



Happy Holidays

**307th BOMBARDMENT GROUP (HV) ASSOCIATION
"THE LONG RANGERS"**

Newsletter 1998-3

December 5, 1998

NOTES FROM THE MEMBERSHIP

With 1998 drawing to a close, let each of us pause for a moment to give our thanks for the many blessings bestowed upon us during the past year. The Officers/Staff want to extend our sincere thanks for your support this past year and to wish you and yours a very "Happy Holiday Season and a Healthy and Prosperous New Year"!!

NOTES FROM THE PRESIDENT

What a great reunion was held at Hampton. Those of you unable to attend missed a good one and we missed you. We have Claude Jordan and his family to thank for their efforts in making the reunion such a success. They all pitched in like dedicated professionals and didn't let up until the last person had left. Our grateful thanks to Claude and his family.

I want to personally thank you for the honor (or is it work?) that you have bestowed upon me to serve as your president of the 307th Association for the next two years. I hope I can do the job as well as many of the rest of you would. We'll know by October 2000.

We now shift our attention to the reunion coming up in October 2000. To maintain the quality of the reunion will take the efforts of many people. Just a few can't pull it off successfully. Fortunately some members came forth after the banquet Saturday night and volunteered their services. More volunteers will be needed and that way too much work will not fall on only a few shoulders. So those of you who live in the San Antonio area prepare to hear from the board members for a little help, and we can make it the best reunion yet.

And now a sad note: Anita Sporn, our Parliamentarian passed away unexpectedly early this month. We will surely miss her. Its like losing an engine on the homeward flight. More information follows in the newsletter. Be sure to keep in touch with Marty and let him know that our prayers are with him. Our prayers also go out to all of you who have lost loved ones since last we met or may before we meet again in San Antonio.

On a lighter note, may you all have a good and joyful Christmas Holiday and a fruitful New Year. See you in a couple of years.

John Reeves
President

A LETTER OF THANKS

The following letter of appreciation is to C.E. Jordan and his family from the 307th out-going President, Dave Owens.

Dear C.E.,

It is with deep appreciation that I express the 307th Bombardment Group's gratitude to you and to your devoted family who worked so diligently and produced such a successful reunion for us in Hampton.

The Association was mindful of your very serious illnesses subsequent to agreeing to host this reunion. We know that the additional stress imposed by Site Chairman's duties certainly made a recovery more difficult and the Association regrets the added burden. You never waived nor complained.

The 307th Bombardment Group wants to particularly commend your daughter, Kathy, for her superb job as your Chief-of-Staff in all matters of accommodations, tours, transport, meals, registration, the banquet and entertainment; she is a true Jewel.

Your son, C.E. Jr., also deserves special recognition for his faithful service in manning the refreshment bar in the Hospitality Room those many hours it was open. This afforded our membership a comfortable nook to re-live WWII memories with wartime buddies and to help re-charge age-dimmed batteries.

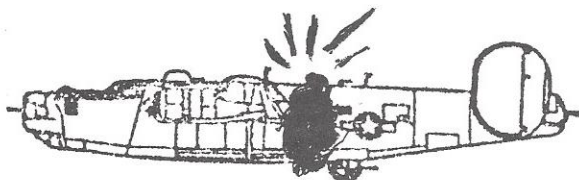
I wish to personally thank you for the beautiful poster of the A-10 Warthog, my deceased son's combat aircraft. I will be passing it on to his 12 year old son this Christmas. Go USAF.

Again, my deep-felt gratitude for the efficient service you provided as our Site Chairman for the Reunion 1998 of the 307th Bombardment (HV) Association.

Sincerely,
Dave Owens
Retiring President"

LETTERS FROM THE MEMBERSHIP

Periodically we receive requests for information, requests to publish certain articles, help, etc. Such are the following.



About 20 years ago I saw the most amazing photo of a B-24 in a book that as near as I can remember was entitled, "AIR FORCE ACTION SHOTS WW-2, or WORLD WAR TWO AIR FORCE ACTION SHOTS."

