

815<sup>th</sup>816<sup>th</sup>817<sup>th</sup>840<sup>th</sup>

## 483RD BOMBARDMENT GROUP (H) ASSOCIATION

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

VOLUME 43

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NUMBER 1

### President's Message

Dear 483rd Members,

Greetings from wintry Chicagoland. It's now March so we hope spring arrives soon. I look forward to college basketball March Madness and the start of our national pastime baseball!

For the 2020 Reunion site, we have confirmed Albuquerque, New Mexico for September 10-13. For the second time, we will be partnering with the Fifteenth Air Force group. We learned from last year's combined reunion, so I have passed along our group's feedback to the committee. You will find more details about the reunion elsewhere in this newsletter from our Publicity Chairman, Sandee West Maeda.

In my previous message, I commented about my admiration for "The Greatest Generation". I am a history buff and I continue to learn from reading books and viewing excellent video programs. I am currently watching the series on Netflix called "The Untold History of the United States". It's directed by Oliver Stone so one must be wary of the facts; nevertheless, it is very educational. The World War Two episode focuses on the rise of America's global influence and spotlights the complex wartime maneuverings of Roosevelt, Churchill and Stalin.

More importantly, I cherish the friendships I have made with our veterans and families. My wife Nancy and I always look forward to seeing our beloved veterans and the second, third and now fourth generation family members at the reunions.

I am blessed to continue to share over 42 years with my father-in-law Ken Hoffman. I realized years ago that "Hoff" is a much better golfer than me, so we have enjoyed our mutual passion of trout fishing at Bennett Spring in Missouri. This spring, we hope to visit Ken's friend near Atlanta and make a side

trip to the Museum of Aviation in Warner Robins Georgia to check on the 483rd Bombardment Group display.

I fondly remember visiting the National WWII Museum in New Orleans at the 2014 Reunion. I admire the Museum's mission statement: "The National WWII Museum tells the story of the American experience in the war that changed the world—why it was fought, how it was won, and what it means today—so that all generations will understand the price of freedom and be inspired by what they learn."

Let's continue to treasure these men and women and honor their legacy by sharing these stories with our children and grandchildren.

*Jay Clifton*



### Membership News

Dear Comrades:

I'm getting used to not doing anything for each month. It seems as though the 483<sup>rd</sup> does not exist anymore. No money, no contact with members, just the list of deceased members which seems as though it is growing. Let's hope for the best - that change will come next month.

Take care,

*Guy Venier*  
Membership Secretary



<b>TAPS – Deceased Members Not Previously Reported in Newsletter</b>			
<b>Name</b>	<b>Squad</b>	<b>Date</b>	<b>Reported By</b>
Benoit, Raymond	815	2/8/2019	Guy Venier (OBIT)
Borzych, Frank V	817	10/27/2009	Guy Venier (OBIT)
Bunnell, Boyd	840	5/19/2019	Guy Venier (OBIT)
Chubbs, Harold J	816	10/30/2019	Sandee Maeda
Dano, Lee E	816	3/6/2007	Guy Venier (OBIT)
Dorsey, John W "Jay"	817	1/26/2020	Guy Venier (OBIT)
Fairbanks, Arthur F	815	4/19/2019	Guy Venier (OBIT)
Hamman, Raymond R	840	2/11/2020	Jay Clifton
Penrose, Allen E	815	2/1/2019	Family
Ponder, Solon W	840	11/17/2019	Guy Venier (OBIT)
Sargen, Dale C	840	8/19/2019	Guy Venier (OBIT)
Street, Marion C	815	6/19/2019	Guy Venier (OBIT)
Sullivan, Thomas F	817	5/26/2019	Guy Venier (OBIT)
Vidden, Harding C	840	12/17/2019	Guy Venier (OBIT)

## OUR 42ND REUNION IS IN ALBUQUERQUE

Our 42nd Reunion will once again be folded into the Fifteenth Air Force Bomb Groups Reunion and will run from Thursday, September 10 thru Sunday, September 13, 2020.



