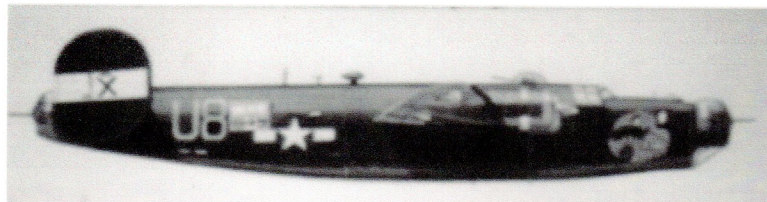


U.S. 8th AIR FORCE

B-24 LIBERATORS, 2nd AIR DIVISION
96th COMBAT WING, 466th BOMB GROUP
786th BOMBARDMENT SQUADRON (H)
ATTLEBRIDGE, EAST ANGLIA, UK
MAY 1944—MAY 1945



WARREN L. SHARROCK'S CREW # 675



Front-Ollie Sigler, nose gunner; Shad Sharrack, 1st pilot; Mike Minichiello, waist gunner
2nd row-Al Farnsholtz, bombardier; Bob Hughes, navigator, Scottie McHenry, co-pilot;
Don Horn, turret gunner/armor.

Rear-Ed Kinkopf, tail gunner; Lee Whittenburg, radio operator; Grady Wesson, engineer

Rev. 5-7-11 REH

B-24 LIBERATOR CONSOLIDATED VULTEE AIRCRAFT WW11 1941-1945

THE LIBERATOR WAS DESIGNED AS A STRATEGIC BOMBER WITH BETTER SPEED, RANGE AND ALTITUDE THAN THE OTHER MAJOR BOMBER B-17 FLYING FORTRESS OF THE SAME PERIOD. THE GOAL OF THE STRATEGIC BOMBING WAS TO DESTROY THE ENEMY'S FACTORIES THAT PRODUCE WAR MATERIAL, THE B-24 FULFILLED THAT ROLE DURING WW 11 AND BECAME THE HIGHEST PRODUCED BOMBER IN THE WORLD WITH OVER 18,000 BUILT. THE B-24 WAS ARMED WITH TEN 50 CALIBERMACHINE GUNS FOR FIGHTER PROTECTION, AND CARRIED A BOMB LOAD OF 8,000LBS.

ROBERT E. HUGHES ENLISTED IN THE SERVICE OF THE USA IN SEPTEMBER 1942 AND WAS HONORABLY DISCHARGED SEPTEMBER 1945.

Warren L. Sharrock's Crew
424 PL 28 Sept. 44 Combat Crew # 257 WWAAF,
Walla Walla, Wash.

This picture is the official one taken as ID of each numbered crew, in our case # 257 (but only when in USA training).
Our overseas crew # 675. See attached official list of duties.



X DECEASED AS OF 2011

Warren L. Sharrock's Crew
424 PL 28 Sept. 44 Combat Crew # 257 WWAFF,
Walla Walla, Wash.

BACK ROW LEFT TO RIGHT

	MIKE A. MINICHIELLO	(CPL)	BALL TURRET GUNNER	CLEVELAND, OHIO.
X	OLIVER R. SIGLER	"	NOSE TURRET GUNNER	CANTON, OHIO
X	LEE R. WHITTENBURG	"	RADIO OPERATOR & WAIST GUNNER	CINCINNATI, OHIO.
X	DONALD A. HORN	"	ARMAMENT GUNNER & TOP TURRET GUNNER	HOUSTON, TEXAS.
X	GRADY H. WESSON	"	AERIAL ENGINEER & WAIST GUNNER	FLORENCE, ALABAMA.
	EDWARD J. KINKOPF	"	TAIL TURRET GUNNER	ALLIANCE, OHIO.

BACK
FRONT ROW LEFT TO RIGHT

	ROBERT E. HUGHES	F/O	NAVIGATOR & ALTERNATE NOSE GUNNER	AKRON, OHIO.
X	SCOTTIE H. MCHENRY	F/O	COPILOT	KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI.
X	ALBERT R. FARNHOLTZ	F/O	BOMBARDIER & ALTERNATE NOSE GUNNER	LOS ANGELES, CALIF.
X	WARREN L. SHARROCK	2ND LT.	PILOT	JAMESTOWN, CALIF.