This B-24 was flying in the right wingman position. Evidently the photo was taken from the right waste window of the lead plane. It is a very clear photo evidently taken with a telescopic lens, as the pilot of the stricken B-24 was looking directly at the camera, with a big smile on his face, as plain and clear as if he were sitting in a studio.

At the split second the exposure was made the B-24 was hit by a burst of anti-aircraft fire just back of the wings, cutting the plane in two! It is still in level flight. And as I have tried to describe above, the photo and the explosion happened instantaneously. (I have tried to illustrate this above. Actually the "blackened" part I have illustrated is in color of an actual explosion, white, red, and black).

I have seen many action shots of B-24s having been hit by AA on their way down, in various positions of breaking-up, on fire, part of a wing having been shot off, etc., but never have I seen this one again. Surely someone out there has a copy. I would very much appreciate any help I can in finding either the book or a copy of the photo.

Thank you,
J.R. Scritchfield
410 East Penn St.
Bedford, PA 15522-1435
(814) 623-5545

NEW PUBLICATIONS

The 307th recently received requests that we mention two worthwhile publications.

The first is "The Spectator" written by David Zellmer, 371st Squadron.

"The Spectator", A World War II Bomber Pilot's Journal of the Artist as Warrior.

From Greenwich Village to Guadalcanal in just over a year, David Zellmer would find piloting a B-24 bomber in the South Pacific a far cry from his life as a fledgling member of the Martha Graham Dance Company. He soon discovered the unimagined thrills of first flights and the astonishment of learning that an aerial spin was merely a vertical pirouette which one spotted on a barn thousands of feet below, instead of on a doorknob in Martha's studio. Reconstructed from letters home, this captivating account traces Zellmer's journey from New York to the islands of the South Pacific as the 13th Air Force battled to push back the Japanese invaders in 1943 and 1944.

Zellmer has captured the smells of the tropics, the color of clouds and sunsets, the memories of home and those far away, and the loyalties that men engaged in a fierce struggle for survival must cherish. He has recaptured for our technological age, where all take for granted the experiences, sounds, and sensations of flight, the feelings of another age where flight, even under the conditions of fear and terror, brought a sense of awe and beauty to those who flew."

William Murray, Smithsonian Institute
Air and Space Museum"

David Zellmer's book "The Spectator" will be available in book stores in January.

* * * * *

The second book that has come to our attention is: "Air Wars and Other Poems" by Chuck Dixon, B.G.

Mr. Dixon's book does a good coverage of flight crews and adds to our nostalgia with his poetry. He takes a pilot thru the realities of Classification, Pre-flight, Primary, Basic, Advanced and on to Combat -- at least as we saw it in the C.F.T.

The following is an excerpt of one of the poems.

DREAMS

Our future dreams hold grand plans
for which we hope will come true.
While past dreams hold the realities,
about the people, and places we knew.

Dreams are tied to the passing of time,
like the passing of life, I would say.
And we can't rerun, that which is done,
to our tomorrow, from our yesterday.

It's much the same with World War Two,
for it's gone, never to come again,
except for memories of friends that died,
and their dreams, that might have been.

Bill will write more "Air War" poems,
about the men that never came back.
Where many were killed by enemy fighters,
and many others by enemy flak.

Bill's poem about dreams was started,
using his small cockpit light.
And 'thought only four lines were written,
he asked, that you hear them tonight.

"Young men dream of the future,
as old men dream of the past.
While future dreams are fantasies,
our memories are dreams that last."

AIR WARS AND OTHER POEMS

For the WW-II flying veterans that have almost everything, to those having only memories. This unique publication is a beautifully bound book of poems written by Chuck Dixon B.G. (Ret) USA. and containing a Forward by the Honorable Casper W. Weinberger, Former Secretary of Defense. To order, please send \$24.00 (personal check or money order - includes S&H) to:

Chuck Dixon
1200 Mira Mar Ave., Apt. 726
Medford, OR 97504-8554

TIMES REMEMBERED

1998 - Seems only yesterday that Carl Whitesell started sharing letters and photos he had received from the Men of the 307th, with me. Twenty-eight years and where have they gone? So many good times have been shared by us with the "Men of the 307th", and so many sad times as Friends take their "Last Flight".

