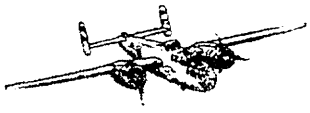


Dear Members,
Time marches on. The 38th Web Site is up and looks like a keeper.
Mr. Hickey has promised to provide me with a complete list of casualties while overseas. The list will be uploaded as soon as I receive it and work it into our site. You can use the links to read about the history of the 69th and 70th Squadrons up until they were assigned to the 42nd Bomb Group in 1943.
Dues are coming in a little slower than usual. I find it easier to remember things from my childhood than to remember where I placed my glasses last night. This may be what has happened to the dues. My constant hope is to see you in Colorado Springs with a copy of our History in my hands. May love and good fortune be the norm of your life.
Orland

Note From The S/T

We urgently request that each of you review your dues status as shown on your address label. The dues are just $10 a year, paid two years at a time ($20) to reduce book keeping and to reduce postal billing costs. Everyone has a reason for not wishing to become a member of an organization however, our 38th Bomb Group Assn is very limited and exclusive. As such, we hate the loss of a single member, whether due to death or just not sending in dues. As we grow older, attrition will take it's toll and we can do little but add that name to the "In Ever Honored Memory" roll. If other reasons prevent a member from renewing his membership, we need to know why. If for no other reason than our survival , we ask your help with your dues or a note to let us know why you are dropping out of our organization!!!!

Note: If you change your address you must advise me or you will **not receive** the **Sun Setter news letter** As second class mail it **will not be forwarded**. We usually have a very limited number of extra copies, so if you get missed you may be out of luck

Note We request widows advise us if they do not want the news letter

Editor notes: (for those of you that have access to the internet or the web)
Suggest you check (http:www.pacificwrecks.com.) (EnglishJeff1@worldnet.att.net Subject: Original B-25's assigned to 38th BG) (http://members.xoom.com/sunsetterb25/index38th.htm)To receive Wreck News,go e-mail justin@wanpela.com, put "subscribe"in subject line.
Orland Gage, is compiling a CD of photos taken of the 38th in the South Pacific, contact him at e-mail ogage@cableone.net
New Web site http://www.sunsetters38bg.com

THE 38TH BOMB GROUP ASSOCIATION (WWII)
2000-2002 Officers & Directors

President: Orland F. Gage
377 Reservoir Drive, Lewiston ID 83501-8608
1-208-746-0875

Vice-President: Richard C. W.Fields
1421 W. Lexington Ave. Elkhart, IN 46514-2047
1-219-293-4643

Sec./Treas. William J. (Cledith) McKinstry
473 Evergreen Dr., Tonawanda, NY 14150-4631
1-716-694-2323

HQ Rep. (Incl. 69, 70, 89 Sqdns. & Asc.)
Thomas D. Kirby Sr., LM
PO Box 890278, Temecula, CA 92589-0278
1-619-674-4138

Alt Rep Warren E. Lee
6600 Peppermill Dr Las Vegas, NV 89146-2913
1-702-221-0699

71st Rep. Richard D. Fields, LM
1421 W. Lexington Ave., Elkhart, IN 46514-2047
1-219-213-4643

71st Alt. Rep. Steve Kaselak
7286 Chatham Court, Northfield Ctr. OH 44067
1-330-980-3965

405th Rep. Jack Wilson LM
0890 County Road 241, New Castle, CO 81647-9733
1-970-984-3212

405th Alt. Rep. Joe Carter
3501 Westbury Place, Birmingham, AL 35223-2107
1-205-967-9054

822nd Rep. Dewey B.Haynes
416 S. Potomac Way, Aurora, CO 80012-2439
1-303-366-8012

822nd Alt. Rep. Jack DeTour
98-1108 Malualua St. Aiea, HI, 96701-2819
1--808-487-2842

823rd Rep Robert H. Lamb
2433 Glenheath Drive, Kettering, OH 45440-1956
1-513-298-1924

823rd Alt-Rep Charles T Connor
6115 N.Davis Hwy Apt 68, Pensacola, GL 32504
1-850-857-0633

"IN EVER-HONORED MEMORY"

Since the publication of the May 2001 newsletter and as of August, 2001, we have been informed of these veterans of the 38th Bomb Group that have gone to their final resting place.