423 PL 28 SEPT. 44 COMBAT CREW # 257 WWAFF, WALLA WALLA, WASH.

X - DECEASED AS OF 2011

WARREN (SHAD) L. SHARROCK'S CREW NOTES 1944

OVERSEAS TRAINING UNITS (OTU'S)

Many of our border states were selected to become the final phase training for bomber crews. Washington State was one and we were located just a few miles north of the Oregon border at a base called Walla Walla (known for its prison) and only about 120 miles south of Spokane. Shad's crew met Shad and had flown prior to the Navigator's arrival on September 5th. Thus it was September 6th that we actually started to train as a complete Crew No. 253. It seems there was a six to eight week training period in which the crew would be expected to jell as a team fully ready for combat. To do this the AF had formulated a two part program: a ground school consisting of classes relative to each of our positions and a flight training in which each of us practiced our position and worked as part of the team (Crew). Here are the names of the 10-man crew as I wrote them September 6, 1944:

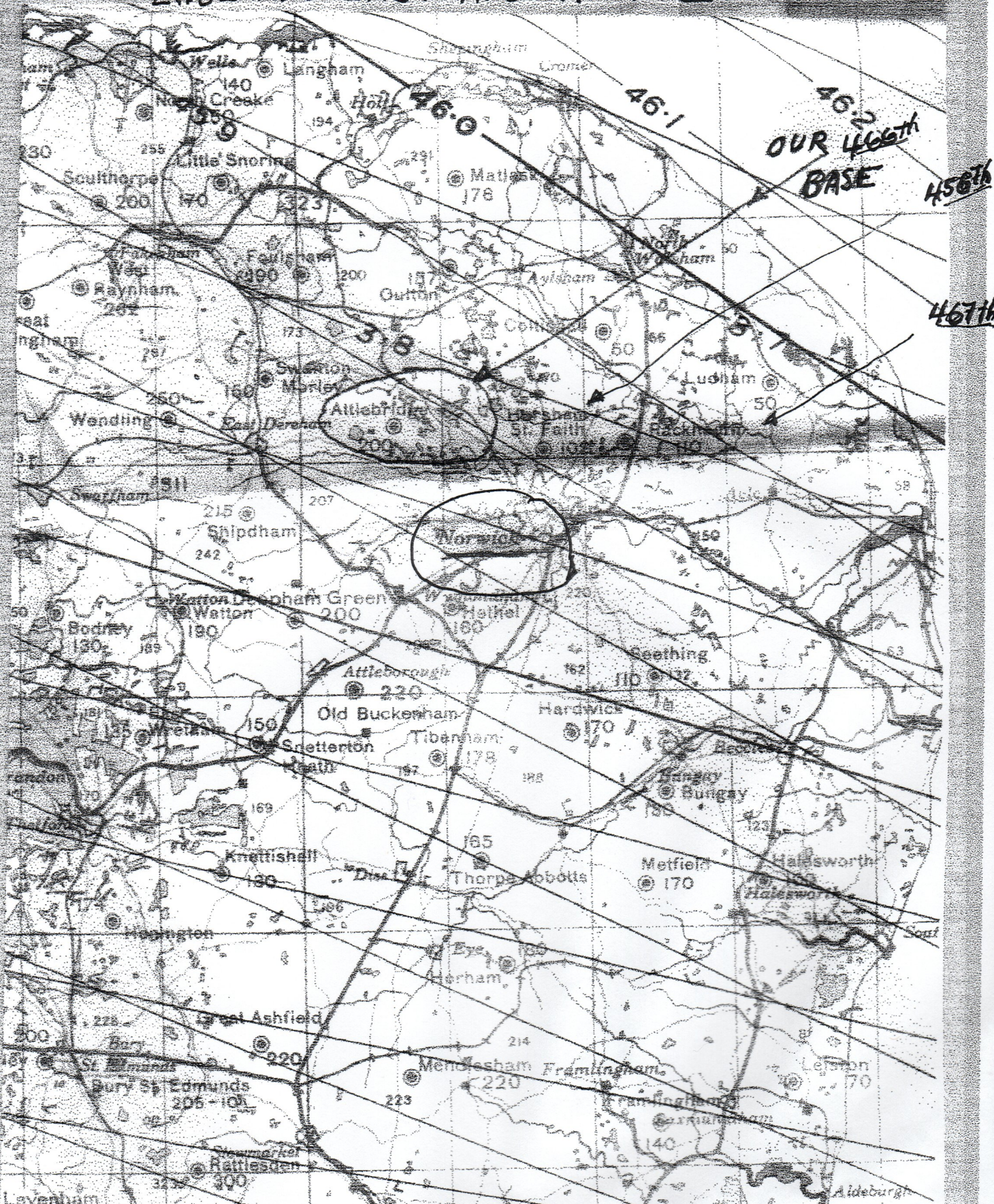
1st Pilot Warren L. Sharrock	2nd Lt
Co-Pilot Scott McHenry	F/O
Navigator, Robert Hughes	F/O
Bombardier, Alfred Farnholtz	F/O
Engineer, Grady Wesson	Cpl.
Radio Operator, Leroy Wittenburg	Cpl.
Armer Gunner, Donald Horn	Cpl.
Left Waist Gunner, Mike Minichiello	Cpl.
Right Waist Gunner, Edward Kinkoph	Cpl.
Nose Gunner, Oliver Sigler	Cpl.

