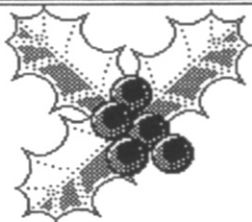
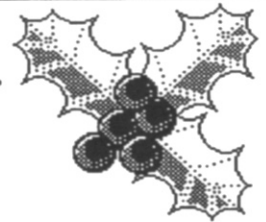




783RD LATRINE-O-GRAM



Merry Christmas



To All 783rd Personnel and their Families

783RD BOMB SQUADRON ASSOCIATION
November 8, 1998

Dear Floyd and Jean,

It is getting close to the time you put out the December LOG so I thought I would write you early as I know you have a great deal to do at this time of year.

I would like to thank all who came to our little get together in Fredericksburg, Texas and to say we are sorry you and Jean could not make the trip. **YOU WERE MISSED.** We understand a person can't be everywhere he would like to be at this age and health conditions. Dot and I are doing a lot better and hope to continue on the road to improvement.

For the log Floyd, I first want to wish all Squadron members a very Merry Christmas and a very successful New Year. May we all strive for good health and productive output of our energy's toward our family's.

As of this writing our 1999 convention will be in Kansas City, Mo in the early part of October. The final dates will be set after the selection committee has reported back to me.

I must acknowledge all the help Sam Marie gave me here in Fredericksburg for our mini reunion, he really did a great job and I want everybody to know what a dedicated Squadron member he is, **THANK YOU SAM!!**

We have had a couple of inquires from kin of past members, which with the aid of John Walker, we have been able to handle with out too much difficulty, **thank you John.**

This should bring every thing I have on the table at this time, so **I will say again, everybody, A big merry Christmas and a happy New Year.**

*Quid Vt
Dick.
R.K. Rogers*

Final Curtain Call

1999 Pantanella or Bust trip

When: May 11 through May 24, 1999

- 14 day trip

Reservations: Make not later than

January 11, 1999

Any Squadron members who are interested in returning to Pantanella and making this memorable trip.

For detail information contact tour organizer,

781st Bomb Squadron member:

James Marcel Snyder

1706 Independence Avenue

Melbourne, FL 32940-6846

Phone No. (407) -259-9117 or e-mail:

jdmvsh@worldnet.att.net

Or

A.W.O.L. Travel Inc.

Richard A. Feinberg, President

112 West Mitchell Hammock Rd. Suite 102

Oviedo, Florida 32765

Telephone (407)-365-8811 or 1-800-992-2965

e-mail: ***batonwaver@aol.com***

Please note!!! If your telephone number or area code has been change and you wish to have it updated on the 783rd Bomb Squadron roster, write or call: **Mike Magazzino 24023 E. Oakland Rd. Bay Village, OH 44140-2830 Phone#-(440)-871-3203**

Health and Welfare: Esther Plarr, wife of John Plarr, passed away in September. John was that 'driver' that hauled us down that bumpy road to the mess hall. Other than "Mail Call", those trips might have been the only other social activity for us GI's.

Bombardier Don Kay, recently underwent surgery for a new plastic knee and is undergoing therapy. Info from 'Doc' Jack Meyer, who keeps reminding me to take my 'gingko biloba'. Don and Jack were team-mates on Fred Johnson's crew.

We certainly would like to be informed of any of our 783rd Squadron members illnesses, hospitalizations, or deaths. Thanks.

Welcome another long 'Lost Soul', via the Internet. Alex Piwonka, 302 North Main, Caldwell, TX 77836

Tidbits from a Quid-fit:

The 465th Group reunion in Dayton, went well and we enjoyed ourselves. Sarah and I, as well as most of the 783rd members that attended, knew several members in the other squadrons from our Return to Pantanella trip 10 years ago. Of the 42 people that went, 26 attended the reunion and all were happy to see each other, and we did have beautiful weather.

Like the Alamo, the 783rd was represented by the 'magnificent 14' with Stan Pace highlighting the banquet as the guest speaker and Ralph Smith serving the assignment well that I had given him. Really, it was passing the 'buck'. Jim Althoff called me to ask if I would represent the 783rd and with 'foresight' I thought of Smitty and called him immediately to ask if he would handle it for us. The 'down-easterner', not only speaks and writes well but presented the 783rd Bomb Squadron in a 'good light and positive way'. Thanks, Ralph .

Those other 783rd Quid-Fit members attending the reunion, were Charlie and Iris Payne, Harold and Helen Winters, Clarence and Kathy Owens, Ernie and Carley Webb, and Jim and Agnes Friner. Mayme Harp would have attended but broke her wrist from a fall.