The Holidays bring back memories of times long past. Funny, how young one feels on the inside, its just the face is now lined and the hair turned white, if one is lucky to have any hair. What a trip it has been, we wouldn't have missed it for the world and want to thank you of the "307th" for letting us be part of your world.

HAPPY HOLIDAYS
Cena and Walt

* * * * *

REMEMBER WHEN - RAID ON WAKE ISLAND
December 25, 1942

by Woody Carpenter

As you will recall, the 307th Bomb Group gave the Japanese on Wake Island a surprise Christmas present on December the 25th of 1942. Bombs started dropping a few minutes after midnight on the 25th of December with approximately twenty aircraft hitting selected targets all over this tiny island. The raid was highly successful and caught the sleepy Japanese by complete surprise.

Leading up to this attack there was a lot of planning and preparation which took place on Oahu, Hawaii, several weeks before the actual strike. The first hint that something was underway was when the 307th Bomb Group Headquarters scheduled a large training formation flight just west of Oahu. We took off on this training mission and, after a lot of circling around, assembled our planes into a large group formation. The mission lasted about two or three hours. It didn't go off too well, as you may remember, as we flew into one of those Pacific squall clouds and the formation really came unglued. This resulted in quite a few of us returning to Oahu individually. I was upset about trying to fly formation in the clouds when I could not maintain visual contact with my lead aircraft. Needless to say, with all those

planes milling around over the Pacific without being able to see each other was quite a tense experience. I made a wide gentle turn to the left to get out of the way of all of the other aircraft somewhere in the clouds. Following the mission we were briefed more thoroughly about formation flying under heavy weather conditions.

Following the big training flight, nothing was said or done that would alert us to what was coming up. Then, a few days before Christmas, we were scheduled for a similar formation flight and told that we would be issued a sealed envelope which were to open after a certain time after take-off. The envelope would contain further orders. Well, upon opening the sealed envelope, we were directed to proceed to Midway Island. We were on our way for a surprise Christmas present for the Japanese on Wake Island.

After arriving at Midway Island, the Group started a round of briefings on the mission over Wake Island. It was to be the longest mass bomb raid ever undertaken. When you looked at the map you could understand what they were talking about.

On the day for us to take off on the mission the weather was bad with about one-half mile visibility. As each aircraft made the run down the runway, it disappeared from sight about half way down. With weather like this - and we were to assemble all of these planes into a large group formation? From the ground this looked like an impossible task. However, as you remember, after we took off making a wide sweeping, climbing turn to the left, we starting popping out of the clouds at about 3,5000 - 4,000 feet. The normal procedure of circling and assembling a formation was ruled out for this mission to conserve fuel. We were to assemble as we were heading out on course for Wake Island. A crewmember was to signal who he was by the use of a signal light gun. Man, with dusk setting in, with all of these aircraft breaking out of the clouds at about 4,000 feet and with everybody climbing right on course, it was a real challenge to find your formation leader. After a while we got the planes all together in some form of a fashion. Perhaps not with the one we had been briefed on, but what the heck, we were on our way. As to the light codes, I've never seen so many fireflies in the sky in all of my life!! Now we settled down to a long, long trip to Wake Island,

and set our throttles for the long range cruise control setting. The weather was beautiful after we got away from Midway, so no problem there.

