

December 1, 2013

339<sup>th</sup>



# Fighter Group Association

Station F378 – Fowlmere, England

## NEWSLETTER

"The Lads from Fowlmere"



Volume 33, Issue 4

Editor: Stephen C. Ananian

# We Mourn our Loss!



Maj. Gen. John B. Henry, Jr.

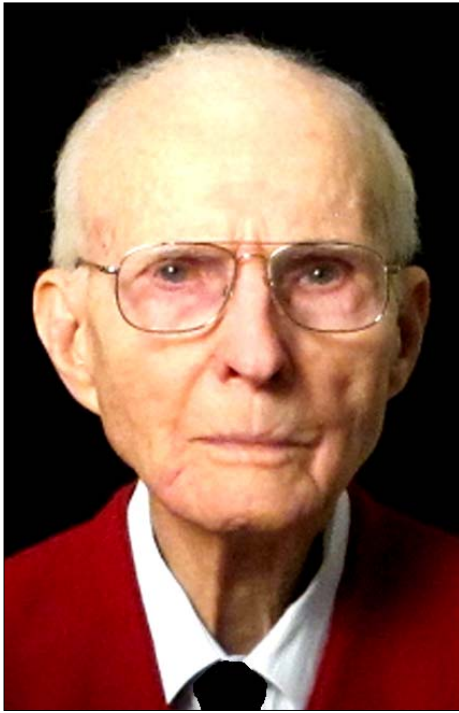
1916 - 2013



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# Major General John Bailey Henry, Jr.

(USAF retired)



Maj. Gen. John B. Henry, Jr.  
(USAF retired)

Major General John Bailey Henry, Jr., of San Antonio, Texas and Muskegon, Michigan died on September 2, 2013 at the age of 97. He was born in Christine, Texas on July 15, 1916 the son of John Bailey and Esther Belle Henry. General Henry was predeceased by his wife of 65 years the former Maxine H. Schoeffler. He is survived by his children: Elizabeth Anne Bevelhymer (Herbert), John B. Henry, III (Janice), four grandchildren; Lowell Bevelhymer (Joanne), Stephen Bevelhymer (Beth), Megan Henry Rolf (Jeff) and John B. Henry, IV; 5 great-grandchildren, and brother Lee Henry.

After attending Southwestern University he entered aviation cadet training and in 1939 received his commission as a second lieutenant and earned his pilot wings.

Beginning in 1941, General Henry served as operations officer for the 37<sup>th</sup> Fighter Group and then commander of the 28<sup>th</sup> Fighter Squadron in the Canal Zone, Panama. He had several assignments in fighter groups in the states and Panama until August 1943 when he assumed command of the newly re-designated 339<sup>th</sup> Fighter Bomber Group at Walterboro, South Carolina. John took the group to Rice Field, California, for maneuvers and to Fowlmere, England for combat as part of the Eighth Air Force. He flew two combat tours (94 missions) as group commander before being reassigned on 14<sup>th</sup> of April 1945 to the staff of 45<sup>th</sup> Bomb Wing in England. He took his P-51 and his crew chief, Arne Nissen, along to the new assignment.

Over the course of his 35-year career in the U.S. Air Force, General Henry commanded bases in Dallas, TX, Topeka, KS; and Westover Field, MA. While serving as commander of the 22<sup>nd</sup> Bombardment Wing, SAC, he became proficient as a jet bomber pilot. He later served as Asst. Chief of Staff, Operations for the Pacific Air Forces; Deputy Inspector General of the Air Force at the Pentagon; Director of the Inter-American Defense College, Ft. McNair, VA; and Chief of Staff Headquarters U.S. Southern Command, Canal Zone.

His military decorations include: the Legion of Merit with four oak leaf clusters, Distinguished Flying Cross, Air Medal with seven oak leaf clusters, Croix de Guerre (France) and Air Force Military Cross, 2<sup>nd</sup> Class (Venezuela).



# About Dad

Eulogy for, John B. Henry, Jr. September 9, 2013

By John B. Henry, III

Eighteen months ago, Dad made the choice to move to Michigan. It was a bittersweet decision, knowing he would be leaving all of you and the familiarity of the Texas landscape that was so much a part of who he was. But, his desire to be with his children proved the greater force and we are so grateful for the time we had together.

You all knew John Henry in different ways; as brother, grandfather, kinsman, comrade or friend. He was a cowboy in his youth, a WWII pilot in his young manhood, and career Air Force Officer in his middle age. And for Anne and me, he was just Dad.

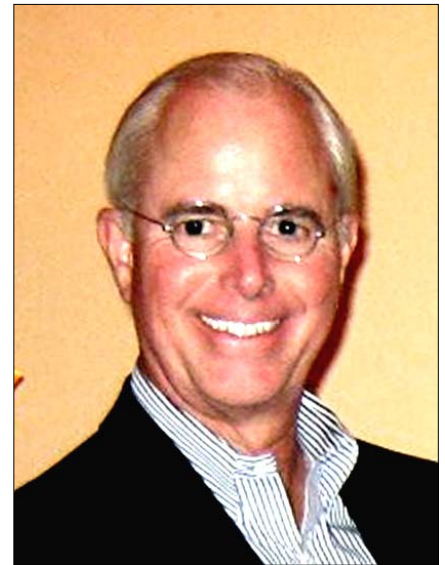
In the hours following his passing, we sat around the kitchen table at Anne's house, recalling the times we shared together as children, growing up as military brats, crisscrossing the country from one base to the next. It occurred to me, that every story we shared about Dad included descriptive adjectives. He was always fair, he was so polite, he was such a good listener, he wasn't much of a talker, and he was loyal, organized, well dressed and frugal. That is, except when it came to mother - and thank goodness for her! Mom brought style and comfort to a man who, left on his own, would probably have lived in a one-room apartment with a single chair. He did not covet material possessions.

