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483RD BOMBARDMENT GROUP (H) ASSOCIATION

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

VOLUME 41

March 2018

NUMBER 1

President's Message

Dear 483rd members,

In January, Jay Clifton, the reunion chair, and I had a nice on site visit of the facilities in OKC in preparation for the 2018 reunion. I am happy to say that Jay, with Sandee Maeda's expert guidance, has put together a terrific program for us. The facilities and tours will be entertaining for all. Great work, Jay.

Also, the 483rd Legacy Fund has been incorporated and has now received approval for 501(c)(3) status. We have a Board of Directors, which includes Dave Raffel, Mark Halebsky, and me. We also have a bank account and can now receive donations. You may recall that this Legacy fund aims to raise \$75,000 over the next 3 years in order to continue to fund scholarships and gifts to the Museum of Aviation in the name of the 483rd, even after the 483rd Bombardment Group (H) Association itself eventually is dissolved. Please consider a gift to this cause.

I hope you are all well and I look forward to seeing you all in Oklahoma City!

Regards,

Russell Daniel

Greetings from San Severo, Italy

Printed below is an email Russell Daniel received from Michele Carafa on March 11, 2018:

Dear all,

I am Michele Carafa, an Italian guy from San Severo (Italy). This town is not completely

unknown to the 483rd bombardment group, as it is the municipality where was placed the headquarter of the group during two years of the World War II.

However, I am not only from San Severo, as my family have a farm (olive tree plantation) in Sterparone. I am attaching 3 image files to let you understand where my farm is. You can see that is really close to the main track of the Airfield. During years (I am now 40 years old) I heard stories about the Sterparone Airfield from my grandfather and from my father (both died). In the last years I got more interested, and I am searching more details about these persons that spent their years in Sterparone, helping Italy to get free from fascists (and Europe from nazi-fascism).

I would like to know if there are some photos, books, reports describing the permanence of the 483th group in Sterparone. One year ago I bought the book "Military Moments WWII" by Don and Mel Saunders, where I found a nice description of Sterparone. However, surfing on the web I saw different photos of time spent in Sterparone by US Armies, thus I imagine that other historical sources are available and that probably your association should be the best in helping me.

Of course, if, by chance, someone of you would like to come (or come back) once again in San Severo, I would be really glad to take you at Sterparone. Honestly now there is nothing left of the airfield (just the building of the headquarter) because it is an agricultural area.

But it is still a fantastic place!

Regards,
Michele Carafa

TAPS – Deceased Members Not Previously Reported in Newsletter			
Name	Squad	Date	Reported By
BERTHELSON, DUANE	817	7/28/2017	MARY ANN
CHURCH, CHARLES C F	816	10/3/2017	GUY VENIER (OBIT)
GACKE, VIRGIL A	816	09/21/2017	GUY VENIER (OBIT)
GRAHAM, GLEN R	816	10/31/2012	GUY VENIER (OBIT)
HOWELL, JERRY N	815	9/19/2017	GUY VENIER (OBIT)
JOHNSON, PAUL L	817	6/29/2013	GUY VENIER (OBIT)
KIBITLEWSKI, ANDREW J	483	5/4/2015	ANDREW'S NEICE
LONG, HENRY	816	7/8/2017	GUY VENIER (OBIT)
MCGINNIS JR, GEORGE	815	9/9/2017	GUY VENIER (OBIT)
MCQUISTON, LAWRENCE A	817	7/23/2017	GUY VENIER (OBIT)
MICHALSEN, MORGAN	815	2/2/2017	GUY VENIER (OBIT)
MOE, "TOM" TRYGVE	817	12/23/2005	GUY VENIER (OBIT)
NOBEL, JOHN P	815	1/4/2018	JAN NOBEL
PAYEUR, MARC A C	815	10/22/2017	GUY VENIER (OBIT)
SKARBK, JOHN S	840	11/11/2017	CHARLOTTE SKARBK
SORENSEN, EDWIN H	817	12/16/2017	GUY VENIER (OBIT)
STRANG, MELVIN W	815	12/1/2017	GUY VENIER (OBIT)
VARSAONA, JOE	816	7/19/2017	GUY VENIER (OBIT)
WEIK, GRIFFITH A	815	6/20/2017	GUY VENIER (OBIT)
WHITE, DONALD E	817	8/20/2014	GUY VENIER (OBIT)

Membership News

Dear Comrades:

If you did not get your newsletter in 2017, please send me your address and phone number. My phone number is 586-268-3126 or by email at guy483rd@comcast.net.

