

Date of event: 21 November 1944
Written by: Several contributors at various times

EDITORS' INTRODUCTION: From June through December, 1944, the 40th Group flew several missions, some in daylight, some at night, against industrial targets on Kyushu Island, Japan, including a few against Omura. This mission was a daylight formation attack by 61 B-29's (28 from the 40th Group) on an aircraft factory in Omura. Major Donald Roberts' plane, from the 44th Squadron, was badly damaged over the target, initiating a hair-raising story of their return flight and efforts by a submarine and by other flight crews of the 44th to help them. Several participants tell the story of this mission.

TO OMURA AND RETURN!!

Memories of Howard T. Anderson, radio operator, written Summer and Fall, 1986, after consulting other crew members.

It seemed a routine mission to pay another return engagement to the homeland of the Japanese as we were briefed on 21 November 1944 at our forward base, Hsinching, China (called A-1). My story concerns Major Donald W. Roberts and his crew in B-29 #263394 named LAST RESORT. Roberts' crew consisted of copilot Lt John C. Harvell, bombardier Lt Harold W. Dickerson, navigator Lt Raphael V. Ford, flight engineer F/O Elmo W. Gray, radio operator SSgt Howard T. Anderson, central fire control gunner SSgt Rolland W. Geisler, left gunner SSgt Irving W. Smith, right gunner Sgt Everett J. Nygard, radar operator SSgt Charles W. Sullivan, and tail gunner SSgt Jack L. Mueller.

Take-off from A-1 occurred about 0200 hours, and we were heavy! I believe that all of the B-29's departing that early morning weighed in excess of 134,000 pounds. We maintained radio silence as was the custom; however, I kept a listening watch on the Wing's high frequency for any weather reports and/or changes in plans. Our aircraft was in excellent condition as it had been on only nine missions, all flown by our crew. It was to be about a 14-hour mission for a total of 3167 statute miles.

The mission proceeded as planned; as we neared the target, the formation joined at 22,000 feet (our bombing altitude) above the heavy cloud cover. Our aircraft was stacked high on the left side of the formation; copilot Harvell was flying the aircraft trying to stay "tucked in" on the element leader. When we departed the I.P. (initial point), I climbed up in the tunnel and looked through the astro-dome to watch for enemy fighters, and I noticed several making passes at other planes in the formation. I did not see any anti-aircraft bursts. By now, the bomb bay doors were open. The gunners were very busy, with their turrets swinging around, and the intercom chatter was beginning to build up. As I recall, it was the radio operator's duty to observe (through the window of the bomb bay hatch) the release of the bombs, which I knew would be momentarily. So I slipped down to my radio position, and then "all Hell broke loose." It seemed that the entire Japanese air force had hit our B-29, and the aircraft just seemed to shudder and shake. I heard Elmo Gray tell the Major that he had lost #4 engine and to feather it. Then another wave of fighters pounded us and I knew that we had lost cabin pressure by the number of holes which I saw. I also became aware that we were fast losing altitude when I heard that #2 engine was being feathered, and then the bombs went out of the bomb bay. However, I did not know that #1 engine also had failed for a short period before Elmo got it back to producing power again. We were still under attack as there was a lot the turrets and lots of chatter on the intercom. So I climbed back up into the tunnel and almost passed out as I saw two clean bullet

holes down through the exact position where I had been only minutes before. Looking through the astro-dome I could see that the Japs were intent on finishing us. By gosh, they were fooled! After several minutes of repeated attacks, the swarm finally left us, possibly because of their low fuel supply and the marksmanship displayed by the bombardier and the gunners during the attack. (It was later confirmed that the gunners had destroyed three enemy fighters and two probably destroyed before it was all over.)

Now we were all alone out there. I know that I said a few short prayers, and I'm quite certain that other crew members did likewise. Major Roberts told Ford to try to get us headed to the area of the Yellow Sea where the submarine SPADEFISH was on "Life Guard" air rescue duty, as it looked very doubtful for us to stay airborne on only two engines to get back to China. So I attempted radio contact with the sub on the emergency frequency. I encountered some difficulty, because the gunners had shot away the fixed wire antenna leading up to the vertical stabilizer for use with main liaison radio, and the trailing wire antenna would not reel out (possibly because of the strafing attacks). I set the emergency frequency up on the high frequency 274N command radio as it utilized a different antenna. Retuning it as quickly as possible, I started contacting "FUNNY PEOPLE" (the call sign of the submarine). There was some confusion at first in proper code authentication; however, they gave us their coordinates using the grid map system and informed us to "Come on down; we will pick you up." It was evident that he was surfaced and eager to help us as he gave us the distance and bearing to fly to his position. Now, that was a good feeling to us because by now there were no other B-29's in sight. At least we weren't all alone out there.

