

Happy Holidays

307th BOMBARDMENT GROUP (HV) ASSOCIATION

"THE LONG RANGERS"

Newsletter 1997-3

December 5, 1997

QUOTES OF NOTE:

"The very finest Christmas gifts are not found below the tree; They are never tied with ribbons, nor are they something one can see...It's the sense of love and peace that shines in people's hearts. It's the good will of the season in which each may have a part."

- Author Unknown

"Time has no divisions to mark its passage, there is never a thunder storm or blare of trumpets to announce the beginning of a new month or year. Even when a new century begins it is only we mortals who ring bells and fire off pistols."

- Thomas Mann

"Every young sculptor seems to think that he must give the world some specimen of indecorous womanhood, and call it Eve, Venus, a Nymph, or any name that may apologize for a lack of decent clothing."

- Nathaniel Hawthorne

NOTES FROM THE PRESIDENT

Last May I attended a conference in St. Charles, Mo, organized by the Reunion Network, Inc., along with reunion site planners from some 40 other veteran organizations, mostly WWII Units. It was a three day affair in which we were hosted by the St. Charles Visitor and Convention Bureau personnel at the Holiday Inn Select in St. Peters. After a day of instructions on how to plan a reunion, ie. how and when to accomplish the ground work necessary to have a successful conference, we were shown exhibits from major convention cities in the midwest and Las Vegas. Later we were motorcoached to riverboat gaming locations, wineries, and other locations of historic interest that may be attractive to our membership; also we visited all the convention hotels who helped host the convention. I found none were large enough for a full 307th membership attendance if our recent turnouts were matched. However, I did learn quite a lot about reunion planning, some of which we may to adapt as our membership matures even more.



I had a call the other day from Mr. Len Benbrook, the secretary of the 5th Bomb Group Ass'n (Bomber Barons), which was the other 13th Air Force Heavy Bomb Group we shared targets with. He had talked with Flo Lanning at the recent 13th Air Force Reunion in Las Vegas and they discussed the possibility of our two Associations holding our reunions simultaneously/jointly at some future date. In 1998 their reunion is in April and ours in October. Dates would have to be reconciled. At present if we have 250 or more members and wives attend it is difficult to reserve enough rooms in one hotel to take care of our reunion. I foresee a time when our numbers will be reduced and such combining of two associations may be necessary in order to obtain affordable prices for rooms. It is something for the membership to be thinking about.

On behalf of the entire membership I want to express our deep appreciation for the efforts of Walt Marsh. He has continued to do much of the membership mailings for Cena, to do some of the printing and handling of sales of 307th caps, jackets, license plate holders, pins, etc. In July he broke his hip playing tennis with a grandson, had it replaced and has since dislocated it twice. Undaunted he is still able to navigate and continue to do the 307th member's biddings. Thanks Walt!! Hang in there!! Since Walt is not as mobile as he has always been, an extra burden has fallen to Cena, that of Chauffeur. Our heartfelt appreciation to you, Cena.

Thanks to our historian, Jim Kendall and his associate historian, Harry Sterkel and our VP John Reeves, who are busy with the Reunion #11 book.

Jim-e and I wish you all "HAPPY HOLIDAYS and a PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR".

Dave and Jim'e Owens

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NOTES FROM THE MEMBERSHIP

REUNION #11; RECOLLECTION AND COMING HOLIDAY SEASON

Almost unbelievable that in less than eleven months (time flies) the 307th B.G. will again have the opportunity to reunite at Reunion #12; Hampton, Virginia, October 7-11, 1998.

The opportunity to serve the Group in San Diego, brought us into closer touch with a much broader representation of the 307th membership. Marjorie and I, very often reminisce back to Reunion #11, we savor the pleasant memory of previous and new fellowship.

We sincerely extend our very best wishes to the 307th membership, their family's health, happiness and for the coming holidays.

THANKS FOR THE MEMORIES!

Florian & Marjorie Lanning
Site Coordinators, San Diego, 1996

* * * * *

A number of 307th members have sent me the New York Times writeup covering the death of Lt. Col. Edwin McConnell, requesting that I print the notice in the newsletter. The following covers just a portion of what was written about Ed.

"Edwin McConnell, Aviation Hero of WWII"

"Lt. Col Edwin M. McConnell, the last of the three "Flying McConnell Brothers" of World War II whose name was given to an airbase in Kansas, died Monday at his home in Englewood, CO. He was 76.

The brothers, who were lionized in the American heartland, trained and served together in the South Pacific. Each flew on a B-24 bomber as co-pilot during the war.

The three McConnells, natives of Wichita, Kan., signed up as aviation cadets in the Army Air Forces on March 22, 1943, at Fort Riley. They trained together in California and earned their wings at Luke Field in Phoenix.

Edwin McConnell was a sophomore pre-med student at Michigan State University at the time. He flew 56 missions and came home with the Air Medal, the Distinguished Flying Cross, and the Asiatic Pacific Campaign Medal.