Integrity is the word that comes up when discussing my Dad. The word is defined as an uncompromising adherence to a code of moral principles, ethics and consistency of actions, manners, beliefs, and expectations derived from qualities such as honesty and character. Honesty and ethical behavior ranks high on his list of principles.

He taught by example and the lessons Anne and I learned from him we will carry with us always. Learning these lessons could often be uncomfortable. One such instance involved a visit he paid to Anne while she was en-route to Stevens College. He was returning from Washington DC to Hawaii and they rendezvoused at Travis Air Force Base. Dad had arranged to take her to dinner. When he arrived to pick her up it was pouring rain. No problem, Anne looked out the door and saw that he had a military car and driver. Her relief was short lived though. Dad being Dad wouldn't bend the rules and use his official military transportation for personal purposes, so they proceeded to the restaurant on foot, in the rain with the car creeping along behind them.

One might assume that military officer's children received strong measures of discipline and punishment, but that was never Dad's parenting style. The worst I might expect on the many occasions, when I was trying to talk my way out of trouble, was the admonishment, "just remember Henrys always tell the truth." Probably

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**Son, John B. Henry, III**

*Photo Sharon. Clark*





**Anne Bevelhymer, daughter**  
*Photo Sharon Clark*

his greatest gift to me was the freedom to seek my own path in life. His only request was that whatever I chose to do should be honest.

He was a gentleman, well mannered and polite, if entrance into heaven is measured by the kindness shown to others, he will be ushered to the head of the line. Of course, he would arrive early and still be there holding the gate open for everyone behind him to go first.

All of us know him as a military man; a leader of men. He had a natural way of inspiring and motivating others to take action and responsibility and to feel pride and loyalty when their performance merited his acknowledgement.

Much of what we know of our father's military accomplishments Anne and I learned from the men who served with him or from what we could glean from pictures and press clippings. Dad was reluctant to talk about his years as a fighter pilot. He found nothing glorious about war and took no pleasure in revisiting that part of his life. What we know is that he flew 94 combat

missions and he continued to serve the country as an officer in the United States Air Force until his retirement in 1976 after 35 years.

A few years ago, he did say to me, "Not a day goes by that I don't think about the 339<sup>th</sup> and the sacrifice every man made, including many who made the ultimate sacrifice."

He went on, "those boys came to England without a clue of what to expect but they soon learned what was at stake and each and every man gave everything he had to defeat the enemy." He held all of those men in his highest esteem.

Although their numbers have diminished, Dad continued to remain loyal to the men he served with in the 339<sup>th</sup> Fighter Group and attended their reunions whenever he was able. As recently as August he was preparing to attend this year's gathering in Milwaukee for what he knew would be the last time. I would like to read to you this message that I received on behalf of the 339<sup>th</sup> from Dad's close friend, Stephen Ananian.

"Our condolences to you and your family.

America has lost a great man, a Patriot.

The 339<sup>th</sup> Fighter Group has lost its leader.

I have lost my friend, my comrade in arms.

The blue skies are grayer as our leader goes off into the wild blue yonder."

Dad was generous. With his time, he was patient and a good listener. With his appreciation, he always repaid kindness with more than he received. And with strangers - he was always respectful and sincere - it was a lucky day for you if you were his waiter or



waitress hoping for a good tip.

He did not shy away from responsibility - even when it came to the small things, the compulsion to keep promises and complete what he started would shine through. On one of his last days with us, Dad had a brief surge of energy and we were able to share a few words of comfort with him. As we stood around the bed, he motioned Anne and me closer and began to speak. We were certain that he had something profound to say that we could carry with us. By this time, he was very weak and it was hard to make out what he was saying. As we leaned in closer, he tried again, and I thought he was saying the word "coat." Anne repeated the question, "Dad are you saying coat?" He shook his head and replied "Yes, don't forget my coat is at the cleaners."

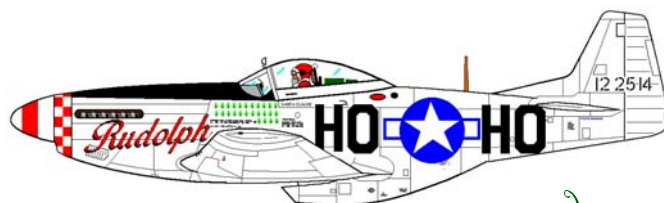


**Maxine and John at a 339<sup>th</sup> Reunion**

I am happy to say that these last eighteen months Dad was able to spend time with his children, grandchildren and great grandchildren. We shared holidays together and Sunday diners, baseball games and quiet moments. It was a blessing for all of us and we will miss him terribly.

Finally, I want to express my gratitude to Anne and Herb who opened their home and gave Dad every consideration and kindness. They put their lives in neutral, without complaint and made it possible for Dad to be surrounded by love and affection until the end.

And I want to thank all of you for enriching my Dad's life and for being here with us today.



