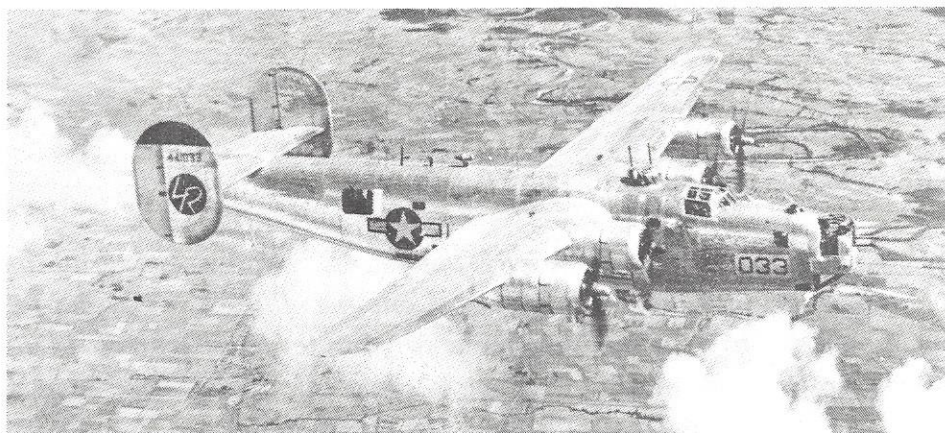




370th



371st



372nd



424th

## 307TH BOMBARDMENT GROUP (HV) ASSOCIATION - THE LONG RANGERS - 13TH AIR FORCE

2002-2

NEWSLETTER

OCTOBER 2002

### QUOTES OF NOTE:

*"The eyes of other people are the eyes that ruin us. If all but myself were blind, I should want neither fine clothes, fine houses, nor fine furniture."*

- Benjamin Franklin

*"Despite our scientific age, one of the least popular items on the menu today seems to be food for thought."*

- Dr. O.A. Battista

*"The more you listen to the voice within you, the better you will hear what is sounding outside."*

- Dag Hammerskjold

*"A bore is a person who opens his mouth and puts his feet in it."*

- Henry Ford

*"When opportunity knocks at the door, some people are out in the backyard looking for four-leaf clovers."*

- Anonymous

*"Anyone can get old; all you have to do is live long enough."*

- Groucho Marx

*"Middle age: When you are sitting at home on Saturday night and the telephone rings and you hope it isn't for you."*

- Ring Lardner

*"Progress is what you can make tomorrow only if you get done today what you should have done yesterday."*

- Quote

### REUNION MEMORIES

Reunion number 14 is over. Where have the last thirty-two years gone? It was in 1970 that Carl Whitesell first began his search for 307th crew members. From the first group of seven men that met in Reno in 1974, who would have thought that one day there would be a "307th Bombardment Group Association" with a one time membership of over 1000. Much less that a couple of renegade "Honorary" members would end up working with the group all these years.

The years brought a great deal of enjoyment to Walt and to me. We loved the friendships we gained in knowing all you people. Walt's help was such an asset in keeping all the records of the 307th up to date. I'm afraid I am not as organized as he was, but I try my best.

To all of you who attended the 14th Annual Meeting in Salt Lake City where the beautiful plaques honoring Walt and I were presented to our family, you have our grateful thanks.

Working with the 307th all these years has been our/my pleasure.

Sincerely,

Cena Marsh  
Kristy Jones  
Susan McQueen  
Kevin Marsh

### News from the President

*Well, we have another great reunion behind us. What a wonderful time we all had in Salt Lake City. Thank you, Cena for all the hard work. Job well done!!! We enjoyed seeing everyone again and for those who could not make it for whatever reason, we hope to see you in Nashville, TN in 2004.*