The youngest of the trio, 2nd Lt. Thomas McConnell, died in combat at age 20. In July 1943, his B-24 Liberator crashed in deep fog into a mountainside while returning to base on Guadalcanal from a strike against a Japanese air field.

Capt. Fred McConnell died at age 27 in October 1945. He was changing assignments when the small private plane he was flying crashed en route to Garden Plains Air Force Base in Kansas from Cook Field in Nebraska.

The former Wichita Air Force Base in south-central Kansas, a one time municipal airport, was renamed McConnell Air Force Base in 1954 after Tom and Fred McConnell. Edwin was not included then because it is military policy that a base may not be named after living persons.

The site is now the host of the 22nd Air Refueling Wing. Edwin McConnell paid his last visit to the base four years ago for a reunion of his old outfit, the 307th Bomb Group.

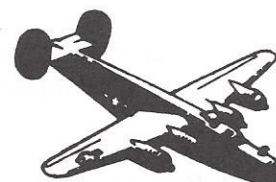
He left active duty in the Air Force after the war, but continued to serve in the Air Force Reserve until retiring with the rank of Lieutenant Colonel in 1981."

HELP

VOLUNTEERS NEEDED TO WORK
AS THE NOMINATING COMMITTEE.
PLEASE CONTACT DAVE OWENS.

7 Hollyhock Lane
Belleville, IL 62221
(618) 235-1919

Taps



THE LAST FLIGHT

*May the trail rise up to meet you,
may the wind be always at your back,
may the sun shine warm upon your face,
the snow fall soft on the hills around you
and until we meet again...
may God hold you in the hollow of His hand.*

The following is a list of names of 307th Members who have taken their "Last Flight"..

Holland, Charles R.	09-04-97
McConnell, Edwin M.	09-01-97
Naughton, Thomas J.	12-25-96
Thurston, Lyndon F.	11-04-96
Warden, Arvie A.	07-04-97

Our sincere sympathy goes out to all the families of these 307th Members.

Dave Owens	- President
John Reeves	- Vice-President
Jim Kendall	- Historian
Harry Sterkel	- Asst-Historian
Anita Sporn	- Parliamentarian
Cena Marsh	- Secretary/ Treasurer

1998 REUNION UPDATE

Plans for the 1998 Reunion in Hampton, VA are on schedule. *See pages 11 & 12 of this newsletter for the Draft furnished by Claude Jordan of scheduled events. The final registration forms for the reunion and the hotel reservations will be furnished at a later date.

Looks like we will be having another great reunion.

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FROM YOUR HISTORIANS

FOLLOW-UP ON MEMORIALS TO WW II PACIFIC WAR MIAs

In Newsletter 96-1 we printed a letter from Mrs. Bettie F. Thomas seeking information from anyone who had known her brother, Don "Bud" Foster. Foster had flown on October 22, 1944, as substitute radio operator on the 371st crew of Gayle Kizer which failed to return from their single plane search mission to Borneo. Also in that Newsletter along with her letter was the entire text of a very interesting pamphlet written by her father, John H. Foster, describing his self financed 1946 trip to North Borneo in an attempt to learn the fate of his son and the other crew members on the missing plane.

Then in Newsletter 97-1 we printed a letter from Ed Jurkens in which he described his visits to the National Cemetery of the Pacific in Punchbowl Crater near Honolulu. In 1995 Ed *walked* up to the cemetery, quite an accomplishment in itself, and while there he copied the names of missing 307th men, from both World War II and Korea which are engraved on The Court of the Missing. From Ed's letter we learned that men missing west of the Solomons during World War II are not listed on the monument in Honolulu but are probably engraved on the Court of the Missing in Manila, P.I. Note that the names of those missing during the Korean War are listed in Honolulu.

Another letter was received recently from Bettie Thomas which will add a bit more information to this story. Bettie was very interested in the list of the missing provided by Ed Jurkens and disturbed that her brother's name was not included. But where in the world, she wondered, would the average person ever find out if there were such a memorial in Manila and, if so, what names appeared thereon? Read on:

"We were impressed by the effort and information provided by Edward Jurkens of Honolulu in the 307th Newsletter for April

'97 wherein he mentioned the names of 307th members engraved in the Court of the Missing in the Punchbowl and noting that the missing west of the Solomons might be listed in Manila, P.I. The Internet advised writing :

American Battle Monuments Commission
20 Massachusetts Avenue NW
Washington DC 20314-0001

and providing the following information on the missing person: name, rank, serial number, date and location of birth, date and location of death, where entered service and unit served in.

They quickly responded that my brother Tech. Sgt. Donald V. Foster of the 307th Bomb Group (H), reported missing near Tarakan, Borneo in October, 1944, is memorialized on the Tablets of the missing at the Manila American Cemetery and Memorial, Manila, Republic of the Philippines. The sad part - our parents who lived into the mid 1970s never knew of this.

We are highly in favor of having a World War II Memorial such as the Vietnam Memorial in the Washington DC area where relatives and friends can see all the names without a passport, visa and the prohibitive cost of extended travel.