On Friday morning we will be visiting the New Mexico Veterans Memorial where we will enjoy a tour, lunch and ceremony. According to the Memorial's website, the Exhibits at the Veterans' Memorial honor veterans who have served in many ways over many years and offers visitors a chance to view the living heart and soul of those that answered the call, showed their strength, conquered with courage, and inspired our nation.



In the afternoon, we will be visiting the 512th Squadron at Kirtland Air Force Base for an Open House and aircraft/equipment

displays. There may also be a 9/11 remembrance ceremony on base for us to observe.

On Saturday there will be a Ladies Crafts Demo featuring our own Nancy Clifford. Nancy will provide a quick refresher course on herbs, then we will make our own herbal skin care blend, mix one of the featured seasoning recipes, plus take home an herbal tea sample. Although there is no cost for this event, reservations are a must because there will only be room for 50 women.



Other activities on Saturday will include Veterans Presentations, Veterans Group Picture and all Groups dinner. The entertainment at the dinner will be provided by Bob Hope (also known as Bill Johnson).

On Sunday there will be an optional Church Service provided at 9:00 am and then in afternoon we will tour The National Museum of Nuclear Science and History.



Further details of additional 483rd activities will be in our next newsletter so stay tuned...202



## Sheraton Albuquerque Uptown Is Home Of Our Next Reunion

The Sheraton Albuquerque Uptown Hotel is located at 2600 Louisiana Blvd NE, Albuquerque, New Mexico. The room rate is \$118 per



night plus tax and the room includes full, hot breakfast buffet for 2 per room. The room rates will be good from September 8 to September 16, 2020. There is much to explore and do in Albuquerque so you many want to extend your stay to explore.

There are eleven (11) ADA accessible rooms available. Reservations may be made by phone by contacting the hotel directly Monday – Friday from 8 am - 5 pm at 505-830-5781 Mountain Time. Please mention Bomb Group Reunion to receive the group rate. You may also leave a message for Nichole outside of business hours and she will return your call.

The Hotel has free parking, restaurants, a pool, a fitness center and of course meeting rooms. The rooms are large at 400 square feet and many of them have been recently updated. Each room has a mini refrigerator and microwave. This hotel is ranked #8 of ALL Sheratons nationwide for its customer service.

There is an airport to hotel shuttle available by contacting Roadrunner Shuttle & Charter Company at 505-424-3367 to make arrangements and to provide them with your flight information.



## Did You Know?

**Raid on Memmingen, July 18, 1944:**  
**Parachuting from a burning B-17 over enemy territory**  
*(reprinted from The Chinook Observer, June 16, 2004,  
pages B-6 & B7)*

Ed Lafferty  
817<sup>th</sup> Bombardment Squadron  
POW at Stalag Luft IV

Upon orders of the 5<sup>th</sup> Wing of the 15<sup>th</sup> Air Force, 167 B-17s were sent into southwestern Germany on July 18, 1944 to attack the Memmingen, Germany Airdrome and other installations of military importance.

Allied information had reports of increased activity of German fighter planes, making Memmingen a key target. This was to be the 30<sup>th</sup> mission for pilot Jim Haley and the crew of B-17, number 42-107170 (referred to as 170). Ed Lafferty was the bomber's engineer and left waist gunner.

Because of dense cloud cover and adverse weather conditions, two B-17 groups, totaling 44 planes, returned to their respective bases while 27 more chose to attack an alternate target. Subsequently, the size of the force that proceeded to Memmingen was much smaller than originally intended.

At the assigned I.P. approximately 75 German fighters, half ME-109s and half FW-190s, were observed to the right of the formation, maneuvering into position for an attack from the rear. In the face of unexpected and overwhelming odds, the 483<sup>rd</sup> Bomb Group made the decision to continue the bomb run as ordered. (I.P. stands for Initial Point, the point where the bomb run begins.)

The entire enemy fighter attack, now estimated to be as many as 120 to 150 airplanes, was well planned, and designed to aggressively execute and destroy a single bomber group in a matter of minutes. (Original estimates of the German fighters were high.) The 109s and 190s attacked in waves of five or six in a close 'javelin' formation on a level at rear of the tailing B-17s. Concentrated cannon and rocket power was overwhelming.