*The Board of Directors of the 339<sup>th</sup> FGA*



Col. John Henry, P-51 pilot

## Address to the 339th!

*Excerpts from the speech of John Henry at his "Roast" in Houston on October 1983 from the Newsletter Vol.1 No. 4.*

By Maj. Gen. John B. Henry, Jr. (Retired)

- - - I've got a lot to say but will shorten it up a bit. I don't know much about the command part of the group's success. It's a matter of opinion. My problems as group commander back in those days were many and difficult. One was that the squadron commanders turned over so fast that I was making commanders so young that I was feeding them pablum while Mosenthal was cutting their orders. As far as control was concerned, I never felt that I had control of this bunch of free thinking young Americans, full of initiative and resourcefulness. For example, when we were out on the desert and living in tents, I tried to keep them cleaned up, well fed and proud of themselves. So I thought if they could get up and get themselves shaved, get breakfast, then get down to the flight line by 8 o'clock. But they wouldn't have any of that. They did not like it, but I felt I owed it to their mothers to insist on it. I really didn't feel too bad about it. Because I knew they wouldn't do it for their mothers, either.

I thought they should keep their uniforms clean and maintain a neat appearance. They wouldn't do that either. Shoes got so scuffed that it was hard to discern the original color. Belt buckles turned green, clothes were dirty and covered with sand. Laundry was not one of their hobbies. Years later when I saw a hippie for the first time, I realized where the original hippie got his idea. - - -

I asked these pilots to fly right, not to dogfight with the Marines down at Yuma, not to harass those poor boys because they had gunnery to do. We were down there flying through the middle of their patterns and engaging them, challenging their masculinity. And their Marine air commander was most unhappy about these goings on. I was getting a call from him every day. It wouldn't have been so bad if our lads had not been so greedy and inconsiderate. If they had just let those Marines win once in a while. But they just couldn't do that. If I wasn't getting a call from the Marines I got them from the mayors of such places as Needles, Parker and Yuma. These boys flew so low that they flew through trees and brought airplanes home looking like a combat Marine with garbage draped all over them. And you know on the California desert that was LOW flying!

The 505<sup>th</sup> never got over it. They continued the habit after they got to England. They flew a whole tour over there and never got high enough to use oxygen. I guess Joe Thury's flight instructor never taught him how to climb. The oxygen didn't go to waste because the 503<sup>rd</sup> used theirs and the 505<sup>th</sup>'s oxygen, because they were always up there exploring the upper troposphere, the dividing line between heaven and earth. They were always up there checking out their credits. And the 504<sup>th</sup> -- I really never was sure where they were. That wasn't unusual, because most of the time they didn't know, either.

- - - I'd like to speak about some of the early days of the 339<sup>th</sup> and dwell a bit on its early



development. I think some people may have gotten the wrong impression here that we knew from the beginning that we were going to the desert for combat readiness and then to England. We didn't know that. In fact, nobody had given us much thought at all. It just turned out that way primarily because of many of the people sitting out here tonight. - - -

When I was assigned to the 339<sup>th</sup> about the 5<sup>th</sup> of August 1943, I fell into more good luck than I deserved. I was told I was going to Walterboro and take over command of a group that was converting from dive bombers to fighters. We would be receiving fighter trained pilots and were in the process of receiving P-39s at that time. The bottom line was that we had 30 days to accomplish all this and be in place, on the desert. We



**L-R Col. Henry and Gen. Woodbury, do you think they were discussing the lack of saluting of Generals at Fowlmere?**

completed transfer of pilots and aircraft without delay. When I heard all this news at the beginning, I had grave misgivings because I could just see these commanders in Florida getting well. I knew we would get every disciplinary problem, every fear of flying case and any other derelicts they had. Along with all the "hangar queen" aircraft they had in the command. But the fears were misplaced. These transfers came through much better than if I had the ability and carte blanche to go and pick the people. We got fifty of the finest pilots, maybe with a few exceptions, that you could hope to get. We didn't really get any lemons in the way of airplanes. All made it out to California without too much difficulty. It was just amazing that we came out that well in days when there was so much turbulence in the airplane movement business. We were lucky indeed.

I knew a little bit about what to expect when we got on the desert because I went from a group that had been on the desert to Walterboro. The 85<sup>th</sup> Fighter Bomber Group had spent a tour there and came back to Baton Rouge as a pilot replacement training group. I knew what they had done in the way of flying out there, and knew that we would probably have a lot of time on our hands as far as the flying program was concerned. I took with us some training material and, that along with the expertise we had in our commanders and operations officers that we got out of Florida enabled us to set up an excellent training program that we designed and developed on our own, pretty much patterned after the pilot replacement training curriculum. This kept us busy when we were not on call for maneuvers. The maneuver area was commanded by an Army Major General who happened to be in command of the Army Division which was training at a given time. He had first priority on our flying, and we were to respond to as many requirements as he had and in any way that he wanted. There was a small Air Division at Desert Center that had no administrative or operational capability. It was only a coordinating agency between the Army commander and our group. Outside of making sure that we kept enough airplanes in commission to fly whatever the army commander wanted. The Air Division was not really interested in what we did with our time. So we could fly as much or as little as we wanted so far as our own training program was concerned. People entered into the spirit of this training seriously, and with that they developed the high level of skill in their gunnery, formation flying and other requirements that make up a good combat pilot. We had a unique situation. Any group that was sent out to the desert to support the Army maneuver area was sacrosanct. War Department regulations prohibited - in this case the Army Air Forces -- from touching a single man or airplane in that group for the six months it was

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Tent lined Main Street, the living quarters at Rice Field, California

*Photo from DVD "Freedom's Desert"*

on the desert. This gave us a stability that was unheard of in those days and enabled us to train, live together, train together day after day, get to know each other's capabilities and rely on each other to the extent that we became a regular, close knit group, welded into a fine efficient combat organization. We did this mainly to be sure we relieved the monotony and did what we thought we ought to do to pay our way in the Air Force.