Sincerely,
Bettie Foster Thomas

The memorial located in Manila could be left where it is, but it would be highly satisfying to have the names of all Pacific MIAs also engraved at a more accessible location, whether in the Punchbowl or somewhere in Washington DC. At this point, with memories of and interest in World War II fading, except in the minds of the "old folks" who lived the story, it seems unlikely that anything will ever be done to remedy the situation. However, a letter to your Senator and representative, like chicken soup, surely couldn't hurt and might in the long run catch the ear of someone and get the ball rolling.

WAS IT OUR "WOODY WOODPECKER?"

In our last Newsletter (97-2) we discussed a letter received from Rick Hosking of Darwin, Australia, asking if we could help him learn the story of the B-24 he explored while scuba diving near the Togian Islands in Tomini Bay, North Sulawesi (Celebes). A Mr. E.J. "Sig" Everett had written Hosking saying that "his" plane, "Woody Woodpecker", flown by another pilot, had gone down at the approximate position of the sunken B-24 in late 1944. The last three digits of the aircraft number supplied by Everett were the same as for "Woody Woodpecker" from the 424th. The story seemed logical and time was short so we printed the story without investigation.

Further research, however, indicates that the sunken plane was not "Woody Woodpecker", which was lost on May 9th, 1945, when a crew piloted by Lt. Lee Dukes bailed out over the Togian Islands. All 11 men landed safely though widely separated. Six were rescued the following day by a Navy PBY Catalina but rescue attempts, including ground patrols, for the next several days failed to locate the remaining five crewmen. Rescue efforts were called off when it was learned that after gathering at Tobili Village the missing men were betrayed to the Japs who rushed to the village, killed four of the men and took one captive. The captive was taken to Oena-Oena Island by the Japs and was never seen again. Later, Tobili Village was bombed by 307th planes.

We feel sure that the sunken B-24 seen by Mr. Hosking was the one ditched near the Togians by Henry Etheridge on May 3, 1945, as described in Newsletter 97-2. We don't have the aircraft ID number of the plane that Etheridge ditched and it was too covered with fifty years of marine growth for the divers to locate a number. However, it seems likely that the relatively undamaged condition of the wreck indicates a controlled landing. Such would not have been the case with the Dukes plane. The location of the downed plane cinches it.

The above information was sent to Rick Hosking in Darwin and we received the following reply:

"Thank you for your reply to my query about the B-24 in Tomini Bay. I have reprinted the information, laminated it, and sent it off to the dive school on Kedidiri Island so that future tourists and divers can get a feeling for the action and drama of those wartime years.

"I am forty-six years old and I guess my interest in these matters stems from all those WW II movies I watched while growing up in Sydney, Australia. Of course, the islands of South East Asia are also our nearest neighbours and Australia's attention has been turning there more and more over the last couple of decades. Darwin itself is an ethnic and cultured melting pot with many immigrants from these islands as well as from the Asian mainland.

"My father, John V. Hosking, was eighteen when he was sent to the Pacific War in 1944. He served in New Guinea, Morotai and Borneo. His job was to retrieve downed Japanese aircraft and draw plans of their construction. He doesn't talk about the war much and I think he is a little perplexed as to why I am interested in those islands at all.

"Anyway, in May of this year, armed with a brand new diving certificate gained while diving on USAT Meiggs and USS Mauna Loa in Darwin Harbor (USS Peary is also there), I set off to do some exploring in Sulawesi (Celebes).

"Perhaps Sulawesi is not so far away as you thought. Togian Islands are not easy to get to, though. It took me numerous bus and ferry trips to get there after arriving on Sulawesi.

"Finding the bomber and wondering about the story behind it had become a small obsession to me for these past few months so when I received your letter I was "over the moon".

"I am planning on returning to the Togian's

soon, maybe early next year, and at the same time I'd like to go to Halmahera Island to a place called Kao where the Japanese had a headquarters.

"I don't have any photos of the B-24 in Tomini Bay but will try to remedy that next time around. If I succeed I will send you copies. All in all I suppose we spent only 10 to 15 minutes at the wreck and memories can become hazy very quickly so perhaps some of my information is suspect. I am not a flyer and relied on others for my use of terminology. However, at least one landing gear is down (left side) with the wheel broken off and lying flat on the bottom. If there is anything I can do for you by way of investigation during my next trip please let me know.

"I was re-reading some of my journal notes and it occurred to me that you might find them interesting so I have included them here. Feel free to use all or part of them in your Newsletter if you wish."

**EXCERPTS FROM RICK HOSKING'S JOURNAL
OF HIS 1997 TRIP TO SULAWESI (CELEBES)**

Kiridiri Island - Tuesday, April 23, 1997

It is now eighteen days since I left Darwin and I find myself almost exactly on the equator. The Bay of Tomini is in the north of Sulawesi and the Togian Island are in the middle of the bay. Four days ago I had never heard of Kiridiri

Earlier, in a town called Poso, I met a German woman who said she had been to Kiridiri and had dived on a World War II American bomber which lies at the bottom of the bay, out from the town of Wakai. So then I had a reason and a destination. The aircraft type was unknown to my German friend but she said that it sits in 22 metres of water. I wonder who flew it and why it crashed.