A few minutes before midnight on the 24th of December, we could see Wake Island very clearly in the distance. We approached our descent spot and Colonel Matheny broke radio silence and said, "Let's give 'em hell." We started our power descent from 6,000 feet (I believe it was 6,000 to avoid detection) to 4,000 at which we established our bomb run on our target. Dan Cauffiel had opened the bombay doors and started giving directions into the target. Then bombs away! We felt the blast as the explosions gave us a bump. The crew reported that we hit the target and we saw others hitting their targets, making the island look as if it were on fire. We could see a lot of action on the ground including the firing of AA guns. I got so fascinated with all the sights on the ground that I kept the plane on its bomb course until Kissel said, "Skipper, let's get out of here." Right! I made a wide descending left turn away from the island and after determining all was well, started my climb back to the return home altitude. Funny, at no time did I ever think about getting hit with flak, about all that water down there and how far away we were from Midway. Nuts!

On the return flight I didn't know who was who up there in the sky with us. We just all got together and started for home. As we proceeded home we became more spread out, as each navigator was doing his own thing, I guess. In any event, we began to see fewer and fewer airplanes, hearing a radio transmission occasionally.

As the dawn began to break, we were just drumming along and seemingly quite alone. At this point we began hearing aircraft calling Midway for steers but we didn't see any of them. After a while this radio traffic began to taper off and here we were still drumming along with no one in sight. I kept on the course that Murphy kept giving me and felt that he would get us home. However,

as the radio traffic began to cease, I began to get a little fidgety. As the sun rose higher and higher in the sky and here we were still drumming along, I began questioning Murphy about our course and ETA. We kept checking our gas and from all indications it was getting awfully low. When we started getting close to our ETA I started calling Midway for a fix. Since others were ahead of us we had to wait. As luck would have it, just as Murphy's ETA came up, we got a call from Midway telling us to take up a certain heading. Normal procedure was that they would give us an outbound heading and after determining it was us, they would give us the reciprocal heading for the base. Well, with so little gas I told Murphy that we were going to follow the radio direction needle and head for Midway. I don't remember how long it was before we saw Midway, but it seemed like an awfully long time. I kept expecting the engines to stop at any time as I was sure we were flying on gas fumes. But there it was! - Midway - and I've never been so glad to get back on the ground in all my life.

Later we learned that our fuel was just about all gone. I believe we were the last plane to get back. Before making the final descent to the island, I had those engines cut back so far that you could nearly count the prop blades as they turned over.

The mission was a success and we didn't lose one aircraft. Unfortunately, when Captain Brown of the 370th Squadron and Major Benvenuto of 307th Group Headquarters made their photo reconnaissance flight over Wake Island, they were lost at sea. They got back within 200 miles of Midway and then went down. No one knew what happened. The air searchers found an oil slick after an extended search for them. Today their names, along with their crew, are on the memorial stone wall at the National Cemetery. God rest their souls.

As remembered by Woody Carpenter,
crewmember in the 370th Bomb Squadron.



REUNION #12, INFORMATION & UPDATE

For copies of the prints that were raffled off at the reunion contact:

Paul R. Jones
1304 Lemonwood Drive
Hopewell, VA 23860
(804) 458-0714

For copies of the picture taken at Langley AFB contact:

Photo Imaging, Inc
#10 Gambol Street
Newport News, VA 23601
(757) 595-1787

Photo cost \$20.00 (includes tax and shipping) cash, money order, or check.

Please, if you can, cooperate with the site coordinators for Reunion #13 in San Antonio, Texas. Your input and prompt responses to their requests will enable them to prepare a great reunion for you all. If we can be of any help whatsoever, PLEASE call us!

C.E. Jordan and Cathy Daniel

REUNION #12 -

We would like to express our appreciation to the Members of the 307th for allowing us to present the reunion in Hampton. The planning and all the work has been made worthwhile by all of your kind notes and expressions of how much you all enjoyed yourselves. We had a wonderful time.

Our heartfelt wishes to each of you and your families for a Joyous Holiday and the best of New Years.

C.E. Jordan & Cathy Daniel
Site Coordinators - Hampton, VA

Peace of heart will come when you hardly notice, like the first star in the evening sky, you need not strive for it or see it.. it will find you as surely as light dawns, as purely as water bubbles from a mountain spring..

