783RD LATRINE-O-GRAM

MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT

January 1995

I have just returned from a trip to Bangor to visit inlaws. We had some snow overnight Friday which turned to freezing rain on Saturday. With the trees and bushes coated with ice, the scenery was just beautiful. However, the combination conspired to prevent Dick Higgins and me from getting together. We did have a very nice visit on the phone. He reports that his health is good, and he is "thinking" about Nashville. Dick was one of the people who brightened my days in Italy and his efforts in building clubs, showers etc. benefited many who probably never knew him. He was the navigator on Charlie Ellis' crew.

We are sending a roster along with the Latrine-O-Gram this time, at the suggestion of director Red Huber, one of our past presidents. We usually distribute rosters at the reunions, which means that if you haven't been to a reunion, you probably never saw one of our rosters. We believe you will all find it useful.

It is time for dues. We regularly send the L-O-G to a lot of people who never respond. Here is what we propose to do: Forgive all delinquent dues - $15.00 makes you a member in good standing for 1995. Life membership is now available for $50.00. Members who don't respond will be put on "Inactive" status and will no longer receive the L-O-G. Two stipulations: 1. Spouses, including surviving spouses are currently exempt from dues. We will not be dropping any of them from our mailing list, at least until we vote, in Nashville, on revised membership requirements. 2. We will not drop anyone from the mailing list for any mailings in preparation for the 1995 Reunion in Nashville. This means that you should all receive registration forms, if we have your correct address. Our purpose in all this is not to thin our ranks, but to bring more and more of you into the fold - hopefully at our reunions, starting with Nashville on September 28 to October 1. There are natural forces thinning our ranks. The days are already "dwindling down". We would love to be overwhelmed with people in Nashville.

Next subject. On the registration form for Reno, the first item was $5.00 "mandatory registration fee", that covered the Armed Forces Reunions' fee ($3.00) plus $2.00 which came back to us for hospitality. No such entry this time. The $3.00 fee is still required by Armed Forces Reunions, but we (783rd Bomb Squadron Ass'n) will pick it up together with the expenses of the hospitality room.

I must tell you that I was deeply touched to receive, at Christmas time, a card from another director, Paul Smith, announcing Masses to be offered for the deceased members of the 783rd Bomb Squadron. Thank you, Paul, for your thoughtful act of love.

I have been delighted by mail from Don Kay, Floyd Coffield, Gene Moxley, Jim Althoff (781st President,) Sandy & Iris DeLucia and others.

More next time. Quid Fit!

Ralph J. Smith
(January 11, 1995)

"FROM: E. BURKE "RED" HUBER, A DIRECTOR OF THE 783rd AND NAVIGATOR ON ORVILLE HEIM'S CREW."

Dear Jack:

Your note requesting some thoughts for the January log reminded us that our association with you goes way back. Back to our first reunion at Colorado Springs. We were about to leave our room to attend the banquet when the TV alerted us to the Continental Airline strike. I spent 20 minutes on the phone making reservations on two other airlines. By the time we got to the dinner, all the seats were occupied. You spotted our predicament and came to our rescue with the comment -- "We'll make room at our table!" You tipped a waiter to bring two chairs from the kitchen and squeeze in two additional place settings. Fred and the rest of your crew made us feel welcome, despite the fact you were all total strangers to us!

At the Dayton reunion, Helen enjoyed having early morning coffee with you -- that was back in my drinking days when I was a late riser. Jack, we have truly enjoyed your friendship over the past 13 years.

Now, let's go back 50 years -- after Navigation School I had a 10-day leave before reporting to Tucson. My hometown friends advised that Orville Heim was in Tucson assembling his B-24 crew. I called him and he welcomed me on board. On the way overseas, we interrupted our flight from McCook to Florida to buzz my home town -- Highland, Illinois (pop. 3,500). We went right down main street at 500 feet. The crew streamed toilet tissue from the waist gun positions. The people poured into the streets when we made our second pass. I can still see my mother waving to us from the front porch.