Kiridiri is a new dive site, having been operational for only seven months, so this bomber has been lying alone for fifty years except for visits by local free divers.

I am living in one of a collection of bamboo

bungalows owned by an incredible woman of Chinese descent who also owns the great rambling Togian Island Hotel in the village of Wakai. Mrs. Huntje is a strong woman who tells me that she started her business career with a very small restaurant, also in Wakai. Wakai is really only a thatched roof fishing village, yet sitting on and over the waters edge is this huge wooden hotel - a dream that has been forged into reality.

But it is the aircraft and its story that intrigue me. I know if I look hard enough I can unravel it's history. I'm told there were seven crewmen and all of them survived so perhaps somewhere in some government archive, Australian or American, the story survives. The village near the crash site is called Liberte.

Yesterday I went diving to assure the divemaster that I am capable of diving on the wreck of the plane. It was my first dive on a "wall". The visibility was seven to ten metres, not fantastic by local conditions but for me who has dived only in the murky depths of Darwin harbour it was exhilarating.

Saturday, April 27, 1997

This morning, Gonsague, our Swiss diving instructor, informed me this was the day for our dive on the plane. It is a two hour journey to the site and we will leave at eleven a.m. The dive boat is a 30 foot dugout with bamboo outriggers. It has a twin cylinder Chinese diesel engine and a Yamaha outboard auxiliary. We are eight people in all, two Danish girls, long legged, blond, perfect skin. One Danish bloke about twenty-five with a coming bald pate and hair dyed black. Gonsague, the dive leader, a happy-go-lucky character who always offers the unattached females half price for going topless - (Non, non, only joking!), Paul, his energetic, dreadlocked techno-head offsider, the two boat boys, Ipan and Iwan, who keep the diesel spotless but forget to fuel up the Yammy, and me, an Aussie boy who just can't stay home. It's low tide and we get stuck on some coral heads near the jetty. it takes ten minutes of rocking and rolling,, pushing and

and shoving until we finally get her free and floating again. Chug chug past Wakai and up a mangrove channel past a Bajo village with bamboo and timber houses with coconut leaf roofs perched on stilts over the water. These people appear to have almost nothing. They all wave at us and we wave to them. They seem pretty happy. Further on the channel opens out into a bay. On the left trees and bushes cover the limestone ridge with the village of Liberte beneath. Ahead and slightly to starboard there is a larger village called Pulau Enam and looking to the right I can see a big rock or coral head sticking out of the water and it reminds me of a tailplane.

Gonsague lines up the big tree on the ridge with the hut on the beach and the two coconut trees on the next ridge with the tree below them and announces that we are over the plane. A piece of World War II drama sits peacefully seventy feet below us. We don our diving gear and descend to the wreck. It's dark, with visibility only about 7 metres, but suddenly there it is. I can see a shadowy wing and an engine emerging from the blue-green background. We're down and there she is, facing 330 degrees and tilted onto her starboard wing - a death machine now providing shelter to an uncountable array of marine life. The first impulse is to look into the cockpit and Paul and I swim down the coral encrusted wing to peer into the pilot's side window. Everything is still there. Later Paul said that all controls appeared ready for landing. The flaps are at 45 degrees. Everything - but everything - has something growing on it, a patina of camouflage. Around the cockpit window is the only place I can see some of the aluminium colour of the fuselage. Up and over to the starboard wing which disappears down into the blue. Back up to the fuselage and down to the tail. We see incredible winged lion fish the size of a cat. There is more life clinging to this old kite than I can count. Two machine guns would have poked out of the waist windows and though the guns are gone the mounting brackets remain.

Sticking my head inside, the space seems cramped. Those two waist gunners must have been always bumping into each other! On and out to the tail with its two huge three metre uprights - one on each side and none in the middle. There is a giant sponge living near the tail and nearby another coral encrusted lump suspected of being a bomb. It's shadowy on this side and as I drift over and up to the port tailplane the sunlight brightens the library of marine life inhabiting this side of the craft. Of the four engines only one still has its propellor. Down under the tilting port wing is the landing gear in the down position. The wheel has collapsed and sits flat on the bottom. I can see the tread on the tyre. I poke the tyre which does not give and I wonder if there is still air inside. I look up and can see the hole in the wing that cradles the landing gear when it is up. We circumnavigate the beast a couple of more times and then it is time to head back to the surface. We rise, leaving the plane and its history to the fish. A huge school of silver Trevalli, each about a foot long, surround us as we rise to the five meter safety stop. We break the surface and laugh.

I must leave Kiridiri now. I've seen the wreck of the B-24 and the streets of Manado are calling me. In Manado I will have to figure out what to do next. The money won't last forever.