"Rest in Peace Brothers"

Arnold, Frank B..	822nd
Williams, John G.	822nd
Ranney, J. Lee	822nd
Swan, Curtis E.	823rd

HQ	17	71st	130	822nd	74
69th	2	89th	1	823rd	70
70th	53	405th	127	Unk	3

TOTAL = 475

Can you help??

I have been trying for many years to find any information on my brother who was killed in action. In December he was in the 38th Bomb group flying B-25's. I have a picture of him and his crew in front of the aircraft and it had the name Ole'Cappy painted on the nose. He graduated from Ellington Field in Class of 41-1, Friday Morning December 12,.1941. From there he was assigned to the 9th Pursuit squadron and then to Port Moresby in January of 1942. Later assigned to the 38th Bomb Group with the 405th and the 71st. He was with Pink's staff. Hand written on the back page of his graduation program is the following information:

Lt Charles Landon Maggart O-430935

Any Information is greatly appreciated.

Philip E. Maggart **mwurm11@aol.com**

Can any of you help ?

Hello -

I am seeking any information regarding the plane, events, and crew of my uncle, Gordon Burns, who died in Pacific April 2, 1945. A previous Christmas card gave the following as his APO address: S/Sgt Gordon Burns, 36421012, 38th Bomb Group (M), 822nd Bomb Squadron, 5th Air Force and place of death was western Formosa. Thank you.

Jack Meyer at **feetfirst@chartermi.net.**

ADDITIONAL LIFE MEMBERS

As of 8/4/01

The association has gained the following new Life Members since the listing in the May 2001 Sun Setter:

Jezior, Stanley J.	**405th**
O'Neil, Thomas J.	**ASC**
Hustson, John H.	**405th**

Here is the breakdown, by squadron, of the total number of members who have contributed $100 to the Life Member-Ship Fund:

HQ	...71st	.89th	.405th	..822nd	...823rd	ASC
8	62-	1	107-	53	52	10
(2	14	0_	24	14	15 —Deceased)	

TOTAL = 293

New members

Carl E. Coats—405th **David P. Kurtz —ASC**
David A. Davis —71st

Edited & published by Jim Thoren 822nd Sq.
14905 Bothell-Everett Hwy, #164
Mill Creek, WA 98012-5317 Tel #425-379-9603
E-mail mustang.riders@verizon.net

*PLEASE NOTE: **Save your copy of the e-mail addresses. Future issues of the news letter will publish only additions, changes, or corrections to the e-mail addresses. Notify Bill McKinstry for inclusion. New members can obtain complete address listings from Bill.***

Book Review by **David Gunn**, 405th:
GHOST SOLDIERS, The forgotten epic story of World War It's most dramatic mission. by **Hampton Sides**. This book has been on the N.Y. Times Nonfiction best seller list for four weeks as of August 5. It relates the mission of the 6th Ranger Battalion on January 28, 1945. They slipped behind the Japanese lines to rescue 513 American and British POWs who had spent three years in a hellish camp near Cabanatuan (to the southeast of our base at Lingayen across the great valley from Clark Field). The prisoners included the last of the survivors of the Bataan Death March.

The Army learned that the Japs were executing as many prisoners as possible in other places to keep them from getting into U.S. hands. The planning started on January 26th and was highly secret and carried out on a crash schedule. The rescuers knew they could encounter as many as 8,000 battle hardened enemy troops. With the aid of Filipino guerrillas and in danger of friendly fire, they executed the rescue.
The prologue of the book relates the massacre of prisoners held at Palawan, from which a handful of survivors escaped to be brought to the hospital at Morotai. Two of these were billeted next to me in the hospital after my return from the rescue at Tarakan. We only learned the meagerest of details at that time since G-2 had told them not to talk.

So, for me, the book was a great read if only to learn more about those guys. But the book is a very good read. Actually, the hype on the cover flap is a bit overstated. I have read the story of the rescue of over 2000 civilian internees by the 11th Airborne at Los Banos about a month after the rescue at Cabanatuan, every bit as dangerous and dramatic and in the face of probable executions.
That book is ***Escape At Dawn***, by **Carol Terry Talbot**, published in **1988**, now out of print. (possibly may be found on the internet} I happened on to a used book sale copy a while back. The rescue of the internees at Santo Tomas in Manila by the lightning dash of the Tank Corps was also a hair raising engagement.