The last box formation of B-17s, composed of seven planes of the 816<sup>th</sup> Squadron, was entirely destroyed in the first attack. Three planes were shot to pieces, and while maintaining position in the formation, a fourth went down, apparently out of control, breaking apart as the plane went into a spin. The three remaining planes, all afire, dropped out of

the formation while they struggled to shoot at the fighters.

Another group of 109s and 190s moved up to concentrate fire on the seven planes of the 817<sup>th</sup> which was flying the number three box on the side of the formation. Five '17s were destroyed in a short time as metal peeled off burning wings and fuselages. Comrades witnessed men jumping from their bombers with their chutes on fire. Meanwhile, crews in the surviving ships continued to the target.

### **Attack on 170**

Just before the attack by the Germans, and as the bombers had approached the target, engineer and waist gunner Eddie Lafferty called out "Fighters!" on the interphone. It had been the P-51 escort, passing under the ship, then quickly disappearing. Then armorer Bob Yarnell called out "Fighters!" Again, the planes were American, this time P-38 Lightnings.

A few minutes later co-pilot Park Moewe looked over his shoulder and saw four Focke Wulf 190s, only 150 yards away, with noses pointed toward 170 and coming fast. Years later Moewe remembered the fateful day of July 18, 1944, the day his B-17 was struck down by German warplanes:

*That day had started by being awakened at 3:30 in the morning. By 4:15 I was up, had washed and dressed, and patted my dog Buck on the way out the door. I went the officers' mess for breakfast. As usual, it consisted of powdered eggs, so I drank a cup of coffee instead. At 4:30 I was in the briefing room where the target would be Memmingen Airfield. We expected little opposition and I was quite happy since this would bring my total to 41 missions. After briefing we all went out to our ships. I was flying co-pilot for Haley in 170.*

*Before the takeoff time I talked with Eddie Lafferty and expressed my joy at the prospect of a milk run. Eddie remarked that he had little faith in milk runs. Then I checked the ship and found Sgt. Burns asleep beside the ball turret. He obviously had been drinking the night before, and I asked him if he could fly the mission. He answered, 'Yessir', so I returned to the cockpit.*

*The take-off and route to Germany was uneventful except that we left our course and were therefore about 30 minutes late. I suppose the weather forced the decision, as we*

*had to fly over a front. Arriving opposite Innsbruck, we saw German artillery throwing up a warning box of 88 mm, but we easily evaded that. After Lafferty and Yarnell had called out when our cover had flown through, it was not too long before I looked out at 3 o'clock and saw the four Focke Wulfs, 150 yards away, coming in. By then Rosie, Eddie, and Dreps had called out attacks and the ship began to quiver with the recoil of our .50 caliber machine guns. The noise was terrific. Then we were hit – the ship bucked and the number one and two engines quit.*

*The flap indicator spun like a top and smoke drifted past our noses. Then things happened very fast. I saw Rickey's ship next to us in a spin, aflame. There were 20 mm shells exploding ahead in hundreds of white puffs. We got hit again and again. The smoke was getting thick and we were afire.*

*Jim Haley and I desperately tried to keep formation. I had one more look over my shoulder only to see more than a dozen Focke Wulfs and 109s outside my window. I leaned back to get maximum protection of my armor when 'Crack!'. A 20 mm exploded in the cockpit, piercing Jim's window. A splinter zipped under my nose and shattered my window. I remember thinking, "That was close".*

*By now I could tell we were really on fire in our bomb bay and in the number two engine. Jim reached for his chute. The cockpit interphone had been out since the first attack and I figured that he wanted everyone to leave, even though he made no sign. Communication was impossible as we were at 23,000 feet and encumbered by all the infinite number of articles we wore. Oxygen masks covered our faces, so that speaking was out of the question. I thought of the nose. Dan and Tuck had better be told to leave, if they were still alive. I wiggled down into the passageway, buckling on my chute in the process. To my surprise they were already grouped around the open escape hatch. I learned later that their interphones had remained okay, and Jim had told them to prepare to bail.*