The flight from S. America to Africa was uneventful except for the fact that flying over water (lots of water) was a new experience for all of us country boys. Willie Sheridan, our bombardier, must have been apprehensive because from the time we were told that we would fly the southern route over the Atlantic he became obsessed with astrology. He studied all my books and practiced using my sextant. I guess that if something happened to me enroute he didn't want to ditch in the middle of the Atlantic!

Due to weather conditions, we had to land at Tinduf in the Sahara Desert on our way to Algiers. When we got to Tunnis, we found out that the supply ships to set up the 465th Bomb Group were sunk in Bari Harbor. Tunnis in February is cold -- I mean cold! We slept in our fleece lined flying clothes. We had tents and canvas cots -- no water, heat, or lights. But in a matter of days, the ingenious Quid Fiters made "moonlight" requisitions on nearby bases. Generator sets and electrical wiring were acquired. Restaurants and clubs in town mysteriously lost lighting fixtures. 55-gallon drums were cut in half and 100 octane gas piped to them served as fuel. We subsisted on "K" rations and "C" rations for a week until a mess hall tent was set up.

In retrospect, the disastrous situation was a blessing! We flew training missions everyday; our pilots became the most proficient "tight" formation pilots in the Air Force! We lost a crew when the slot man caught the belly of the lead ship. We lost our group commander when he ditched in the Adriatic. By the time we got to Pantanella we were a "family" and thanks to our abundance of training missions we were "combat ready!"

But, shortly after setting up camp a demoralizing incident occurred. A "new shave tail" attempts to "cut" the chow line. The poor guy didn't know that "pulling your rank" isn't tolerated in combat. Col. Andrus sent him to Foggia and assessed each officer $200.00 and we built an officer's mess and club. The original mess hall was a good sized newly constructed stone building that became the enlisted man's mess hall and club.

"HIGHLAND GETS A BOMBER NAMED IN ITS HONOR"

We present above a picture of the "Highland Fling", a bomber plane, so named because in its flying crew of 10 men there are tow boys from Highland. In the picture you can readily recognize them. The one standing at the extreme right is Lt. Orville J. Heim, the Plane Commander, a son of Mr. and Mrs. John Heim of south of town. He was a member of the class of 1934 at St. Paul's High School and after that was employed in the office of the Spengel Furniture Store until his enlistment in the Air Corps. He is 26 years of age. The one in the middle of the standing line is Lt. Burke Huber, the Plane Navigator. He is the son of Mrs. Ida Huber of Highland, graduated from St. Paul's High in 1939, and then attended the University of Illinois. He is 22 years of age. The eight others in the crew are not known here.

We do not presume that in all the bomber flying crews, in this country or aboard, is there a similar instance of two boys from one little city being on the same crew. No wonder that they named it the "Highland Fling."

When the two members of the crew of the Highland Fling flew over this city, making some of us natives reach for our stetsons lest they be blown into the slush by the backwash of the four propellers, they were saying "So-Long" to all of us in general, their relatives and a few particular friends. For months, it has been the pilot's expressed ambition to "buzz" the streets of Highland -- and neighbor, that he did! Good hunting boys.

Thanks, Red,
JWM.

FROM PAUL SMITH, our INTELLIGENCE and BRIEFING OFFICER

WHEN A BOY BECAME A MAN: -

When our flying crews undertook the last leg of their long flight from McCook, Nebraska, to Pantanella, Italy, we ran into bad trouble in the form of an unexpected snow storm aloft over Southern Italy. We were lost - all 10 planes with newly trained crews and nobody knew where we were for about 20 minutes, not far south of the German lines. We saw a break in the snow and fog and saw a runway down below and out leaders decided we better land there and hope for the best. This we did and the Lord was with us because we had landed at the Bari Air Depot less than 70 miles south of the German lines.

Then our luck got better. A jeep came out to meet us and I noticed on the bumper the logo of the 113 Signal Corp Group - I said out loud and profanely I know the 1st Sergeant of that outfit - he and I worked together back in Harrisburg, PA, in peacetime. Well, did we ever have a reunion that night in Bari but the best is yet to come.

