

Tampa Florida
May 11, 2009

Dear Clayton Kubes,

God Bless you! My brother Gayle and I thank you from the bottom of our hearts for discovering our brother Huland's plane. At last we know why he has been MIA for so many years.

About the time he became missing, I had a dream that his plane had crashed in a fireball. I told Mother and she really cried. Do you know if the plane exploded or even burned?

Do you or anyone have a clue to what caused the plane to go down? We were told at the time that the weather was bad.

The elderly woman you interviewed - did she know what happened to the crew?

Someone should at least give them a grave in the village. This will forever haunt me.

How did you find this particular site? It was kinda like a needle in a haystack. A friend's husband, Eddie Forrest, flew the hump at the time Huland did. He related about all the wrecked planes he could see.

By word of mouth, someone should have

let the outside world know something about a plane crash. We realize there were no phones or means to relay a message at that time, but it really has taken a very long 65 years to discover a plane crash.

Huland Keiron Hunt was born Jan. 11, 1924. He was very smart, had a high IQ and was a hard worker. He played football and baseball. He was very friendly and always had a smile for you. He enlisted in the U.S. Air Corps while a senior, but was not called up until after he graduated on May 25, 1942.

He first went to Avon Park, Fla. where he trained in AT-6.

While there, he married Verna Ward, "Butch's" mother-to-be. "Butch" was one month old when Huland was lost. His mother died in an auto wreck in 1951.

Huland did great in his pilot training. Out of a class of 600, he was no. 2.

Mother and I attended his graduation at Moody Air Force Base, Ga. when he received his wings.

Before being sent overseas to Assom, he trained for awhile with Eastern Air Lines in Atlanta. Capt. Eddie Rickenbacker, EAL

president, selected Huland to be his personal pilot. Huland flew him to South America and all around that area.

I am Huland's only sister - two years older than Huland. He was the middle sibling. Gayle came along two years after Huland. Gayle and I are the only family members left except for "Butch", Huland's son.

I've had "Bud" on my mind almost constantly. After Jan. 29, 2009, I had a strange feeling something was going to happen. A little voice in my head kept repeating, "go to India, go to India", and that is where the wreckage was. Sounds uncanny, doesn't it?

I would like to hear from Co-pilot Fox's family and the radio operator's family. I have corresponded with The Seidel family.

I want to have a nice photo of Huland made to send you.

Again, we appreciate you and your efforts to help bring closure to us grieving families. Hope mine and Gayle's donations help you some. In Gratitude, Jane Hunt Owens