After five weeks of training an array of Air force brass visited the base and witnessed and inspected a formation of flying, simulated bombing and fighter plane attacks (by P-63 or P-39's ?) of which we were part. We left the base on October 20th for Hamilton Field and arrived there on the October 23 where we were processed for shipment overseas. We were expecting to go to the Pacific after training on the west coast, but no, we loaded onto a cross-country train headed east on October 26.

DEPARTURE FOR U.K.

We passed places many of us had never seen and wondered if we would ever see them again: Sacramento, Salt Lake City, Pueblo, Kansas City, Chicago, Canton, Pittsburgh, and into Camp Kilmore, N.J. (P.O.E) on November 1, 1944. Next day or so was busy being processed for overseas shipment. After dark we go to the N.J. docks and board ferry for N.Y. side where we were loaded on our troop carrier which was a converted French passenger liner S.S. Louis Pasteur. We sat in the harbor for a day or so before sailing and some of us (I was) were seasick before hitting the high seas on November 4, 1944. As Officers we bunked in groups in conventional staterooms, but we were appalled when we went below deck and saw how the enlisted men had been crowded together and how it stunk because of sick men and no fresh air. We were at sea for about ten days and it was stormy as could be. The ship had an English crew and the young anti-aircraft gunners were sick little puppies just like we air force passengers. It was a mess on the decks and the staircases from all of us amateurs being sick. The second day out was Sunday and Shad, his friend Shannon , and I decided to attend Church services on top deck. In midst of service we all began getting sick, but held on until the end and then ran for the toilets. Ugh! About midway across I got the idea that if you got on top deck at center of gravity you had a better chance of not being seasick. Our course took us past Bermuda, north to the Azores, past Spain, into St. George Channel, and docked in Liverpool, our destination. On the night of Nov.14, 1944, we were loaded on a train amid mass confusion and an English band playing inspiring music. We went to an Air Force Replacement Center at Stone for processing, shots etc. and then we loaded up on trucks drove to our permanent base via Norwich to Attlebridge, East Anglia. We were assigned to quonset huts and met a couple roommates, rest had diverted to another base. We were told this was bad luck hut-- no one ever finished their missions.

