
| 9 | Station Armoury | | |
| 10 | Station Commander's House | | |

Photo Corner



149 Squadron in close formation. Note streamlined turret on plane in distance. This makes it WF547, one of the 2 RAF B-29s with such a turret. Note also the erased '8' (?) on WF491's tail, presumably a remnant of its US service. (*Jeff Brown*)



WZ966, one of 192 Squadron's ELINT Washingtons. The identities of the equipment needing the various antennae is not known – any clues? (*Julian Horn*)



Oil Leak! Maybe WF501, 90 Squadron 'N'. (*Mike Davis*)



Polishing WF556 in preparation for a flypast – there was a lot of it too! (*Mike Davis*)

Contacts

A list of those people who have made contact with me – if you wish to contact any of them, let me know and I will pass on your request:

David	Alexander	ASF Marham
Phil	Batty	44 Squadron Navigator
Gerry	Beauvoisin	57 Squadron Air Gunner
Ray	Belsham	ASF Engine Fitter Marham
Joe	Bridge	Webmaster, RAF Marham Website
Jeff	Brown	149 Squadron Air Gunner
William	Butt	115 Squadron Crew Chief
Katie	Chandler	Widow of Vern Chandler, A/C 44-69680 (WF437)
Pat	Chandler	Daughter of Vern Chandler, A/C 44-69680 (WF437)
Brian	Channing	149 Squadron Navigator
Bob	Cole	149 Squadron Electrical Fitter (WF498)
Terry	Collins	XV Squadron Engine Fitter
Doug	Cook OBE	44 Squadron Co-Pilot (WF508)
John (Buster)	Crabbe	207 Squadron Crew Chief
Don	Crossley	90 Squadron Signaller
Howard	Currie	44 Squadron Pilot
Mike	Davies	90 Squadron Air Gunner
Keith	Dutton	?? Squadron Air Gunner
Ken	Firth	44 Squadron Air Gunner
Charles	Fox	Bombardier 42-94052 (WF444)
Dave	Forster	Researching RAF ELINT Squadrons
John	Forster	207 Squadron / WCU Air Gunner
Ray	Francis	57 Squadron Association
Gordon	Galletly	44 Squadron Navigator / Bombardier
Norman	Galvin	XV Squadron Engine Fitter
Alan	Gamble	90 Squadron Radio Operator
Brian	Gennings	Ground Maintenance Hanger
Bob	Goater	XV Squadron Instrument NCO
Tony	Goodsall	90 Squadron Air Gunner
Ken	Harding	44 Squadron Signaller
Roy	Hild	Pilot 42-94052 (WF444)
Tony	Hill	Archivist P&EEE Shoeburyness
Julian	Horn	RAF Watton Website
Henry	Horscroft	44 Squadron Association
Brian	Howes	115 Squadron
John	Howett	A/C 44-61688 (WF498)
Ernest	Howlett	44 Squadron Engine Fitter (WF512)
Jimmy	James	Engine Fitter
David	Karr	Nephew of William Karr, XV Squadron Air Gunner
J.	Kendal (Ken)	90 Squadron ??
Andrew	Kerzner	Tail Gunner 44-69680 (WF437)
John	King	44 Squadron Flight Engineer

John	Laing	207 Squadron Air Gunner
George	Lane	Navigator 44-69680 (WF437)
Peter	Large	Brother of Edward Large, Pilot 44 Squadron????
Pete	Lewis	149 Squadron Engine Fitter
G.	Maloney	44 Squadron Pilot (WF508)
Patrick	McGrath	115 Squadron Pilot
Tom	McKosker	A/C 44-61634 (WF439)
P.	McLaughlin	Engineering Officer, Pyote Texas
Peter	Morrey	90 Squadron Air Gunner
Mo	Mowbrey	57 Squadron Air Gunner
Ralph	Painting	57 / 192 Squadron Flight Engineer
Tom	Pawson	35 Squadron Signaller
Harry	Rickwood	149 Squadron Electrical Fitter
Harold	Roberts	Witness to crash of WF502
William	Santavicca	Gunner 'Look Homeward Angel', 6 th Bomb Group Association
S	Smisek	Son of A/C of City of San Francisco (K-29, 330 th Bomb Group)
Joe	Somerville	Engine Fitter Marham
Derek	Stanley	57 Squadron radio Engineer
Jim	Stanley	
Bill	Stevenson	35 / 635 Squadron Association
Albert	Urquhart	Left Gunner K-39, 330 th Bomb Group
Colin	Williams	XV Squadron Navigator / Bombardier
Robert	Willman	A/C 42-93976 (WF440)
Charlie	Woolford	90 Squadron



WF497, LS-A of XV Squadron (*Terry Collins*)