Time goes by and peace of heart tiptoes softly into your days and whispers in the night -- Be still. All will be well.

I am here.

THE LAST FAREWELL

As the years go by it becomes harder to write this section of the newsletter. So many "Dear Friends" to say a last goodbye to.

Anita Hart Sporn died Nov. 13 at the Holmes Regional Medical Center, Melbourne, Fl. of a massive heart attack.

Anita served for many years on the Board of the 307th Assn. as Parliamentarian. Her expertise, good humor, and friendship will be greatly missed by all of us.

Burial services were held at Arlington National Cemetery on Nov. 24th.

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

Boeman, John S.	08-16-98
Erickson, Reynold	date unknown
Groth, Norton R.	04- -97
Holmes, James	11-14-98
Marks, Robert W.	01-14-98
Michalak, Joseph	09-28-93

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

John Reeves - President
Lynch Christian - Vice-President
Jim Kendall - Historian
Harry Sterkel - Asst. Historian
Cena Marsh - Secretary/Treasurer

FROM YOUR HISTORIANS

1998 Reunion at Hampton, Virginia

There will be many congratulations in this Newsletter for the work of those responsible for putting on the Hampton reunion last October. However, at the risk of being repetitious we must add our comment. It is difficult, unless you have been a Reunion Host, to realize the many facets of the job. These normal problems were greatly complicated by the heart attack suffered by Hampton Host C. E. Jordan as reunion arrangements were being finalized! C.E.'s son, C.E. Jordan, Jr., daughter, Cathy Daniel, and Cathy's husband Dave Daniel, came to the rescue and worked with C.E. to carry out his Reunion plans. They seemed to be helping everywhere during the reunion meeting and C.E. himself was far busier than would have been expected for a recent heart attack survivor. Our thanks to C.E., his entire family and all others who helped out for an outstanding reunion.

More on the Japanese "Hospital Ship"

A recent letter from Sheridan Ostrander fills in more of the details of the story of the captured Japanese hospital ship carried in Reunion Book No. 11:

"In Reunion Book No. 11, Page 84, there is an article about the capture of the Japanese hospital ship Tachebana Maru, which was transporting arms, ammunition and soldiers. There are a few additional details regarding this incident I'd like to fill in for you.

"The Tachebana Maru was stopped

because it was off course from where it was supposed to be. When Lt. Com. Peterson and his boarding party were leaving their ship they were given a time limit for the boarding operation. If they failed to report back in time, the Japanese ship would be sunk even if the U.S. boarding party was still aboard.

"As reported in our Reunion Book there was no resistance and the Tachebana Maru was brought into our port on Morotai. The Japanese crew and passengers were placed in a stockade and stripped naked to be searched. Two pregnant women were found among them, apparently comfort-girls for the officers.

"My crew navigator, George Latkovich, now deceased, and I went to the harbor and boarded the Japanese ship. I can't describe the terrible stench on board, probably a combination of body odor, lack of sufficient toilet facilities and general disregard for sanitary living conditions. There were papers and garbage strewn all over the decks and furniture. There were American made officer's boots, Lucky Strike cigarettes, Lifeboat soap and many other American made products that were either taken from captured American facilities or purchased from us before the war.

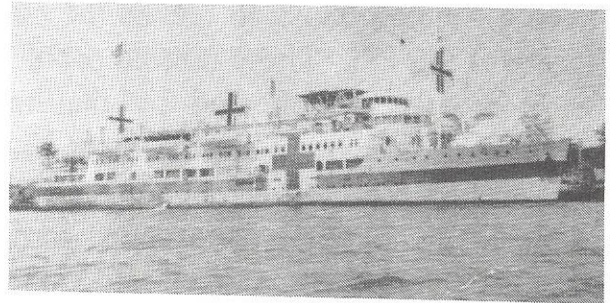
"George and I examined a number of the wicker baskets marked as medical supplies and we saw the guns and ammunition in them. As souvenirs, I took a Japanese newspaper and a postcard which had been written but not mailed. I sent these items home to my family but they were removed by the

censor and and sent to Washington D.C. A note to that effect was included with my letter to my family. Many months later the the government returned the souvenirs to my family and I still have them.