*Dan tumbled through the hatch, then me. After that it was Tuck, and then Jim. I had gone out head first, tumbled, and then began to fall, fanny down. I had one last view of the ship,*

*belching flame from the number two engine, nosing down into her last landing. The sky was filled with parachutes, burning pieces of falling debris, Focke Wulfs, and bursting shells. A fitting epitaph for our '17's exit. My first thought was to delay pulling my ripcord, as I remembered vivid stories of helpless parachutists being strafed. I fell for what seemed ages and had time to experiment with methods of controlling my fall ... Finally, I began to wonder if I should pull my chute. I looked over my shoulder and the earth looked quite near, so I yanked my ripcord. I felt a terrific jerk and then to my amazement I found myself hugging a tree trunk. I had come within a fraction of a second of waiting too long . . . As it was, my chute never had a chance to fully open and break my fall completely. My fall through the tree's branches had helped and the half open chute had caught in the top of the tree, completing my deceleration. I had unbuckled my harness and then climbed down the pine tree. I figured it was nearly 50 feet high.*

Moewe dug a hole and buried his flight boots, Mae West, and chute. He inspected his surroundings and could see farmers in their fields. Hiding until dark, he set a compass course, hopefully in the direction of Switzerland, which was 65 miles to the southwest.

Moewe spent that first cold night without sleep, cold, wet, hungry, and blistered:

*I found myself outside a small town and decided to hide in the nearby woods until nightfall. I lay down in the woods, and later a German strolled by, only six feet away. A group of children then began to play in the woods, and at about 11 a.m. they discovered me. In short order, soldiers came, searched me, and marched me through the village. The people showed only curiosity except one older man who shook his fist at me. I was taken to the jail and locked up. After making friends with the guards they gave me a stein of beer.*

The next morning (July 20) I heard familiar voices and discovered that Tuck and Jim were there, with Smitty and Stein, who were survivors from one of the other ships. Rosie and Dan were there, too, except they had been taken to a hospital because of injured legs and ankles.

## **The Back Half of the Plane**

Ed Lafferty did not see the German fighters until the plane made the turn to approach the target. There was no flak, but suddenly there seemed to be around 150 enemy fighters, with no American cover in sight. Ed recalled the fighter attack:

*They were ME 109s and FW 190s, and they never stopped coming. Yeah, I had to watch out for our stabilizer, but I took some shots at 'em. I don't know if we got them or not, they came so fast I just couldn't tell. I never had time to look down, 'cause there was another one coming right after the one on top of us. I could see their guns firing at me but saw them go by. It was just one after another. These guys were from the German air base at Abbeyville, in France. They were good, and they had shot down a lot of B-17s.*

*They hit us everywhere. I heard later that a 20 mm crossed right through the cockpit. Bob Yarnell was right next to me, but our communications had been knocked out. We couldn't hear what was going on. I didn't even know if the bomb bay doors had ever opened. We hadn't even gotten to the target. The radio operator got a terrible burn on his face. Scabs over his eyes for days.*

*Oxygen bottles were on fire. When the ball turret blew up, that doomed us. A 190 had done a barrel roll and fired at our belly and hit the ball turret, smashing it to pieces. There was no doubt that Burns had died instantly.*

*More oxygen bottles had caught fire and one of the parachutes caught fire. Luckily, we had a seat chute stored away or there wouldn't have been one for every guy. I got it out and gave it to Kleinknecht. Burns' chute was still laying on the deck, but it too had caught fire. The fire was edging close. Flames were licking at my feet. Since we had no communications with the cockpit I had no idea if we had permission to bail out. And no bell rang. The front had no idea what was going on back there. I rapped on the cat walk and Rosie the tail gunner looked around. I motioned to him that we were ready to go.*

*For some reason the guys couldn't pull the pins in the hinges of the rear door and they called for me. I jerked that damned thing (two pins with cables) and gave the door a good kick, and bam, the door came open. With an*

*"After you, Alphonse", routine, the other guys insisted that I jump first and out the door I went. There were five of us back there: me, Kleinknecht, Yarnell, Dreps, and Rosie, the tail gunner. Burns, already dead, was going down with the plane.*