Sun Setter History
Sorry guys no information on our history. Keep the faith if you can.

(The following is a letter from Alfred Hagen to Sam Commons Regarding a search for lost Allied crews and aircraft in New Guinea I do not know who submitted it to me. editor)

ALFRED HAGEN

SAMUEL COMMONS
Dear Sam,

I Just returned from my third trip to New Guinea where I located the remains of 9 US airmen from WWII. Using the extensive network of contacts that I have fostered and utilizing the local knowledge in a creative way has also enabled me to tentatively identify sites for 3 more wrecks which I need to return to positively ID. I believe that as many as 100 WWII aircraft could be recovered using the same techniques that I have used to date. Despite my modest success, however, I don't feel that I can afford to keep doing this on my own and am looking into a possible non-profit corporation and/or obtaining sponsors for my hobby.

My recent trip to PNG was a bit nightmarish at times. The weather phenomenon known as "El Nino" has played havoc with the Southwest Pacific. Fires rage through the hinterland. Dried moss and deep humus billow prodigious quantities of smoke when alight. Grass aerodromes in the highlands are closed due to the smoke. Helicopter flying is difficult, often impossible. People have intentionally set the fires as part of their slash and burn style of agriculture, depending on the daily rainfall to put out the fires. It had not rained in the highlands for three months and the fires have swept through the clearings and penetrated into the rainforest. This mossy redoubt is normally impervious to prolonged conflagrations. Not his year. The climactic weather event of the Century was destined to once again thwart my efforts to find the wreckage of "The Red Headed Gal".
I have received correspondence from a missionary Priest @ the village of Kamalai which indicated the my Great Uncle Major Benn's plane has almost certainly been found.

(continues on page 8)

CRASHED, BUT NO POINTS

David Gunn (405th) (From "Target Tarakan". Copyright, used by permission.)

It was a nice, quiet Sunday afternoon on Morotai that was suddenly interrupted by a hurry-up call to man our planes. A cursory briefing informed us that fighters returning from a mission to the southwest had spotted some Japanese bombers on the airfield 50 or 60 miles across the strait to the west of us on the north end of Halmahara.

The Japanese strip had been bombed frequently and was unofficially listed as inoperable. But some quick work by the Japanese had patched enough of the craters to permit some bombers to come down from a northern base around noon. The isolated garrison was probably being supplied with fuel and food at night by an occasional submarine.

Undoubtedly, they were preparing to bomb us that night and return to the north. We weren't even going to carry a bomb load - no time - just a hot strafing mission.

My crew, along with others loaded into one of the two trucks carrying 405th crews to our planes. Don Hall and Bob Carmac, my tail gunner and engineer, loaded into the cab with the driver. I was sitting right behind the cab on the right side; Buzzy Buswell was sitting directly across from me. I had no radio operator or navigator for this "milk run."

When the two trucks reached the big, wide taxi way on the east end of the strip, the two drivers decided to get into close formation and race toward our parking area on the north side of the strip. The highly compacted crushed coral was an inviting race course.

In the process, they came abreast of another truck tooling along. When we approached the taxiway to our parking pads, it didn't seem to occur to our two drivers that the third driver didn't have any idea where we were headed. They just started a big roundhouse, high-speed (what? maybe 40 mph) left turn right across the front of the third truck.

My crew was in the truck on the outside of the three approaching the turn and about a length ahead. Our second driver was caught in the middle and the third driver didn't even see it coming.

From my seat I saw the whole thing developing. About halfway around the turn our truck was hit broadside by the other trucks. We rolled over. All of us in the rear were dumped into the canvas canopy covering the rear body of the truck. The canopy sides had been rolled up. We went sliding across the crushed coral surface. I remember very well being on my forearms and lower legs kneeling on the canvas. I could feel the rocks under the canvas as we slid along.

When we stopped, Buzzy and I quickly exited through the sides. Don and Bob got out of the cab in a hurry, too. None of us had been more than bruised. To the rear of us was a different story.