"After the end of the war I learned that a boyhood friend was a crewman on the U.S. destroyer that captured the Japanese ship. He filled in the information about the capture.

"The coverage of this incident in the Reunion Book mentioned that Paul Harvey had used it as the subject of one of his morning programs. Mr. Harvey broadcasts from his Chicago office so after his story of the capture of the Tachebana Maru I stopped by to give him 'the rest of the story'. I didn't get

to see him in person but left my card along with some of these details with his office people. However, I have not heard from him. At the time this was an exciting experience for all who saw the ship, its crew and passengers. Even though the war was coming to an end, our feelings for this enemy and the sneaky way in which he operated made many of us only too happy to make every bomb run still available to us."



The Tachebana Maru at Morotai

Flap over the New Guadalcanal Air Terminal

Blair Rumble sent us a clipping from *Guadalcanal Echoes*, the publication of the Guadalcanal Campaign Veterans Association (GCV) regarding the new air terminal being built at Henderson Field. The old air terminal, to be used for "local traffic" only, contains American plaques placed there with the intention of perpetuating the memory of American involvement in the Guadalcanal campaign.

The problem is that, as of the date of our clipping - March, 1998, there was no plan to move the American memorial plaques to the new terminal where they would be seen by overseas visitors passing through the Guadalcanal terminal. Little or no note will be taken of these plaques if they remain "buried" in the old terminal which will seldom be visited by tourists. The decision to leave the American

memorial plaques out of plans for the new Guadalcanal air terminal is perhaps not surprising, in that the new terminal is being built by the Japanese.

We don't believe that any 307th memorial is involved and as this story is nearly a year old it may be too late to affect the outcome, but if you wish to protest the plan to diminish the impact of these memorial plaques, write to the following address to ask if they could use their influence to correct the situation. Should you write, remember that Air Mail takes only a few days to get to Papua - surface mail takes months.

Embassy of the United States of America
P.O. Box 1492
Port Moresby
Papua, New Guinea

A Note of Appreciation

Through our 307th Association several members were able to help Marilyn Lampert learn more about the death of her husband who flew with the 307th as co-pilot of the McClendon crew. Most of that crew was lost just before Christmas in 1942 when their B-24 exploded over Oahu as fuel was being transferred. It has been 56 years, almost to the day, since that tragic event, and running her letter in this Christmas issue of our Newsletter seems somehow appropriate. Marilyn writes:

* * *

"I recently received Reunion Book No. 11 and am enjoying it. I noted the picture of the McClendon flight crew (page 62) taken at the Mayo Clinic which included my husband, Charles N. Miller, co-pilot. Thank you for not allowing them to be forgotten though they were lost so early in the war.

"I hoped to locate and talk with 307th members who had known Chuck so Cena Marsh put such a request in Newsletter 96-3. There was no response. There are so many who have already taken their last flight.

"Richard Barratt of Fullerton, CA, had a roster of 307th men who left Sioux City at the same time as Chuck's crew. I did contact a number of members of the 371st, my husband's squadron, and did receive some information. I was able to read Sam Britt's book The Long Rangers and to purchase Up the Slot by Sam Walker - very informative.

"Last summer I again visited Oahu, Hawaii. I had previously talked to Mr.

Ed Jurkins and on this visit he took me on a tour of Schofield, Wheeler and other locations familiar to Chuck when he where he and the rest of the 307th were stationed there. Mr. Jurkens was there at the same time. He was so very kind and I appreciated it so much, even after this many years, to finally see and learn.

"I was not able to to attend the Hampton, VA, reunion this yearbut I wanted you to know how much I enjoy and appreciate the Reunion Book."