Although I think the squadron reunions are the best way to go for its camaraderie and close friendships, I believe Jim Althoff should be credited for his efforts to form a Group Association. Stan Pace had once suggested to me that the squadrons form an umbrella group representing the 465th Bomb Group. Since Stan was the CEO for General Dynamics and TRW, what do I know about 'umbrellas'? Stan now is into 'bicycles'. *Arrivederci - Mike Magazzino*



THE 783rd BOMB SQUADRON CONVERGE ON FREDERICKSBURG TEXAS.

AFTER BRIEFING FROM THE PRESIDENT, DICK RODGERS, SAM MARIE BOMBARDIER LED THE SQ TO THE TARGET. SUNDAY HOUSE INN.

PILOT BOB ANDERSON OF SAN ANTONIO, AND CO-PILOT HARRY FIKE OF DAVENPORT, IA, ALONG WITH CREW MEMBERS HIT THE TARGET AT 1001 FRIDAY OCT 9th 1998. CREWMEMBERS WERE: MURV HUSTON, ST. CLAIR, MI JOE FORBES, FLORISSANT, MO, ALEX POWANKA, CALDWELL, TX, DAN BOLINSKI, ORLANDO, FL, GENE KULCZYK AND GLENN CUNNINGHAM, SAN ANGELO, TX, AND CLARENCE YOUNG, AND A FEW STRAGGLERS. THE MISSION WENT WELL. AND AFTER CHECKING THE DAMAGE TO THE HOSPITALITY ROOM, ALL THAT WAS HIT

WAS THE BEER KEG, AND SOME OF THE MEMBERS DID HIT A FEW GOLF BALLS.

GLENN CUNNINGHAM
1320 PREUSSER ST
SAN ANGELO, TEXAS 76903.

Keep On Walking

✍ Iris DeLucia

When we see no future, and life looks bleak,
The time is for Jesus, who we now must seek.

The road looks rocky and we see no end. Don't
look back and you will mend.

Keep going forward, keep wanting to try. Don't
even think or wonder why.

Don't give in when you know you are right.
For only you will see the light.

Keep on walking and you will begin to smile.
For you have passed those who hurt you and
you haven't walked a mile.

The 465th/783rd crew who flew a B-17 Mission and lived to tell about it!



P- Clark, Charles A. Jr.	Col.
Cp- Duckworth, Milton H.	1st Lt.
N- Aloys, Frank	1st Lt.
N- Burkhardt, Herbert V.	2nd Lt.
B- Knaus, John V.	Capt.
E- Cohen, Victor	T/Sgt.
R- Walters, Jack A.	S/Sgt.
G- Reagan, Edward M.	S/Sgt.
G- Feeley, Weyland B.	S/Sgt.
G- Crenshaw, Leroy J.	T/Sgt.

Mission Number 82

✍ Weyland B. Feely

“At the briefing on September 13, 1944, we were told our target would be an oil refinery in Oswiecim, Poland; that the flak would be heavy and fighter opposition was unknown. The target was 75 miles from the German-Russian lines. We had a map to the target, but no maps from there on. We were in the lead ship which had radar installed in it. Our crew consisted of the Group Commander, Col. Clark, pilot; Capt. Duckworth, copilot; two navigators, two bombardiers, and five enlisted men. The radar ball took the place of ball turret so we did not have the ball turret gunner on the mission. All went well to the target. Our fighter escort was with us all the way to the target and we had no fighter opposition. We made our bomb run through heavy flak and had just dropped our bombs when all “hell” broke loose. Our right engine was hit by flak and was on fire. We started down at a very steep angle with the flames from the engine reaching past the tail turret where I was sitting. My parachute was laying about halfway between my turret and the camera hatch. Just as I reached for my “chute” the plane leveled off, the engine was “feathered” and the flames went out. The pilots did a wonderful job controlling the plane. I have thanked God many times that Col. Clark was the pilot that day. I don’t think I would be here today if it were not for Col. Clark.

I don't know how much time passed as all of this was happening. But it didn't seem very long to me. And as I looked out, we weren't very far from the ground either. I looked up and could see the rest of the boys going home. We called our escort but they told us we were on our own as they could not leave the Group.

So we manned our guns, lowered landing gear, and headed for the Russian lines. If — as I am sure we did — we passed over the front lines we couldn't tell it as we saw no activity.

It seemed to me we flew along at about 1,000 feet, but it could have been more. We skirted around a couple of large air fields, because we didn't know where we were. We weren't looking for anymore flak or fighters!