*There were a lot of guys in the air. I heard later that all seven of the 816<sup>th</sup>'s planes had gone down, and five out of our squadron. Yarnell broke his ankle on his landing. Blanchard, who jumped in the front, hurt his foot. With the exception of Burns, everyone from our plane made it.*

### **Hiking Through Wartime Austria**

When Ed landed he saw none of his fellow crew members. He remembers that he had checked his watch and it was 11:30 in the morning. He had pulled his chute too fast, and the wind had caused him to drift, into Austria. He saw an airman from another plane hit a roof. Ed came down near Bregenz, Austria, which was at the head of the Bodensee, a large lake. (Bodensee is also known as Lake Constance.) The area around Bregenz is near the German border, and near Lichtenstein and Switzerland. Regardless of the dangers, Ed had landed in a very beautiful part of the world:

*I kept out of sight and away from captivity for seven days and eight nights. I traveled only at night and camped during the day. The second day I pulled into a field that had a little island of brush. That's where I was hiding when I spotted this other American. He came out of the woods, looking pretty terrible, real bedraggled. I debated about whether I should let him know I was there. Finally, I said 'Come on over and get the hell out of sight'. So, he came over and I had some pills and I gave him one. He was from the 816<sup>th</sup> Squadron. I had my escape kit, but he didn't have anything. I had kept this stuff in my flight coveralls.*

After a week Ed and his partner reached a small hill and in the darkness of night could see the lights of Switzerland, only five kilometers ahead. First, they had to cross a bridge over the Rhine River. The two men decided the only thing they could do was just head out and try to make their way across the bridge. As soon as they walked onto the bridge, two German guards that they had not seen stepped out and yelled for them to halt. After a week, the escape attempt was over. So close, but so far away.

Following a few days in the Bregnez jail, the two Americans were put onto a train for Frankfurt where they were interrogated. After the Frankfurt stop, Ed was put on another train that went through Berlin on its way to the east.

### **Stalag Luft IV Kriegie (Kriegie: German-held POW)**

Stalag Luft IV was located in northeast Germany, in what is now a part of Poland. The prison held an estimated six to ten thousand POWs. There was little food and what the men were fed was considered of poor quality. Occasional Red Cross packages were a welcome relief and were relied upon by the prisoners.

Lafferty arrived at the prison camp on Aug. 1, his father's birthday. A few days later he saw crewmate Kleinknecht, whose face had been burned so badly that he was barely recognizable. Ed remembers some of his experiences at the prison:

*One boy in camp from Yugoslavia wanted to know if we had bombed Belgrade. His mother and sister were there. I told him we bombed the railroad but not the city. Some of the fellows could read German and they would read newspapers to me. The Red Cross packages were very important to us.*

*I was real surprised how little attention our prisoners paid to the progress of the war. Sometimes it really infuriated me. That Christmas at Stalag Luft IV, in 1944, we got games. I learned how to play chess there. I played some bridge, until some of the guys got mad at me. I wasn't a very good bridge player.*

*While the stalag wasn't a great hardship, neither was it the foolishness portrayed in 'Hogan's Heroes'. To me, people shouldn't underestimate the Germans. They were not fools, they were far from that.*

As rumors built up about the Russian advance from the East, in February 1945, the 10,000 prisoners were packed up and forced to march west. Another prisoner, John Taylor, has written at length about the memorable experiences of the POWs. Following is a portion of Taylor's memories:

*We began the march on Feb. 6, 1945. We carried as much food and parcels as we could but later we shed the things we could do without. There were guard dogs on both sides and maybe 100 men in each group, with about a total of 6,000 POWs on the march. The farther we went, the farther apart we became,*

*and finally some of the men disappeared, never to be seen again.*

*At night we would stop at small farms where we would get locked in barns for the night. It was the first time I ever slept standing up; in one place there was not enough room to lie down. Sometimes we were kept at a pig farm, and we were able to steal a pig. Some prisoners would even steal the slop from the pigs. Sometimes we would find an egg and if we got real lucky we would find a chicken.*