*We were pleased and honored to have had the largest number of children of the 307<sup>th</sup> with us in Salt Lake City. These young people are the future of our organization. They will be the future leaders of the 307<sup>th</sup> as all of us are beginning to show our ages and we are losing a number of members each year. Our children will keep our efforts and memories alive if we continue to include them in the ongoing operations of the organization. I believe that each one of them have our best interest at heart and will do their best to insure that we have an enjoyable time at future reunions. It was also our pleasure to welcome Stanley Foreman, son of Stanley Ray Foreman, 372<sup>nd</sup> KIA 1944 and Sharon Crowley-Edwards, daughter of William E. Crowley, 372<sup>nd</sup> KIA 1944, Yap Island to our group. They never knew their fathers and have been looking for their comrades for some time. We are very glad to have them with us. And last, but not least, we were honored to have Honorary Members Bill & Joyce Adams from England with us. We hope that they enjoyed being with us as much as we enjoyed having them.*

*While in Salt Lake City, the following members were elected to office for the coming two years: President C. E. Jordan, Sr.*

*Vice-President: Jim V. Walsh*

*Sec.-Treasurer: Cena Marsh*

*Historian: Jim Kendall*

*Parliamentarian: John Palmer*

*On Wednesday, September 18, 2002 Jean, Cathy, and I went to Washington, DC to present the Air Force Memorial Foundation with the \$2500.00 donation voted on at the business meeting. They were very pleased and asked that we send their thanks to each and everyone of you and to let you know they are moving right along with the plans for the memorial. Groundbreaking is expected in September, 2004 with completion in 2006.*

*On a sadder note, we were shocked to awake Sunday morning as the reunion was ending to find that our comrade Stanley Haduch, had taken*

*his last flight. Our thoughts and prayers are with his family in this time of sorrow.*

*I am in the process of selecting members for the nominating and site committees for the upcoming reunion in Nashville, TN. If you would like to volunteer or if you would like to nominate someone, please contact me as soon as possible at (804) 526-7249 or at [branscack@msn.com](mailto:branscack@msn.com) on the internet.*

*I wish each of you clear skies as we enter into the fall and winter seasons.*

*C. E. Jordan*

#### THE LAST FLIGHT

Dan Cauffiel, one of the original seven that began the 307th Bomb Group Assn., died on July 23, 2002. Dan took over the reins of the 307th Bomb Group in 1979 after the death of Carl Whitesell. He then served as President of the Group for eight years starting as our first officially elected president. Dan chaired the 1990 Las Vegas reunion and from 1974 missed attending only one reunion.

Dan was the "Greatest Champion" of the 307th. He worked tirelessly trying to locate 307th members by sending out letters and cards.

Dan was a special person, "A Diamond in the Rough" and he will be greatly missed.

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May 7, 2002 saw us also losing Marty Sporn. Marty was another tireless worker for the 307th. Marty, along with his wife Anita, were instrumental in drafting the By-Laws that form our Association.

In 1984 Marty chaired the Orlando reunion, one of the best reunions we have ever had. Anita served as Association Parliamentarian until her death in 1998.

The years seem to be taking more and more of our old friends. The Christmas newsletter will honor all those we have lost during 2002.

#### PUBLICATIONS AVAILABLE

We now have copies of Sam Britt's book, "THE LONG RANGERS, A Diary of the 307th Bombardment Group (H)" available.

COST: Including shipping and handling is \$20.00.

Sam Walkers book "UP THE SLOT" is also now available.

COST: Including shipping and handling is \$20.00.

I also have some copies left of the reprinted book "We'll Say Goodbye". The cost of that books is also \$20.00.

Anyone wanting to order copies of the above book should mail their request to:

307th Bombardment Group Assn.  
262 East Valley View Drive  
Preston, Idaho 83263

Make checks payable to:

307th Bombardment Group

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## FROM YOUR HISTORIAN

Another reunion is history and as usual, everyone had a great time. Our thanks to Cena Marsh for all the planning, executing and overseeing of this meeting.

Many of us were accompanied by children and grandchildren and it is noteworthy that for the first time one of the officer posts in the 307th Bomb Group Association is being filled by one of those "Kids of the 307th". Jim Walsh, Jr. was elected Vice President at the general meeting and Jim also volunteered to serve as Reunion Host for the next reunion, scheduled for 2004 in Nashville, Tennessee. This is a heartwarming development and we can only hope the trend continues.