I may have changed you address in the wrong database and your address may have landed there. I'm sorry for any inconvenience I may have caused you.

Hope to see you in Oklahoma City this fall. Living in an assisted home is for the birds.

Guy



From the Newsletter Editor

The December newsletter included a post card (with postage already on the card) to be mailed back to me to let me know if you would like to continue receiving the printed newsletter, or the email newsletter, or no newsletter. Out of 378 mailings, I received 183 responses or about a 48% response rate. Of those, 78 want to continue receiving the printed version, 79 want the email version, and 26 no longer wish to receive the newsletter. I also received 2 cards stating they don't want the newsletter, but one didn't have a name and the other had a name that didn't match any of the mailing labels.

Does that mean the remaining 195 members don't want the newsletter? I don't know. So if you're one of the members that didn't mail your card to me, please do so (put your name on it), or send me a letter or email letting me know that you want to continue receiving the newsletter (either printed or email), or you no longer wish to receive the newsletter.

Thank you,

Bruce

2018 Reunion – Oklahoma City

The 483rd Bombardment Group (H) Association Reunion in Oklahoma City will be held September 25-29, 2018. Don't wait to make your hotel reservation:

Holiday Inn OKC Airport
4401 SW 15th Street
Oklahoma City, OK 73108

Phone: 1-405-601-7272
Toll-free: 1-800-HOLIDAY

The room rate is \$99.00 plus tax per day, including two breakfast coupons per room. The Holiday Inn OKC caters to reunion groups, especially the military, and is a very pleasant and upscale property conveniently located close to OKC Airport (~5 miles, 10 minutes) with free shuttle buses that can be arranged. Be sure that when you make your hotel reservation you tell the person you speak with that you are with the 483rd Bombardment Group.

Here's a list of the tours that are planned:

The American Pigeon Museum

We have arranged a private tour of this very interesting museum with the focus on how pigeons supported the Allies in WWII. Communications improved considerably between World Wars I and II, but pigeons were still used throughout World War II as supplemental and emergency means of communication. Their duties varied depending on the branch of service. But wherever the army, navy, coast guard, or marines went, pigeons likely went, too. Taken across enemy lines by patrols in pursuit of valuable information, they returned with news on the location and strength of enemy troops, gun positions, pending attacks, traffic conditions, and other vital data. Pigeons were the only means of communication for some advanced observation posts where terrain or proximity to enemy lines made it impossible to string wire or use a radio. Carried in baskets, in a sling under the arm, or in a patrol member's shirtfront, the birds were released under fire, and most succeeded in getting through.



The Science Museum Oklahoma



This the state's premier destination of hands-on science experiences with thousands of space, aviation and cultural artifacts. The museum offers

intriguing exhibits, exciting live science experiments, demonstration shows and more.

Myriad Botanical Gardens

Myriad Botanical Gardens is one of Oklahoma City's most beautiful and vibrant garden and park spaces offering



visitors a 15-acre natural escape in the heart of downtown. The centerpiece of the Myriad Botanical Gardens is the Crystal Bridge Conservatory, home to thousands of beautifully displayed tropical and desert plantings. We will have guided tours to discover 750 varieties of plants, a cascading waterfall, and a sky bridge to experience stunning views into the tropical forest.

OKC Museum of Art



The Museum's collection covers a period of five centuries with highlights in European and American art, and one of the largest stunning collections of glass sculpture by Dale Chihuly. We will enjoy lunch on our own (reasonably priced menu) in the Museum Café, which features light lunches with a nice ambiance.

Oklahoma City National Memorial and Museum

The Oklahoma City National Memorial & Museum stands as a symbol of strength in the wake of unspeakable violence. We will have a guided docent tour of the Memorial Museum to experience the brutality of the Oklahoma City bombing, and the tenderness of the response. We will also have a



National Park Ranger guided tour of the Outdoor Symbolic Memorial.