Rick Hosking

We'll keep in touch with Rick, you can be sure. A follow-up story about the Etheridge ditching follows.

ETHERIDGE DITCHING RESULTS IN AN INTERESTING COINCIDENCE

The discovery of the ditched B-24 and its appearance today as related above by Mr. Hosking brings up a strange coincidence regarding their rescue following the ditching. The sea was very calm and Etheridge made a good water landing. The entire crew survived with no serious injuries. The strange coincidence mentioned above actually begins

on April 15, 1945 when Etheridge and his crew were alerted for a special mission. Richard Dixon, engineer on the crew, tells the story:

"Our briefing Officer could only tell us that we would be briefed when we arrived at the strip at 3:30 on April 16. At the strip we were met by Australian Intelligence Officers and our briefing consisted of being told that a group of Australians had been landed north of Balikpapan, Borneo, by submarine. No contact with this party had been made for several days. Our plane carried no bombs but had extra ammunition for our guns plus emergency supplies to be dropped to the missing men if they were located. Our two plane flight was to proceed to just north of Balikpapan and fly search patterns at 4000 feet altitude. We were sworn to secrecy and could not even tell our own Intelligence Officers the details of the mission, because the Australian landing party was a reconnaissance for the Australian invasion of Borneo planned for July of 1945. The mission was flown, logging 11 hours, 30 minutes. No sightings were made or signals seen. No opposition was encountered although we were briefly in sight of Balikpapan.

"Now back to the fateful day of our May 3, 1945, mission and our ditching because on lack of fuel to get us home. The entire crew escaped relatively unharmed and, because the plane remained afloat for at least an hour and a half, we were able to salvage just about everything we would need on the liferafts. Much of the salvage was done by Lt. Thomas Helms and me. One item that I salvaged was the CO2 fire extinguisher. Upon sighting the "Dumbo" I pulled the trigger of the extinguisher and was gratified to see a large white cloud drift across the water. I like to think that white cloud helped the crew of the Catalina to spot us. The Catalina had no trouble landing in the dead calm sea. We were in the water near a large island but the Catalina refused to come any closer than 200 to 300 yards from the seaward side of the wreck and all of us were obliged to paddle out

to the rescue pland. I entered the plane through the left waist bubble and had to crawl over a crewman manning a charged 50 caliber machine gun. He ignored me but kept watch toward the island as I was hauled into the plane by the men inside. Having been bruised and battered in the crash and not feeling too well I momentarily resented this treatment. When it was explained to me by the Catalina crew that the length of time we had been in the water plus the absence of natives indicated that the Japanese were nearby I immediately became much less resentful. Once all were aboard we began swapping stories and discovered that along with the Catalina crew and our crew of eleven, there were also eight Australian soldiers and a large number of Dyak headhunters. The total of live heads on board was thirty-three. I doubt that any one of the Dyaks weighed more than a hundred pounds

"The story of the Australians was that they had been picked up south of Balikpapan, after signalling the Catalina crew with a hand mirror. In addition they were the very Australian landing party that our crew had been sent to locate and resupply on April 16. The Aussies said they heard us circling overhead but they were hiding in a hut and dared not show themselves because the Japanese were searching for them in a nearby jungle. Several of their group had been killed and the survivors circled Balikpapan by land, aided by the Dyaks, until they came to the coast to the south of the town where they signalled the Catalina. My understanding was that the Cat was orbiting south of Balikpapan in case it was needed to rescue aircrews from missions in progress. The sighting and rescue of the Australians was not planned but they picked them up anyway. While heading back to Morotai they heard our MAYDAY and decided to fly over our coordinates but, being heavily loaded already and knowing that another Catalina was on its way, would attempt no rescue. However, after sighting us and perhaps influenced by the lack of helpful natives which indicated danger, they made a water landing and took us aboard.

"Once on board it was reported that the take-off run covered three miles before the plane could get into the air. The flight home was very crowded to say the least. I spent the time down in the hull making friends with a Dyak chief and trying to smoke is native tobacco. I think that tobacco alone could have been used as a weapon against the Japanese.

"We were back on Morotai four hours later, well after dark and taken to a hospital. One more thing happened. While we were at breakfast the next morning our beds were made up by the hospital staff and they went into hysterics when they found carbines, pistols, bayonets and knives hidden under the mattresses. All of this was against the Geneva Convention which banned weapons on the grounds of a hospital. This resulted in the Chaplain coming down to the hospital and taking the arms back to our tent area.

"I think the one thing about this episode that makes it so interesting is the fact that the very people that we had been sent to aid on April 16 turned out to be instrumental in aiding us on May 3. And all of it happened in a dangerous combat atmosphere in Japanese territory where the Australians had already taken casualties."