Unbelievably, the aircraft was flying okay because of the skill of Roberts and Harvell, plus the aircraft experience and knowledge of engine technology of engineer Gray. We talked on the intercom about heading north to Vladivostok, Russia, about half as far as our home base. Little did we know then that, if we had done that, our crew would have been interned, treated as "captured enemies" and our B-29 impounded. The decision was to try and make it back into friendly territory of China. Attempts to notify the submarine of our intentions failed, probably because of the range from it.

Major Roberts decided that we should jettison non-essential equipment in order to lighten the aircraft as much as possible. As we looked around for items to be dumped overboard, I noticed that the back of my flak vest had been ripped by shrapnel! Several of us crew members pitched in and started jettisoning the flak curtains, flak vests, the auxiliary power unit (or "putt-putt"), the auxiliary fuel tank in the bomb bay, extra radar components, and anything else not deemed absolutely necessary to maintain flight. Our radar operator, "Sully," then remarked that he would also throw out the gunners, but they had their safety belts on! It seemed as though the LAST RESORT knew that we were being kind to her and, in response, kept on purring and holding altitude at 12,000 feet. Considerable fuel had been used by now and with the plane's loose equipment jettisoned, we were able to further reduce RPM and manifold pressure settings.

Sometime after crossing the coast line of China, Geisler reported an aircraft flying high above us maintaining the same speed and course as we were. We believed it was a Japanese reconnaissance plane, possibly relaying our position, altitude and heading to enemy ground defensive units. Tension mounted on board. However, we encountered no anti-aircraft fire or other aircraft. This aircraft followed us for about an hour before it turned and we lost sight of it in the cold clear November air of eastern China.

Studying maps, navigator Ford, assisted by bombardier Dickerson, sought out emergency air fields along our path and suggested to Major Roberts that LAOHOKOW, presumed to be in friendly territory, would be a suitable place to set down. We set down on a short grassy strip at LAOHOKOW, and during the final few feet of the landing roll, the pilots must have really stood on the brakes to get that beautiful machine stopped in time, as the main gear wheels dug up deep trenches of oriental sod. BUT we were down safe on friendly ground! It seemed that hundreds of Chinese soldiers and civilians met and greeted us, along with three Norwegian missionaries. Geisler, two other gunners,

and the Chinese began to camouflage "The Last Resort" with large branches, wire and twine. The missionaries took the rest of the crew to a huge building, gave us food, prayed for us, and provided us with blankets. Exhausted as we all were from the ordeal, I covered up on the floor and fell asleep.

Early the next morning, we all became involved in maintenance and inspection work. With the aid of many Chinese, we refueled the aircraft with five gallon cans, slowly but surely. Again, the entire crew visually double checked the aircraft very carefully and prepared for our takeoff and return to A-1 at Hsinching. We were happy to be back at our forward base and among "our own" again, and extra pleased to learn that we had missed the Japanese retaliatory bombing raid on A-1 the night before, with some damage done to a couple of our 40th Group B-29's.

What a tribute this mission was to those Wright 3350's! I later learned that Roberts and Gray had been invited to visit the Wright Aeronautical Corporation in New Jersey, manufacturer of these engines. Of course, they were unable to accept because of their military duties. As aircraft commander on this Omura mission, Major Roberts was awarded the Silver Star for gallantry in action. The remainder of the crew was presented the Distinguished Flying Cross and/or the Air Medal. The subsequent life of the Last Resort was short. It was destroyed on the ground at Chakulia Jan. 14, 1945, when bombs being unloaded from an adjacent B-29 started a series of explosions and fires.

From the report of Flight Engineer Elmo W. Gray, written November 1944:

The formation was tightened, the bomb bay doors opened, and we were on the bombing run when it happened. We were approximately thirty seconds before the bomb release point when it seemed as if the whole Jap Air Force concentrated on our plane.