A few days back at our Base in Pantanella, we were having trouble. We had no lights and some of our briefings were done by lining up 3 or 4 jeeps and turning on their headlights. Well, our CO, Major Burt Andrus, said this would never do and told me to take a fifth of the good whiskey and Ed Roth and a truck with a driver provided and see if you can scrounge up some kind of lighting apparatus to ease our predicament.

Ed Roth and I climbed into the cab and I told the driver to head for Bari Supply Depot. There we met again my old home town pal, Sergeant Lou Long, and I told him of my impossible assignment. Ed Roth helped with his vivid description of how we were suffering up at the front with little or no equipment. At this point, Long called a little meeting of his close friends - in his tent - and explained who we were and what our problem was - like most problems in the military, if you want them solved, you bring in the enlisted men - they began to buzz and spout off ideas and I overheard one of them say - "How about that big generator out in #4 warehouse?" Another spoke up and said, "You can't touch that, they only made 20 of those, one for each Air Force and that one belongs to the 20AF when they take their B-29's to Japan." Another spoke up and said, "To hell with Japan, we have this one here in Italy. Why not use it, and we would be helping Lou Long's friends out." As the drinks were being passed around, they finally said, "OK, let's do it. But, how in the hell are we going to get it on a truck and out the gates without security raising hell?" At this point the older heads got me in a corner and said, "Here's the plan - take your truck out to #4 warehouse - we'll load it for you with a forklift - then Sergeant Long will call the back gate and tell them you are taking some supplies to the casa on the beach the enlisted men operated on the QT, and not to stop the truck - he would vouch for it. Then Sergeant Long told me to keep going slowly at the gate but don't stop and after we cleared the gate to go like hell and forget we ever met with any of them. Well, this we did as instructed and it worked. The enlisted men have their own code and rules and they always seem to work.

I told the driver, "Put the pedal to the metal and head for Pantanella." He said we now have a new problem - we went so fast the generator - all 500 lbs. of it - worked its way back to the tailgate and the driver said we had to stop. My heart was really pounding now. One mile out the gate and our prize was about to fall off the truck. The driver saved the day. He pulled up alongside an old tree and backed the truck into the tree and as a result, pushed the generator back far enough that we could secure it with a rope, and we did and took off again for our home in Pantanella.

Three hours later we pulled up in front of the Orderly Room with our loot and a crowd began to gather. Some of our communications people recognized the generator and said somebody is going to be in trouble - I smell court martial! At this point, Burt Andrus took over. He had the engineering boys get a wrecker and they unloaded the monster and began that very night to build a tuffa block house around the generator.

Roth and I had visions of selling electric power to the 781st Squadron located right behind us on the hill when Major Schwartz came on the scene and took over. He said, "Smitty, when you steal something too big to move, it then becomes community property," and just like that I was separated from my loot. Next came Major Andrus - all neat and tidy and said, "Smitty, I don't need to know where you got this thing, and don't you tell me anything about it - but between us, you did one hell of a job today." That was when I learned about the Military Code of Ethics - never tell a superior officer anything he doesn't have to know. But that code works both ways. I knew I had a friend in Burt - and still have to this day - and Major Schwartz made sure I didn't get any dirty assignments after that - but never let me feel I was getting favored treatment. The reverse of that is 0 if the damn generator fell off the truck in Bari, my ass would have been in a sling forever more!

On the note of nostalgia, I'm remembering that after the war was over, I served as Best Man at Sergeant Lou Long's wedding to Betty, the lovely WAC he met in Bari, and later served as a pallbearer for both of them when they died. I like to remember too that I didn't steal this generator all by myself - I had a lot of help from other crooks, all of whom I remembered when I was sworn in with my fingers crossed as the 1st Chairman of the State of Pennsylvania Ethics Commission, where I served with diligence for 9 years - Quid Fit - and Bombs Away - "The Real WORLD of WARTIME." - Paul Smith

