



483RD BOMBARDMENT GROUP (H) ASSOCIATION

(1943) Ephrata, WA – MacDill Field, Tampa, FL – Steparone, San Severo-Pisa, Italy (1945)

VOLUME 36

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NUMBER 3

President's Message



My goodness, our Thirty-fifth Reunion is just around the corner. I'm really looking forward to it, are you? And, if you are planning on going and haven't gotten your registration in please do so. I will be leaving on the 15th of September for San Antonio and hope to have all the registrations accounted for by then. By the way, be sure to write the names beside the meal choices so we can make sure everyone gets the meal they have asked for. Most of the planning and preparation has been completed and from the looks of everything, this year's reunion will be another great one.

As you know, for the last several years we have seen the reunion attendance get smaller and smaller. This is to be expected as the age of our veteran's increase. Unfortunately this causes a domino effect in planning for our reunions. With smaller groups anticipated it makes it more and more difficult to attract hotels where we can meet their requirements and yet also meet the needs of the 483rd Reunion group. That also can be said for the venues we seek to visit. To date we have been unable to successfully partner with other reunion groups which would have created the numbers that are required to negotiate good deals with hotels, etc. (Believe me this is not as a result of not trying over the last several years.) This means we must have a very important discussion at our business meeting this year. If you are a veteran of the 483rd and have feelings about this subject and are not planning on attending this reunion please call me, write me or email me with your input so that as many voices can be heard as possible.

However, forever the optimist, I'd also like for you to come with suggestions of where we can hold the reunion next year. New Orleans has been suggested. If you have another city you would like to present, be sure to see me at the reunion (or call, write or email me if you can't attend this year) so we can put all suggestions forward to the entire body.

Looking forward to seeing you in San Antonio!

Peace, joy and health to you all!

Sandee

Publicity Directors Report

We all know we are going to San Antonio, Texas for our 35th reunion beginning the third week of September. Laurie, who is in charge of the reunion, has the week's activities all set up. All we have to do is call for reservations, sign up and find some way to get there. The number to the DoubleTree San Antonio Downtown Hotel is (210) 224-7155. If you haven't already done so, call the hotel and send your registration form to Sandee.

Wishing you a warm and wonderful summer,

George

PX Report: The PX is open. We have one item in stock CAPS: only \$5.



Note from the Editor:

If you would like to help the 483rd save on the cost of printing and mailing future newsletters, I can place you on the email list and send you the electronic version (PDF file) of future newsletters. Simply send me your email address with a short note requesting the email version. My email address is: bcoogler@comcast.net

483rd Bomb Group Reunion Schedule, September 17–21, 2013

DoubleTree San Antonio Downtown

Registration is ongoing in the Day Room, 8 am to 5 pm

Tuesday, September 17

11 am	Depart Hotel for La Villita Historic Arts Village
11:30 am to 2:00 pm	LaVillita Historic Arts Village and lunch on your own
2:00 to 3:15	Villa Finale
3:30 pm	Return to Hotel
6:00 pm to 7:00 pm	Welcome Reception - Cash Bar and Mixer
7:00 pm	Deli Buffet

Wednesday, September 18

9:30 am	Depart Hotel for Grand Tour
9:30 am to 4:30 pm	San Antonio Grand Tour <i>(The Alamo, Riverboat Cruise, Missions Concepcion & San Jose, Buckhorn Saloon and Museum, Japanese Sunken Gardens, Texas Ranger Museum & El Mercado)</i>
4:30 pm	Return to Hotel
6:00 pm to 7:00 pm	Conversation Hour - Cash Bar
7:00 pm until ...	Memories Night <i>(Entertainment, Dinner & Open Mike)</i>

Thursday, September 19

8:45 am	Board Bus for Texas Hill Country
9:00 to 4:30	Texas Hill Country Tour <i>(Fredericksburg, Nimitz Museum & LBJ Ranch)</i> Lunch on your own in Fredericksburg
5:30 pm to 7:00	Dinner on your own on the River Walk
7:00 pm to 7:45 pm	POW Meeting, Clipped Wings Meeting
7:45 pm to 9:00 pm	YounGuns Dessert Reception