On the first pass the fighter made, the #4 engine propeller dome was pierced by a bullet and the engine had to be feathered. Before we had completed feathering #4 a second wave of attacking planes was on us. We could hear bullets ripping through the plane and immediately the instruments on #1 and #2 engines indicated that they also had been shot out. The fuel pressure on #1 dropped to below zero and the manifold pressure dropped to 15 inches. The manifold pressure on #2 dropped to 15 inches also. The fuel supply was shut off to #1 and #2 engines. Number 2 was feathered, but #1 was left wind-milling because of the urgent need for electrical power to operate the turrets being produced by the generator on that engine. All of the turrets were being used at the same time as we tried to keep the fighters away.

Meanwhile we had reached the bomb release point and dropped our bombs. We could not stay in formation with only one engine running and we were losing altitude very rapidly. We needed power badly and as a last resort the fuel shut-off valve on #1 engine was turned on and the throttle advanced very slowly. The tachometer was operating normally, oil pressure was normal, fuel pressure was still out and manifold pressure was fluctuating from 15 to 30 inches. However, as the throttle was advanced still further, the manifold pressure settled down and it was evident by the instruments and the flying characteristics of the airplane that the #1 engine was producing power.

In the five minutes since the first wave of fighters had attacked us we had lost 6,000 feet of altitude, but we had two engines running and were maintaining level flight even though the airspeed was very low. We were still being attacked by everything the Japs had up that day. As soon as our plane was "crippled" and had to leave the formation, all the fighters came after us. A fifteen minute battle followed, during which our gunners destroyed three Jap fighters. The remainder then turned tail for the homeland, each probably counting us as "destroyed". We were safe for the moment. Out over the Yellow Sea, free from fighters, our greatest problems at that time were: would the engines withstand the terrific punishment they were then taking in order to maintain level flight; was the gas supply sufficient to reach friendly territory and would we, in our crippled condition, be able to fight our way across enemy occupied China?

At that time #1 and #3 engines were running at 2400 RPM and 47.5 inches M.P. This was a lower RPM than is normally thought practical or possible to use with such high manifold pressure, but it seemed to be the only combination in which the engines would run cool to insure continuous operation. At first 2600 RPM and 47.5 inches H.P. were used and in order to keep the engines cool, the primers were held on for approximately ten minutes. Then we started experimenting with different RPM and M.P. combinations and finally arrived at the suitable combination of 2400 RPM and 47.5 inches M.P. Cylinder head temperatures were maintained at 250 degrees centigrade with 6 degrees of cowl flaps. That power setting was used for two hours and fifteen minutes. Considerable fuel had been used by that time and all the plane's loose equipment had been jettisoned; therefore we were able to reduce the power setting to 2400 RPM and 42 inches H.P. That power setting was used for two hours, cylinder head temperatures being maintained at 250 degrees centigrade with 5 degrees cowl flaps. A power setting of 2300 RPM and 39 inches H.P. was then used for two hours and thirty minutes.

By that time we were close enough to an emergency field listed on our map as a last resort field. However, it was in friendly territory and we started a descent for which a power setting of 2200 RPM and 35 inches H.P. was used. Cylinder head temperatures were held at 250 degrees with cowl flaps closed. That power setting was used for fifty-five minutes. After seven hours and forty minutes of two-engine flight, a landing was made at the emergency field (LAOHOKOW, CHINA). During this period of two-engine, high-power operation, oil pressure and oil temperatures were precisely those that would be encountered during normal operation.

After landing, inspection of plane and engines disclosed numerous bullet holes. Number 1 engine fuel pressure line had been shot up and the manifold pressure line on the engine had been created by a bullet. Number 4 engine had been put out of commission by a bullet through the propeller dome. The #2 engine carburetor fuel metering valve had been shot away putting that engine out of commission.

We were many miles from the supplies and tools needed to make the necessary repairs so that the plane could be flown out. "Lady Luck" was still with us, and a propeller dome and parts for the carburetor were obtained from a B-29 that had crashed nearby several months previous. The propeller dome was installed with a sledge hammer, the carburetor fuel metering valve replaced and other emergency maintenance accomplished under the protection of American fighter cover (Flying Tigers from 14th Air Force).

The plane was flown from the emergency field to the regular advanced base (A-1 at HSINCHING, CHINA) as soon as possible, even though the air ducts of #2 and #4 engines were full of holes and it was doubtful if any turbo action could be attained. However, we experienced no difficulty obtaining take-off power. The plane and engines were inspected at the forward base, but no other repairs were made and the plane was flown back to the rear base in India (B-4 at CHAKULIA) the next day.