About six weeks before our tour was up, an IG team ("IG" - Inspector General) from Third Air Force came out there, which was routine to see what we looked like. They wanted to see if we had degenerated into desert rats, if we had enough left to move back and had the capability to do it on our own. They stayed about three days -- nobody stayed very long out there -- and went back to Florida. I never heard anything from that team. About ten days later I had gone over to San Bernardino to the depot to try to get some spare parts. We did a lot of scrounging because our group did not have a priority in the Air Force supply system in those days. While there I got a phone call from Tom Crowley (group executive officer) telling me to get back to base immediately because some inspectors were there. I thought "Oh my God, here goes a re-inspection." I got back there and found out it was an O.R.I. team (Operational Readiness Inspection). This is a team that puts you through operational procedures to test how good you are in combat readiness. This is for the benefit of the ladies.

They spent about a week and when we were finished, the team chief, Col Johnny Barr, (whom I had known in the 8<sup>th</sup> Pursuit Group) told me that we passed a good O.R.I. and that he would recommend that we be sent overseas directly from Rice. This was quite surprising news, as we certainly hadn't expected any development like that. He went back and about a week later we started getting orders for shipping the equipment that we would pack and take with us, getting shots, printing dog tags, all the overseas type processing that had to take place before a unit could move. We started getting people in to fill out our manpower shortages and accelerated training for those people -- fill all the squares before we went, which we



could do without much trouble. In about 30 days after that team was there, we were on our way to the port of embarkation. We arrived in England early in April 44 and the rest of the history of this group is well known to you because each one of you in this room had a part in making it the illustrious story and brilliant record that it is.

This group did what it did only because of the high caliber of people we were fortunate enough to fall heir to, both in the flying -- the operational end -- and the, technical end -- people from the old "Dive Bomb Group" who were in the technical field, and staff people, with few exceptions who remained with the "Fighter Bomber Group." I must say they were a fine capable group of people. Not only capable, but they had an attitude that just couldn't be beaten. Without that kind of attitude we could never have made those accomplishments. Those of you who were so loyal, not only to your country and your unit but also to each other really brought about the results that we got. Certainly you ought to be proud of yourselves because it is a great tribute to you individually and as a group.

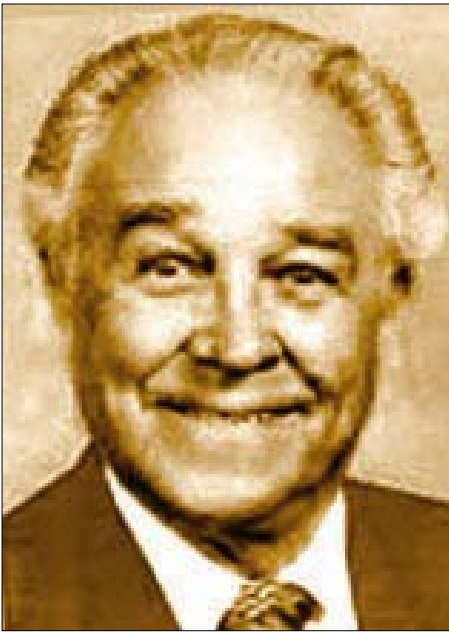


S/Sgt Niels Arne Nissen,  
the CO's crew chief,

I just can't express adequately the high praise that the maintenance and support people deserve. Things that they accomplished both out there on the desert and in England, in the face of hostile elements -- blowing sand, with almost no heavy maintenance capability. And we weren't much better off in England with maintenance outside in the cold, damp rainy weather. It always amazed me that we did what we did, given the time compression and all the elements that we faced in both places. Many times in past years I have thought about them. I've thought about that group of faces of young pilots in the mission briefing room, young men who had barely reached manhood, who were preparing to undertake the grim task of that day -- and day after day -- and I never ceased to marvel at their uncommon courage and bravery.

I thank God for the men of the 339<sup>th</sup> Fighter Group, for the fiber of which they were made. And I am grateful to them for what they did, as I said, not only for their country but for each other. As we come back here each time, it really warms my heart to see each of you and each time to see some new faces along with the old ones who have been here before. It is so heart warming to see this group begin to develop the desire to see each other and renew fellowship and be concerned with and show our concern for each other -- to let each other know that we still appreciate what we did for one another. I can't tell you how much I appreciate what you did for me. I am so pleased to see people who helped me personally so much -- Arne Nissen, Jimmy Pappas, Ed Mosenthal - - - people like that who kept me out of lots of trouble, who were really my right hand. I also want to mention some of the squadron commanders here tonight. I won't take a lot of time to mention a lot of other deserving people, but we've got some here who were squadron commanders at one time or other, who contributed immeasurably to the leadership that made this group what it was. People like, well, I want to start with Bill Clark, who took command of the group when I left. He did a fantastic job during his tenure. I've seen the incredible damage figures but did not have time to research them before I came. There are those could give them off the top of their heads. People like Joe Thury who has them memorized and keeps them on a string under his bed and counts them off every night. Suffice it to say that this group under Bill Clark's leadership and command had more successes and inflicted more

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Sgt. Jimmy "The Greek"  
Pappas, Col. Henry's Driver.

damage on the Germans than it did in any comparable period during its tour in England. That is a tribute to his able leadership. I had known Bill Clark for several years before he got to Fowlmere and knew him to be a fine officer and excellent pilot. We had been in the 8th Pursuit Group together. It was certainly a pleasure to see the command pass to such a deserving officer.