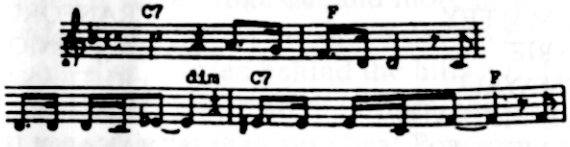
Thank you,
Paul
JWM

Merle Schwartz (pilot & architect) of Racine, WI informs that Milton Gassel (navigator & attorney) of Boca Raton, FL passed away recently from heart failure. Milt flew with Merle on several missions. They became good friends around the Chicago area. Milt retired with rank from the USAFR. Our heart-felt sympathies to Milton's wife Judith.

ADDRESS CHANGES			
	ED KEISER	9830 LAUREL	OMAHA, NE 68134
	JAMES C. MANZ	39 CLEVELAND AVE.	TONAWANDA, NY 14150
	JOHN C. MARSHALL	P.O. BOX 1082	PASADENA, MD 21122
	VERNON J. NORVELL	P.O. BOX 91523	ALBUQUERQUE, AZ 87199
	EDMUND S. PEREIRA	233 PINE HOV CIR #B2	GREENACRES, FL 33463
	NORMA I. POWELL	7756 BRITTANY DR. NW	NORTH CANTON, OH 44720
	WYNONA SWANZY PRINCE	412 N. JEAN DR.	LONGVIEW, TX 75603
	WILLIAM D. SAMS	143 E. MAIN ST.	BREVARD, NC 28712
	WILLIAM P. SHERIDAN	7264 W. PETERSON AVE. #C517	CHICAGO, IL 60631
	CHARLES E. SOPHIEA	26025 LUNDON	REDFORD, MI 48239
	CHARLOTTE E. TUCCIO	309 SPRUCE MILL LN.	SCOTCH PLAINS, NJ 07076

HELP!! NO FORWARDING ADDRESS FOR FRANK SEDLAK DAYTON, OH ??
HELP !! ANY INFO ON DECEASED MEMBER, ROY FISHER OF NASH, ND ??

THANKS FOR THE MEMORIES
AN "OLD" SONG REQUESTED
BY ED KULCZYK
Hmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm



THANKS FOR THE MEMORY
OF FLIGHTS TO GERMANY
ACROSS THE ADRIATIC SEA

WITH BLAZING GUNS
WE FOUGHT THE HUNS
FOR AIR SUPREMACY
HOW THANKFUL WE WERE

SO THANKS FOR THE MEMORY
OF ME-109'S AND FLAK GUNS
ON THE RHINE. THEY DID THEIR
BIT AND WE GOT HIT AND
ENDED OUR GOOD TIME. SO THANKS
FOR THE MEMORY OF ME-109'S
HOW THANKFUL WE WERE

WE DRIFTED FAR OUT OF FORMATION,
WE JUMPED & OH WHAT A SENSATION
AND NOW WE'RE SWEATING OUT THE
DURATION.

OUR JOB WAS DONE, WE HAD FUN.
SO THANKS FOR THE MEMORIES
OF GARBAGE STEW WHICH HAD TO DO
TILL RED CROSS PARCEL DAY
HOW THANKFUL WE WERE

IN MEMORY OF HER HUSBAND VINCENT J. CHARLOTTE TUCCIO HAS BECOME A LIFE MEMBER. TO THOSE WHO KNEW JIMMY, HE'S STILL WEARING HIS BASEBALL CAP.

THE "OLD WARRIOR" ALEX BARONOSKI SAYS "HE WILL NOT MAKE ANY MORE REUNIONS BECAUSE OF HEALTH", BUT ASKED TO BE REMEMBERED BY MANY OF HIS 783RD FRIENDS. THE "BARON" IS NOW A LIFE-MEMBER.

CARL OMAN WANTS TO MAKE A CORRECTION. HE WAS ON RON PATES CREW (NOT ON ED BATES AS IN OUR LAST L.O.G.). BECAUSE OF FROST BITE AND YELLOW JAUNDICE FLEW ONLY 3 MISSIONS & THE REST OF THE CREW DID 17. HE WAS ALSO INFORMED BY LOU GUIDO THAT RON PASSED AWAY 2 YEARS AGO FROM LOU GERHIG'S DISEASE. RON WAS FROM FOREST LAKE, MN.