National Cowboy & Western Heritage Museum

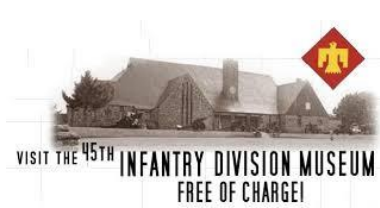


We will begin with lunch at the Museum Grill (included in tour price). Lunch will be followed by docent guided tours of

Prosperity Junction (a replica frontier town), Art of the American West Gallery featuring iconic Western artists (most notably the Frederic Remington and Charles M. Russell collections), Native American Gallery representing American Indian art, and Western Performers Gallery (a tribute to the shaping of the movie cowboy, including stars such as John Wayne).

45th Infantry Division Museum

The 45th Infantry Division served 511 days in battle during World War II, participating in 8 campaigns. The



World War II gallery examines the actions of the Thunderbirds from Sicily, Italy, France, and Germany. One of the finest collections of American military weapons in the nation, the Reaves Collection was acquired by the museum in 1980. The collection features firearms and related artifacts dating from the Revolutionary War through Vietnam! See original drawings by Pulitzer Prize winning cartoonist Bill Mauldin whose characters, Willie and Joe, chronicled the lives of the infantrymen in World War II, using both humor and sobering realism to tell their story.

Tinker Air Force Base



Tinker Air Force Base is honored to show our veterans and their families a very

interesting guided tour of these facilities, critical to preserving our nation's safety and defense. The tour will be followed by a sumptuous buffet at the Tinker Club (included with tour). More

Tinker Air Force Base was named in honor of Major General Clarence L. Tinker of Pawhuska,

Oklahoma. General Tinker lost his life while leading a flight of LB-30 "Liberators" on a long-range strike against Japanese forces on Wake Island during the early months of World War II.

Tinker AFB's history began in 1940 when a group of Oklahoma City civic leaders and businessmen learned that the War Department was considering the central United States as a location for a maintenance and supply depot. On April 8, 1941, the order was officially signed awarding the depot to Oklahoma City.

During World War II, Tinker's industrial plant repaired B-24 and B-17 bombers and fitted B-29s for combat.

Tinker's largest organization is the Oklahoma City Air Logistics Complex. It is the largest of three depot repair complexes in the Air Force Materiel Command. It provides depot maintenance on the C/KC-135, B-1B, B-52 and E-3 aircraft, expanded phase maintenance on the Navy E-6 aircraft, and maintenance, repair and overhaul of engines for the Air Force, Air Force Reserve, Air National Guard, Navy and foreign military sales. Additionally, the complex is responsible for the maintenance, repair and overhaul of a myriad of Air Force and Navy airborne accessory components, and the development and sustainment of a diverse portfolio of operational flight programs, test program sets, automatic test equipment, and industrial automation software.

Today, with more than 26,000 military and civilian employees, Tinker is the largest single-site employer in Oklahoma.

***** IMPORTANT – PLEASE READ *****

Our tour of Tinker Air Force Base and dinner at the Tinker Club will require more information to be included with your registration. On the back of the registration form, you will find a form to fill out and send with your registration. This information must be completed for each person covered by the registration form and match each person's ID. You will notice there is a place for a "Registration Number". That number is really for your social security number. Also, do not use hyphens (-). An example is 123456387, rather than 123-45-6387.

Bricktown Water Taxi

We booked a one hour cruise floating down the Bricktown Canal to the Oklahoma Land Run

Monument. The Monument commemorates the opening of the Unassigned Land in Oklahoma Territory with the Land Run of 1889. The frenzied energy and emotion from one instant during the run is captured in bronze by artist Paul Moore, and is one of the world's largest bronze sculptures featuring 45 heroic figures of land run participants, frozen in motion as they race to claim new homesteads.



After a short stop at the Monument the boat will return to the Bricktown dock, where the bus will depart back to the hotel. Some may wish to stay in the vibrant Bricktown Entertainment District to enjoy its nightlife, and can arrange self-transportation back to the hotel.

Did You Know?

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

PROJECT FRANTIC MISSION "X"

by Merle L. Cleveland

(reprinted from Vol 6., No. 3, July 1986 newsletter)

The photo lab had been running regular. During the last part of May, missions were being flown almost daily. Our job was to process and print the film exposed over the targets during the bomb runs.

On May 29, 1944, things began to buzz around Group Headquarters about a "Mission X." Rumors had it going to China; others speculated of planes and crews going back to the States for a U.S. Savings Bond promotional tour. Concrete information was impossible to obtain.