Three of the rear bows supporting the canvas canopy had given way under the weight of the truck. Some of the men were dazed. Some were trapped. One was stuck by his head between the seat he had been sitting on and the canvas-covered taxiway.

I sent one of my men to a B-24 parked near us to get first aid kits. While I was looking over the situation and helping some who could easily be extricated, I put my hand to my belt and realized I was carrying a small first aid kit.

Someone had sent a message for help. Ambulances and medics arrived. The seriously injured were carried off to the hospital.

We didn't fly that afternoon. Our crews were returned to our area. Our driver was later transferred to another outfit. A group policy was established that an officer was always to ride in the cab when crews were being carried and NO RACING.

The man trapped by his seat had suffered a serious concussion. When we visited him in the hospital, he would pull us over and sniff of our T shirts. He loved that clean smell of the freshly laundered shirts after all the weird smells of the hospital. He had to close one eye to light his cigarette; his right eye/left eye depth perception was severely damaged. After several weeks of slow progress, he was sent home.

38th BGp area before the typhoon 1945, Okinowa

(822nd mess hall in the foreground)
38th BGp area after the typhoon Okinawa 1945
Courtesy Harold Moss 823rd Sq

James I. & Rose Marie Bliss
8711 N. 65th St. Paradise Valley, AZ 85253
July 24,2001
Dear Members of the 38th Bomb Group.
It is with great sadness that I must write to you to report the death of my Dad, J. Lee Ranney. He lost his valiant 20-year battle with cancer on July 4,2001. Over the years my Dad spoke with great affection about the men with whom he served in the South Pacific. I, and later my husband and sons, heard stories about bravery , selfless dedication to each other, lack of supplies -both equipment and food, encounters with people from other countries including the "Fuzzy Wuzzies," camp pets, moments of exhilaration and sheer panic. I came to know many brave young men and felt sadness when my Dad said that they didn't come home. He always spoke with amazement when he described how his crew chief always managed to fix his plane no matter what shape it was in when they returned from a mission and how he wiped it down before each mission so that his crew could pull an extra inch of mercury .He always ended his stories by saying that the one thing he was most proud of was that he never lost a *man* under his command on a mission. In 1989, he and I returned to many of the places in Australia and Papua New Guinea where he either had been stationed or had flown over and/or bombed. Since Air Nuguinea had no copilot requirement for loads of less than 35 passengers, there was an empty right seat for our flight from Chimbu Province to Madang. When asked about it, the pilot invited my Dad to sit there. After landing in Madang he told me that we had followed the same route through the mountains that he had flown on bombing runs. I asked him if he had heard voices, and he said that he had heard the ghostly voices of the chatter that was common on those runs. Please forward this information to the membership committee and the other surviving members of the 38th.
Sincerely, ~~Rose Marie Bliss

David Gunn and Crew 405th B Sq

Taken at Lingayen, March 1945, from left to right, top row - Scotty Buswell, copilot; Harry Begg, navigator; David Gunn, pilot; bottom row - Bob Carmac, flight eng.; Don Hall, tail gunner. Scotty (Buzzy) had become a first pilot by this time.

Attention:
I highly recommend that who can go to the following web site.——http://www.aerothentic.com and if you are looking for former South Pacific WWII Military service members. go to e-mail address info@aerothentic.com/ The website has some great pictures and books on our area of operations.
Editor

A skull and the dog tags of his flight engineer were brought the village and the Father relayed this information to me. In addition, my native partners in the village of Omu have also discovered another wreck site, doubtless a bomber, which is replete with the remains and .45 caliber sidearms. Imagine my excitement at finding and filming Benn's plane, discovering his flight engineer and also the wreckage of another supposed bomber. Then imagine my horror after traveling to the far reaches of the Earth and realizing that I couldn't get to Mt. Strong within my time allotment. The western half of Mt. Strong was on fire. Morbid clouds of smoke obscure the sky and veil the terrain. Repeated attempts to punch through the haze failed.

My pilot, Brian Lamlough, got a bit testy with me (of course, some things don't change). insisting that he wasn't going to kill himself or anyone else on account of my Magnificent Obsessions. I wanted to tear my hair out of my head.