Friday, September 20

8:00 am to 11:00 am	Ladies Brunch
8:00 am to 9:00 am	Squadron Meetings and Pictures
9:01 am to 10:00 am	Squadron Meetings and Pictures
10:15 am to 11:30 pm	Board of Directors Meeting
11:30am to 3:00 pm	Lunch on your own and enjoy the River Walk
3:30 pm	Depart Hotel for HemisFair Park
3:45 pm to 5:00 pm	HemisFair Park / Institute of Texan Cultures
5:00 pm to 6:00 pm	Tower of the Americas <i>(Flags Over Texas Observation Deck & 4D Theater Ride. No-Host Happy Hour in Bar 601)</i>
6:00 pm to 8:30 pm	Buffet dinner at the Top of the Tower of the Americas (revolving restaurant)
8:30 pm	Return to Hotel

Saturday, September 21

9:00 am to 11:00 am	Business Meeting
11:00 am to 1:00 pm	Lunch on your own on the River Walk
1:30 pm to 3:00 pm	Memorial Service
5:45 pm to 6:45 pm	Cash Bar / Happy Hour
7:00 pm	Banquet Dinner with ROTC Scholarship Presentation
7:00 pm	Banquet Dinner with ROTC Scholarship Presentation

483rd Bomb Group Reunion Registration Form

Listed below are all registration, tours and meal costs for the reunion. Please enter how many people will be participating in each event and total amount. Make check payable to "483rd Bombardment Group Reunion San Antonio" and send to Sandee Maeda, 1050 E. 5th Ave, Escondido, CA 92025

First Name _____ Last Name _____ Nick Name _____

Squadron (or friend) _____ Spouse name (if attending) _____

Guest Names _____

Street Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____ Phone (____) _____

E-Mail _____ Disability/Diet Restrictions _____

Arrival Time / Departure Time _____

REGISTRATION FEE PER PERSON IS \$25.00

Date	Event	No. of People	Price	Total
Tuesday am, Sept 17	La Villita Historic Arts Village and Villa Finale Lunch on your own.		\$28.00	
Tuesday pm, Sept 17	Buffet Dinner		\$20.00	
Wednesday am, Sept 18	The Grand Tour (The Alamo, Riverboat Cruise, Mission Concepcion, Mission San Jose, Buckhorn Saloon & Museum, Japanese Sunken Gardens, Texas Ranger Museum, El Mercado) Lunch on your own.		\$50.00	
Wednesday pm, Sept 18	483rd Memories Night and Dinner Meal Choices: <div style="display: flex; justify-content: space-between;"> <div> <input type="checkbox"/> Classic Italian Lasagna Pinwheels <input type="checkbox"/> Chicken Fried Steak <input type="checkbox"/> Cilantro & Panko Encrusted White Fish </div> <div> <input type="checkbox"/> _____ <input type="checkbox"/> _____ <input type="checkbox"/> _____ </div> </div>		\$25.00 \$27.00 \$29.00	
Thursday am, Sept 19	Texas Hill Country Tour (Fredericksburg, Nimitz Museum & LBJ Ranch. Lunch on your own.		\$62.00	
Thursday pm, Sept 19	YounGuns Dessert Reception		\$10.00	
Friday am, Sept 20	Ladies Brunch		\$20.00	
Friday pm, Sept 20	HemisFair Park, Institute of Texas Culture, Tower of the Americas & Buffet Dinner at the Top of the Tower		\$80.00	
Saturday pm, Sept 21	483rd Dinner Banquet Meal Choices: <div style="display: flex; justify-content: space-between;"> <div> <input type="checkbox"/> Wild Salmon <input type="checkbox"/> Chicken Breast Griglia <input type="checkbox"/> Pecan Smoked Prime Rib </div> <div> Meal for (write name here): <input type="text"/> <input type="text"/> <input type="text"/> </div> </div>		\$30.00 \$29.00 \$35.00	
	Registration Fee Per Person		\$25.00	
Please enter number of people selecting meal choice for Each Meal Purchased. Write the first name of each person selecting this meal choice after the meal type.			TOTAL	