Two days later, T/Sgt. Harvey J. Orr, Sgt. Robbie Robinson and I were called into Col. Paul Barton's office. He immediately asked if we would like to go on Mission X. For security reasons he was not able to give us much information about the Mission, except that we would process film taken of the Mission at another base. He added that we would be missing something big if we didn't go. We were to wear new uniforms at all times during the Mission, except when we were actually

processing and printing the film. All of the next day was dedicated to packing equipment and getting together our personal gear.

June 1 at 0200 hours, we were awakened by the C. Q. Briefing for Mission X would be at 0300 hours. The excitement was high -we still didn't know where we were going.

Maj. Sitgraves, S-2 Officer, started the briefing promptly, as if it were a routine mission. Take-off time: 0705 hours. Rendezvous with other Groups: 0800 hours over San Severo at 5,000 feet. The other Groups were the 99th and 97th and the 2nd all B-17 Groups. Heading: 40° for 60 minutes, etc. The target: Debreczen Marshalling Yards, Hungary. Target time: 1200 hours. Flack and fighters would be expected. Initial Aiming Point, (I.P.), was given to the Navigators along with other coordinates. After the bombs were dropped, we would take a compass heading of 45° again and continue until we crossed the lines. The lines? The only lines around there were the Russian lines! At last it was revealed. The "X" in Mission X meant Russian. Mission to Russia. Our group was to land at a field in Poltava, Russia!

We arrived at our respective planes. We loaded our baggage. While waiting for the pilot, thoughts were spinning in my head. This was the first time anything of this nature had been tried by our Air Force. How would the Russians treat us? Our first target in Hungary could be rough. The Germans had moved a lot of their vital industry and equipment on the eastern front away from the 15th and 8th Air Forces. I looked up to inspect the sky. The weather was good here, but it could close-in real fast in Russia. Low on fuel, with few alternate fields available - we'd be in a tough spot.

At 0700 hours we taxied down to the steel mat runway and into position. The lead planes took off. Lt. Bentley finished the engine check and we were on our way. We circled the field for altitude. Off to the southeast we could see the other Groups taking to the air. Some ten miles from our field a big cloud of dust was rising from the fighter strip. We may need those P-51s before this day is over. It gave me a good feeling knowing they were going to be with us. At 5,000 feet we were met by the other Groups. Each fell into its respective position

and we headed out toward the Adriatic Sea. Mission X was under way.

Oxygen masks were put on at 10,000 feet. By the time we reached the eastern shore, the smooth sea broke into the rough terrain of the Yugoslavian mountains. It was in these mountains that Marshal Tito had his stronghold. In fact, he had sent some crew members back to us just one day after they were shot down. I inspected below for likely landing sites in his back yard - but there were none.

Some two hours later the sound of the steady drone of the engines was interrupted by a crisp voice over the intercom, "Fighters high at 3 o'clock, unidentified." This could be a little reception for us. But as they moved closer, another report was made, "P-51s at 3 o'clock, relax a little." Out of my right window I could see a fort falling back. He appeared to have engine trouble. He soon turned back to Italy. It would be disheartening for us, also, to have an engine go out and have to abort Mission X.

By 1130 hours we were in the target area. The pilot called for us to put on our flack suits. So for the next ten minutes I wrestled with some 40 pounds of little pieces of steel plating fastened together with cloth in a form of an open-sided vest. Once I had it on it felt like two ropes confining my shoulders, trying to pull me down.

The I.P. was reached by 1145 hours - the beginning point of the bomb run. "Flack at 9 o'clock, low," came over the intercom. Suddenly I was glad to feel the tugging of my flack suit on my shoulders. "More flack at 12 o'clock, low." I was hoping it would remain low. Directly in front of me I saw 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 little puffs, bursting into small clouds of black smoke. They seemed to appear from nowhere. Looking down, I saw red flashes, instantly followed by four or five bursts. I realized that if one of those puffs came too close, dear old 849 would be a sieve. Now I knew how a China Pheasant felt when I pulled down on him with my old 20-gauge. A direct hit could make a big hole; a near miss would affect him like a buck-shot.

We closed-in on the target, sighted ahead. The lead Group released their bombs. The plane on my right opened its bomb-bay doors. The bombs leaving the stomach of the plane reminded me of

soldiers marching out at precise intervals. Their noses dropped slowly, then they disappeared.