I had hired an Australian named Bruce Hoy to accompany me to the Finisterre Range in an effort to find the Gaffney P-47 wreck site. He had gone along with **HCILHI(Central ID Lab, Hawaii)** on an A-20 recovery in 1989 to provide local interpretation and to assist in identifying the planes. During the operation, he had heard rumors from the local natives that another wreck was in the area.

He theorized that this might be the wreck of Frank Gaffney's P-47 which was lost in the general vicinity. I had been implored to find Gaffney's plane by his daughter Pattie. In an effort to achieve something in return for the vast sum of time and money expended on this journey, I drove to Lae with Bruce and chartered a Squirrel helicopter from Pacific Heli. The first attempt was a failure, our effort to clear the Saidor Gap frustrated by smoke and cloud. Another attempt up the Markham River Valley likewise failed. I returned to Lae after 2 ½ fruitless flying hours and we refueled the chopper. The pilot, Steve Spinaze, asked if I wanted to give up. "not quite yet" came my reply.

We flew the much longer coastal route to Saidor, stopping to film various Japanese wreck sites along the coastal plain, an Oscar, a Nell, & a Linda. Flying up a breathtaking Gorge which sliced through the Finisterre Range, we searched for the village where CILHI had hired local guides in 1989 to access the three A-20's that augured into the towering ridge together. After the passage of eight years, Bruce was unable to identify the exact village.

Seeing a large, attractive village which was nestled in a tributary valley off the main gorge, I directed Steve to swoop down for a talk.

The Village was called Sawan, home to perhaps 50-60 natives, and they gathered curiously around the Big Bird. I had invited Richard Leahey to accompany me for the day. He speaks pidgin English and acted as our interpreter. You may have heard of Richard's father Mick Leahey. Mick and his brother Dan discovered the Stone Age Highland civilization of the indigenous New Guineans in the late '20's. They took along a film camera and were able to record this first contact with a Lost World. It was the last significant culture to be discovered by the Western World. Their feats have been memorialized in several documentaries and numerous books. Mick married a much younger girl when he was middle-aged and Richard was their first born son. He is now in his mid fifties.

Due to the high altitude, the Squirrel's performance was adversely affected and we had to disembark Bruce and the Native cameraman, Jerry Koasi, who I had hired from EMTV in Port Moresby. After further removing numerous Jerry Cans full of Jet Fuel, Steve flew a young guide up the gorge. The guide seemed very positive about the directions but we were again foiled by descending layers of cloud which had settled below to a level of 9000' MSL, lower than the surrounding peaks. The Native kept pointing upwards into the cloud but we were unable to go on.

(continues on page 9)

Using a rented Land Cruiser Trooper, I drove back up the twisting dirt road to Wau. Two more wasted flights to MT Strong were attempted the next day. Brian then pronounced my goal unattainable for this trip, stating that there was no point in wasting any more money until the onset of heavy rains.

I returned again to Lae and made another assault on the Finisterre site. On this occasion, the weather close to the coast was reasonably clear and we were ferried in to a steeply descending clearing high in the Mountain Range. Steve couldn't land on the site and we were forced to jump out of the chopper from about a 5'-6' hover. The natives from Sawan had apparently hiked the intervening 8-10 miles and set fire to this old clearing to burn off the brush in expectation of our imminent return. The fire had crept into the Rainless Rain Forest and swept through the area. The clearing was still smoldering. The ground actually glowed in places as the chopper's downwash fanned the embers. Flaring alight, tongues of flame licked at the charred trunks of fallen trees.
Steve was signaled to return in 4 hours and we set off up a steep ridge. After 10 minutes, we turned and descended straight down the face of the gorge. Toiling to the bottom, we found a gurgling little stream and the carcass of a Wallaby laying beside it. He had apparently starved to death or possibly had fallen while racing away from the fire above.
Thoughts of Ken MacCullar's Wallaby flickered through my mind. The small animal had been hit by Mac's gear as his B-17 rotated in the May of 1943. A broken hydraulic line had ignited a fire which consumed the entire Flying Fortress with all of her crew. It was the end of a legend.