Mail Registration Form and check payable to "483rd Bombardment Group Reunion San Antonio"
to Sandee Maeda, 1050 E. 5th Ave. Escondido, CA 92025

TAPS – Deceased Members Not Previously Reported in Newsletter			
Name	Squad	Date	Reported By
Bauer, Wilbur V	NF	8/8/1997	Guy Venier (Obit)
Chorley, John O	840	4/27/2013	Gary W. Reasons
Duncan, John C	815	6/12/2011	Guy Venier (Obit)
Englehart, William H	816	1/17/2013	Winthrop Worchester
Goodwin, Duwayne L	840	12/12/2010	Bruce Coogler
Hatcher, Lewis T	816	5/3/2013	Teresa Hatcher
Jasso, Florencio	817	6/29/2013	Guy Venier (Obit)
Poisall, Charles R	840	5/27/2013	Guy Venier (Obit)
Robinson, Gene R	840	4/25/2012	Alice Robinson
Schuler, Charles R	815	6/2/2013	Linda Schuler
Venables, Lloyd V	817	11/9/2004	Guy Venier (Obit)

Membership News

Dear Comrades:

The year is slipping away quite rapidly and I have found that there are 36 yearly members who have not paid their dues for this year. Please look at your mailing label and if it says S-12, you are one of the 36. As our membership is dwindling we need every one pulling their fair share. The dues are still 25 dollars a year for the yearly paying members. If you would like to upgrade to Life Membership, the price is 100.00 dollars which will entitle you to a free "Heroes of the 483rd" DVD.

As you know, the roster will not be printed this year but in it's place, there will be addendums of changes which have taken place throughout the year. This will be included with the December newsletter. Please take these changes and insert them in last year's roster so that you will have an updated roster.

Take care and see you in San Antonio, God willing.

Guy



Did You Know?

This section contains reprints of selected stories and other interesting information from newsletters published during the past 34 years and other 483rd BG publications.

The Statute of Limitations Has Expired

The following is a story from the 483rd Archives written by James C. Leigh, bombadier on the Richard E. Schmelz - Rubin Erosnider Crew, 817th Squadron.

"If anyone wants to know who borrowed Lt. Col. Carmichael's jeep the night of the 483rd 1st anniversary (and 100th mission) party in Foggia, I can tell now --- I believe the statute of limitations has expired.

"The night of the 483rd BG 1st anniversary (& 100th mission) party we (Dick Schmelz, Rube Erosnider and me) went to Foggia for the affair. As the evening progressed our transportation disappeared. Rube and I were scheduled for a mission the next day. We went dashing for a way to get back to Steparone. We found a locked jeep - wire cable around steering wheel and post. However by pushing the cable to the center of the wheel along the spokes we could get almost complete steering. We hopped in and took off. About halfway home we began to wonder whose jeep we'd liberated. Stopped to look - God! Or Lt. Col. Carmichael's at least. How do we get past the M.P.? Fast, with a salute. Parked the jeep in front of headquarters and raced to our tent. Slept the sleep of the benign (if not innocent) because the thoughtfulness we displayed in leaving it in an easily found location. Fortunately the next day the mission was cancelled (not enough sober pilots, I believe). We got to stroll by headquarters as Col. Carmichael and two or 3 other officers supervised a mechanic welding a new locking method on the jeep.

"They say confession is good for the soul. My soul apparently doesn't need any "good" - but I enjoy sharing the story."

Sincerely, Jim Leigh (deceased 01-93)

Historical Note for YounGuns:

Lt. Colonel Cyril Carmichael was Executive Officer of the 483rd. During World War I, he was commissioned and served with the British Army. He returned to active service in May 1942 as Major in the U. S. Army Air Corps. He was the oldest member of the 483rd Bomb Group.

Some Pets We Knew at Sterparone

(from 483rd Newsletter, Vol. 13, No. 4, page 11, December 1993)

Prior to WWII, there were few American families without a pet of some kind, and when the 483rd Bomb Group went overseas, its members carried with it the tradition of adopting pets. Of the variety of animals that became pets were: a monkey, duck, lamb, hawk, crow, and dogs.