### AWON

Many of you may never have heard of AWON, the American WWII Orphans Network. This organization is made up of people who were young children when their fathers were killed during WWII. Only a kid in this situation can really know of the emptiness and sense of loss that can remain throughout a lifetime when other kids' fathers came home and their fathers did not. The military is generally of little help because of wartime censorship and, after the war, lack of research personnel. Families were seldom brought up to date as to the circumstances, and often, even the location, of their loss. AWON attempts to remedy this by helping, with members cooperation, to fill in some of the blanks relating to the death of their fathers. We were honored that two of the AWON members, Sharon Edwards and Stanley Foreman, were among the attendees at the 2002 reunion in Salt Lake City Both have joined the 307th Bomb Assoc.

We contacted Stanley Foreman via email after seeing his request for 307th information on the Internet ([www.heavybombers.com](http://www.heavybombers.com)). Stan was seeking word of his father, Stanley R. Foreman, who was lost with the 372nd Davis crew following a collision with the 372nd Kienzle crew after bombing Palau on 8-25-44. Through their connections in AWON, Stan was able to put Sharon Edwards in contact with the Association. Sharon's father, William E. Crowley, was lost with the rest of the 372nd Diedrich crew

when their plane and that of the 370th Sylor crew collided after bombing Yap on 7-15-44.

The following note which Sharon sent to all the members of her AWON gang outlines a bit of what she and Stan experienced at the reunion as members of AWON and the 307th Association.

*"In the past week, Susan Linville wrote and implored us to "run — don't walk" to any opportunity to meet our dads' contemporaries. I have just returned from an abbreviated, but forever memorable visit with my dad's 307th Bombardment Group. I was only able to attend for the final day, but I was nonetheless able to freely and informally circulate about the hospitality room and attend the banquet (and hear a speaker I'll describe shortly).*

*Quick background. Almost immediately upon joining the AWON just a short year ago, AWON member Stan Foreman wrote to welcome me and excitedly share that it appeared our dads were in the same squadron. At the same time, he told me he'd been in contact with Jim Kendall, the historian for the 307th BG Assoc. I was invited to call Jim right away and was dumbstruck to learn that he was also an eye witness to the mid-air collision of my dad's plane with another plane! The extent of (mis)information about my dad was "he was shot down over Yap Island". (How's that for the power of the AWON network? And all in the space of my first couple days.)*

*This past Saturday morning, I had barely checked in at the Salt Lake City reunion when Stan, by pre-reunion photo exchange, recognized me and directed me to the hospitality room. Stan had arrived the day prior, so he'd already met some of the attendees. I have a near reverence for all of our precious WWII vets, so Stan's presence buffered me against a sense of intimidation. I took a speed run up to my room to put my suitcase down and grab my little "kit" of material I'd had the presence to prepare and bring with me. (I made copies of our AWON brochure from the current issue of The Star. I also made up an information sheet with a picture of my dad, his service affiliation and MIA info, a photo of his crew and a list of the crew members of the plane with which it collided, a photo of my mom about the time he died, a picture of me, my address and email (for reference after the reunion).*

*I was so warmly greeted by the group's secretary, I knew I wouldn't need to hold Stan's hand throughout. Many of the attendees were on a group tour (which I'd signed up for, but arrived too late to join), so the small group who were in the hospitality room were at our disposal. I was able to simply sit down beside anyone and chat with him/her. Providence, I'd say. While one of my hopes was to run into a fellow who might have been in contact somewhere with my dad, I quickly discovered that absolutely anything I could glean from any one of them was of extreme value. They allowed me the privilege of being brought into their war world by way of the vignettes they were eager to share. (Beware the length of some of those stories!).*

*Stan and I took a break for lunch at our first chance and had a little "orphan" chat of our own. (To our knowledge, we were the only orphans there.) Upon returning to the hotel and another quick trip to my room, I was surprised to hear my room phone ringing. It was Jim Kendall who had just returned from the tour, and was looking for me. Jim was clearly in high demand during the reunion, and he had sought me out. Imagine that!*

*For the balance of the day, Jim and his wife Dottie, took special care of Stan and me. They made sure we met men who might be the most helpful in answering our questions. Jim was anxious to introduce us to "his pilot" and "his navigator". (He wasn't the only man to refer to the pilot of his crew in the possessive form. Tells a story in itself, doesn't it?) He and Dottie made sure we sat at the table with them at the banquet, where the speaker also sat. Now here comes the speaker story I promised.*