We were all filthy and paused to wash the ash off our faces. A short climb up the opposite bank brought us to a huge radial Wright Cyclone engine. Bruce found the serial number and declared that this was all he needed to identify the aircraft. Both he and Richard were exhausted and wanted to return to the helipad. Weather was also setting in. Clouds could be seen above, descending ominously towards the tops of the ridge. Bruce was quite apprehensive about the possibility of being stranded in the mountains for an undetermined length of time. I am applying considerable understatement regards his concerns.

It was decided that Bruce and Richard should retrace our route to the clearing. I would take the guide up the side of the gorge to see additional wreckage. It was a steep hillside and I pitied the fellows from CILHI who would be forced to perform and elaborate survey of this site. I found the other engine. It had apparently caught on fire and some of the cylinders were melted. The left wing lay close by the engine. A short distance uphill to my left, I saw the right wing. It was completely intact. Even the landing light had survived unbroken. It presented an eerie sight, an ominous unwavering eye that stared at me as I climbed upwards.

Remnants of the fuselage were scattered everywhere and numerous human bones were scattered amongst the wreckage. This was obviously not Gaffney's P-47. It was probably a B-25 with a sizable crew aboard.

The clouds were settling fast. Concerned that I would be stranded on the mountaintop, I set off for the helipad at a fast pace. Despite an hour delay searching the site, we actually managed to arrive at the pad several minutes before Bruce and Richard. Steve was scheduled to pick us up in about 15 minutes but Bruce was convinced that the bird wouldn't penetrate the darkening clouds which swirled both above and below us. Miraculously, the clearing was free of cloud, an oasis in the gathering storm.

We heard the Squirrel before we saw it, thundering up the base of the gorge. It materialized suddenly, for all the world like a huge white dragonfly, whirling out of the mist. Steve would have to make two trips and I offered to stay with the guide in case Steve was unable to make it back. I dearly hoped that he would be able to return but knew that we could walk out if necessary. The guide and I hoisted Bruce, Jerry and Richard up to the hovering copter and they quickly flew off, flying low to the trees in order to maintain ground contact.
(continues on page 10)

The weather looked bad and I was pretty well resigned to spending the night and walking back to the village in the morning. Steve was determined to save me from that adventure, however, and he materialized again, minutes before the clouds closed the clearing completely off.

Richard Leahey phoned a well known Australian historian named Bob Piper in Canberra. He was able to identify the plane as a **B-25D-1, #41-30182, 38th Bomb Group, 71st Bomb Squadron**. The B-25 had departed Saidor on a shuttle flight to Nadzab on July 1, 1944 @ 0907. There were 9 persons aboard:

They were:

Pilot	1st Lt Richard Hurst	Gunner	Sgt Henry Miga
Co-Pilot	1st Lt. James Henderson	Passenger	Tec 5 A Milazzo
Navigator	2nd Lt Aloysius Steele	Passenger	Pfc B Durham
Radio/Gunner	PFC John Creighton	Passenger	Pfc S Russell
		Passenger	Cpl G Norris

Their exact fate had been unknown until Friday, November 7th, 1997. I picked up the skeleton of one of the men and put him in my backpack. The remains had already been moved by the natives and no site integrity was lost by my action. I returned him to the US Ambassador in Port Moresby, dropping him off at the Ambassador's residence in Moresby on Sunday morning. The Ambassador, a very dignified Lady, was more than a little surprised by my gift.

The natives in Omu who found Bill's plane have also apparently found another unrecovered bomber in the course of their search. My passion to get to the site had been incredibly stimulated by this news and my subsequent failure was particularly galling .The natives claim that the wreckage is "full of bones" and they also discovered several .45 caliber pistols in the wreckage. Unfortunately for me, they apparently been waving their new armaments around and a missionary who lives in a nearby village has sent word out to the authorities. An Australian detachment has been instructed to head in, disarm the Natives and identify the aircraft.

I know that I should be satisfied that additional airmen are going to finally come home and their families can lay them to rest. Being a selfish, egocentric eccentric, however, I cant help feeling that they're "stealing my thunder" and tarnishing the glow of my achievement in "discovering" this unknown craft. What a beautiful ending that would have made the Bill Benn saga. Not only the recovery of his last crewman but the discovery of another plane, replete with remains. Guess I'll have to go back In a month or so to see what is left. The natives in Sawan also know the location of a single engine fighter with "bones' which may or may not be the long lost Gaffney P-47. Guess I'll find out soon.. hope so for Pattie's sake that it is.