Excerpt from the WAR PATROL REPORT of the submarine U.S.S. SPADEFISH (SS411):

21 November 1944

- 0430 On Station for Plane Guard duty, 30 miles south of west tip of SAISHO TO.
- 0956 Sighted Group of B-29's pass overhead.
- 1118 Lookout sighted plane in clouds overhead. OOD sounded diving alarm. As he cleared the Bridge, he identified the plane as a B-29 headed back.
- 1123 Surfaced. During the next hour several groups of B-29's passed overhead.
- 1215 In response to request of plane 394, we sent his course and distance to us. He apparently was in trouble.
- 1242 After much heckling over identification and authentication, plane 394 decided we were friends and asked for another course and distance to us from his position. He apparently didn't like our position, too close to SAISHU TO, and headed over towards PETO and SUNFISH position.

- 1409 Could hear PETO talking with plane. We could not hear plane. Nothing more was heard. We didn't know if plane had ditched or not, and if so, where.
- 1559 Left plane guard station and headed in direction of PETO station in case the plane had crashed between us.

22 November 1944

- 0645 Not having received word of any planes down, headed to west to clear this vicinity. After all the radio activity of the last 18 hours, the Japs must know we were there. Headed for surface patrol, about 60 miles SW of KOKUZAN TO.
During the day sighted large amount of wreckage, life belts, a dozen or so dead Japs, and two empty lifeboats. Two paravanes were seen. Only one mine was sighted this day. Destroyed one well-equipped lifeboat with 20MM fire.

Memories of Paul Bremen, CFC gunner on Robert Tisserat's crew of the 44th Squadron
(comments recorded Nov. 2, 1986):

In the formation, our plane was on the right side of the "V." Major Roberts, I think, was the last plane on the left side, and we were heading in a northerly direction. I saw a fighter come down out of the sun and fire on Major Roberts' plane, and he knocked out three engines. The Major dumped his load and pulled out of the formation and headed back toward the Yellow Sea.

After we had gone ahead with our bomb run and had turned back and were out over the Yellow Sea, we could hear Major Roberts' radio operator, and he sounded pretty shaky, and I don't blame him. He was calling "Funny People"--that was the air-sea rescue submarine. Then "Funny People" came in and fairly rattled our headphones. They tried to persuade the Major to ditch alongside their submarine, but the Major said that his flight engineer had gotten one engine on the other side running, and by throwing out everything that was loose and little, and some things that weren't, they were staying airborne. He was going to try to make it to the Chinese mainland to an emergency field.

Well, they made it and managed to land, and his flight engineer and crew repaired the two engines that were damaged by using parts from a wrecked B-29 near there. They started the first engine on the battery only because they had thrown out their putt-putt, and they came on in with that plane.

I was talking with Major Roberts later, and he said, "You know, they tell me that these R3350's will pull full boost for about 7 to 8 minutes, and then they shed cylinders. I had two of them that pulled full boost for over two hours, but, My God, you ought to hear them rattle."

Excerpt from Superfort magazine of 5 March 1945:

[The reporter asked Major Roberts to show him the "Last Resort."] Though he had just returned from a mercy mission into Burma, was without sleep for nearly four days, and had a thick growth of beard, Maj. Roberts jumped into a jeep and headed for the base salvage yard.

"There she is," he pointed as the guard was opening the gate. The nose, bearing the painted Indian woman and the faded name--Last Resort--was all that was left. Walking up to the remaining part of his once-proud plane, he defensively emphasized: "The Japs didn't put her here. They couldn't. She was caught in the explosion (a B-29 exploded Jan. 14 and corrugated the fuselage of the Last Resort so badly it had to be salvaged)."

Explaining that the Last Resort was short-lived, only nine missions—all piloted by himself, Maj. Roberts said, "She was a sad ship when we got her, but we put her in good condition. She was a fine plane. The Japs just couldn't down her," he continued, adding that the Last Resort was "shot up four times within a period of one month."