WELCOME JOHN BISTARKEY ANOTHER "LONG LOST SOUL". JOHN, A BOMBARDIER ON ROGER KRAFT'S CREW. ON THEIR 2ND MISSION THE CREW HAD TO BAIL OUT OVER MUNICH. MOST OF THE CREW BECAME POW'S WHILE JOHN ESCAPED TO BECOME A SWISS "INTERNEE". JOHN RECENTLY HAD 2 KNEE REPLACEMENTS (?OR WAS IT 2 HIPS?). JOHN AND WIFE CAROL RESIDE AT 2180 LOGSDON STREET NORTH PORT, FL 34287. (813) 423-1330.
THANKS ROGER.

OUR "CHARLIE'S" ARE DOING OK CHARLIE ELLIS IS GETTING ALONG REAL WELL. CHARLIE "DOC" KIMBALL REACHED HIS 86TH BIRTHDATE. CHARLIE PAYNE & IRIS ARE STILL TRAVELING. VISITING MANY OF THE 783RD MEMBERS. REMEMBER HE WAS IN "TRANSPORTATION".

783RD BOMB SQUADRON ASSOCIATION
LIFE-MEMBERS

JACK ALBERTSON, JR.	TUCSON, AZ	ROBERT S. ANDERSON	SAN ANTONIO, TX
BURT C. ANDRUS, JR.	COLORADO SPRINGS, CO	HARRY C. BARTELS, JR.	SAN JOSE, CA
A. JOSEPH BASTIN	CADIZ, KY	WILLIAM BITTERMAN	HOUSTON, TX
DANIEL S. BOLINSKI	ORLANDO, FL	THOMAS L. BRACEY	JACKSON, MI
D. CREED BRIMHALL	PROVO, UT	WOODROW W. BROWNING	SAN ANTONIO, TX
GEORGE BUDZEIKA	BROOKLYN, NY	JAMES L. CADY	LONG BEACH, CA
MRS. DORA J. CARTER	PEARSALL, TX	JOSEPH CASADEVALL	WHIPPANY, NJ
JESSE CASAUS	ALBUQUERQUE, NM	PAUL A. CELLA	EAST HAMPTON, CT
SAM CINTOLO	SOMERSET, MA	FLOYD V. COFFIELD	DURAND, MI
GEORGE R. CROSS	MURDOCK, FL	SANDY DeLUCIA	DUMFRIES, VA
JAMES H. DULITZ	ATASCADERO, CA	JOSEPH L. EINECKER	SPARTA, TN
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NYME FARAGE	CROSSVILLE, TN	JOSEPH C. FEW	STATHAM, GA
ISADORE J. GERSTNER	CHEYENNE WELLS, CO	ROBERT F. HAEFNER	LAKE SAN MARCOS, CA
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CLEO H. JACKSON	LOVELAND, CO	GEORGE B. JOSTEN	GREENFIELD, IN
DUDLEY L. KAHN	DANVERS, MA	DONALD P. KAY	BEND, OR
AMOS D. KEY	NORTON, OH	JOHN V. KNAUS	KANSAS CITY, MO
EUGENE KULCZYK	CHEEKTOWAGA, NY	JAMES H. KYES	MINOT, ND
RICHARD D. MACHELSKI	SEVERNA PARK, MD	CONNIE MAFFEY	CRANFORD, NJ
MIKE MAGAZZINE	BAY VILLAGE, OH	SAM MARIE	SAN ANTONIO, TX
DOMINIC A. MAULUCCI	BOLTON, CT	FRANK MAYALL	RUTLAND, IA
RALPH W. McELYEA	QUARTZ HILL, CA	JOSEPH E. McGRATH	SEATTLE, WA
JOHN F. McNAMEE	DUNEDIN, FL	JOHN W. MEYER	INDIANAPOLIS, IN
CARL L. MILBURN	TEQUESTA, FL	KENNETH O. MONGE	HUTCHINSON, MN
JOSEPH B. MONTGOMERY	SACRAMENTO, CA	TOMMY MOORE	NASHVILLE, TN
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FRED J. ROBINSON	WALLED LAKE, MI	NICK RODAK	ROCHESTER, NY
RICHARD K. ROGERS	FREDERICKBURG, TX	KENNETH RUSSELL	MILAN, IN
ORBIN E. RUTLEDGE	DENTON, TX	SARKIS SAMARGIAN	LONG ISLAND CITY, NY
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LOUIS H. WEIXELMAN	WAMEGO, KS	JOHN J. WILBY	ENFIELD, CT
ROBERT F. WILLS	CLARKSTON, MI	ROBERT C. WINSTON	THORNWOOD, NY
HAROLD WINTERS	COLUMBUS, OH	WILLIAM J. ZEIGLER	BIG PINE KEY, FL