B-24 INTERNET PAGE

Association member Jack Sloan (372nd) called some time ago to report on his discovery of the Internet and ask if we were "on line". We aren't, but it seems that many former "Long Rangers" are. Jack was particularly excited about a B-24 site he had discovered. Those of you who are already "on" the internet may not have "found" the B-24 web site. It is:

<http://www.mach3ww.com/b24>

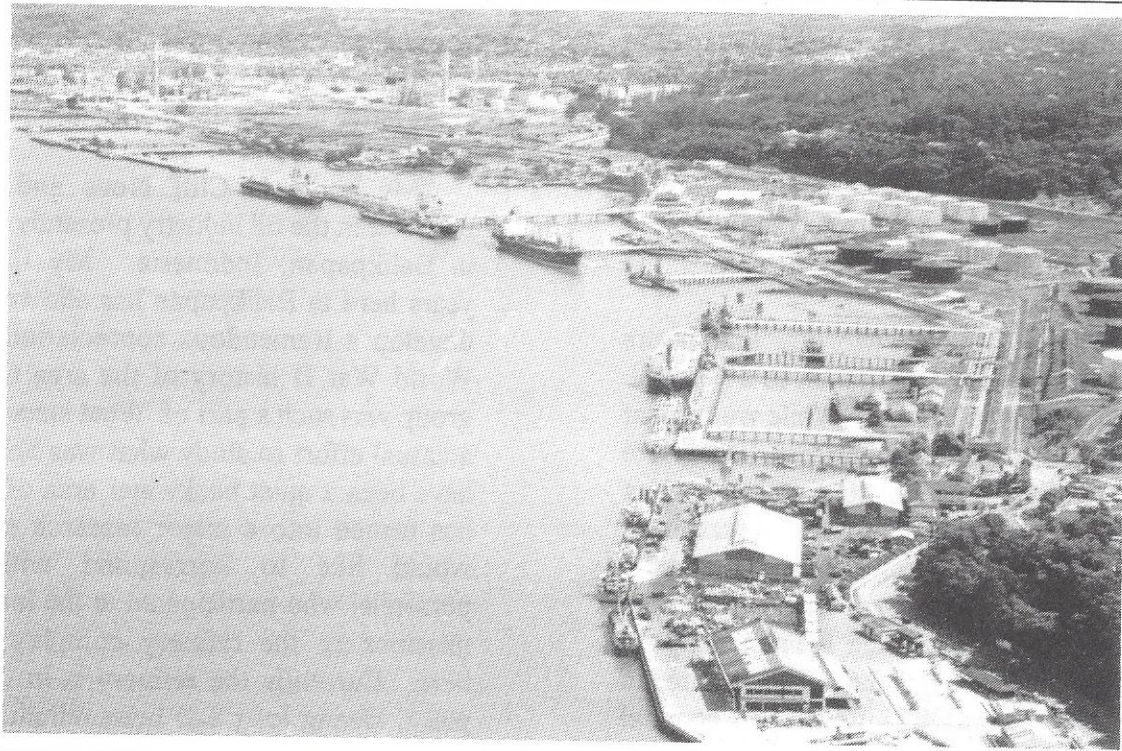
Several weeks ago Jack Sloan called again to report on an e-mail correspondence begun after he found a request for information at the B-24 page on the Internet. The writer, Cliff Neve, was searching for anyone who took part in the World War II bombing of Balikpapan. Jack

responded and they have carried on quite a correspondence. Mr. Neve also wrote us after Jack e-mailed our address to him. Some excerpts from his letter may be of interest to you:

"My name is Cliff Neve and I'm an engineer in the oil industry presently working in Balikpapan, Indonesia. My three-plus years here in Balikpapan has allowed me to develop a tremendous appreciation for the World War II history of the area that your group was such a part of. What started out as a casual effort to study what was believed to have been a quiet backwater area of the war has turned into a major research effort. I would like to correspond with B-24 personnel who participated in the long range missions to the refinery complex located here. Currently the refinery is in the same place, having long ago been rebuilt. It is a major asset to the Indonesians.

"Looking through various libraries and bookstores while on vacation, I began to turn up some incredible information that described Balikpapan in a whole different light. The major WW II history books obviously just skimmed over the area. My thought was that I could write a short history to at least educate my fellow workers. To me it's rather embarrassing to not know about the American history of the area. More importantly, a lot of Americans never came home from here and deserve better than what is in the books. Hence my effort with thoughts of actually publishing a book to fill in the obvious gaps.

"The 307th Bomb Group was proving to be a difficult group to obtain information on. Several published unit histories reference the group but none had any real data to present. When I stumbled onto the B-24 web page on the Internet a huge door was opened. Having communicated with Jack Sloan has been very rewarding from a historical perspective and a personal one as well. I've found it to be a real privilege to be able to talk with you guys who were here. Knowing



Our old target, the oil refineries at Balikpapan, Borneo, then in the Dutch East Indies but now a part of Indonesia, as photographed recently from a Unocal helicopter.

that I've flown in the same airspace gives me chills, goose bumps and a sense of pride knowing what you all accomplished on your missions.

"My plans regarding my history of WWII in Balikpapan is to have my non-published version ready for local Balikpapan distribution by early December. I'll mail you a copy when they are printed.