The best known pet was a monkey named "Hypo", one of the pets adopted by Group Photo section. It is not certain just when Hypo joined the 483rd, but he provided many laughs and was apparently willing to try anything. At one time he was taught to ride a dog using western style saddle and bridle like those used by cowboys. He enjoyed this experience. Later he was taught to use a parachute (he was a small monkey and a pilot chute was just the right size). He would be dropped from the roof of Headquarters Building. When completing his parachute training and having landed on all four appendages, he headed for his personal refuge - the Photo Lab instead of running away.

Hypo was at home in the Photo Lab and never showed any interest in wandering elsewhere. Because he was accustomed to a warm climate, members of the Photo section did everything possible to make him comfortable both during the day and at night. One of the staff (T/Sgt. Orr-815th) fabricated a shelter for Hypo using cotton for insulation and an electric light bulb for warmth during the cold periods.

On March 18, 1945 during a procedure for cleaning 10-inch wide aerial film, a lye solution was used to remove emulsion from a film, making it completely clear and usable as a window in tents and the Photo Lab. Hypo - not knowing the poisonous nature of this solution and as he was used to drinking from containers in the Lab - drank the lye solution and died. The - Photo Lab Staff gave Hypo a fashionable funeral. His remains were placed in an aerial film canister serving as a casket and, with six of the staff serving as pallbearers, with the two leading pallbearers bearing lighted candles, he was laid to eternal rest. It was a sad day for the Photo Lab Staff.

Josie the Duck

(from page 190 of Heroes of the 483rd)

While at Hunter Field, Vernon H. Delaney (d. 04-93) found a mallard under the barracks that appeared to have a broken wing. He provided a home and food and named the mallard Josie. When he headed

overseas with the Maurice Raffel crew (817th Squadron), Josie also headed for Italy. While at Sterparone, the crew discovered Josie was a male and they changed his name to Joe.

(from 483rd Newsletter, Vol. 13, No. 4, page 11, December 1993)

Details of the pet duck are vague. Its name was either "Joe" or "Josie", no one was ever certain which. We will address it as Josie and mention it was found at a Florida Air Base under the stairs to a barracks, with a broken wing. She was immediately adopted, and as the flight crew was on its way to Italy, Josie was brought along. As Josie's wing healed and strengthened, she became restless, and one day as a flight of ducks flew south over the base, she responded to their calls to join them, and she did. We hope Josie fell in love and told her offspring about how an American duck found human friends who cared for her and brought her to a new home in Italy.

More on the Memmingen Mission

Charles W. Erickson's Personal Experience

(compiled and reprinted from information provided by Mike Rickey)

Charles W. (Charlie) Erickson was assigned to the Eugene Jackson crew in the 816th Squadron. The Jackson crew (see page 112 in Heroes of the 483rd) was flying B-17 44-6174 on the Memmingen Mission on July 18, 1944 when they received direct hits from the first wave of German fighters. The entire 816th Squadron was shot down that day. T/Sgt. Charles W. Erickson (engineer, top turret), was the only survivor. He was captured and became POW. His personal experience of that day is as follows:

"That fatal day in July 1944 started out just like the other 31 days that we had flown missions together against the enemy. We were briefed before the mission that we were headed to Memmingen airdrome in southwestern Germany and could expect moderate to heavy flack going through the Brenner Pass and at the target. We were also briefed that we may encounter some enemy fighters. We reached the Initial Point (I.P.) which was Kempten, Germany. Everything seemed normal to me. We got flack while in the pass and all planes made it to the I.P. The IP is where all hell broke loose. There were German fighters all over the sky. They came in waves from the 12 o'clock position and then the 4 to 8 position.