NEW LIFE-MEMBERS

JOSEPH P. GARDNER	RICHMOND, VA	FRANCIS A. GOPLEN	ZUMBROTA, MN
FLOYD E. GREGORY	URBANA, IL	JOE E. HARRISON	JACKSONVILLE, FL
E. BURKE HUBER	HUNTSVILLE, TX	MURVALE L. HUSTON	ST. CLAIR, MI
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WILLIAM P. SHERIDAN	CHICAGO, IL		

DOC KIMBALL CELEBRATES '29TH BIRTHDAY' DEEP IN THE HEART OF TEXAS

On Friday Oct. 14, 1994 when the sun rose over Ranchito Lybodosa located on the shores of Lake Buchanan in the hill country it was to become a treasured day of sharing great friendships only possible when two or more of the 'OLE QUID FIT' gang come together. Doc and our dear friend Dr. Hanne Jensen had jetted in from the west coast. Joined by Dick 'The Generator Man' Rogers and wife Dot along with our daughter & son in law Lynda & Don Taylor the festivities blasted off. After an enjoyable breakfast on the front porch over looking the lake you guessed it -- the gents were off to the nearby Delaware Springs Golf Club for a shoot out. The old saying cream always comes to the top was never more correct. The team of Doc & the 'Ole F/O' returned to the lake waving the victory flag with the loosers crying, "we were hustled". Once back at the old homestead bottles of 'joy juice' were broke out and more than a few stories of 'life on the hill' in the olden days were spun. When the sun disappeared behind the hills a full blown Texas Bar B Q with all the trimmings was attacked. All agreed it damned sure beat Pop Fleming's 'Slum Gullion'. After opening his cards & gifts Doc attempted to blow out the candles on his cake exclaiming, "I must have a touch of emphysema". To relieve his anxiety we had to confess using trick candles that can't be blown out. Late that nite as each persons head hit their pillow and they began a review of the days happenings all shared one thought -- there is nothing to equal Quid Fit Friendship. After 51 years of wear & tear the pride and spirit of the 783rd is as strong as ever.

WINNING TEAM-1994 DELAWARE SPRINGS SHOOT OUT

TEAM CAPTAIN DOC KIMBALL CONGRATULATED BY DR. HANNE JENSEN & LYNNE MARIE AS 'OLE F/O' COUNTS UP TEAM LOOT WON

Thank you,
Sam
JWM

Just a note to let you know of the death of another one of our crew members. Kenneth Coulson, our radio operator and gunner, had been battling cancer for several years and lost the fight last August 16th at his home in Street, Maryland. We were on Max Johnson's crew and were in the squadron from late December, 1944 through the end of the war.

Another note. In the last L.O.G. you asked if we are interested in the publication. I certainly enjoy it and appreciate the time and effort spent in preparing and mailing it. I have most of the back copies on file and look forward to each new issue.