ENGLAND'S EAST ANGLIA WWII



AAF STATION 12C

ATTLEBRIDGE

AIRFIELD & LIVING SITES

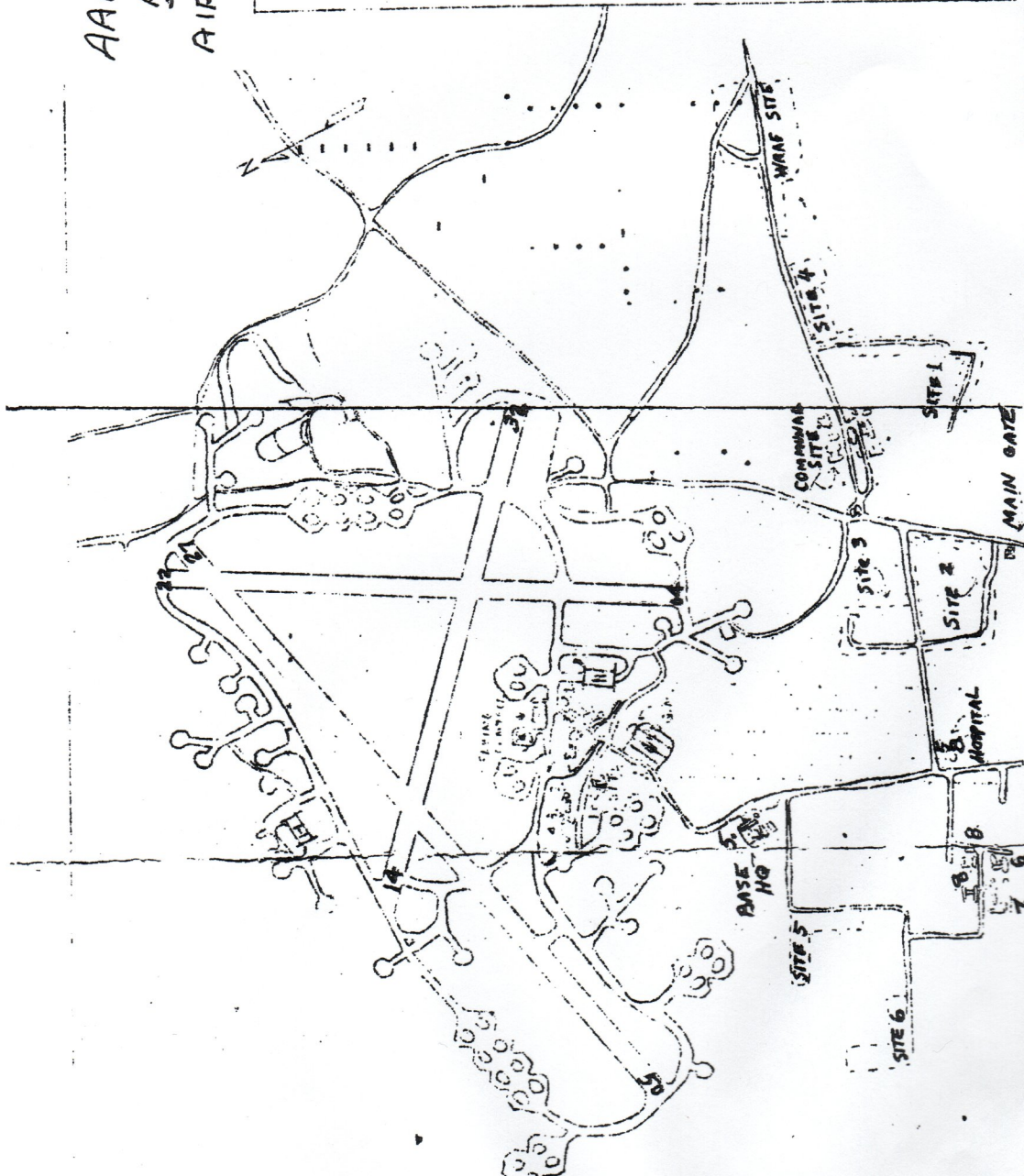
Site 1 - 784th Sqdn
 Site 2 - Combat Officers ROQ
 Site 3 - Ground Officers ROQ
 Site 4 - 787th Sqdn **787th**
 Site 5 - 786th Sqdn
 Site 6 - 785th Sqdn
 Communal Site - Hq Sqdn, Spec Service,
 Mess #1.
WAFF Site - Gunners Living Site.

Ref. No.

1. 784th Ops.
2. 787th Ops.
3. 785th Ops.
4. **786th Ops.**
5. Hq Area - C.O., Adjutant,
 Group Ops, Intelligence,
 Mess, Post Office.

6. Officers Mess.
7. Officers Club, Gunners Mess.
8. PX and Aero Club, **EW Mess #2.**

Bus Stops - Tech Site, Base Hq, Hosp,
 PX, Hosp, Site 2 & 3,
 Communal Site, Site 1 & 4,
 Waaf Site and return.



Sharrock Crew's First Mission
Plane #799, Paper Dolls
December 12, 1944

Shad was already a veteran of one mission, having flown with Lt. Woodbury to Bingen Marshalling Yard on December 10th.

This was to be a mission to Aschaffenburg Marshalling Yard, (just beyond Frankfort on Rhine). However, after crossing the channel we lost no. one engine, and the rest of our formation soon left us behind. The nose gunner, Ollie reported that there was dogfights going on between our P-51's and the German Me109's. Apparently our guys kept the enemy away from us as we didn't see any up close.

Shad called Al (Bombardier) and Bob (Navigator) on the intercom and asked for a target of opportunity in Germany and then for Bob to give him a return heading from that selected target.

Al and Bob discussed nearby targets on the basis of being as far as possible from German fighter plane bases (based on what we knew from our briefings). We selected a small town called Nidda and Al, without the benefit of a bombsight, used his gloved finger for sighting and walked our bombs through the town at high noon. The ground was covered with snow and the incendiaries lit up the town like Christmas.

Now, with an engine out, we headed back home, hoping that no enemy fighters would pick us up enroute. As we dropped down into friendly territory just below the soup we started icing up, and we were cold as 'hell.'

As we got back to England, the field was closed in so after making three attempts, skimming the tree tops with that one engine out, Shad gave up trying to find our field and headed for Horsham St. Faith, our neighbor field of the 96th wing, where our friends Shannon, Junior, and Les Gruner * were stationed. We landed there and checked our fuel—about ten minutes of fuel left, Whew! We tried to find Shannon, Shad's pilot pal, but couldn't find him, but we did see Junior and Les, Hughes' navigator pal. We notified Attlebridge that we were okay, ate, and got a truck back to Attlebridge, all of us tired as hell. The time was 6 hours and 45 minutes, a tough way to start out to do 35 missions!

* This crew was killed later on in a training mission in the area and I think this was the last time I saw them. After the war I visited Les' parents in Chicago to tell them about the accident.