"You asked, through one of Jack's e-mails, about the existence of photos of the smoke clouds you created over the refinery area back in 1944 and 1945 as well as any other wartime photos taken by locals during the months of bombing. An Australian miner, whose father was in the July '45 invasion, checked and found nothing. My belief is that

none exist as the Japanese were very cruel here. Most everything was destroyed or shipped out. A lot of locals were murdered as well, following their usefulness digging tunnels or repairing facilities."

Sincerely,

Cliff Neve

C/O Unocal-Balikpapan

14141 SW Freeway

Sugar Land, TX 77478

Mr. Neve, after almost three years in Balikpapan, will be reassigned to the U.S., probably by February, 1998. If you care to correspond with him you may write to the above address or, until February, those able to use the Internet may contact him more quickly at: nevebppn@indo.net.id

**A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year
to Everyone
From All of Us**

DRAFT

307TH BOMB GROUP
ITINERARY
OCTOBER 7-11, 1998

THURSDAY, October 8, 1998

8:00am Tourtime buses at hotel
8:30am Departure from hotel
9:00am Arrive at Colonial Williamsburg (\$30.00)
9:15am Tour
12:15pm Lunch on your own
1:30pm Buses depart for Williamsburg Pottery/Outlet Mall (shopping for ladies (n/c)
Jamestown Settlement (\$8.00)
4:30pm Buses depart Williamsburg Pottery and Jamestown for hotel
5:00pm Arrive at Holiday Inn
Evening Dinner on your own
Hospitality Room open

FRIDAY, October 9, 1998

8:00am Tourtime buses at hotel
8:30am Departure from hotel
9:00am Arrival at Langley Air Force Base to tour hanger, B-52, Memorial Park and Memorial Service (\$12.00), group pictures will be taken
11:30am Lunch at Langley AFB Officers Club (\$10.00)
1:00pm Tour Fort Monroe and Casemate Museum (n/c) or Mariners' Museum (\$3.00 ticket)
3:00pm Buses depart
3:15pm Arrival at hotel
Free Time
6:00pm Dinner at Fisherman's Wharf (Buffet \$23.00) or on your own (see attached menu)
Hospitality Room open

SATURDAY, October 10, 1998

9:00am Business Meeting
10:00am Fort Wool/Naval Base Cruise-Miss Hampton II 2 1/2 hrs. (\$12.00ea)
*** 2:00pm Fort Wool/Naval Base Cruise-Miss Hampton II 2 1/2 hrs. (\$12.00)
6:00pm Reception
7:00pm Dinner and Dance (\$24.00 ea.)

SUNDAY, October 11, 1998

Buffet breakfast

Departure

**Buffet Breakfast available daily (\$11.50 ea.)

***Boat only seats 137 therefore we are offering 2 tours

BR BUFFET

per person

October 10, 1998

BUFFET BREAKFAST AVAILABLE DAILY

Chilled Beets

Hot Chowder

Salad with...

Scrambled Eggs, Shredded Carrots

and Mushrooms, Croutons

and Shredded Cheese

Roast Beef

or Chicken

Sauce and Sour Sauce

or Red Bliss Potatoes

and Carrots

Cream

Fruit Pies

Cake

A selection of Assorted Dry Cereals

Chilled Sliced Fresh Seasonal Fruit

French Toast of Pancakes

Warm Maple Syrup

Omelettes Cooked to order or Scrambled Eggs

Cheese Blintzes

Blueberry or Strawberry Topping

Sausage Gravy

Home Fried Potatoes

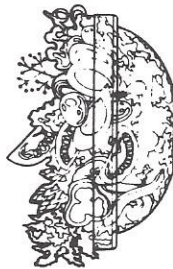
(\$11.50 per person)

World Famous Seafood Buffet

7 Nights A Week

Fresh Salads

Tuna Salad
Crab Meat Salad
Shrimp Salad
Tossed Salad
3-Bean Salad
Caesar Salad
Pasta Salad
Potato Salad
Marinated Vegetable Salad



Cole Slaw
Relish Trays
Pickled Condiments
Beets
Assorted Dressings
Assorted Sauces

Breads

Blueberry Muffins
Corn Bread
Hush Puppies
Biscuits
Assorted Breads
Made Daily

Fresh Seafood

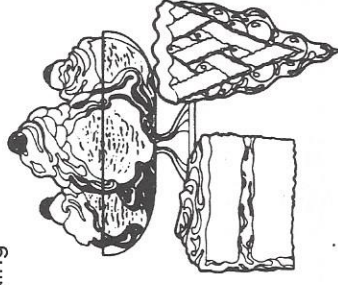
Prime Rib
Steamed Shrimp
Shrimp Creole
Fried Scallops
Fried Select Oysters
Gulf Fried Shrimp
Broiled Fish
Steamed Mussels
Seafood Au Gratin
Fish Of The Day
Fried Ocean Clam Strips
Imperial Crab Supreme
Baked Whole Fish
Deviled Crab
B.B.Q. Ribs
Steamed Blue Crabs
New England Clam Chowder
She-Crab Soup