Needless to say all of our guns were firing almost constantly. I was concentrating on the fighters in the 4 to 8 positions. These planes would throttle back and sit there at 20 mm cannon and rocket range which made our 50 caliber machine guns pretty ineffective. A short time into the battle my turret (upper turret) was hit and my oxygen supply and the hydraulic fluid got together to make the turret an inferno. I started backing out of the turret immediately. About that time the plane lurched and I fell backward (which was actually forward in relation to the plane). I was trying to gain control of my body movement because my parachute was sitting next to the doorway that went into the bomb bay. The bomb bay was my normal escape route in case of an emergency. I could not control my body movement because the plane had gone into a spin. I fell through the opening between the pilot and co-pilot that goes to the bombardier/navigator compartment. As I went through the opening, I saw that the pilot and copilot were dead or critically wounded. I kept falling forward still trying to control my body movement. I saw that the plexiglass nose was gone so was Lt. Higgins (navigator) and Lt. Rother (bombardier). I continued to roll forward in the nose. As I was thrown out of the nose, I grabbed a metal stringer. Of course that did not help. I tumbled through the air knowing that I was going to die. Sometime during the fall, I felt something hit my chest. I checked and found that a parachute had caught on my parachute harness. I grabbed the chute and snapped it in the "D" ring on the right side of the harness. I landed safely with only burns on my head and shrapnel in my left leg. I was captured by a 16 year old boy who had his father's luger. He turned me over to the people in a small village who in turn took me to a main highway where they turned me over to the German Army. I was put in a stable at an Army training center in Kempten for about three days. The morning of the second day, a German officer came in and asked if there was anyone that could identify the bodies of Lt. Higgins and Lt. Rother. He said they were found in a field and apparently left the plane without parachutes. I did not step forward to identify their bodies because all you were supposed to tell the enemy was your name, rank and serial number. Based on the way that I left the plane and Lt. Higgins and Lt. Rother leaving without chutes, I have always believed that one of their chutes caught on my harness as I rolled through the forward compartment."

When he landed he hid his parachute the best he could. When he returned to Kempten and Buchenberg in 1999 for a visit, he met the boy who captured him. He found out that the boy had gone back to where Erickson landed and found the parachute. The boy's mother had made the chute into a wedding dress that his three sisters were married in. The boy's name was Xaver Walk and has since died.



816th Squadron

Memmingen on the Ground

(Reprinted from 483rd Newsletter Volume 22, No. 3, September 2002, page 9)

Written expressly for publication in the 483rd Newsletter by Richard L. Rider, Cpl. 45th Div. 157th Inf. Co. G

I was captured the 22nd of February 1944 at Anzio Beachhead (in Italy), and transported to Germany by train in a 40 and 8 boxcar through the Brenner Pass. I was imprisoned at a work camp out of Stalag 7-b, Moseburg.

This was a small camp of about 40 men located at the Memmingen Airfield. We were housed just outside of the airfield in a barracks that was an old tool shed in the rail yard. I cannot remember the exact date of the raid. (It was July 18, 1944.) We were allowed to leave our barracks to go out into the woods on a hillside during the raid. We could see the bombs being dropped, and exploding just as the B-17s were overhead.

When we returned to the airfield we could see the aircraft of a variety of types that were lined up for repairs and the other good aircraft that were there had been almost totally destroyed. What was not destroyed was riddled with shrapnel. There were several direct hits on the airfield, buildings, runways. The rail yard where our barracks were located was hit with fragmentation bombs. We had clothes packed away in boxes that were torn up like rats' nests from the fragments.

One air raid shelter for the Luftwaffe that we POWs had dug was 25 feet under ground and six feet wide and seven feet high and reinforced by 6- by 10-inch timbers. It took a direct hit from a 500-pounder during the raid. We spent the next four days digging out 25 German officers and putting them in body bags. To this day I can still remember the stench.

Compilation of Published Information on the Memmingen Mission

After Ludwig Hauber and Gerhard Schmaus found a fairly intact engine and propeller from B17G 42-102927 flown by the William P. Vandendries crew on the Memmingen Mission (see article in *483rd Newsletter*, Vol. 35, No. 3, September 2012), J. D. Coogler became interested in the mission and has been researching and compiling information and stories from existing sources pertaining to the participation of the 483rd Bombardment Group. His research also included a trip to the 483rd Archives at the Museum of Aviation at Warner Robins AFB last spring. The book is not for publication but will be placed with the 483rd Archives. It will be available for perusing at the San Antonio reunion.