*Dr. Pat Scannon is a physician and an expert scuba diver whose interest in WWII history evolved first into a search for ships, then into his quest to locate and recover aircraft remains. He told us that what drives him is a desire to help to ensure that the 88,000 (!!!) WWII missing are not truly lost. At this time, he is continuing exploration and investigation into a 307th B-24 that was shot down over Palau 09/01/44 (Arnett crew). He works closely with CILHI ( U.S. Army Central Identification Laboratory, Hawaii) and expressed his high regard for its mission. I introduced him to our AWON and naturally gave him a copy of the literature I had brought with me. I believe more providence put us as "tablemates" and allowed informal conversation that I hope marks the beginnings of a relationship beneficial to AWON. Please go to <http://www.bentprop.org/sap1.htm> for Pat Scannon's incredible story.*

*One of the final moments of the banquet caught me off-balance and took a little piece of me. A young woman who has started the small group "Children of the 307th" made an announce-*

*ment that there were two "children" present whose fathers did NOT return. She asked us to stand. Jim Kendall told me shortly after that he could "see" the lumps in the throats of the other men.*

*As a postscript (which is in reality far greater than a postscript) — the person directly and indirectly responsible for my having this treasured experience, is the man who made sure I grew up with a father — my dad of 57 years — also a precious WWII vet to whom I am eternally grateful."*

*(signed) Bill's kid, Sharon.*

We are not sure just what or how much Sharon and Stan learned of their fathers during the reunion but they would be elated if anyone knew or remembers their fathers or their crews and could tell them anything, no matter how small it might seem. Their addresses are:

Sharon Edwards  
3315 B Street  
San Diego CA 92102  
email: [hjfinol@hotmail.com](mailto:hjfinol@hotmail.com)

Stanley Foreman  
P.O. Box 90733  
Albuquerque NM 87199  
email: [sforeman8@home.com](mailto:sforeman8@home.com)

## VA Hospitals

Bob King flew both 307th Distinguished Unit Citation missions (Truk and Balikpapan) and, for good measure, also took a Yamato 18" shell (which failed to explode) through his left rudder on the Sulu Sea mission, has been a most faithful correspondent. His most recent note may be of interest to our membership:

*"Since I am no longer working I have lost the medical benefits which I needed for my many medications. I take nine different pills daily, one of which costs \$73.00 per month. Since things were getting pretty tight, a veteran friend suggested that I go to the VA Hospital, which I did. The VA gave me a small physical and three days later all my pills were delivered in the mail. They sent me a 3 month supply of each of my nine medications at a cost of \$7.00 per 30 pills, a tremendous saving. I'm waiting now to have my cataracts fixed. I thought other members of the 307th Association may not be aware of these benefits to which they are entitled."*

## **Bacolod City, Negros Island**

Many of us became familiar with Negros Island, P.I. and its many Japanese airfields, including one at the town of Bacolod City, during the fall of 1944. Recently, at a church conference I had the opportunity to talk to a missionary who was very familiar with the area. His name is Nannie Castillo and he has lived in the vicinity of Bacolod City all his life. His comments on present day Negros Island and Bacolod City may be of interest to you:

**Dear James:**

*Thanks for the very interesting information about your bombing missions over the Philippines. My wife and I remember having talked to you at the NACCC conference in Connecticut. You mentioned then that you had bombed Bacolod Airfield on Negros Island. I was born in Negros and my birthplace is just a 45 minute drive to Bacolod City. We have established several Congregational churches in the area.*

*The old Japanese airfield along the seacoast is now the Bacolod Domestic Airport. It is a small one and to date, only 737 commercial planes can land. Two years ago, a 737 commercial plane overshot the runway upon landing, It damaged several houses and hit pedestrians. There is a government plan to relocate this airfield to Silay City, about 19 kms north of Bacolod. This will be of international standard. It is beautiful. My wife and I have seen the plan.*

*Bacolod City has grown into a commercial and industrial capital of the island province of Negros. This island used to be the sugarbowl of the Philippines. But the sugar industry suffered a nosedive. Many sugarmills closed down. The old sugarcane fields are turning into major subdivisions. You see this along the highway stretch from several towns to Bacolod City. Several ra-*

