



THE 99th Bomb Group Historical Society



Newsletter

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SOCIETY OFFICERS 1987 - 1988

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TREASURER - WALTER BUTLER
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HISTORIAN - GEORGE F. COEN
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THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

GREETINGS:

We have just completed another splendid Reunion at Ft. Lauderdale, FL where Julius Horowitz, Al Schroeder and Les Parsons did a bang-up job. With Julie as our Reunion Chairman, how could it be other than the great Reunion that it was? Anita Horowitz, Evelyn Schroeder and Edie Parsons worked tirelessly on this Convention as well with their presence well known on the Registration Desk along with all their other most welcome help. We are all grateful for the efforts of these fine people.

The efforts of Harvey Jennings in his capacity of Managing the Hospitality Room again, did his always great job. He had the able help of Bob Bacher and one other person who worked so diligently to handle that monumental task. Those men know how to mix those drinks and dispense them rapidly. Their expertise is greatly appreciated! The only problem we have there is that Harvey needs more expertise from others within our Group. If any of you would like to help, please let us know. Harvey would be most pleased with more able help. Excellent job again, Harvey, we all thank you! (This from one who used to think a mixed drink was a shot chased by water.)

We are delighted to report that the two new Board members are Julius Horowitz and Bill Smallwood, both of them very able and dedicated men. Our new Vice President is Fred Hueglin. President, Secretary and Historian remain the same along with our re-elected and re-appointed Treasurer, Walt Butler.

The Group dedicated a beautiful plaque to George Coen for all he has done, first as organizer, then as editor and publisher of our "News Bulletin" and then as our Historian. It was a great honor to present that plaque to George.

The schedule of events was well balanced and we all enjoyed the Boat trip on the "Jungle Queen" along with the fine dinner on the island and the "Vaudville Act". That Banquet was super as well.

Again, as in every Reunion, old friends gathered together and each of us sought out those we had known and flown with 44 years ago. I met several of my old comrades and this is always tremendously meaningful for me. When I suddenly realize that you flew a number of missions with an Engineer named Adam Zanoni and you share a few of your experiences, there is real meaning in that reunion. This is what our organization is all about. *Cont. Page 6*

100th Mission (Oudna '43)
Col. Fay R. Upthegrove (C.O.) - later, M. Gen.
Maj. Harry Burrell (347th) - " Col. (deceased)



For the past half-dozen years, David Hamilton, professor of English at the University of Iowa, has asked his undergraduate students to write aphorisms. When they do, he says, he's entertained, and the students learn that they can be quotable. Here are a few of their aphorisms:

- H**E WHO LAUGHS, lasts.
- A stitch in time may save nine, but it's far better to have a mother who sews.
- Taste makes waist.
- Give him an inch and find out his angle.
- Friendship cannot be bought but must be paid for, in installments.
- You've got to kiss a lot of frogs before you find your prince.
- Being an idiot is hard work, but the pay is low.
- Child: an object halfway between an adult and a television set.
- I think, therefore I must be around here somewhere.
- The real in us is silent; the acquired is talkative.
- When you row another fellow across the stream, you get there yourself.
- Good poets struggle with lines; great poets struggle with lives.
- Popcorn, people and pinball machines all need to be occasionally shook.
- We live to learn after we learn to live.
- Nothing in this world is so powerful as a terrorism whose time has come; all ideas melt in its presence — even its own.
- All that glitters is not gold, though it may be selling for the same price.
- Old dogs may have tricks to teach.
- Put your money into taxes; they'll surely go up.
- Those who do not complain are never pitied.

Reprinted from the University of Iowa Spectator.

True grit of America's youngest hero

OLD SOLDIER Ernest Wrentmore was a cocky 12-year-old kid when he convinced an Army recruiter that he was a man, and was sent off to France to fight in World War I.

gressional Medal of Honor." he says. "And I'm just as entitled as any of those who received it. "Every minute I was in combat in France was above and beyond the call of duty, because I was a minor."

