

PERSONNEL RECORD UPDATE

306th BOMB GROUP ASSOCIATION

Date

Complete this form and return to Russell A. Strong, Secretary, 306th BG Assoc., 5323 Cheval Place, Charlotte, NC 28205, to be filed with 306th records.

LAST NAME:

DEAL

Street Address:

1220 WINDSOR WAY
City, State

REDWOOD CITY CA

Winter Address:

317 LINWOOD DRIVE
City, State

NEOSHO MO

8-10-16
Date of birth:

FIRST NAME:

ELVIE

MI: TITLE:

Telephone: (45) 366-5844

Zip + 4: 94061-2054

Telephone: (415) 451-3012

Zip: 64850-2611

Wife's name: ILLIENE W

#c
#gc
#ggc

3-9-20
DATE OF BIRTH
Degree(s), & when:

College(s) attended:

Last employment & job title & retirement date:

UNITE AIR LINES
A/P LEAD MECHANIC
Serial #(s): 17457

Squadron:

369

Specialty:

CREW CHIEF

If combat, what crew?

Date joined 306th:

Special duties or assignments w/306th:

CREW CHIEF - B-17 BOMBER

No of missions flown: _____

Date of last mission:

Date leaving 306th:

SEP 15 - 1945

Highest rank/grade w/306th:

STAF SGT.

Other 8AF units served with, and when:

Top service assignment after 306th:

USAF retirement date:

SEP 15 - 1945

Rank/grade:

Copies of old 306th orders, either from the Group or Station 111, or any of the Squadrons or other units serving with the 306th, are sought by the secretary, as many of these do not appear in any collections of materials in National Archives or the Air University.

If you know of others who served with the 306th and who do not appear in the current 306th Directory, please add their names and current/WWII hometowns or other addresses to the back of this sheet so that searches may be implemented to add them to our present 306th roster.

AFTER MY WIFE NORA ^{DIED} REMAINED + HER HOME + S
NEOSHO MO + WE KEEP BOTH + JUST GO BACK + FORTH

Harry and Jean Tzipowitz
3408 West Westmoreland Street
Philadelphia, PA 19129
Friday, September 22, 1995

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Tzipowitz,

My name is Mike Deal, the 4th son of Elvie C. Deal. Our Dad was with you last year in Sept. at the Bomb Group Reunion in Des Moines. After he left, he went to Powell, MO to attend a country music festival.

He arrived at Powell on Sunday, Sept. 18. It is with regret that I inform you that he died in his sleep early the morning of the 19th.

As you were aware, his health was not good. He needed oxygen most of the time. Flying and the altitude of the Denver Airport were hard on him.

I apologize to you for the lateness of this letter. We did not have many names or addresses. When your Christmas cards arrived, it was intended to answer them right away. During the clean up of the house, they became misplaced. As I was going through papers, I came upon them.

I will try to inform you of what we know. He arrived in Tulsa, OK mid afternoon on Sun. He had gotten to know a taxi owner. He had pre-arranged to be driven to Wyandotte, OK to pick up his motorhome. This is where his brother G.B. Deal lives. The taxi driver tried to take Dad to the hospital, but Dad would not go, saying that he was only tired.

After arriving in Wyandotte, Uncle G.B. tried to get Dad to go to the doctor, but he wouldn't go. He then drove to Neosho, MO to pick up his oxygen, but it wasn't there. He then drove up to Joplin, MO, and got it there. He then drove down to Powell.

When he arrived there, about 7:30p.m., he stopped in the middle of the road in front of the office for the music festival. The security guard came out to see why someone had parked on the road. Dad was unable to drive anymore at that point. The guard got Bob Brumley, with whom he had gone to school with as a boy, and was the organizer for the event. Bob got one of his sons to park and set up the motorhome while another son came around with a car to take Dad to the hospital.

At this point, they said that my Dad looked very pale. He was breathing very hard, seemingly unable to get his breath, even though he was using his oxygen. He again said that he was only tired and would feel better in the morning. He ate a few bites for dinner and then wanted to go to bed. They helped him get his night clothes on and put him to bed. This was about 9:15p.m. They checked on him again at 11:30, and felt he was doing O.K.

When Dad didn't show up for breakfast, they went to check on him. He didn't answer. Bob got up on the front bumper and could see Dad still in bed. They forced the door open, but Dad was not breathing. The paramedics were called, but he had died several hours earlier. The coroner came out to make sure there was no foul play, and there wasn't. Dad's probable cause of death was a heart attack.

Through all of this, my three brothers and I, were amazed at how many people tried to help. After talking to several, we kind of think Dad really thought he was just tired. After talking to a doctor, we really don't think it would have helped much to have gone to a hospital. Dad was where he wanted to be, doing what he wanted to do. We have no regrets about that.

On a little more reflection, I think Dad was really fighting to get to Powell. After he got there, I think he just fully relaxed. His heart was weak, the excitement of Des Moines and the stress of flying and driving were just too much. He relaxed, quit fighting, and his heart just gave out.

There are a few things that my brothers and I are quite sure about in all of this.

Dad very deeply wanted to go to Des Moines and he got to. Dad talked often of his buddies from England. He often said he wondered what had happened to them after the war. These reunions were really good for him and he really enjoyed them.

Dad had left no specific instructions regarding what to do when he died, except that he wanted to be cremated. This is what we did. He is buried next to our Mom, Nora, in Modesto, CA.

We held a Memorial Service in Anderson, MO on Tuesday, Sept. 27.

Dad's wife, Illiene is back home in Neosho, MO. She has sugar diabetes which is now under insulin control. She did suffer a moderate amount of brain damage before it was brought under control. She is doing much better now. It looks as though she will be able to stay home with some help. We are keeping in contact with her. She is fully aware of what has happened.

We wish you all well. If there is anything we can do or if you have any questions, just drop me a line. Mid-1996, I will be moving to Indiana, near Cloverdale. I work for United Airlines, just as my Dad had. I am also an aircraft mechanic, just as he was.

Sincerely,



Michael R. Deal