We have with us here several squadron commanders Bill Bryan, Nip Carter, Harvey Henderson, Enoch Stephenson, Louis Peter and Joe Thury -- who besides Don Larson was the only commander of the 505<sup>th</sup>. The contribution that these men made to the group was just so tremendous that it is difficult for me to find the words to convey adequately the extent of it to you. But without these men we would never have gotten the incredible record that this group achieved in combat. Again, I just want to congratulate these brave men who walked the tallest among the tall. And I thank you from the bottom of my heart.



"Last Flight", computer drawing by Dave Ailes depicting John Henry's heaven bound flight.



# We Said "Farewell"



Bill and Sharon Clark,  
represented the 339<sup>th</sup> FGA

by William C. Clark, Jr.

This September, Sharon and I attended John Henry's funeral in San Antonio representing the 339<sup>th</sup> Fighter Group Association. We were joined by fellow 339<sup>th</sup> FGA members Frank and Lori Knapp who live in the city. It was the last of at least a dozen times I have been with John in San Antonio. We have known him for close to 30 years and think of him as a friend, not only of ours, but of my Mom and Dad's as well.

The family link goes back to the late 1930's when John and my Dad, Bill were in flight school together at Kelly and Randolph Fields near San Antonio. They knew each other then, but did not become close until Bill Senior joined the 339<sup>th</sup> Fighter Group at Fowlmere toward the latter part of the War. He relieved John in that command and they both went their own way within the Air Force until retirement. Once the 339<sup>th</sup> Fighter Group Association was formed they renewed their friendship until the time of my father's death in 1988. John was always gracious and appreciative of my father's contribution to the 339<sup>th</sup> and the war effort, and he would always go out of his way at reunions to recognize and commend my mother Dorothy, for which I am grateful.

We attended both events of the funeral, at the formal viewing and at the cemetery, meeting members of John's family we had met at previous reunions and some for the first time. There were quite a few of John's old friends in attendance, which was surprising at his age and the fact he had moved up to Michigan over a year before. His children Anne Bevelhymer and John III were there with their families. Both John III and Herb, Anne's husband gave very moving eulogies about their father, but then

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Flag Folding Ceremony. Photo Wm Clark, Jr.



Major General's Flag Photo Wm Clark Jr



they had a lot to work with.

We certainly enjoyed meeting all of them and telling them about the upcoming Milwaukee reunion, which we urged them to attend. Anne and Herb were able to make it. Though a solemn affair, it was a celebration of John's life and I learned many things about the man that only increased my admiration. He was a kind and gentle Christian soul and a leader in the purest sense. We are all fortunate to have known him. Military honors were provided consistent with 'Flag Officer' rank and he received the customary flag fold, gun salute and was interred next to his wife Maxine, the 'San Antone Rose' at Sunset Memorial Park in San Antonio. We will deeply miss him.



Lori and Frank Knapp, Jr. son of 504<sup>th</sup> pilot also attended

*Photo Linda Moore*

**Blue Skies John Henry!**



## "Big John"



*A Letter to the Editor published in the Waco Tribune and San Antone Express*

**By William Clark, Jr., B-52 Navigator**

With thousands of WWII Veterans passing every day we often miss noting those significant War heroes who were once historical figures and leaders, and in their command skills which made such a difference to the men who fought under them, and to the outcome of the greatest conflict of all time. Such a man was Lt. Col. John Henry who passed away at age 97 this Labor Day. He grew up and joined the US Army in San Antonio, becoming an Air Corps officer in 1938.

As war began he was asked to assemble, train and make combat ready a fighter group destined for England. Hundreds of pilots and support personnel reported to him and he regularly made life and death decisions supporting the war effort. He was all of 27 years old and known affectionately as the 'old man' by his 20-year-old hot-shot fighter pilots. Although arriving late in the war in 1944 the 339<sup>th</sup> Fighter Group in their P-51 Mustangs established one of the most enviable combat records in the 8<sup>th</sup> Air Force in England, destroying in excess of 657 Luftwaffe aircraft. His personal P-51 was named 'San Antone Rose' after his wife Maxine.

John was a motivational type of leader, caring of his men, revered by his pilots and feared by his Nazi enemy. You could have no better friend. This leadership carried over through an Air Force career until he eventually retired as a Major General and returned to San Antonio. Though he didn't 'drive steel' this John Henry was a truly "Big" man and he will be deeply missed by those of us who knew him.





# Editor's Corner

## Tribute to M/G John Henry

By Stephen C. Ananian, *Editor*



We mourn the passing of our Commanding Officer, Maj. Gen. John Henry, on September 2<sup>nd</sup>. Unfortunately, due to personal health problems, I your president was unable to attend the funeral. Bill and Sharon Clark attended instead, representing the 339<sup>th</sup> FG Association. This issue is a tribute to the memory of our leader, an American Patriot!