Vegetables

Buttered Broccoli
Parsley Buttered Potatoes
Cut Green Beans
Steamed Rice With Butter
Corn On The Cob
Baby Carrots

Desserts

Banana Pudding
Coconut Custard Pudding
Apple Cobbler
Cherry Cobbler
Blueberry Cobbler
Peach Cobbler
Rice Pudding
Chilled Fresh Fruit
Strawberry Shortcake
Chocolate Mousse
Black Forrest Cake
Carrot Cake
Cheese Cake (with assorted fruit)
Fruit Cocktail
Dessert Of The Day
Watermelon Baskets
Fresh Cantaloupe (In Season)



Two locations
overlooking the
Beautiful Hampton
Roads Harbor



Seafood Restaurants

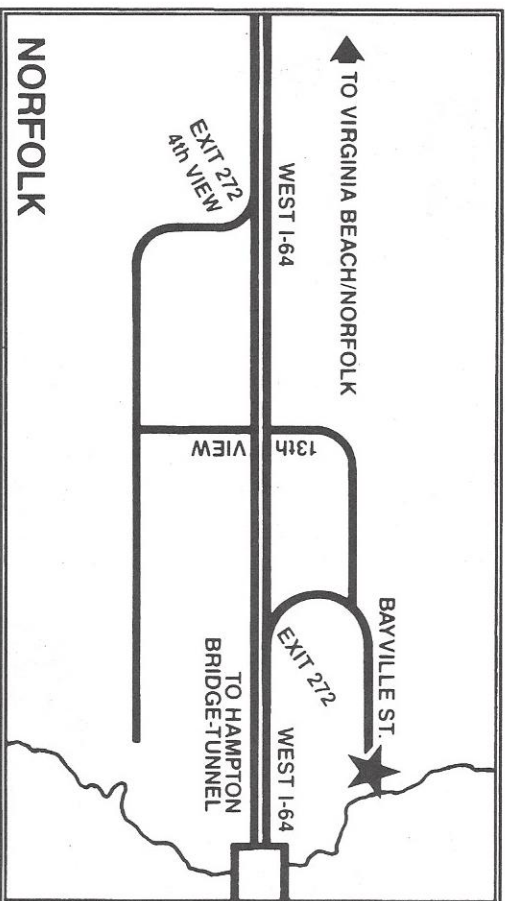
Join us for our
Award-Winning
Seafood Buffet

The World Famous Seafood Buffet, prepared by our Master Chef, is the largest seafood buffet on the coast.
Note: The items and price on the World Famous Seafood Buffet are subject to change without notice.

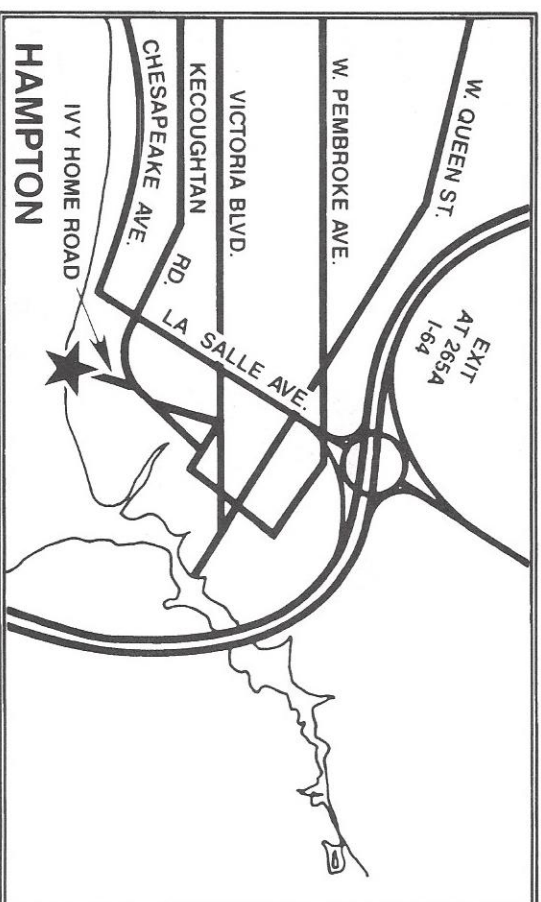


Seafood Restaurants

World Famous Seafood Buffet



Norfolk, VA
1571 Bayville Street
(West Ocean View)
(757) 480-3113



Hampton, VA
14 Ivy Home Road
(757) 723-3113

307TH BOMBARDMENT (HV) ASSOCIATION, INC.

MEMBERSHIP DUES

If there have been no changes in your address all we need on this form is your name.

NAME _____ SPOUSE _____

ADDRESS _____

TELEPHONE NO. _____ SQUADRON NO. _____

307TH MEMBERSHIP DUES ARE \$20.00 PER YEAR

PLEASE MAKE CHECK PAYABLE TO: 307th Bombardment Group

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

If you have any questions please call (208) 852-2260