In light of Laverne VanDyke's discovery, I am considering requesting an exhumation of the remains in Kentucky and DNA testing to verify the actual identification of all remains and separate burial for all the crewmembers. Bill could be re-interred at Arlington which is close to the home of his daughter and his widow.

I've received no further word on the Desilets recovery. CILHI sounded embarrassed when I sent in the news of my additional finds. Several excuses were tendered. The upshot is that WWII recoveries are **NOT A PRIORITY**. They are more concerned with Vietnam (#1) and Korea (#2) because more relatives still survive the missing parties. This maybe true but it is equally true that many relatives of WWII veterans are nearing the end of their journey and I feel that it is just as important for them to heal and to reconcile their erstwhile losses.

A Generation Passing

By William Bussey - A Marine from the 1st Marine Div, Korea

The lengthening shadows beckon, softly whispering a silent sound,
A sound you only hear in your mind, it's quiet, like a snow flake hitting the ground.
The shadows seem to be telling me, that although it's almost evening, it's all right,
For while my hour is late, soft and peaceful, is the promise of the coming night.

There was a time, many years ago, that the night was filled with caution and fear,
Those nights drifted away like a cloud, only to return as an old wind brings them near.
As I pause and remember, places, men and things. Old memories drift into view,
I often relish the thoughts of times past, when men were good, hearts true.

How I miss the closeness of those bygone times, words were not so freely spoken,
You could count on the men who shared your life, words once give, seldom broken.
The world has changed from those past days, no longer are times hard, or life bad.
But we have lost the meaning of, God and Country, The finest cause a nation ever had.

When the time for sacrifice comes again, and it surely will, who will answer the call.
I see little patriotism in this land, few of our youth know the meaning of, the Wall.
Mention Korea, Pusan, Inchon, Chosin, to someone under 50 and at you they will stare,
They neither know or care, of the thousands who were wounded or died there.

Are there many today who know what Hitler and Tojo meant to our time.
The word holocaust, is as horrible to their minds, as it is to mine.
Normandy invasion, D Day, is it a movie or a book, what's it mean anyway.
Tarawa, Iwo, Guadalcanal, and all those other stinking islands, oh how we did pay.

Our schools are only factories, the only interest is, just push them through,
Teachers under paid, while athletes and politicians get what they think is their due.
Millions for a few months of playing a game, graft rampant in those we elect,
I wonder how long our country will survive, if these are the values we select.

So, as my evening draws ever near, I can only hope that those behind me will learn,
That this wonderful land, and opportunities of life, is something they didn't earn.
But that it was bought and paid for by mighty men, who knew and could clearly see,
That what we have here today, was because they knew, That Freedom Isn't Free.

Submitted by Joe Hollywood 71st Sq.