Sincerely,

December 29, 1994

Andy Snyder

ANDY SNYDER
2813 Cimmaron
Midland, Texas 79705

915-694-5006

Thank you,
Andy
JWM

Margaret Feely reports ---- 12/12/94 --- phone 915-699-1019

"Weyland B. Feely via 911 to hospital Dec. 1st at 3:00 A.M. -- Operated on Dec. 3rd. FOUR heart bypasses. Home now just doing fine --- The doctor told me I wouldn't be able to keep up with him in the future. I said 'how come'? --- I have kept up with him the last 46 years!! ?Why stop now? --- getting too old to break in a new husband!

Signed MARGARET" (Thanks, Margaret)

Rob Chilcoat, historian for KINGMAN Army Airfield, continues to look for ex-military who served or were trained at Kingman. If you have active interest along this line contact ROB Chilcoat
6000 Flightline Drive
Kingman, Arizona 86401

John U. Walker reports the July '93 death of Anne Johnson's husband, HUBERT P. Johnson. Hubert was the Engineer on Bill Vorhies' crew. They went down May 29, 1944 on a mission to ATZGERSDORF, AUSTRIA. They were flying 'MOBY DICK'. They were the Squadron's FIRST LOSS. Anne said Hubert attended two reunions and really enjoyed them.

THANK YOU, JOHN JWM

Floyd Gregory reports that Lyle H. Long of Jim Curtis' crew died 8/1/94 of pancreatic cancer. Lyle's daughter, LISSA's phone is 810-624-5108. Also, Floyd Gregory reports MILTON ROUSH'S death in December. We print his Syracuse, OHIO obituary. Milt was a GUNNER on PAPPY BROWN'S crew.

Milton Roush

SYRACUSE -Milton E. Roush, 73, of Syracuse, died Friday, Dec. 2, 1994, at his residence. (OHIO)

Born Jan. 4, 1921, in Broad Run, W. Va., he was the son of the late Dorsey L. and Lillian Louise Kaylor Roush.

Mr. Roush retired in 1980 as district director of FmHa. He had worked for FmHa from 1951 until his retirement. Following his retirement, he operated a small beef farm on Snowball Hill in Syracuse.

Mr. Roush was a World War II Air Force veteran, and was a nose turret gunner with the 783 Bomber Squadron, 15th Air Force in Italy and flew 50 combat missions. He was a member of Drew-Webster American Legion Post 37 in Pomeroy. He was of the Christian faith. He was a graduate of Wahama High School and a graduate of Mountain State Business College and Ohio University.

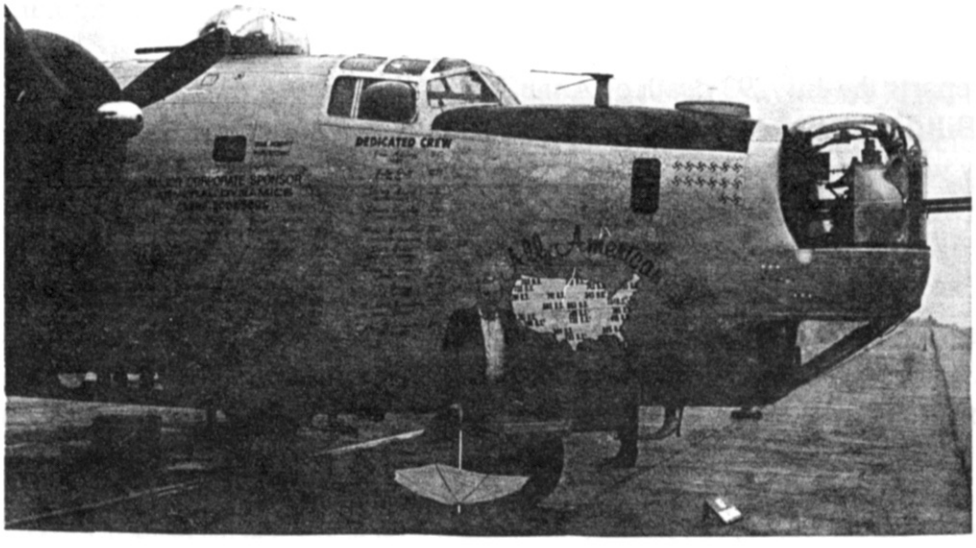
He is survived by his wife, Sara Harris Roush; two sons and daughters-in-law, Greg and Dianne Roush of Delaware, and Randy and Missy Roush of Syracuse; an adopted daughter, Sandra Robinson of Newark; three granddaughters, Rebecca Creelman, Christina Roush and Beth Robinson; a grandson, Jamie Robinson; two great-granddaughters; a brother and wife, Dale and Janet Roush of Apple Creek; two half sisters, Mrs. Edwin (Agnes) Edwards and Nellie Emogene Roush both of New Haven, W. Va.; a half brother, Richard Roush, and a half brother and wife, Bill and Madaline Roush, all of Letart, W. Va.; a sister-in-law and husband, Virginia and Mason Fisher of Minersville; two brothers-in-law and wives, Ernest and Rox Ann Harris of Syracuse and Paul and Minnie Harris of Minersville and several cousins, nieces and nephews.