SHAD'S CREW CONTINUED

COMBAT MISSIONS CON'T.

Maximum effort mission no.8. Early in morning of February 6, 1945 we arose to meet the 'Hun' again. Our blood was chilled when the briefing showed us scheduled for either Big 'B' (Berlin) or Magdeberg. Finally decided that it will be Magdeberg not Big 'B', sigh of relief as Big 'B' is bad. Out we go to the plane and crawl in to get into our respective takeoff positions.

While forming over the North Sea we encountered a terrific gust of prop wash from plane ahead and we nearly spin in. Bad start—looks like a bad day in the making!!

The Dutch coast is visual which means that we too are visible to the AA. Proof soon to come up abeam in the form of black smoke from flak bursts. None too close. We proceed to the flak infested city of Magdeberg where we receive several flak hits, but Pilots keep plane under control and we dropped on schedule.

The lead squadron 467th got lost on return taking us thru the Ruhr over Hanover, Osnabruk, and Munster where the flak was thick enough to walk on. Squadrons split up like blackbirds, taking evasive action. Lt. Johnson the ship ahead of ours got a direct hit in wing and dives out of formation barely missing us. He finally got plane under control and headed west with 2 fighter planes as escort. We didn't see or hear anything more until we landed and it verified that they received more direct hits which forced the crew to bail out. Three gunners and the engineer went down in the plane and The others including Lt. Johnson were taken prisoners. Meanwhile we have several near hits and we are shaking in our boots.

The formation breaks up over Holland where the flak is still intense and individual planes thread their back to home bases. Our radar is not working and the weather is really socked in, visibility 770'. The engineer reports that we have only 2 hours of gas left and my calculations tell me this is bad news since we have a 100 knot headwind giving us about 100mph groundspeed. Shad and I discuss the possibilities of getting back, first across the channel and next to our base. Our choices are: land in yet hostile Holland; attempt shuttling across the Ruhr Valley which is thick with flak and fighters; or risk a crash in the North Sea in the attempt to make England and then our base. It was a 'no brainer' for Shad-let's go for it—give me heading home! In the -30 degree weather, I am in a cold sweat as we cross the foggy English channel. We get 'may day' radio assistance to come in over our field in visibility of 200' with a pounding rain. Whew!!

Once on the ground we all breath a sigh of relief, thank the Lord for our deliverance, and really enjoy the Red Cross administered shot of whiskey given us before interrogation. We make a special trip to the enlisted men's locker room to commend them on their coolness under stress. Great bunch!!

NOTE: THIS MISSION WAS SELECTED TO GIVE EACH OF US SOME RECALL OF A MORE OR A LESS TYPICAL FLAK INFESTED, CRAPPY WEATHER, FOULED UP KIND OF MISSIONS WE FLEW AND SURVIVED MAINLY BECAUSE OF OUR TWO A-1 PILOTS.

SHAD'S CREW CONTINUED

COMBAT MISSIONS

The entire crew arrived in Attlebridge at the same time and left for home at the same time. Here is my best attempt at listing where and when we flew on missions out of Attlebridge. The following listing is the official one in my Army records and I will comment on several later:

PARTICIPATION IN SORTIES

Insert to WD AGO Form 88-1-2

Hughes, Robert E. T-131933 1034

has participated in a Heavy Bombardment Sortie on the following dates:

DATE	Position*	DATE	Position*
1. 12Dec44	Achaffenburg, Germany	19. 17Mar45	Hannover, Germany
2. 24Dec44	Daun, Germany	20. 19Mar45	Leipheim, Germany
3. 26Dec44	Niederlahnstein, Germany	21. 21Mar45	Hesepe, Germany
4. 28Dec44	St Wendel, Germany	22. 22Mar45	Kitzinger, Germany
5. 29Dec44	Gerolstein, Germany	23. 24Mar45	Kirtorf, Germany
6. 8Jan45	Wittlich, Germany	24. 31Mar45	Brunswick, Germany
7. 31Jan45	Brunswick, Germany	25. 9Apr45	Lechfeld, Germany
8. 6Feb45	Magdeburg, Germany	26. 10Apr45	Rechlin/Larz, A/F, Germany
9. 16Feb45	Magdeburg, Germany	27. 14Apr45	Pte De Grave, France
10. 16Feb45	Osnabruck, Germany	28. 15Apr45	Vaux-sur-Mer, France
11. 22Feb45	Peine, Germany	29. 16Apr45	Landsbut, Germany
12. 23Feb45	Jena, Germany	30. 17Apr45	Karlobad, Czechoslovakia
13. 24Feb45	Bielefeld, Germany	31. 18Apr45	Passau, Germany
14. 26Feb45	Berlin, Germany	32. 25Apr45	Traunstein, Germany
15. 2Mar45	Magdeburg, Germany	33.	
16. 4Mar45	Kitsingen, Germany	34.	
17. 10Mar45	Arnsberg, Germany	35.	
18. 12Mar45	Freidberg, Germany	36.	