Sincerely,

Marilynn Lampert

6303 San Ruben Circle
Buena Park, CA 90620

* * *

This letter points out how much it can mean to those making the request that anyone who has the wanted information respond to such queries. You might be the only person reading a request who would have the specific information wanted, so don't just sit back and "let George do it".

An interesting observation from the Newsletter of the 307th Bomb Wing B-47/KC-97 Assoc. Newsletter

This verse has similar content to a Kipling poem found in his book Departmental Ditties and Barrack Room Ballads.

God and the Soldier all men
adore
In time of danger and not before.
When danger is past and things
all righted,
God is forgotten and the Soldier
slighted.

Rides in World War II airplanes - including the B-24

Jake Shoifet sent the following information from a recent issue of the New York Times. We thought it would be of interest. Many members have already flown in the Collings B-24. Others may feel that it might be worth paying this much money just to *avoid* riding in another B-24!

World War II Bombers

Q. A number of friends and I who grew up during the 40's are in awe of the piston-driven aircraft of that period. Where one can fly in such World War II bombers as the B-17, B-24, B-25, B-29 or the British Lancaster? — Norman A. Hunter, Long Beach, N.Y.

A. Thanks to the efforts of organizations dedicated to preservation, the planes you mention have been kept in flying condition and rides aboard the B-17, B-24 and B-25 are available. A B-29 in flying condition is owned by a group known as the Confederate Air Force, but it does not sell rides. As for the Lancaster, an Ontario museum is awaiting government approval to sell rides.

A Federal Aviation Administration rule forbids the sale of rides on planes such as those dating from World War II. But Rebecca Trexler, an agency spokeswoman, says a few exemptions are granted to owners whose maintenance and operations plans have been approved and who can show a public benefit in preserving the heritage of those aircraft.

Here is a sampling of groups that make rides available. At most sites, you will find many other planes on display. Note that the length of a flight is variously described as "from startup to shutdown" and "from ground to ground."

The Experimental Aircraft Association in Wisconsin has a B-17G. Cost of a one-hour ride: \$590, which buys membership in the B-17 Historical Society and a flight jacket. Information: E.A.A. Aviation Foundation, 3000 Poberezny Road, Oshkosh, Wis. 54901; (800) 359-6217.

The Collings Foundation, dedicated to living history through aircraft, has a B-17G and a B-24J. Its pilots fly all over the country. Cost for 45 minutes: a \$300 donation. Information: River Hill Farm, Stow, Mass. 01775; (978) 562-9182, fax (978) 568-8231.

Among the aircraft at the National Warplane Museum, which opens new quarters in mid-July at the Elmira-Corning Regional Airport in upstate New York, is a B-17G. Cost for 30 minutes: \$265 for museum members, \$300 for others, who buy a \$35 membership. Information: Post Of-

fice Box 496, Horseheads, N.Y. 14845; (607) 739-8200, fax (607) 739-8374.

The Planes of Fame Air Museum in California offers a 20-minute flight aboard a B-25J. Cost: A single \$525 donation, which covers five passenger. Information: 7000 Merrill Avenue, Box 17, Chino, Calif. 91710; (909) 597-3722, fax (909) 597-4755.

The organization claiming the largest collection of operational World War II planes — including two B-17G's, one B-24/LB-30, three B-25's and one B-29 — is the Confederate Air Force. Though its name may suggest otherwise, it has units in 28 states. Information: Post Office Box 62000, Midland, Tex. 79711; (915) 563-1000, fax (915) 563-8046.

The Canadian Warplane Heritage Museum in Ontario, whose collection includes a B-25 and a Lancaster, has asked for a permit to sell flights. Information: 9280 Airport Road, Hamilton Airport, Mount Hope, Ontario L0R 1W0; (905) 679-4183, fax (905) 679-4186. The only other operating Lancaster is at the Royal Air Force Coningsby station in England, and only R.A.F. personnel may fly it.



*Our Best Wishes
for the Holiday Season
to Everyone*