AL WYLIE reports TAPS for his friend, Norm Lund (husband of Betty). "Norm and I met at Midway Field to conclude our final furlough and continue on to Pantanella. Betty, pretty girl, dropped him off. I can still see that lovely girl behind the gate waving goodbye, a smile etched on her face. In 1945 they married and have two sons, Steve and Don. Don's wife, Barb, has been very strong support to Betty thru Norm's time of death and join with me in recognizing the debt of cratitude due Barb for this support."

THANK YOU, AL. JWM

REPORT from JIMMY HENRY of Bruce, Mississippi
"Everything is well in Mississippi. Low end of totum pole but still hanging in -----" Jim was "the REV" to Hershel Roberts (P.R.), and a very highly respected member of Fred Johnson's crew. Jim sent these photos. (Photos taken at Tupelo, Ms. in '93)

THANK YOU, Jim JWM



THE CLUBHOUSE INN AND CONFERENCE CENTER

Our 1995 Reunion

NASHVILLE, TN
615-244-0150
1995

We send details of reunion in March letter.

Hotel Location - The hotel is located in downtown Nashville at the corner of Tenth and Broadway. ClubHouse Inn is within easy walking distance of the Riverfront Park and Church Street Center as well as the Tennessee Performing Arts Center and State Museum. The Downtown Trolley stops in front of the hotel and runs throughout the downtown area. The trolley runs every 10 to 20 minutes, and cost $.75 per trip.

Hotel Extras - The hotel offers complimentary full breakfast buffet each morning, a cocktail reception each night, free parking, free local phone calls, the ClubGrill Restaurant, outdoor pool and patio, and a gift shop.

Nearby RV Park - The nearest RV park with full hook-up is Nashville KOA Campground about 8 miles away. (615) 889-0282. 2626 Music Valley Drive, Nashville, TN 37214.

Airport Shuttle - Airport Express Shuttle provides transfer to and from ClubHouse Inn and the Nashville Airport. You can catch the shuttle on the ground level right outside the door of the airport. It comes every 15 minutes to take passengers to all the local hotels. It departs from and arrives at the ClubHouse Inn on the average of every half hour. The cost is currently $8.50 per person one way and $14.00 per person round trip.

* * * LEGEND * * *

HON - HONORARY ASSOCIATE

SQM - SQUADRON MEMBER

ASM - ASSOCIATE SQUADRON MEMBER

NOK - NEXT OF KIN ++EAGLE'S FLIGHT++

DUES/DONATIONS: CHECKS MAKE PAYABLE
TO-**783RD BOMB SQUADRON ASSOCIATION**
MAIL TO THE TREASURER:
JOSEPH BASTIN
6800 BLUE SPRINGS RD.
CADIZ, KY 42211

CORRECTIONS, OMISSIONS OR ADDITIONS
COMMENTS AND NEWS-WORTHY ITEMS
MAIL TO THE SECRETARY:
JACK MEYER
5503 SHOREWOOD DR.
INDIANAPOLIS, IN 46220