"Bombs away," floated over the intercom. Our plane gave an upward lurch. The bombardier saw the first Group's bombs hitting short of the target. They were striking an air field at the south end of the Marshall Yard. Our bombs began to strike just short of the Marshall Yard, but ran across the lower end. The last one was a direct hit! It completely cut the Yard in two. More bombs hit to cut a line through the upper end of the Yard and ran into a warehouse area. Big clouds of smoke from the ground began rolling up to the plane, obstructing the view of the target area as we made our rally. I was anxious to move out before they started to retaliate. It seemed as if we were over the target for hours - but in reality, we had not been in action for more than five minutes. Tension began to subside as we returned to the steady drone of the engines heading for Russia.

Two hours had passed. We were over the Russian lines, safe, so we thought. Without warning a big black puff appeared under our wing. Definitely flack! What was the matter with those Russians? Didn't they know we were their allies? Prior arrangements were for us to cross their lines at a certain point. Otherwise, they were ordered to shoot at anything coming over their area. It seems that we were on time, but a little off course! Lesson number one: if you are to be at a certain place at a certain time, you better be there or else. We were getting the "or else."

From 24,000 feet we began our let-down - a gentle slide. At 14,000 feet the left waist gunner and I jumped the gun and took off our oxygen masks. We relaxed with our first cigarette in six hours.

At this altitude, one could make-out things on the ground. Looking over the country side, I realized it was the victim of the "scorched earth policy." Everything was leveled. No buildings. The country was littered with wrecked tanks, trucks and anything used by an army. It was obvious that this was the location of desperate fighting. As we flew on, the whole country side was the same. There were signs of life in villages now and then, but all were scared by the ravages of war. In this section, when the Germans drove back the Russians, the

Russians destroyed everything - leaving nothing useful to the Germans. When the Russians pushed out the Germans, the Germans left nothing useful by burning and destroying everything. Thus, the term "scorched earth policy."

We were nearing our destination. By then we were flying close enough to see people coming out of their living quarters to wave at us. Two of our Groups landed in Mirgorod. We continued on to Poltava.

The Poltava field was operated by Russians and Americans. G.I. equipment was everywhere. One American, assisted by three Russians, took care of our plane. On our way to town, we were greeted by many Russian soldiers and civilians. Before we could relax in our barracks, Mag. Sitgraves, the S-2 Officer, instructed us to go to Mirgorod to develop and print our bomb strike photos.

In Mirgorod a Recon Group was set up for photo work. We used their equipment. By 2400 hours, our work was done for the day. After some chow, I was ready for the sac. It had been almost 22 hours since I had slept.

The next morning, I took stock of my surroundings. Here I was in an ordinary G.I. Army camp, in Russia, being served chow by Russian girls. Chow was "C" rations. My favorite way to start the morning: stew for breakfast! Sgt. Orr and I spent most of the day looking over the place and talking with the G.I.s. They had come over from the 8th Air Force in England, down to Cairo, thru the Suez Canal, then overland by trucks to the base. All the equipment was brought in from the northern part of Russia. We were anxious to see more of Russia. And to test the accuracy of what we had been told about the Russian people.

That evening in an open-air theatre we were entertained by a very good male choir. One soldier sang a solo which would have put the greatest American singer to shame. A band consisted of accordions, baritones, trumpets, trombones and drums. Everything was sung in Russian, which was Greek to me. The cast of entertainers was composed of men from the front lines who were back for a rest. In the front row of the theatre were several dignitaries: Lt. Gen. Ira Eaker, who came over with us, the General of the U.S. European Command, and Russian officers.

The announcer for the band concert was the stoic Russian type. From the rear of the stage he first appeared. He immediately marched to the front where he stopped short. He announced the next number, keeping head and eyes straight ahead. He acted as if he were too stiff to bend. After his announcement, he made an about face and marched off the stage. It was a good evening.

The next day, Sgt. Orr and I returned to Poltava. Sgt. Robinson, who had stayed in Poltava, had planned a sightseeing trip. Our first stop was to the park- what was left of it. The civilians had one thing on their minds - the war. Most everything they did was in support of the war. We had been told that Russians did not like their pictures taken. So we kept our cameras out of sight. Robinson and I had just finished taking a picture of their church. We turned around to find two Russian soldiers behind us. The soldier took the camera, a speed graphic that took 4 x 5 film, looked it over, said "photograph," which seems to be an international word. They made sign language to us, saying it was a good camera. They handed it back and left. We were relieved.