*dio/television stations have been established. The Far East Broadcasting Co. (a protestant radio network) has an AM station in Pahanocoy, an outskirt of Bacolod City. I served as the interim Station Manager in 1983 until I was able to find a fulltime manager. I was then National Director of Far East Relief and Development Services (the relief and social action arm of FEBC Radio) so I could not be manager of the radio station for long.*

*The race track around which the Japanese airstrip was built is no longer there. The people's favorite gambling pastime now is cockfighting so cockpit arenas have mushroomed and the race track left to oblivion.*

*Yes, I remember some bombings and dog fights in the province. I was about 4 years old and I watched with my friends. We were entertained in our innocence as kids but my parents would pull us away to our air raid shelter.*

*It is good to connect to you. Blessings to you and your wife and loved ones.*

*(signed) Nannie Castillo*

## **Sgt. Verne Joseph Kuenman**

As mentioned in previous Newsletters, a most satisfying and fulfilling part of the Historian's job is that of finding answers to family members' questions regarding the WWII service of a relative. Here is another such request:

Jerry Stepanick asks for help in contacting anyone who could fill him in on the 307th service of his grandfather, Sgt. Verne Joseph Kuenman. Jerry believes that Kuenman was a permanent party with the 307th and may have been a cook in the 371st. If you can help, please contact:

**Jerry Stepanick**

**1701 So First Street**

**Harlingen TX 78550**

**Phone: 956 428 4131**

**Email: danstep61@yajoo.com**

## LETTERS FROM THE MEMBERSHIP

Note: From Ed Nowak

### Tarakan Mission - May 21, 1945

On page 229 of Sam S. Britt's book "The Long Rangers, A Diary of the 307th Bombardment Group (H), the events which overtook a crew during a mission on May 21st, 1945, are described. However, instead of encountering a malfunctioning autopilot, the adventure that the crew really experienced is described in the following.

The 307th mission was to support the Australian Army by bombing enemy opposition as the Australians came ashore to take the oil fields at Tarakan, on the northeast coast of Borneo. The Australians were to shoot colored flares into the enemy positions to show us where to drop the bombs.

In our aircraft was Col. Clifford Rees, 307th CO, as mission commander. The Gp Bombardier, the Gp Navigator, and I believe, Maj. Joe Standart, Gp G-2 were also aboard. As Ass't GP, Operations Officer, I was the pilot.

As usual on missions to Borneo, take off was about 2 a.m. and the aircraft flew individually to rendezvous at daylight with the other aircraft at a point some ten miles off the Borneo shore. At this location four squadrons of six B-24's each were formed. It was at this rendezvous point that our waist-gunners noticed oil streaks on our right vertical stabilizer and rudder. The #3 engine, the inside engine on the right side, was leaking oil, not an entirely unusual condition, but since the oil pressure on all engines was satisfactory, the mission was continued toward the target area.

We proceeded to an Initial Point off shore and commenced the bomb run, probably bombing by 3 aircraft elements. On the bomb run, the bombardier zeroed in on the colored smoke flares fired by the Aussies on the ground. When we were within a few seconds of dropping our bombs, the #3 engine oil pressure, which had been steady, started

to fluctuate noticeably. Normally we would have shut down the engine and feathered it, but that would have jeopardized the accuracy of our bomb run, we would have risked dropping bombs on friendly Australian soldiers below and/or colliding with the aircraft that were flying formation with us. So we held off shutting down the engine for a few seconds until we would complete our bomb run.

But just as we dropped our bombs, the oil pressure on #3 engine started dropping below the half way mark on the gauge. At the very moment we activated the feathering button, the engine completely failed. Apparently being out of oil, when the propeller stopped turning it was not feathered but was perpendicular to the airstream and, therefore, not streamlined to minimize drag. This was somewhat analogous to having two engines not operating on the same side of the airplane.

With the propeller of the dead engine in such a high-drag position, we could only maintain altitude by using very high power setting on the remaining 3 engines which resulted in excessively high fuel consumption. It was not considered possible that the aircraft in this condition could get us back to our base on Morotai, which was 725 miles away.