Thoughts from the Chaplain . . .

Matthew 6:19-21 "Do not store up for yourselves treasures on earth, where moth and rust destroy, and where thieves break in and steal. But store up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where moth and rust do not destroy, and where thieves do not break in and steal. For where your treasure is, there your heart will be also."

Summer garden harvesting is full upon many of us. I don't mean the farming harvest of combines and grain trucks going to storage or market, I mean the fresh produce – green beans, sweet corn, peaches, tomatoes, and other delectables we enjoy each year in abundance for a short while. It seems all too soon the corn is gone and we're back to buying hot-house tomatoes from the grocery as the frosts have begun. (Frost! Now there's a delightful thought in this heat wave we've been enduring!) So it is that many today have carried on, or revived the practice of home canning and preservation of the summer goodies. Unlike the necessity of bygone years, today's home canner seems more motivated by the prospect of tasting the nearly-fresh flavors that only come from putting by those fully vine-ripened veggies instead of buying the ones that are picked early for processing and shipment commercially. At least, that's what many will tell you is their reason for heating the kitchen for hours at a time in July. And that's just what I have been doing. So far I have canned many pints and quarts of green beans, sweet corn, and beets. I have made fruit jams from blackberries, peaches, strawberries, gooseberries, and rhubarb. The cucumbers are

ready to start making pickles, and the tomatoes are just now ripening. And then I read something like the passage above... and have to ask myself, "Is that what I'm doing? Storing up treasure here?"

The answer, I think, I hope, is, "No." That's because the treasure Jesus speaks of is that which would hold us here, attached too strongly to this world, this life, that we would forget, or forego heaven when it is offered. I tasted some of that sort of treasure-laying while living in Hawaii. It seemed many people there felt they were already in Paradise and there was no urgent need, no real desire to ever leave it, so what could heaven offer that was any better? But here, enduring the Kansas heat and drought, or the snow and ice storms, the fallen-ness of this creation seems all too real, and most long for some deliverance. And while waiting, what joy it is to be refreshed by a summer rain, a winter warm-up, or the taste of sweet corn in January (I hope!)

So the real difference between "laying up" and "putting by" seems to be not so much in what the thing is, as it is in what's its intended usage is. In laying up, one seems to be saying, "I have mine, God, and don't need yours." In putting by one seems to be saying, "Thanks, God, for these blessings. May I share them with others, may they sustain us in hard times, and may they remind us there is sweeter yet to come when You shall call us home."

I said many longed for some deliverance. True enough, in a heat wave or cold spell many long for some form of relief. In times of drought we pray for rain. Last summer's flood had us praying the levies would hold. Seems we're constantly looking for some deliverance. But what about deliverance from this world of sin? Do we long for that as powerfully? I think some do, those who come to know the Lord personally and sacramentally in His word and in His Church. But what about our neighbors, family members, friends, acquaintances, and co-workers that don't know Him? What about those who are thinking this world is pretty good, or is at least as good as it gets? Wouldn't we readily share some sweet corn or vine-ripened tomatoes with them, to let them share in the flavors that no store can sell? Don't we often pass along a unique jam or canned salsa we've made so they may rejoice with us in the taste? So why not pass along His word, in season and out? Only in this way will we be rejoicing in shared faith with those who also believe in Christ as Savior. And if they don't, only through hearing His word, perhaps from you, will the Holy Spirit lead them to believe and be saved, that they may rejoice with all the saved at that marriage feast of the Lamb that will have no end! Share the goodies! Share His word! Share His love! That is another gift, the greatest gift He gives us to share along with the fresh and put-by things we so readily pass around.

Blessings,
Your friend in Christ,
Pastor Bryan Jones



YOUR 2012-2013 BOARD OF DIRECTORS

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PAST PRESIDENTS

Phillip A. Luetke (Deceased) 1980
William A. Haskins (Deceased) 1981
James V. Reardon (Deceased) 1982-83
Lynn M. Borders (Deceased) 1984
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Harry K. Keller (Deceased) 1986
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James "Russ" Heflin (Deceased) 1988
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Ralph H. Simpson 1990
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