We found a place where several Germans had met their doom. The Russians lined them in front of the brick wall and that was the end of them. A story had it that a Russian traitor also had been executed here. They tied him over the muzzle of an anti-tank gun, which accounted for the large hole in the brick wall. I was reminded of our initial Mission briefing. We were informed that the Russians had little regard for human life. Another story told of a Russian Ordinance Officer who had been instructed to clear a damaged building of all booby traps and mines. The building was to be used for headquarters. The officer reported back that all was cleared. Upon inspection, some explosives which had innocently been overlooked, were discovered. With no questions asked, the Ordinance Officer was hung.

We also were told that the Russians were very proud of their country and their skills. You only had to show a Russian G.I. how to do something once. From that point on, he would do it precisely the same way, every time. One Crew Chief working on our planes demonstrated how to refuel. During his demonstration, he accidentally over-

flowed a tank with fuel. Thereafter, when refueling, the Russians overflowed the tanks with fuel. A Russian guard was put on guard of the intelligence tent and instructed to allow no one to enter. Rest assured, no one was allowed to enter, not even a Russian General. The only way the General could gain entrance was to relieve the guard.

We found the Russian people to be rather immodest around a swimming hole. They did little to cover themselves. Rumor had it that everyone went swimming naked before the G.I.s found it.

We made a practice of giving the candies from our "C" rations to the little kids. The Russian soldiers wouldn't take anything unless they had something to give in return. An order was put out later banning the trade of any goods. I was able to trade a U.S. insignia from my uniform for the Russian Star with hammer and sickle, just before the ban.

At last, the weather broke and we were to leave. Focsani Air Dome, Romania, was our next target. Take off time: 0610 hours, June 11, 1944. Airborne and crossing the Russian lines, we were again fired upon. The rounds were fired to the left - a friendly Russian way of saying 'good-bye.'

As we approached the I.P. we put on our flack suits. An alert eye was kept out for fighters. We started the bomb run. Heavy flack was returned. The waist gunner threw out the chaff - strips of foil like the kind you put on a Christmas tree. It threw off the radar and hindered the flack guns from obtaining a correct bearing on the altitude of our aircraft. I watched it float down from the other planes. I hoped it worked. As the flack became more direct, the bomb-bay doors began to spring open. The lead plane dropped its load. I felt our plane lurch and soon after, "bombs away," came over the intercom. The bombs were hitting the earth while flack became more fierce. We rallied and moved out of range of the flack guns. We were on course. Finally, no one seemed to be trying to stop us. Ten minutes had passed and I was feeling a little more confident.

I looked down at an airstrip on the far side of a little town. There appeared a big dust cloud rising up from it. Sure enough, the fighters were coming up for us. Over the intercom came the warning,

"Fighters coming in level at 9 o'clock, four of them." The first fighter approached us, a flash of red appeared out of his nose-his cannon. When he came in range I squeezed the trigger. The old fifty began to bark at him-the tracers bent toward his nose. Zip! He was gone. Another one closed in on us. My fifty jumped in my hands, and he was gone. I looked around for more, but found none. Why was I shaking? At 27,000 feet it's cold, but I could feel the perspiration popping out all over my body. The tail gunner broke the silence on the intercom, "Somebody got one in the tail box." He watched the fighter's trail of black smoke as it hurled to the ground.

Upon arrival in Italy, we posed for a Mission X photo of the plane and crew. The photo lab was quiet. Everyone was on pass except for two men. Somehow, the lab would seem a little less exciting after Mission X. But at the moment, the only excitement I was looking for were a few hours of "Zs" in the sac.

From the Fundraising Coordinator:

Support the 483rd

Given the reality of the dwindling numbers of actual 483rd heroes, it is increasingly up to us who comprise the second and third generations of the 483rd to carry on their memories and legacies.

Please consider making a tax-deductible contribution to help in this effort.

Your contributions will not only keep our organization vibrant, but they will also help us perpetuate the history of the 483rd at the Museum of Aviation at Robins Air Force Base in Warner Robins, Georgia. We also give out annual scholarships to ROTC students pursuing a future career in military aviation.