Memories of William A. Hunter, pilot of #541 (Bombin' Buggy II) of the 44th Squadron
(written December 1982):

After the Singapore Mission (of Nov. 5th), Col Blanchard and Ira Cornett made our crew a Lead Crew for the Omura Mission. We departed A-1, as I recall, about 0100 and were to make a daylight bomb run. About three to four hours out we were required to make certain checks, one being fuel transfer capability. One switch didn't work and Noble (FE) advised me of this. I told him to keep working on it. In the meantime, we proceeded towards the target, made the bomb run, and started back to A-1.

Shortly after leaving the target, Noble advised me that we wouldn't be able to make it back to A-1 without being able to transfer. We had been briefed that morning that our Alternate Fields might very well be in Jap hands when we arrived, and to be on the alert. About 100 miles out of the alternate field at Suishwan, we had to feather #2 for lack of gas. As you know, the gas gauges were not too reliable so we really didn't know just where we stood on fuel. Anyhow, we landed late in the afternoon with the place still in American hands. B/Gen Huston was in charge (Stars and Stripes said he was the youngest General in the Army Air Corps.)

He welcomed us with a bottle of "Three Feathers". Later, I am sure he regretted us being there. Shortly after dark the Japs started bombing, trying to get the B-29. There were also B-25s and P-40s around, but they were after the B-29. While the Japs were bombing, Gen Huston and the officers of our crew were sitting in slit trenches working on the bottle of Three Feathers. After hours in the trench, Three Feathers gone, cloud cover moved in. The Japs stopped coming.

We made our way to check on our plane. It had not been hit, and we found the crew busy refueling, working on the aircraft, and getting ready for early flight the next morning. We checked the aircraft the next morning more carefully and found bomb fragments close, dirt on the aircraft, but no hits. After takeoff, we proceeded to A-1, where we were met by Col Blanchard and Red Carmichael (crew chief of #541), who then seemed glad to see us. Back at Chakulia, for the debriefing, Col Blanchard asked why we had proceeded on when we knew we were in trouble. I had no good answer for him, only being thankful to be back. I think that is when he made up his mind to ship me back to the States...to get me out of his hair.

Memories of Robert L. Hall, CFC gunner on Hunter's crew (written February 1985):

Shortly after we left the target, we got word that Roberts and crew in #394 were in trouble. They had been shot up and lost three engines over the target, but managed to restart one of them. Hunter decided we would leave the formation, accompanied by Gray in #319, to try to assist Roberts, who was alone, under heavy fighter attack, flying on two engines and stripping the plane to lighten it. I remember Hunter asking Jellis (our navigator) to figure an interception course from the data Roberts had given. Jellis gave him a course and ETA to intercept Roberts. After flying the interception course for some time, Hunter came on intercom to tell the crew that we should spot Roberts any minute, so we should be alert. At that moment someone (probably Frank McKinney, our bombardier) said there was an aircraft at 11 o'clock low. Hunter started diving down toward it, with Gray flying formation on our right wing. The plane turned out to be a twin-engined Japanese fighter. I didn't see this, but the people up front told us that the fighter really went into a dive and headed back toward Japan at high speed. I suppose he thought the crazy Americans were diving two B-29's in tight formation just to attack him.

We did not find Roberts' plane, but he did make it back. When we gave up the search, Hunter and Noble (flight engineer) decided we did not have enough fuel to get back to A-1, and we headed for an emergency alternate at Suishwan, while Gray's crew headed to A-1. I remember B/Gen Huston meeting us when we landed and lending us his staff car. Eight or so of us squeezed into that 4-door Ford and Hunter drove. It was dark, and the Japanese were nearby, more or less surrounding the

base, we were told. So we drove on a strange base with no lights, groping for the mess hall. I was nervous about reports of the Japanese surrounding the base, and I kept one hand on my 45 automatic the whole ride. About the time we finally found the mess hall, the air raid alert sounded, and we all took cover. I remember sitting for a long time in a revetment with a few of our crew and a dozen or so of the local personnel, including a couple of P-40 fighter pilots who were mad because they were not allowed to go up after the bombers at night.

I believe that we were in the revetment for a few hours; my memory is cloudy on that. We got a little sleep and went back to the plane. It was miraculously unharmed despite near misses. As a little amusing side issue, I remember Art Denney, the right gunner, was up on the wing that morning, refueling. He told the local personnel that we needed some oil because #3 had been leaking a lot of oil. They asked how much, and Denney said, "Oh, about 40, I guess." The local guy said, "Forty quarts of oil! My God, I don't know if we have that much." Denney said, "No, 40 gallons." Apparently they gave us what they could spare, and we pulled through the props and started engines.