We finally spotted three or four fighters in a small field, which we later discovered was a potato patch. We strained our eyes looking for a red star. Then we saw them on the fighters. We shot some flares and braced ourselves for a landing. It was a small clearing with a small irrigation ditch across the middle. Again the pilots came through and made a walkaway landing. They shut the engines off, and we waited for further orders. It dawned on me that I was low on cigarettes — not counting on a one-way flight. We started digging up every butt we could find in the corrugated flooring.

We had quite a reception from men and women military personnel on a big flatbed model truck. Only one Russian driver could speak English. We boarded the truck, and were driven about five miles to a small village or farm. There were not many buildings. We were taken to a two-story house; upstairs we were shown very coarse straw mattresses about a foot thick where we would sleep.

We were told that we would eat at 6:00 PM. At that time we were taken to a small family house

where two tables were set up with benches on each side. On each table were cold cuts of meats and cheeses, also fresh vegetables, and all the vodka you wanted. Then came a big bowl of potato soup, followed by fried goose.

After we had finished dinner we went back to our quarters. Later in the evening they had a dance for us downstairs. There was an accordion player. The Russians showed us their dances, and we showed them how to jitterbug. Before it was over, every one was jitterbugging.

The next day (September 14) we walked around the area, sight-seeing and taking pictures. Jack Walters and I found this soldier who had a motorcycle with a sidecar. It looked like one they had used in World War I. It ran pretty good until Jack tried to go between two trees and didn't make it — too much vodka I think!

That night we went to an outdoor movie — Chicago with Alice Faye — in Russian. Some time during the movie all the lights went out. We could hear a plane overhead. They told us it was a German plane.

The next morning (September 15) they sent five of us out to cover the plane with camouflage netting. We had the same truck that had brought us in, but I do believe that the driver was taking his first solo. We were off the road more than we were on it. Three of us were standing in the back wrestling 55-gallon drums. We looked back and could see the plane behind us. We banged on the top of the truck until we got the driver's attention. We showed him the plane and convinced him that it was our destination. He spoke no English, and we later found out he was taking us to the front lines! We covered the plane and were taken back to our quarters.

The next day (September 16) we were picked up in a C-47 transport. We were flown right on top of the ground for 600 miles to Poltava, Russia, which was the shuttle base for the Eighth Air

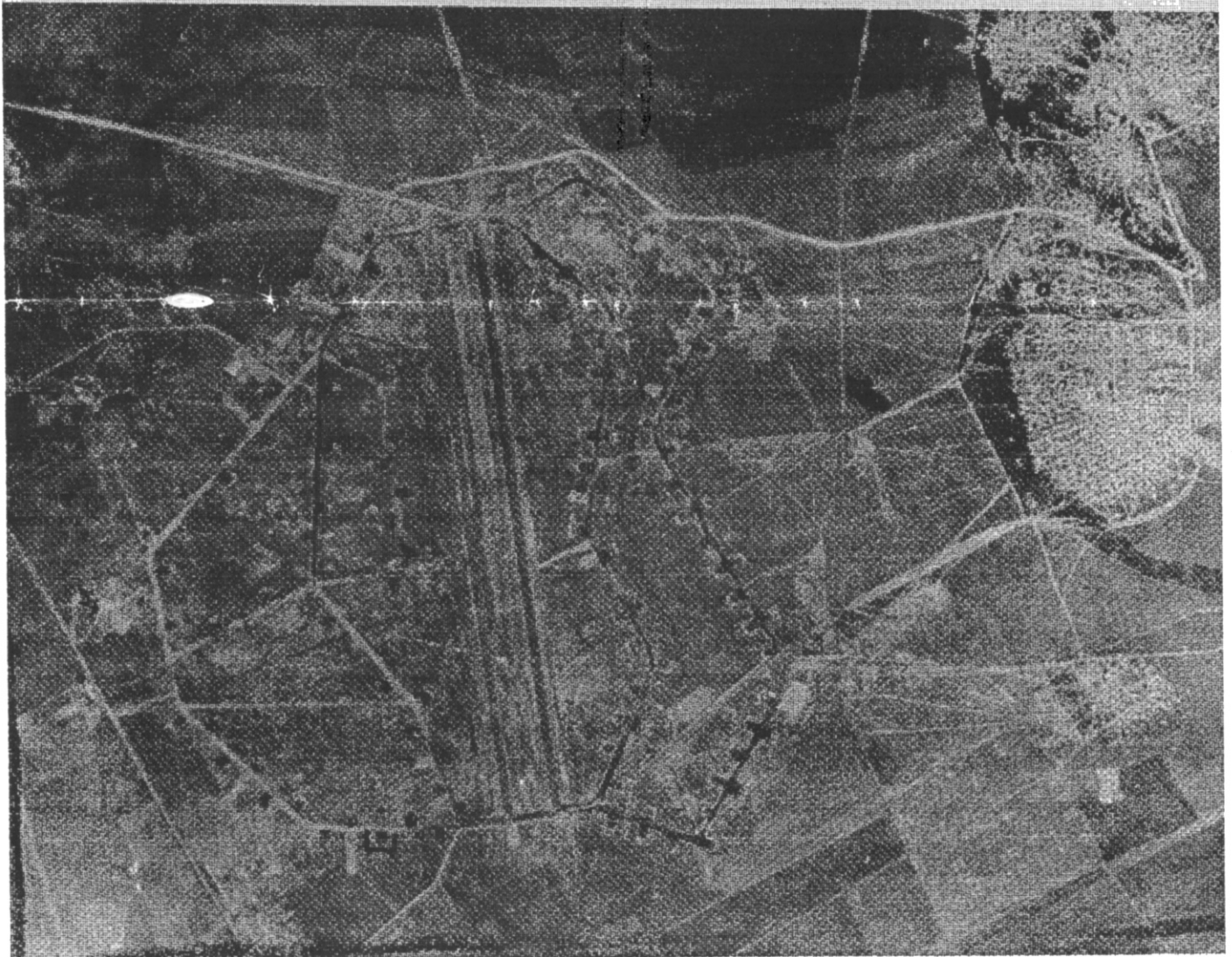
Force. Poltava was not a big town, but all of the stores and restaurants were closed or off limits to us. There was a large park where the old and the young met to pass the time of day or night.