So we turned to the closest American base, which was Zamboanga, in the Philippine Islands, about 390 miles away, a little more than half as far away as Morotai. We were accompanied by the aircraft which had been flying in the A2 position, so they could drop life rafts to us in the event we had to ditch. We spent literally hours making adjustments in power settings, air speeds and aircraft attitudes trying to conserve fuel to reach Zamboanga.

One of our approaches was to make adjustments to the wing flap settings to see if we could improve the lift/drag characteristics on the B-24 Davis wing airfoil. We had some limited success with this approach and were conscious of rates of descents of 20-30 feet per minute. But, recall that the hydraulic pump on the B-24 engine, our dead engine, so what this

approach did was use all the remaining hydraulic pressure we had in the accumulator. On an approach to landing we would have to hand-crank the wing flaps and landing gear and would have only one application of brakes when on the ground.

After hours of flying, (we were not in a jet in those days) and slowly losing altitude, we were down to something like 2000 feet above water. It surely looked like we could not stay airborne long enough to even reach Zamboanga and that we'd have to ditch in the water. Almost directly ahead of us was Jolo Island, which someone on board, possibly Maj. Standart, was aware that the Australian Army was planning to invade that day. As we approached the island we could see a relatively small runway already in Aussie control. We knew we would have to attempt a landing on that runway or go swimming.

Besides that short runway we had another problem. We had almost no brakes since the hydraulic system for our brakes was dependent on the engine that was not working. So we did what many others had done, attach parachutes to the waist gun mounts in the middle of the plane and as we touched down we popped the parachutes to help us stop. We did not quite get stopped by the time we reached the far end of the runway but we were going very slowly as we rolled off the end of the runway into a small ditch.

After observing our landing on Jolo, the B-24 that had accompanied us from Tarakan continued on to Zamboanga and the next day a C-47 from Zamboanga picked us up and took us to our home base on Morotai.

Ed Nowak  
3027 211th Ave NE  
Sammamish, WA 98074-6332  
EdNowak3027@msn.com

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## WORLD WAR II BOMBER CREW'S REMAINS IDENTIFIED

Remains of a ten-man U.S. Army Air Corps bomber crew, missing in action from World War II, have been recovered, identified and returned to their families in the United States.

The B-24D Liberator crew members were identified as: 2nd Lieutenants Raymond J. Drewelow; Waterloo, IA; Edward M. Sparks, Alton, KS; James H. Nelson, Tallulah, LA; George R. Ellison, Danville, VA.

Also, Staff Sergeants Joel G. Williams, Meadows of Dan, VA; Salvatore J. Elhai, Brooklyn, N.Y.; William E. Van Camp, South Bend, IN; Arthur J. Schwartz, Jr., Aurora, IL; Sergeants Gilbert F. Smith, Princeton, IN; and Anthony G. Scaccia, New Orleans, LA.

Drewelow was piloting the B-24 on Mar. 5, 1944, on a bombing mission against Japanese targets over the Hansa Bay area of Papua New Guinea. On that mission, amidst heavy thunderstorms, the aircraft and crew disappeared.