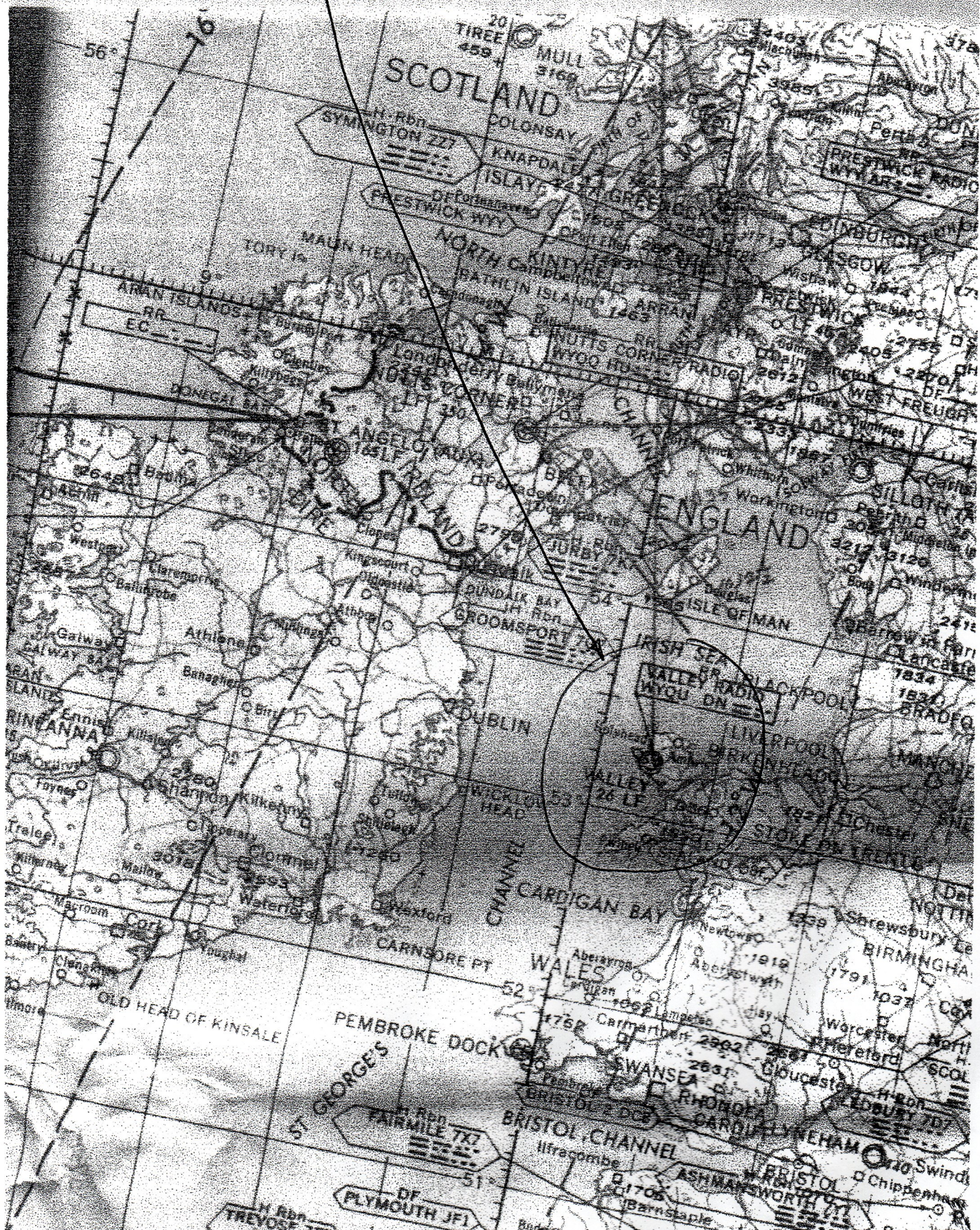
Shad's first mission was with Lt. Woodbury's crew on Dec. 10th to Bingen Marshalling Yards and it was bad weather, but moderate flak. Good way to get broken in before being in charge of his crew. This plus 31 missions with his crew gave Shad a total of 32 missions.

Bob's only mission with another crew was with Lt. Cahill's crew on Feb. 15th to Magdeberg and it was uneventful. This mission with the 31 with our crew gave me a total of 32 missions.

I believe two of our gunners missed missions due to illness and reduced their total below 31 missions. I can put in the details if they will give me the data.