Now he's a stubborn veteran of three wars — and he wants the Congressional Medal of Honor he insists he earned on the battlefield.

"I have all the respect in the world for those people who have received the Con-

Wrentmore, now 77 and a retired colonel in the U.S. Air Force, was the youngest American soldier who fought in WWI — and he was almost killed.

He was a courier when he fought his way through vi-

rious combat in the bloody Meuse-Argonne carrying a vital message that signaled a company of American soldiers to advance.

His gas mask was shot off after delivering the message, and he was overcome by poison vapors. Minutes after he was loaded onto a stretcher, a burst of shrapnel ripped through the group, wounding Wrentmore and killing one of the bearers.

He was 14 when he was discharged, under the same name he had used to enlist — Henry Earl Moore.

"I was a big kid for my age. I was about 5-foot-6 and weighed about 140 pounds," he says. "And I was intelligent enough to stand up to the recruiter and look him in the eye."

Wrentmore rejoined the military during the depression years of the early 1930s, this time under his own name. Citing documentation of his heroism during the Meuse-Argonne offensive, the Army recommended him for the Medal of Honor. Partly, because more than 10 years had passed, and partly because records were unclear, Congress denied the request.

More recently, efforts by Rep. Gene Chappie, of California, to push through legislation awarding him the medal, were also rejected by the House Armed Services Committee.

"I'm a little ticked off that the application could get that far," he says of the House committee's action. "and then come back."



• ERNEST Wrentmore: 12-year-old American hero



• WRENTMORE is fighting mad the U.S. won't honor him

PAGE 20 — EXAMINER
Date Unknown
From Rex Greathouse's Files.

Reprinted by kind permission of the National Examiner, in which it appeared about Nov. '82

Hi George—Here it is June 12—I have just returned from the 99th Reunion in Ft Lauderdale with Jules & Anita with help from other staunch 99th members put on a tremendous REUNION THE PIER 66—THE ATMOSPHERE OF GRANDUOR—DELICIOUS FOOD—GREAT SET UP IN THE HOSPITALITY ROOM HARVEY (WALBANGER) JENNINGS AND BOB BACHER WITH MANNY GUYLER AND OTHERS DOING A GREAT JOB—THANKS FROM YOUR FRIENDS!! We all had a great time and if you missed the REUNION you missed a GREAT PARTY!!!!!! In the May newsletter you used a new LOGO taken from the PLAQUE Dedicated at the Air Force Academy last October. The tail number of the plane 97684 from the 416th Sq was the one that I flew my first combat mission in on June 2, 1944 to Russia and return. I also flew the same airplane on many more missions as Group Lead. Some time ago CAROL RIZZO sent me a list of the planes that made the trip to RUSSIA and HERE THEY ARE
From 416th Sq- 42-97684- 4232070- 42-32015- 42-32052-- 42-32039- 42-32074- 42-32094- 42-102906- 42-32110
From 348th Sq. 42-97650- 42-106995- 42-32061- 42-106987- 42-32057 42-32036- 42-107016- 42-32069- 42-32-041-
From 346th Sq. 42-97733- 42-102855- 42-32021- 42-102851- 42-32028- 42-38201- 42-32055- 42-32068- 42-32032-
From 347th Sq. 42-97744- 42-102925- 42-32075- 42-32046- 42-32097 42-32092- 42-102879- 42-38209- 42-31998-
Thanks CAROL for this list of planes and perhaps George will update his files with this new poop. CAROL also sent me a copy of the Operations Order 569 that ordered the Mission—Here it is!!!!!!

From your friend *Bernie Barr*

(MORE TO FOLLOW ON THIS MISSION) 46 years ago

HQ FIFTH WING (US)
AFC 520
1 June 1944.