*We would walk from daylight to dark and eat whatever we could find. With so little to eat, a fat rat would be in trouble. Sometimes a cat or dog would disappear. We marched all day without food or water and the snow was deep in many places. Disease and death was everywhere.*

*The Germans provided a wagon for the sick but there was never enough room. GIs who fell behind were escorted to the nearby woods and shot. Sometimes the dogs got them and killed them. Altogether we think about 1,300 men died for no reason at all.*

*One day I saw a large group of men die all at once. Several British fighter planes came in low, firing at us. They must have thought we were Germans. We were just walking down a back road. I jumped a four-foot fence and dove through a trap door on the side of a house that I thought was a basement. As I stood up I realized it was a septic tank. What worried me the most was the chocolate bar I had in my pocket and I thought I had lost it.*

*I got out of the septic tank and I began to shake, realizing that I was still alive. Bodies were everywhere. The Brits left after one pass. There's nothing like being killed by your own friends. Maybe they recognized who we were after the first pass. By this time we had walked 86 days and had gone 600 miles.*

*It was May 3<sup>rd</sup>, just days before the Nazi surrender, which would end the war in Europe. The day after the British air attack, the men arrived at a stalag luft near Fallingbomel, in north central Germany. Taylor had hoped for a bed and something to eat, but there was no room for more POWs:*

*After about a week we were on the road again. Sometimes we went back over roads we had already been on. The German guards were beginning to disappear. Some GIs escaped and hid out until they found a forward*

*allied unit. The group I was with got locked in a barn.*

*The next morning all the guards were gone, and POWs were running everywhere. They were shouting and running up and down the road frantically, not knowing where to go or what to do. The trick was to find your way to the allied lines. We went to the highway and flagged down a Red Cross truck. There were five of us. It was a Red Cross truck with wounded Germans inside. We pulled them out and left them in the street.*

*The ambulance truck had a steam engine in it. All we had to do was put wood in it and off we went. We found our way to the British lines and stayed a day or two, but we didn't like it there. We heard about a British airfield nearby and the next day we found it. They had a plane going to France and we got a ride and found our way to an American camp. From there we caught a ship going home to the good ole USA.*

### **Ed Lafferty's Story of the March**

Having been told of the march was to begin the following morning, Ed and his prison buddy, Ira Lewis, from Arkansas, packed their meager belongings the night of Feb. 5, 1945. The two men made a backpack out of one of the Red Cross boxes (made of a plastic material). Two blankets were wrapped up and strapped with a sheet of canvas, which one man carried on his back. The other carried the backpack with their personal items. Ed recalls that it was snowing on Feb. 6, the day the march to Germany began:

*We were in Polish countryside when we started and the area was filled with small dairy farms. At night we would get boiled water and potatoes. Sometimes we just had the hot water. I only remember one guy who couldn't go any further. He was sick and told Ira and me to take his gear, that he would try to get help. A few days later I was surprised to see the fellow up the road. They had put him on one of the wagons for the sick and had taken him with them.*

*Many days later we got to Germany, at a place where the American planes bombed a German aircraft factory. I remember the town had a great big chimney that was part of a pottery and dish factory. At this point the*

guards from the stalag were replaced by Wehrmacht guards. We had selected NCO representatives who negotiated with the guards for our food and other needs.

As we marched south we would stay in one place for several days. The German guards would disappear one day and reappear the next. We thought they were on raids to steal what they could. They weren't eating much better than we were. The Americans bombed the area again, and when we cut through a large, wooded area we discovered what our flyers may have been looking for. Among the trees were rows and rows of stacked fuel containers still untouched by the bombs.

By this time, we had been broken up into smaller groups. In the last days of the march there were twelve of us with one German guard. Now Russian artillery was going over our positions toward German units ahead of us. It was around the last week of April and we

moved into this town, flooded with refugees, prisoners, and German soldiers.

We saw a young mother with a baby in her arm. Another young child was in a pram, which had a broken back wheel. Holding her hand was a five-year-old. An armed German soldier approached the woman and children and knelt down and took off the broken wheel. He proceeded to exchange the positions of the broken wheel with one from the front of the pram. Ed remembers thinking 'This is what the war has done. The mother and her children were helpless and suffering because of the destruction and chaos'.