Stephen Ananian

I was fortunate to have known General Henry and was proud of his friendship. John was not an ordinary leader, unlike most fighter pilots; he was a very modest man. His aircraft did not have German Swastikas indicating his victories on it as most of us did! Even the German Jet he shot down he claimed as a 'Probable' not a 'kill' because it did not explode or burn in his gun camera films! That is the kind of person he was.

In this day and age when everyone is talking about the lack of "leadership" in the world, John was the "one in a million"! He was a true leader that developed leadership! Under his command six pilots of the 339<sup>th</sup> Fighter Group rose to the rank of General!

John insisted we not address him as General. He said, "Just call me John!"

We take solace in knowing that he is now in Heaven with his lovely wife Maxine. It would take volumes to tell the complete story of our beloved Leader. In this limited space, I have tried to print accounts that reveal the man that John was. His speech at his dinner 'Roast' held in Houston Texas is printed on page 6. It reveals many important points on the development and history of the 339<sup>th</sup> Fighter Group. As Jim Starnes our founder/editor, wrote in the Newsletter, it is a 'Must Read' for every member of the Group.

Two weeks after his death we held our annual reunion in Milwaukee. The turnout was remarkable, much higher than expected, 74 including 9 veterans! The list of Attendees is on page 19 but complete details of the reunion will be reported in the next Newsletter. I thank all those of you responsible, for your efforts that made the reunion the success that it was!

I wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

♪ Blue Skies - - ♪

*Stephen C. Ananian*

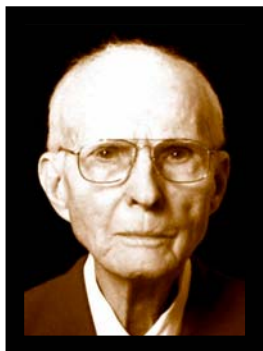


Actual size!

## New 339<sup>th</sup> Fighter Group Lapel Pins

This silver plated four-colored Cloisonné lapel pin is a thing of beauty! It is a larger 1½ inch wide version of our previous lapel pin but has a bas relief sculptured P-51 on it! These pins were designed and donated by Pat Gousie in memory of her father, 505<sup>th</sup> pilot Roland Gousie. The price is only \$20 which includes shipping. Fill out the form on the last page and mail with a check to the return address on the back of this newsletter.

## We mourn our loss - - -



John B. Henry, Jr.



John J. Hauff



Clarence I. Ferrell



### DECEASED:-

**Maj. Gen. John Bailey Henry, Jr.** 339<sup>th</sup> Group Commander passed away Monday, September 2, 2013 at 4:24pm surrounded by his family.

Steve, I had the pleasure of telling him that you and I spoke and was able to convey your kind words to him which gave him comfort. As recently as Friday, he expressed regret at not being able to attend for the last time, the reunion of the 339<sup>th</sup>.

Please accept our gratitude for the years of friendship you all gave him.

- Janice Henry -

**John Joseph Hauff**, 503<sup>rd</sup> pilot passed away June 25, 2013 - Internet-

**Clarence Irvin Ferrell**, 503<sup>rd</sup> pilot died suddenly, without any warning yesterday afternoon November 6<sup>th</sup>, 2013, at home. His heart apparently just finally gave out after 91 years. He had nearly completely recovered from his ailments that prevented him from attending this year's 339<sup>th</sup>'s reunion in Milwaukee. We were hoping that he would be able not only to see Milwaukee for the first time in his life but also to see you all and the General again at least one more time next year. -Tim Ferrell -

**Our condolences go to all the families on their loss**



## In Memoriam

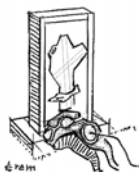
The following have donated monies in memory of their loved ones

\$100 in memory of Maj. Gen. John B Henry, Jr. by Stephen Ananian

\$100 in memory of Maj. Gen. Francis R. Gerard by his wife, Adriana

\$60 in memory of Carl V. Ashworth by his wife, Ann

\$50 in memory of 505<sup>th</sup> pilot Laird Travis by Colleen Travis



## Donations

\$104 William Clark, Jr., \$100, James Bashford \$105 Bayard Lawes, \$75 Larry Powell, \$50 Jon Wallner, \$25 Bill Raines.

Thank you Teresa Graham Tarling and Mike Tarling for donating the Lunch for all the Attendees served at the Air Show!

**We thank you all for your generous donations.**







# The Mail Bag



I received the following note of thanks from Anne Bevelhymer, John Henry's daughter.



William Clark, Jr., in center, representing the 339th FGA at John Henry's funeral is flanked on either side by John's daughter Anne Bevelhymer and her husband Herb. Their two sons Stephen and Lowell are at their sides.