Our Bombardier, Al Farnholtz did not fly all of our missions as he flew with a couple of lead squadron missions so that I do not have an accurate account of his, but my guess is that he did about the same number of missions.

DEPARTURE TO USA 5/25/45



SHAD'S CREW--RETURN FROM U.K.

I had been in Norwich late May 7th where the English were celebrating by waving flags and saying the War's over. When I got to the base quite late Shad was still up listening to the news so we stayed up until 2 am. Later that morning we got the official news and the whole base was restricted so as to not wreck Norwich Ha! We all got drunk as skunks and mixed some awful stuff to do so. On the morning of the 9th we realized that we had been spared having to do the last 3 of our required 35 missions. Wow!! Then we learned that there was a great need for the Air Force to get hundreds of new B-24's back to USA for shuttling to the Pacific Theater. We got an early call due to having the most missions completed in our Squadron. On 18th we cleared post to leave tomorrow, but were delayed a day. Finally left for Chorley on 20th, stayed couple days getting processed and inspected for leaving country. Left for Wharton where we flew to Valley, Wales on 24th which is our plane pickup spot and our departure point for USA via Iceland, Greenland & Labrador. Here is our story:

- May 24th, was assigned a plane and then Shad, Scottie and I had to go swing the compass so that I had a compass compensations for this important flight over water to Iceland. It was to be only my second navigation flight over water and we all wanted that one to be 100% successful. Ha!. We had the eve off and all went to bed early..
- May 25th at crack of dawn I was approached by a young Canadian Officer of fairly high rank who asked if he could stow away on our flight so as to get to Montreal the next day. I discussed with Shad and Scottie and after checking his records etc. decided to let him fly with us. We left Valley Field at 0809 and arrived at Meeks, Iceland at 1432. In addition to my navigation by dead reckoning Shad, Scottie, Lee and I all kept close watch on the radio as far from Valley as we see the beam and as soon as we could pick it up from Meeks. We came in on ETA and just abeam of the field (within sight). We were all relieved to see land. Our Canadian guest acted starved and entertained himself enroute eating several C-Rations. It was morning in Iceland so we refueled and all went in to the Air Base general mess and had breakfast. Our starving Canadian pocketed about six hardboiled eggs and in addition to a big breakfast ate them all enroute to Goosebay.
- May 26^h-Another long scary leg of the journey over water from Iceland to Goosebay, Labrador (part of Newfoundland). Some of the Navigators I talked to in Iceland said they were just going to use the radio to navigate to Goosebay. We found out at arrival that 2 planes had ditched after missing Newfoundland. Again the navigator had a good long workday of ten hours that was rewarded with arrival on course and just about on ETA. My log ends with "Landed Hip Hip Hooray!! Our Canadian Officer leaves us with thanks and goes to the Air Base control tower which is Canadian, pulls his rank and arranges for a flight to Montreal-well fed!! Often wonder what happened to him ?
- May 27th-We take off from Goosebay for USA and cross the border at Presque Isle, Maine at 2:16 pm and that was a happy moment which we couldn't really enjoy until on the ground at Bangor, Maine where we land at 2:44 pm. Some of the guys got out and kissed the ground when we landed. We stayed over night due to weather in Bradley so we hitch hiked to town with a carload of young workers who were a bit high—one of the girls said she couldn't do anything for us because she had syphilis and that sure cooled everyone off. We stuck to drinking in town.
- May 28th-We fly a short run to Westover Air Base which is Bradley Field as well. We are home in good old USA. This is the place where we go through customs, medicals and get our individual new assignments. We split up as a crew and to go our separate ways without a chance to meet again for goodbyes. Sad, but we are anxious for our new life.

REH

SHAD'S CREW HONOR ROLL UPDATE—5/06/11

As of this date three of the original crew members are still alive and we are meeting in Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio on May 7-19, 2011 with Les Sharrock the son of Shad, our deceased Pilot with his wife Carol; Scottie's Daughter Jane; Mike Minichiello with wife Rose; Ed Kinopf and friend Marie; Bob Hughes and wife Jean. Bob's brother Dick lives in Kent nearby and our sister Doris who lives in Cuyahoga Falls so will also come for part of our get together.

Les Sharrock is the one we must give the entire credit for initially getting the living crew together in 1995/6 in his home town Moorhead, Minnesota. It was a big success with the five of the living crew members attending. Here is the information that I have available on each of our comrades:

Shad Sharrock-After the war Shad found that he was born to fly and so reenlisted and began flying B-29's as First Pilot. On a night training mission Nov.16,1949 Shad's plane and another B-29 collided and Shad rode it down to his death. He died doing what he loved best--flying.

Lee Whittenberg died about 1990 but I have no details of his life and cause of death.