There are three ways that you can make a charitable contribution. The first, and quickest, way is to contribute using your credit card at our new GoFundMe campaign at: www.GoFundMe.com/483rd-Bombardment-Group-Association. The second way is to write a check to the 483rd Bombardment Group Association and send it to our treasurer: Mr. Leon Waldman, 14630 Dickens Street, Apt. #108,

Sherman Oaks, CA 91403-3610. The third way is to designate the 483rd Bombardment Group Association in your estate-planning documents as a beneficiary of some amount of funds from your estate after you're gone. This does not have to be your entire estate but can be for some designated portion.

We need your help to perpetuate the memories and legacies of the heroes of the 483rd!

***** Contributions are tax-deductible. *****

483rd Bombardment Group Legacy Fund

This is an UPDATE to President Russell Daniel's message in the December 2017 newsletter.

The primary purpose of the Legacy Fund is to provide a long-term vehicle to continue the goals and purposes of the existing 483rd Bombardment Group (H) Association.

There are certain membership & fundraising limitations of the current Association, which is a 501(c)19 entity - a military association. These limitations don't exist with the Legacy Fund, which is a 501(c)3 entity - a public charity. There are a total of 28 different 501(c) designations in the IRS code.

One exciting difference between our current 483rd Bombardment Group (H) Association, and the Legacy Fund is that the Legacy Fund can solicit/obtain grants from private and/or public foundations.

All the legal and financial paperwork has been completed for the Legacy Fund and we have now received official IRS notification that it has an official IRS designated 501(c)3 status. The Legacy Fund is a legally registered, non-profit organization, in good standing with the Missouri Secretary of State's office. A no-fee checking account has been opened at the Missouri Bank in Kansas City, and we currently have assets of \$930.24 in this account. There are no current outstanding unpaid expenses.

Our initial board of directors is made up of 3 members: Russell Daniel (president), David Raffel (secretary/treasurer), and Mark Halebsky. The number of members on the board can be expanded, so if you're interested in serving, please contact one of the current board members.

We are grateful to the Kansas City law firm of Siegfried & Bingham (Heath Hoobing & Mark Thompson) for providing their time & talent on a pro-bono basis to create our new non-profit organization!

We can now accept individual donations that are provisionally tax-deductible, pending final IRS approval of our 501(c)3 status, which again should come any day. Once this status is provided, any contributions made to the Legacy Fund will generate an acknowledgement letter verifying your tax-deductible contribution.

If you have any questions about the Legacy Fund, please contact Russell Daniel at: RDaniel@HostWorks.com; or Dave Raffel at: DaveRaffel@Gmail.com.



YOUR 2018 BOARD OF DIRECTORS

PRESIDENT

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WEB SITE

483rdBombGroup.org

PAST PRESIDENTS

Phillip A. Luetke (Deceased) 1980
William A. Haskins (Deceased) 1981
James V. Reardon (Deceased) 1982-83
Lynn M. Borders (Deceased) 1984
Joseph W. Gawthrop (Deceased) 1984
M.L. "Bob" Hottman 1985 (Deceased)
Harry K. Keller (Deceased) 1986
Donald R. Speegle (Deceased) 1987
James "Russ" Heflin (Deceased) 1988
Evan M. "Jack" Edwards (Deceased) 1989
Ralph H. Simpson (Deceased) 1990
Harry P. Millnamow (Deceased) 1991
William P. Dunn (Deceased) 1992
Edward T. Cotton (Deceased) 1993
Harry D. Whye (Deceased) 1994
Ray H. Whitaker (Deceased) 1995
Harold D. Leveridge (Deceased) 1996
William I. Jeffs (Deceased) 1997
George F. Stovall 1998 (Deceased)
John A. Campbell (Deceased) 1999
Verne H. Cole (Deceased) 2000
Benjamin H. Adams Jr. (Deceased) 2001
Robert W. Mitchell (Deceased) 2002
John P. Nobel (Deceased) 2003
Curtis B. Clark 2004
Fredric A. Hicks (Deceased) 2005
Wilfrid Hebert 2006
Stanton "Mike" Rickey 2007
Ellis Maxey (Deceased) 2008
Jim Ashley (Deceased) 2009
Dennis West 2010, 2011, 2012
Santee West Maeda 2013, 2014, 2015
Harold Chubbs 2016
Dennis West 2017

483rd Bombardment Group (H) Reunion - Registration Form

Oklahoma City, OK

September 25 to 29, 2018

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 (H) Reunion"** and send to Jay Clifton, 7589 Bittersweet Drive, Gurnee, IL 60031. Any questions concerning Hotel Reservations, Meals, Tours, Registration or general reunion questions call or text Jay at (847) 217-7485 or email: cliftonjay57@gmail.com.