OPERATIONS ORDER)

NUMBER 569)

1. a. See Intelligence Annex.

b. (1) Bombers: The 49th Wing is attacking SZOLNOK, HUNGARY M/Y at 0341B. The 304th Wing is attacking MUKOLC, HUNGARY M/Y at 0916B. The 47th Wing is attacking NIMBRIA, ROMANIA, M/Y at 0926B. The 55th Wing is attacking CLUJ, ROMANIA M/Y at 0928B. The 301st & 483rd Bomb Gps flying as the last Combat Wing of the 5th Wing, are attacking M/Y at ORADEA, ROMANIA at 0936B. The Air Force Formation will be three columns of Wings: Left Column the 49th Wing leading, the 304th Wing second; Middle column, the 5th Wing leading; Right column, the 47th Wing leading and the 55th Wing second.

(2) Escort: 306th Wing is furnishing penetration, target and withdrawal escort for all Wings. The 325th Fighter Gp will cover withdrawal and escort to advanced bases.

2. Thirty-two (32) B-17's each of the 99th, 97th, 2nd and 483rd Bomb Gps will attack and destroy the M/Y and RAILWAY WORKS at DEBRECZEN, HUNGARY on 2 June 1944. This is Plan "A".

ALTERNATE TARGET

BOMBER RENDEZVOUS : Primary Target by Pathfinder.
99th & 97th Bomb Gps - FOGGIA, 5000 ft at 0631B.
2nd & 483rd Bomb Gps - SAN SEVERO, 6000 ft at 0635B.
WING RENDEZVOUS : 301st & 483rd Bomb Gps - MESINA, 4000 ft at 0637E.
TESTA D. CARGANO.

WING FORMATION : 99th & 97th Bomb Gps, 5000 ft at 0646B.
2nd & 483rd Bomb Gps, 6000 ft at 0649B.
301st & 483rd Bomb Gps, 7000 ft at 0652B.

ROUTE OUT : Column of Combat Wings - Gps in left echelon.
Rendezvous to Keypoint to PODGRAB (43/46N 18/45E) to GIB (45/16N 19/32E) to DEVAVANYA (47/03N 20/53E) to IP to Target.

KEYPPOINT : SIPAN ISLAND (42/14N 17/53E) 10,000 ft at 0721B.

INITIAL POINT : BERETTYO UJFAH (47/13N 21/32E).

AXIS OF ATTACK : 12 deg.

TARGET TIME : 0936B.

FORMING ALTITUDE : 99th Bomb Gp - 21,500 ft. 97th Bomb Gp - 23,000 ft.
2nd Bomb Gp - 24,500 ft. 483rd Bomb Gp - 22,000 ft.

TARGET ELEVATION : 360 ft.

RALLY : Right turn.

ROUTE BACK : Rally to KOTOMYJA (48/32N 25/03E), 20,000 ft at 1022B. Reduce altitude immediately from KOTOMYJA to cross DNIEPER RIVER at 10,000 ft and arrive at PIRYATIN (50/12N 32/15E), MIRGOROD (49/59N 33/32E) and POLTAVA (49/33N 34/30E) Bases at 6000 ft. Arriving approximately at PIRYATIN at 1205B, MIRGOROD at 1221B and POLTAVA at 1237B. If weather prevents adherence to these altitudes

INCL #2

~~TOP SECRET~~

(Ops Order No 569 cont'd).

2. ROUTE BACK : Cont'd. remain above clouds until passed KOTOMYJA then reducing altitude to cross DNIEPER RIVER below cloud base, remaining below cloud until arrival at Bases.