Al Farnholtz also died around 1990 and again I have no information on his life except that he was married when we were crew mates in England.

Grady Wesson-Passed away June 1991 after a heart attack. In civilian life he operated a bait shop. He had a son, two daughters and his widow was alive the last we heard. They lived in Murray, Kentucky and he had gained a lot of weight and was extremely large when he passed away. It is hard to imagine Grady being anything but a slim well built handsome guy.

Don Horn died in 1997 in after attending a couple of reunions with his wife Ruth. He had heart and pneumonia problems his last years

Oliver L. (Ollie) Sigler died at age of 76 in Sun City, Arizona March 9, 1998. Ollie's wife Jean survived him for a few years, but has passed away. Ollie had been ill for some time but managed to attend our crew reunion in Arizona June 1996 where we had a chance to talk over the War days with Ollie. It seems, from his stories, that he suffered sleepless nights as a result of bad war memories and had to have help from medics. Jean his wife attended the 1997 reunion after Ollie's death.

Scottie McHenry lived to within a few days of his 90th birthday, passing away 11/2/11 and although in failing health in the last several years was alert and interested in our reunions and contact with him. He was the one WAR HERO in our crew: Served in :WW11, Korean War (won a medal for heroic feats in air-sea rescue), did the Vietnam War, and the Berlin airlift. WOW !!

If we can get further information on Grady, Lee and Al, we should pass it on to all and put it in our meager files. If we get more info, I will contact their families and send them a report on our activities as a crew and invite them to any future reunions.

REH 5/8/02 & 5/6/11

Subj: **Colonel, Scottie H. McHenry Deceased 10-29-10**
 Date: 11/4/2010 3:09:52 P.M. Eastern Daylight Time

cc Ed Kinkopf, by mail

Thursday 11-4-10

Dear Friends,

A chapter has closed on the life of an American man who lived to within days of his ^{90th} birthday, Scottie McHenry. I am privileged to have known this patriot over two periods of his full eventful life: WW11 in which he and I served on Sharrocks Crew, Scottie as Co-Pilot and I as Navigator. It was a well trained and compatible crew blessed with two of the best pilots in the 8th AF and with one, Scottie, also a mechanic knowledgeable of the B-24's planes. This gave us an extra talent often needed when flying over 30 mission out of England in their God Awful weather of rain, fog & snow into the airspace of a flak happy enemy also blessed with mean & talented fighter pilots in some of the best fighters developed in the WW 11 timeframe. The second period of his life where we rekindled our friendship was in the 1996 when we living crew members met in Fargo-Moorehead for our first reunion since parting in 1945 after returning to the USA 51 years earlier. The crew was located and conned into coming together by Les Sharrock son of our Pilot Shad Sharrock (killed in 1949 on a B-29 training crash). Five of the six living members came and that started an annual get together, the last being this past May 2010 when four of us plus our recruiter Les met at the Masonic Home where Scottie spent his last years (happily). His Daughter Jane (Lady Jane) had been her Father's eyes & ears coordinating communications between Scottie and the crew these past years when he was not very mobile. Jane arranged that last reunion and by coincidence Howard happened to be visiting Scottie when we showed up. Thus it was a special time for all of us and, of course, we didn't realize that it would be our *last* get together while Scottie was alive.

Monday 11-1-10 I flew to KC rented a car and drove to Harrisonville, MO for the funeral Tuesday at the Atkinson Funeral Home. Jane and I prearranged an extended meeting/breakfast at my motel (Comfort Inn & Suites) on Tuesday and she came with many momentos and documents of Scottie's life which was very enlightening for me. She then gave me a cook's tour of the metropolis of Harrisonville which including looking at Scottie's house where we had one of our great reunion's when Jan's husband taped our brief individual talks. As we convened for the service I met many of the McHenry clan including Howard and his wife who invited me to his house after the services for more reminiscences with the tribe, drink and food. That was neat.

The service was very heavy with great old Christian songs that I knew and loved and with only two speakers:

the former Head of the Schools and the United Methodist Church Minister where Scottie attended. Both gave a good sketch of his life, but I would have liked to have had his Daughters and Brother Howard and perhaps me to be invited to tell our own little slant of the times our paths crossed his in this life. After Church Service we drove just out of town to the cemetery for the graveside service with the Air Force sounding taps, firing off the rifles and lastly folding the large flag for the family (Jane was presented the folded flag). It was very sad realizing that this was end for Scottie in this world, but I was comforted knowing that we shall again see him in that better place of the Lord's.

In loving remembrance,
 Bob Hughes

At Howard's afterwardss it was very special for me as I heard many stories of Scotties life, talents and deeds. I was comfortable with the family and felt it was a wonderful closing of the book on Scottie. *REN*