Please complete all registrants' names & circle whether Veteran, Wife, Widow, Friend or Guest

First Name _____ Last Name _____ Nick Name _____ V W Wi F G

Squadron _____ Email Address: _____ Phone (____) _____

Street Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

First Name _____ Last Name _____ Nick Name _____ V W Wi F G

First Name _____ Last Name _____ Nick Name _____ V W Wi F G

First Name _____ Last Name _____ Nick Name _____ V W Wi F G

First Name _____ Last Name _____ Nick Name _____ V W Wi F G

First Name _____ Last Name _____ Nick Name _____ V W Wi F G

Date	Event	Price	No Attending	Total
Tuesday 9/24, 1:00 pm	Early Bird Tour: The American Pigeon Museum and Science Museum Oklahoma	\$38.00		
Wednesday 9/25, 8:30 am	Wednesday Tour: Myriad Botanical Gardens, Oklahoma Museum of Art (Lunch on your own at Oklahoma Museum of Art Cafe)	\$40.00		
Wednesday 9/25, 6:30 pm	Welcome/Memories Night Dinner & No Host Bar (5:30 – 6:30) Choice of: Chicken Breast (#____), Roasted Pork Loin(#____), or Shrimp Primavera in Alfredo Sauce (#____)	\$35.00		
Thursday 9/26, 9:00 am	Thursday Tour: Oklahoma City National Memorial & Museum, Nat'l Cowboy Museum (lunch included), 45 th Infantry Division Museum (Dinner on Your Own Around Hotel)	\$52.00		
Thursday 9/26, 7:30 pm	YounGuns Dessert Reception For those interested there will be a No Host Bricktown Pub Crawl following YounGuns Reception	\$12.00		
Friday 9/27, 9:00 am	Ladies' Brunch: American Breakfast Buffet Entertainment to be announced.	\$23.00		
Friday 9/27, 12:30 pm	Friday Tour: Tinker Air Force Base Guided Tour, Dinner at Tinker AFB, Bricktown Water Taxi and OK Land Run Monument..	\$70.00		
Saturday 9/28, 6:30 pm	483rd Banquet, No Host Bar, Pictures (5:00 - 6:30 pm) Combination Dinner of Chicken and Steak	\$50.00		
	Registration Fee Per Person (EXCEPT VETERANS)	\$25.00		
	Late Registration Fee*** Per Person after September	\$25.00		
			TOTAL	

Mail Registration Form & Check payable to "483rd Bombardment Group (H) Reunion" to Jay Clifton. (See address above.)

***A late registration fee will be imposed for registering after the registration deadline of September 15, 2018, with special exceptions for health issues. This was initiated at the 2013 483rd General Business Meeting to help plan tours and schedule buses. Reunion registration cancellations will be accepted until September 15, 2018 without fee or penalty, so . . . please help by registering early.

Come -- Enjoy -- Have Fun !!!

Information for Security Clearance at Tinker Air Force Base

Note: Veterans with DOD ID do not need to fill-out for themselves but must for family/friends.

1	Exact Name on ID	
	Date of Birth	
	Registration No. (e.g. 123456789)	
	Driver's License Number	
	Driver's License State of Issue	
	Address	
2	Exact Name on ID	
	Date of Birth	
	Registration No. (e.g. 123456789)	
	Driver's License Number	
	Driver's License State of Issue	
	Address	
3	Exact Name on ID	
	Date of Birth	
	Registration No. (e.g. 123456789)	
	Driver's License Number	
	Driver's License State of Issue	
	Address	
4	Exact Name on ID	
	Date of Birth	
	Registration No. (e.g. 123456789)	
	Driver's License Number	
	Driver's License State of Issue	
	Address	
5	Exact Name on ID	
	Date of Birth	
	Registration No. (e.g. 123456789)	
	Driver's License Number	
	Driver's License State of Issue	
	Address	
6	Exact Name on ID	
	Date of Birth	
	Registration No. (e.g. 123456789)	
	Driver's License Number	
	Driver's License State of Issue	
	Address	