It was a short runway, and I remember sweating that takeoff, but Hunter jockeyed her off the ground. We made our way back to A-1, where I remember Col. Blanchard meeting us, driving up in his jeep and shouting some warm greeting like, "Where in Hell have you been?" And Red Carmichael, our crew chief, met us, looking very relieved and unusually quiet for Red. It was many years later that I learned from Hunter that Col. Blanchard had filled out missing in action papers for our crew. We had been under orders to maintain radio silence, so no one at A-1 knew where we were. We had taken off some 30 hours earlier and had not returned, so we were officially MIA. A few more hours, and I suppose our families would have received telegrams.

Comments of Frank W. McKinney, bombardier on Hunter's crew (written April 3, 1985, after seeing the remarks of Hunter and Hall):

Yes, I remember diving on the Jap fighter--another of our exciting moments. We were lucky in all respects. Although it was admirable to try to help Roberts' crew, there was a definite limit on just how far it could go. But, as the old saying goes, all is well that ends well. This was one of our most exciting missions, and we had a taste of being on the other side of a bombing attack. I have a friend, now living in Albuquerque, who was stationed at Suishwan at the time. His comment to me was that they were glad to get us out of there. They were in enough jeopardy without our presence.

Memories of Harry Changnon, a co-pilot in another formation on this mission (written August 1985):

The author well remembers this event as it was my first combat mission after so many months of training in the B-29's. I had only acquired 150 hours in B-29's in 13 months in the 40th Group, most of that on recent Hump trips in the tanker, #254, HUMP HAPPY PAPPY. I flew as co-pilot on #404 with Maj. Robert Moss and his crew. Our takeoffs were hampered by dust, and pilots of the last planes taking off had only a quarter mile visibility. Dust that was kicked up while running up the engines clung to the glass of nose sections which were wet from condensation. Despite the muck on the windows, Moss made a good takeoff.

As it got daylight, we began to look for the other planes at our rendezvous. At about 0530 we could see them off to our left in the distance as they were starting to form up into formation. Moss put our nose down and we were indicating 210 until we caught up at the first RP. I called attention of the others to some pretty little purple, brown, and black clouds off to our right a little distance. Moss snorted at my combat ignorance and said, "That is flak, and it ain't pretty."

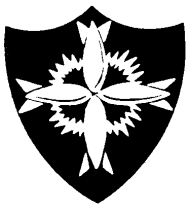
[Editor's note: We skip to time of bombs away]. As soon as our eggs fell, the fighters came in on us. Cowden peeled out of the formation right in front of us when he was hit, but there was no smoke

or flames. The Japs were tossing phosphorous bombs at us, but they weren't making contact. Now and then we could feel and hear a few pieces of flak rattling against the planes. We had several waves of fighters attack our formation and later were told 85 Nips were in on the defense of the area.

During those hectic few minutes, Cowden was able to regain control of his plane. Woolsey and Lanzoni dropped down to help him drive off fighters who might have taken a cripple, and then the three of them pulled back into formation as Doyle slowed down for them. I could see Cowden's nose and fuselage shot up, and he was leaking oil out of his #2 nacelle which also had holes in it. We found out later that Lt. Ira Redman (bombardier) was killed, and Lt. Leland Jones (co-pilot) was wounded when they were first hit. Woolsey and Martin escorted them back as far as Liangshan, where they went into the clouds and could have landed at that emergency field. However, Cowden decided to continue on and actually got to the south leg of the approach pattern to A-1 when the engines sputtered and quit. All members of the crew were able to bail out okay, except for Redman, and they returned to A-1 the next day.

Editors' Postscript: The editors of MEMORIES are William A. Rooney and Robert L. Hall, 517½ Ridge Road, Wilmette IL 60091. Please write us about your experiences in the 40th Bomb Group--any story you think is worth telling. Right now we are especially seeking your memories of flying patrols from "The Rock," your travel from Kansas to India in 1944, and the POW supply missions right after hostilities ended in 1945.

M. E. Carmichael is Treasurer and would welcome contributions to defray the cost of printing and mailing MEMORIES. If you want to help, make a check to 40th Bomb Group Association, and mail it to M. E. Carmichael, 2514 Oregon Ave., Alamogordo, NM 88310. Harry Changnon is 40th Group Historian and would welcome your sending him military records and information for his extensive archives.



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