We were given a B-17 to get us back to Italy. At first it was rumored that we would go back by way of Cairo and spend the \$48 in our escape kit. But later word came down that we would wait for the Eighth Air Force shuttle run. We would then join them and fly a mission coming back.

On September 19th we joined the Eighth Air Force and hit a target in Szony, Hungary, on the way back to Italy. We must have flown over every anti-aircraft gun between Russian and Italy!

And by the grace of God we made it!"

PANTANELLA



The Battlefield of Cannae was just off the end of our runway. Little could Hannibal have known as he faced and soon annihilated Consul Gaius Varro in what would go down in history as one of the 20 decisive battles of the world in 216 BC, that one day the Ofanto would be the base from which another decisive battle (the battle of Ploesti) would be launched. We moved our pyramidal tents into the olive groves atop two hills overlooking our runway, and the vineyards flanking the Ofanto had to give way to hard-stands and maintenance shacks. With the same verve which prompted the Pilgrims to erect a church as a first order of business, we built an Officers Club which would become a model for the other Squadrons to copy.

The tufa block quarries nearby, which had been providing building materials for centuries, suddenly found a demand which the quarries using the ancient stone axes could not meet.

Imagine their astonishment when the Yankee showed up with a blade (made from a piece of armor plate) mounted on and powered by motorcycle engine, which cut more block in an hour than the conventional system could produce in a week.

Remember the sound of the heavy guns at the front – the powdered eggs and spam – the Itie workmen who could not be bribed into working through the siesta period – the home made stoves catching fire – the long lines at “Mail Call”, the abuse Sgt. Walker had to take when he woke up the crews at 0230 hours, the VD Lectures – the stand downs – the parties – the trips to Capri?

Note I took a “Sentimental Journey” to Pantanella during my teaching assignment in Germany in May 1982. You will be happy to know that there is absolutely no sign of the war. The valley is fully restored to its original state – olive groves and vineyards flourish.



In waist window:

Sgt James Tuccio, Ball Gunner
S/Sgt Otto Sachs, Engineer/Top Gunner (Dec)
S/Sgt Sarkis Samargian, Radio/ Waste Gunner

Burt Andrus

Back Row:

Sgt James Henry, Nose Gunner
2/Lt Larry Zeigler, Co-Pilot
2/Lt Jack Meyer, Navigator
Sgt Paul Roberts, Tail Gunner

Front Row:

2/Lt Fred Johnson, Pilot
2/Lt Donald Kay, Bombardier

783RD BOMB SQUADRON ASSOCIATION

**FLOYD E. GREGORY
906 E. COLORADO #A
URBANA, ILLINOIS 61801**

Forwarding and Address
Correction Requested

No. Ferryboat 1900s
U.S. 32 USA
Ch.
Perf



46220-3641 43



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Moline, IL 61265

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8385 Highway 36 E.
Sanders, KY 41038

Gerald A. Meyers
9050 S. Chicago Ct.
Oak Creek, WI 53154

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Florissant, MO 63033

Secretary: Floyd E. Gregory
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Urbana IL 61801

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