Freedom for Ed and his comrades came on April 26, 1945, at Bitterfeld, Germany, when the group met head on with the United States' 140<sup>th</sup> (Timberwolf) Infantry Division. The imprisonment under the Germans had lasted 269 days, including the forced march which had lasted 90 days.

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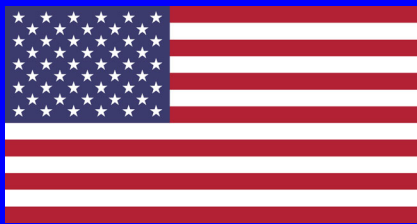
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Phillip A. Luetke (Deceased) 1980  
William A. Haskins (Deceased) 1981  
James V. Reardon (Deceased) 1982-83  
Lynn M. Borders (Deceased) 1984  
Joseph W. Gawthrop (Deceased) 1984  
M.L. "Bob" Hottman 1985 (Deceased)  
Harry K. Keller (Deceased) 1986  
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  
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Sandee West Maeda 2013, 2014, 2015  
Harold Chubbs (Deceased) 2016  
Russell Daniel 2018  
Mark Halebsky 2019



**SAVE THE DATE**

# **2020 ANNUAL REUNION**



**Albuquerque, NM**  
**September 10-13, 2020**

## **Sheraton Uptown Hotel**

2600 Louisiana Blvd. N.E.  
Albuquerque, NM. 87110  
505-881- 0000

Many memorable events are being planned. Don't miss this opportunity to reunite with friends and loved ones. There are also many things to see and do in Albuquerque if you want to spend some extra time.

# BOMB GROUPS REUNION

September 10-13, 2020 Albuquerque, NM



Veteran/Fallen Hero \_\_\_\_\_ Group **483rd** Sqn \_\_\_\_\_ Highest Rank \_\_\_\_\_

Registrant Name: \_\_\_\_\_ (One Form per Registration Packet)

Address \_\_\_\_\_ City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_ Phone \_\_\_\_\_ Email \_\_\_\_\_

Name Tag Names (Include Veteran Relationship): \_\_\_\_\_

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Registration fee (except veterans) # people \_\_\_\_\_ @ \$15.00 each Sub Total \$ \_\_\_\_\_

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**THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 10<sup>TH</sup>** — Welcome dinner, Mexican Buffet

# people \_\_\_\_\_ @ \$42.00 Sub Total \$ \_\_\_\_\_

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**FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 11<sup>TH</sup>** — NM Veterans Memorial Tour, lunch and Memorial Ceremony and visit to Kirtland AFB

# people \_\_\_\_\_ @ \$65.00 each Sub Total \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Individual Group Dinners

Roast Beef # people \_\_\_\_\_ @ \$40.00 each Sub Total \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Chicken Corona # people \_\_\_\_\_ @ \$40.00 each Sub Total \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Vegetarian Lasagna # people \_\_\_\_\_ @ \$40.00 each Sub Total \$ \_\_\_\_\_

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**SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12<sup>TH</sup>**

All Groups Banquet

Carved Prime Rib # people \_\_\_\_\_ @ \$50.00 each Sub Total \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Seared Salmon Filet # people \_\_\_\_\_ @ \$50.00 each Sub Total \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Basil Olive Risotto & Grilled Vegetables # people \_\_\_\_\_ @ \$50.00 each Sub Total \$ \_\_\_\_\_

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**SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 13<sup>TH</sup>**

Lunch at Furr's Fresh Buffet and tour of the National Museum of Nuclear Science & History

# people \_\_\_\_\_ @ \$65.00 each Sub Total \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Farewell Dinner — BBQ Buffet # people \_\_\_\_\_ @ \$32.00 each Sub Total \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Do you need a wheelchair? Yes \_\_\_\_\_ No \_\_\_\_\_ **GRAND TOTAL \$** \_\_\_\_\_

Emergency Contact \_\_\_\_\_ Phone # \_\_\_\_\_

Please send this form along with your check payable to Jay Clifton:

Jay Clifton 7589 Bittersweet Drive, Gurnee IL 60031