To: M38bgp **Help Please**

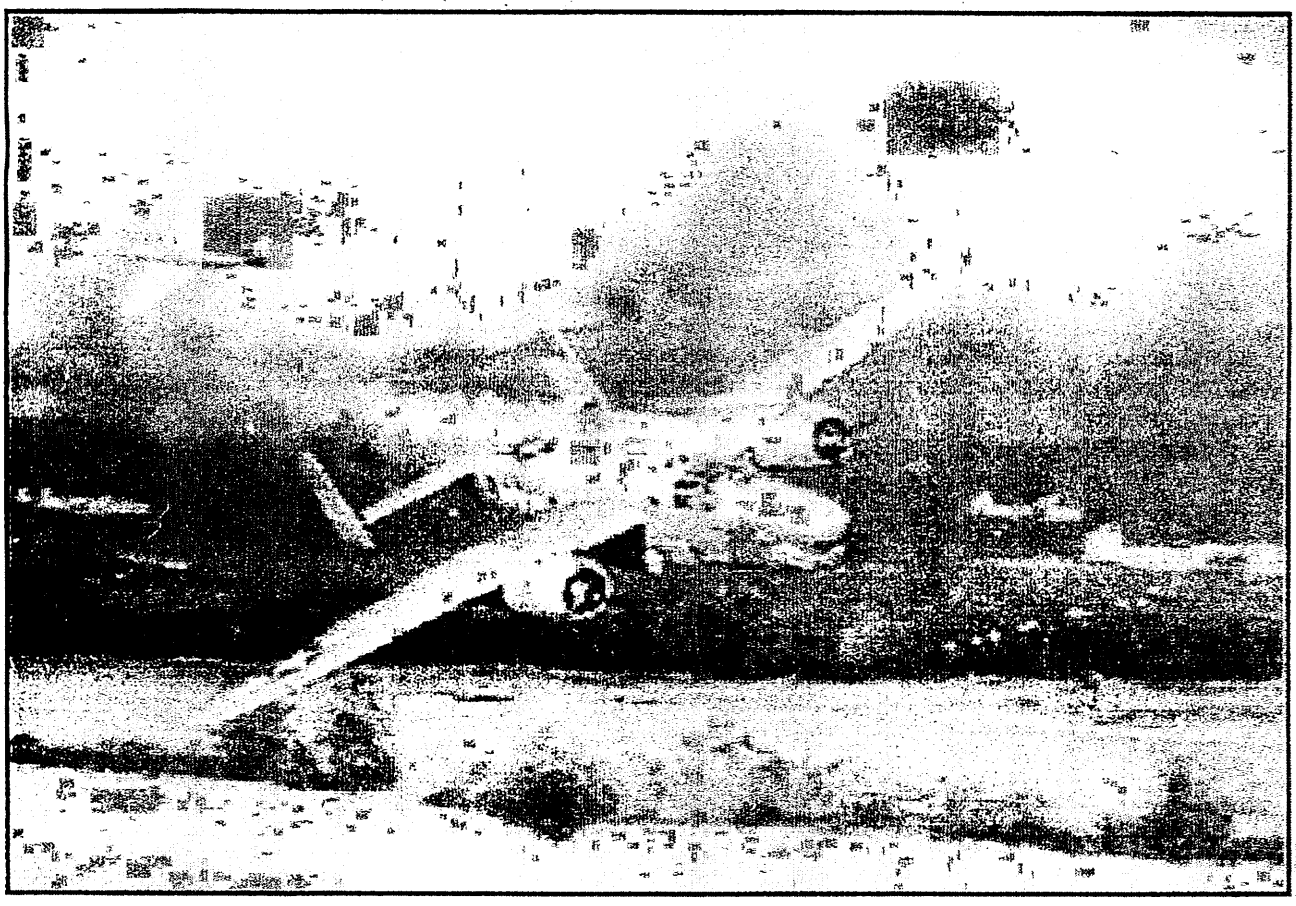
My father flew with the 38BG, 823rd BS. This I know from his DD-214. We know that he was a radio operator and I have seen, in my younger years, a footlocker that has some pamphlets that were dropped and pictures of low level runs with white parachutes behind bombs. When watching a documentary he will sometimes say that there is a cove around the corner of a island and the show will show a cove. He does not talk about anything about the war. His name is James F. Bennett. I know he flew in the Mitchell and some of the later versions. If any one knows his crew or plane or knew him please let me know.

Robert F. Bennett
E-Mail : RBennSat @Aol.Com

Help Please

Subject: information about my dad
Hello, Mr. Gage, My name is Carol Roodhouse and I am the daughter of H. L. Timmermans. My Dad was a member of the 822nd Bombardment Sq. of the 38th Bomb group from 1943-44. I am trying to find out if any of his crew are still around. (Dad died in 1989). If you could be of assistance, it would be greatly appreciated. Look forward to hearing from you, Carol From: <CTR52@aol.com>

To: 38th BG[p
I am trying to locate a WWII photo of Captain Ezra Best with the 38th Bomb Group. Is there a bulletin board with your organization that I can post such a request? I would appreciate any help you could give.
Reply-to: gcullumber@wwwebservice.net(gerry'stuff)
Thanks,
Gerry Cullumber



The Sun Setters"
473 Evergreen Drive
Tonawanda, NY 14150-4631

ADDRESS SERVICE REQUESTED

Non Profit
Organization
U.S. Postage
PAID
Permit #38
98236

!!! YOUR DUES ARE PAID UP THRU THE YEAR 2002. THANKS !!!

DAVID J. GUNN(02)
19754 SANTEE LANE
VALLEY CENTER,CA92082-6915