Photo Sharon Clark

Dear Stephen,

9/26/2013

*Herb and I were so pleased to be your guests at this year's 339<sup>th</sup> reunion. We particularly enjoyed the camaraderie, the stories, and the amazing war footage on the DVD's in the hospitality suite.*

*My heartfelt thanks to you and all the fighter group members and families who made Sunday night's banquet such a lovely tribute to Dad. He was so looking forward to attending the reunion this year, and I'm sure he was there in spirit. I was very touched by all the kind and thoughtful things that you, Bill and Sharon Clark, and Cathie Wilke did to honor Dad. The whole evening was very moving--a night of fond remembrances and, indeed, a night to remember.*

*Herb and I look forward to seeing you at next year's reunion, and we will encourage my brother, his wife, and our sons to attend as well.*

*Fondly,*

*Anne Bevelhymer*

**Anne, we were honoured to have you and Herb as our guests and are looking forward to seeing you and your family next year!**



Continued on next page

## Veteran's Day in England is celebrated as "Remembrance Day"!



Poppies placed at base of 339th Monument in Fowlmere

Photo Mark Donagain

We received an E-mail from our good friend in England, Mark Donagain. Mark cares for our memorial at the Fowlmere Air Field. His letter bears the heading **"339<sup>th</sup> Never Forgotten"**, with two photos of the 339<sup>th</sup> memorial taken on "Remembrance Day", also celebrated as "Poppy Day" and "Armistice Day"!

The photos show the monument with Poppies - - - actually a potted Poppy plant and wood crosses with Poppy blossoms, placed at the memorial base on Remembrance Day. The flowers were placed there by caring visitors, including one cross from the Royal Air Force!

Mark adds, "Thinking of you all!"

**We thank you Mark and all those visitors for the kind sentiment. Also thanks for all you do and sharing those photos with us!**



**I received the following Email from our good friend Ray Ellis in England.**

Dear Steve.

Thank you so much for continuing to send me the Newsletter, it is always read by my family, several friends (including an ex. RAF Squadron Leader) and I sometimes pass on old copies to Duxford IWM Museum and occasionally the curator at Madingley. Local people are always interested to learn of our contact via the newsletter and they are especially proud that you are known as "The Lads from Fowlmere" you certainly do deserve that title.

I have always been very interested in Local History and especially Aviation based material. I always attend the events at Madingley, sometimes with a friend who lives in Melbourn. My friend was a baby in a pram in her garden when a Steeple Morden bound



*Mustang crashed into her garden just missing her and her family. She has made friends with that Pilot's younger brother and his family, and they meet up from time to time either in the US or UK, it is a great example of the continuing memories and friendships.*

*I sadly lost my beloved wife last year and as you know it takes a long time to pick up the pieces. I now have time on my hands and was wondering if I could offer my services and local knowledge by helping any family members of the 339<sup>th</sup> FG who wanted to visit Fowlmere or the surrounding area for a visit. I would be happy to drive them around many of the local Airfields, Duxford, Maddingley. and the museum at Twinwood. I could also help with local accommodation if required and as a 'local yokel' show them many places of interest off the beaten track.*

*It would have to be small family groups of 3 or 4 as like most Brits I only have smallish car. I would be happy to do this on a free of charge basis as a small thank you to you and the Lads from Fowlmere who did such a great job for us.*

*Please give the above idea some thought Steve and advise if you think that it may fly (forgive the pun) My very best wishes.*

*Ray Ellis*

16, High Street, Melbourn, Royston, Hertfordshire, SG8 6DZ., England

**Any of you out there that are interested in Ray's generous offer, feel free to contact him at the above address.**



**Peter Simpson, another "friend of the 339<sup>th</sup>" in the UK, writes this E-mail:**

*Hi Steve,*

*8/28/2013*

*Read the latest Newsletter with real interest.*

*I was at Maddingley with Peter Randall and Nick King! It's my 3<sup>rd</sup> one!*

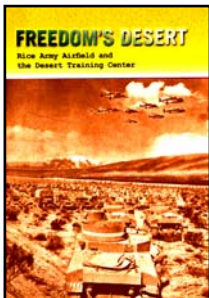
*Also I have been accepted at Duxford Museum as a volunteer.*

*The area I will be working on is cataloguing and digitizing the Roger Freeman collection.*

*Blue Skies*

*Peter Simpson*

**We are forever indebted to you friends for honouring our fallen comrades. Thank you Peter and all of you friends out there!**



DVD - Freedom's Desert

## **"FREEDOM'S DESERT"**

A free DVD of Army Training at Rice Field is available to members for \$10. (non-members \$15) to cover the cost of mailing.

Any profits will go to the 339<sup>th</sup> Treasury. Send checks to: -

**William Jaaskelainen, Jr., 7041 Treymore Ct.,  
Sarasota, FL 34243**

**Make checks payable to the 339 FG Association.**



# Roster Updates

Make the following additions or changes to your new mailing list: -

## Change: -

**Jeff Mankie**, 503 Son of pilot-

1537 Colonial Drive #102, Woodbridge, VA 22192

**James Andrew Mankie**, 503<sup>rd</sup> Son of pilot - helicopter pilot,

1706 Beaver Trail, Harker Heights, TX 76543

## Add: -

**James A. Bashford**, 505<sup>th</sup> Son-in-law of pilot MacClarence

1153 E. Sylvan Ave., Whitefish Bay, WI 53217

## Delete: -

**John J. Hauff, Sr.** - Newsletter returned and marked "Deceased".



## 339<sup>th</sup> Fighter Group Association Board of Directors

**John B. Henry**, Commander -

**Stephen C. Ananian** President & Secretary -

**William R. MacClarence**, Vice President - **Richard G. Thieme**, Treasurer -

**William Clark, Jr.**, Reunion Coordinator -

**Sharon Clark**, Hospitality Room Coordinator

**Chester Malarz**, Advisor - **Dorothy Clark**, Advisor

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## Newsletter Editor

**Stephen C. Ananian** - Phone (864) 288-2599

Email: - [stephen.ananian@339fg.com](mailto:stephen.ananian@339fg.com)