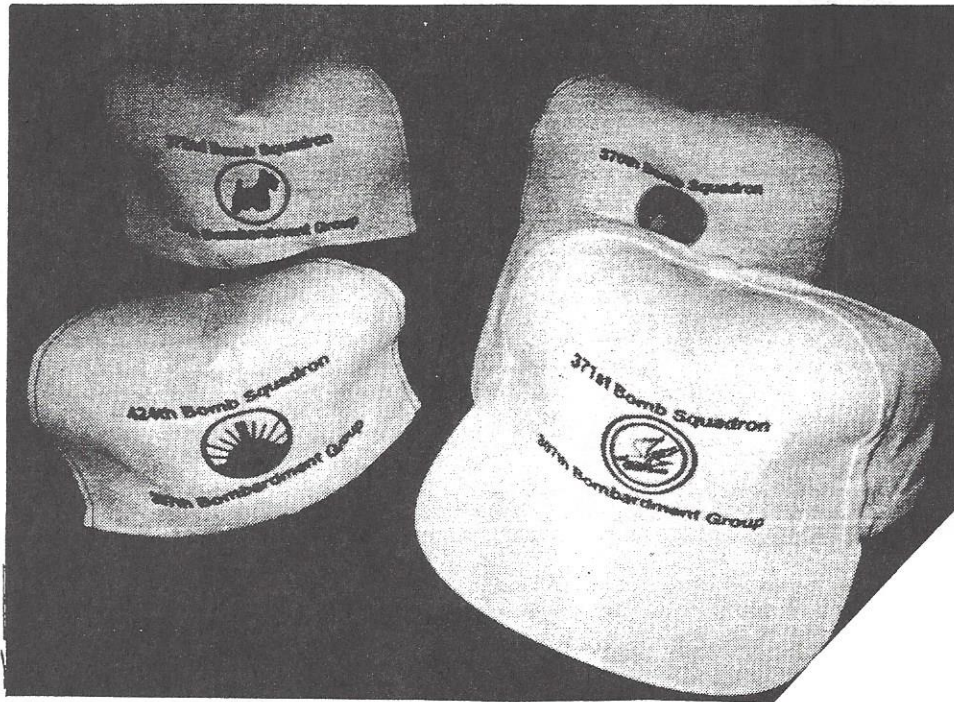
There was never any radio transmissions received from the crew and subsequent searches failed to locate them. U.S. Army graves registration teams conducted wide searches in New Guinea after the war without success.

The former curator of the Air War Museum in Port Moresby, New Guinea, in early 1989 notified the U.S. Army Central Identification Laboratory Hawaii (CILHI) that wreckage of a B-24 had been located in Tauta, Mandang Province.

Between July 1989 and August 1990, 3 CILHI teams located, investigated and excavated the site, recovering remains and artifacts associated with the crash. The remains were taken to CILHI where the forensic process included the use of mitochondrial DNA to confirm the identification of each of the crew members.

Of the more than 88,000 American service members still missing in action from all conflicts, 78,000 are from World War II.

\*above from: Dept of Vets Affairs (Vets  
News Jan/Feb 2002)



SQUADRON HATS - Each hat is done in the Squadron colors - Adjustable

\$8.50 each



SQUADRON PATCHES - Each patch is embroidered in the Squadron colors. They are beautifully done. Size 3" - Suitable for jacket sleeve or hat.

\$3.50 each



### 307th JACKETS - BLUE

Sizes Med, Lg, 1X, 2X, & 3X

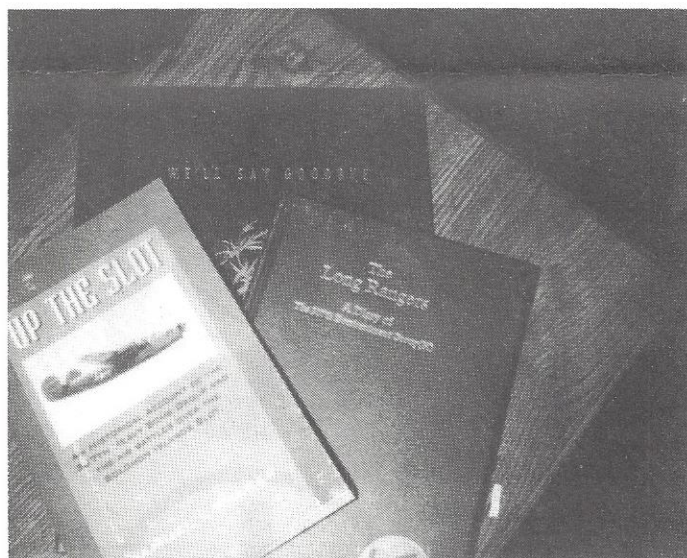
Cost - \$25.00 each includes shipping & handling



### T-SHIRTS - WHITE

Sizes Med, Lg, XLg

Cost \$10.00 each includes shipping & handling



307th BOOKS AVAILABLE  
SEE PAGE 3 - This newsletter.

We still have some of the following items available.

LAPEL OR HAT PINS	\$2.50 ea
MEMORIAL PLAQUE REPLICA	#11.00 ea
LICENCE PLATE HOLDERS	\$5.50 ea