**Linda Moore** - Staff photographer



## We are on the Internet

339<sup>th</sup> Home page:- [www.339thfg.com](http://www.339thfg.com)

"Little Friends" at - [www.littlefriends.co.uk](http://www.littlefriends.co.uk)

Ananian Family site - [www.ananian.com](http://www.ananian.com)



## Dues for the year are still \$10

Newsletter Circulation is 413 - USA 185+184 (Email), Overseas 25+19 (Email)

# 2013 Reunion Attendees-

|                          |            |
|--------------------------|------------|
| Ananian, Amy             | 505        |
| <b>Ananian, Stephen</b>  | <b>505</b> |
| Bashford, James          | 505        |
| Bashford, Michael        | 505        |
| Bashford, Gillian        | 505        |
| Bashford, Sean           | 505        |
| Bashford, Tilicia        | 505        |
| Benum, Bob               | 504        |
| Benum, Carolyn           | 504        |
| Bevelhymer, Anne         | HQ         |
| Bevelhymer, Herb         | HQ         |
| Clark, Bill              | HQ         |
| Clark, Sharon            | HQ         |
| <b>Frisch, Robert</b>    | <b>503</b> |
| Gibbs, Susan             | 503        |
| George, Michael          | P-51       |
| <b>Graham, Jerry</b>     | <b>505</b> |
| Graham, Gregory          | 505        |
| Graham, Mary             | 505        |
| Graham, Teresa           | 505        |
| Greenhill, Chuck         | P-51       |
| Higbee, Louise           | 503        |
| Keeler, Arthur           | Frnd.      |
| Knapp, Frank             | 504        |
| <b>MacClarence, Bill</b> | <b>505</b> |
| MacClarence, Tom         | 505        |
| Marbach, Tressa          | 503        |
| Marcial, Gigi            | HQ         |
| Moore, Linda             | 505        |
| <b>Moore, William</b>    | <b>505</b> |
| Ohm, Judith              | Frnd.      |
| Olander, Donald          | 505        |
| Olander, Chris           | 505        |
| Olander, Mike            | 505        |
| Olander, Peggy           | 505        |
| Olander, Jennifer        | 505        |
| <b>Perry, Bill</b>       | <b>503</b> |
| Perry, Lova              | 503        |
| Piscacek, Debbie         | Frnd.      |



|                         |            |       |
|-------------------------|------------|-------|
| <b>Powell, Larry</b>    | <b>505</b> |       |
| <b>Purzycki, Edward</b> | <b>HQ</b>  |       |
| Roach, John             | 505        |       |
| Roach, Nancy            | 505        |       |
|                         | Tom        | 505   |
| Rosati, Deb             | 505        |       |
| Rosati, Jim             | 505        |       |
| Rudolph, Bette          | Frnd.      |       |
|                         | Jim        | Frnd. |
| Rudolph, Warren         | Frnd.      |       |
| Tarling, Graham         | 505        |       |
| Tarling, Michael        | 505        |       |
| Thieme, Candy           | 505        |       |
| Scimone, Mike           | SF260      |       |
| Spear, Pete             | PT-17      |       |
| <b>Thieme, Dick</b>     | <b>505</b> |       |
| Thieme, Emma            | 505        |       |
| Thieme, Jeanne          | 505        |       |
| Thieme, John            | 505        |       |
| Thieme, Judy            | 505        |       |
| Thieme, Ted             | 505        |       |
| Thieme, Tom             | 505        |       |
| Vallero, Greg           | AT6        |       |
| Vallero, Vicki          | AT6        |       |
| Van Treeck, Cathie      | 505        |       |
| Van Treeck, Terry       | 505        |       |
| Verhil, Jack            | 505        |       |
| Verhil, Lori            | 505        |       |
| Ward, Doug              | Frnd.      |       |
| Wilke, Bill             | 505        |       |
| Wilke, Cathie           | 505        |       |
| Wilke, Reid             | 505        |       |
| Wilke, Ryan             | 505        |       |
| Wilke, Melinda          | 505        |       |

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|  |                               |              |
|--|-------------------------------|--------------|
| Total Attendees                        | 74                            |              |
| Veterans of Fowlmere                   | 9                             |              |
| <i>The dark names are the Veterans</i> | <i>underlined of Fowlmere</i> | <i>above</i> |

**339<sup>th</sup> Fighter Group Association, Inc.**  
c/o Stephen C. Ananian  
4 North Orchard Farms Avenue  
Simpsonville, SC 29681-4866, USA



US  
POSTAGE



**To: -**  
Mailing Address



ADDRESS SERVICE REQUESTED



----- MAILING LIST UPDATE FORM -----

## Have you paid your Dues for this year?

Check your name and address on the mailing label. Make certain it is correct. If not, fill out this form and mail to the return address above.

If you wish to pay dues or purchase lapel pins please use this form to do so.

☐ Please send me \_\_\_\_\_ 339<sup>th</sup> Lapel Pins @ \$20 each (includes shipping charge)  
(Number)

Make checks payable to the **"339 FG Association"**.

☐ Please send newsletters by conventional mail.

☐ Please continue sending newsletters by E-mail – (My Email address is below)

☐ Please accept my donation of \$10 for my annual dues for the 339<sup>th</sup> FGA. (Tax Exempt)



NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
First Middle Last

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

E-MAIL address \_\_\_\_\_

PHONE (if you wish) \_\_\_\_\_