- 3. x. (1) Bomb load will be GP 3 x 500's with .1 second nose and mixed .01 and .025 second tail fuses.
- (2) Target area will be as shown on attached target charts.
- (3) Pathfinder aircraft will lead each group.
- (4) Intervalometer will be 100 ft.
- (5) IFF will be turned ON 100 miles before crossing EASTERN FRONT LINES.
- (6) All Units must strictly adhere to time schedule and routing.
- (7) Four (4) cartons of "Window" will be carried by all aircraft. Do not use on this flight unless necessary. (Discretion of Group Commanders)

4. No change.

- 5. a. Command radio 6440 Kcs. VHF Channel "A".
- b. Bomber call signs: (99th BG - Ripple 2) (97th BG - Ripple 1)
(2nd BG - Ripple 3) (483rd BG - Ripple 4).
- c. Escort call signs: Penetration and Target: Burglar.
325th Fighter Gp on withdrawal: Milton.
- d. Recall code word: Lovebird.
- e. Carpet will be employed by all units so equipped. Carpet will be turned OFF before crossing EASTERN FRONT LINES.
- f. See supplementary Communications Annex attached.

By order of Colonel LAWRENCE:

s/ Joseph A. Thomas,
t/ JOSEPH A. THOMAS,
Colonel, Air Corps,
A - 3

- ANNEXES: 1. Intelligence Annex.
- 2. Target Charts.
- 3. Communications Annex.

DISTRIBUTION: Y

A TRUE COPY: *M. E. Hanson*
M. E. HANSON,
Captain, Air Corps,
Asst A-3 Officer.

INCL #2

from page 1

We have our next Reunion Scheduled for February 17, 18 and 19, 1989 at McAllen, Texas and this is in conjunction with the Confederate Air Force Show on those dates at Harlingen, Texas some 30 miles south of McAllen. This should go very well and Reunion Festivities are being set up by our very able Jeff Waguespack. Any of you men down near McAllen and Harlingen, we'd be most appreciative of your help in this as well. At this point, Ft. Lauderdale was a Great Show and now we look to McAllen, Texas and Jeff Waguespack for another Great Reunion!

Joe C. Kerney
Joe C. Kerney, Pres

UWEC University of Wisconsin-Eau Claire
Eau Claire, Wisconsin 54701

Department of History

23 March 1988

Mr. Hector Macpherson
Bannockburn Farms
29780 Church Drive
Albany, OR 97321

Dear Mr. Macpherson:

I apologize for my late response to your recent letter. I fell into a typical professorial morass of semester schedule changes, test grading, and committee responsibilities. At a school such as mine, we sort of squeeze our research into whatever time is left over.

I have received a number of letters from those who participated in "Lone Wolf" missions, but yours was the only one from someone who helped organize this attack format. It is thus of great value to me. I would appreciate any further information you might have on the origins and planning of the first few missions and the discussions which took place at other echelons of command. The new system contradicted orthodox American strategic bombing doctrines and could result in high casualties. On the other hand, it was a nifty way to train PFF crews and harass the enemy at the same time. References in the air force A-2 diary indicate a certain amount of controversy.

A few of my correspondents indicate that some of the "Lone Wolf" missions were classified as double-credit missions. Was this a common thing? If so, was the determination of mission value made at the air force, wing, or group level?

An issue touched upon frequently in the letters of Generals Arnold, Twining, and Eaker concerns the number of missions necessary for rotation home. The number was constantly increased and the generals worried about the impact on morale. Since you were in the Fifteenth for a large portion of its wartime history, perhaps you have some recollections on the matter.

I would be much interested in your file on H2X operations, although I do have the "Straight and Level" issues on microfilm as a part of the seventeen reel history of the Fifteenth Air Force which I am currently working my way through.

I enclose a copy of the "Lone Wolf" monography which sparked my interest.

Sincerely,
Richard H. Marcus
Richard H. Marcus
Professor of History

ddm



Accepting the Challenge of Excellence



Bannockburn Farms, Hector Macpherson, President, 29780 Church Drive,
Albany, Oregon 97321, Ph. (503) 753-3022
November 4, 1987

Dick Marcus
Professor of History
University of WI-Eau Claire

Dear Mr. Marcus:

I have just read your letter to Bernie Barr in the November issue of the 99th Bomb Group Newsletter. I possibly have information on the "Lone Wolf" missions you might be interested in. A little on my background will fill you in on where I fit in.

I joined the Air Corps and trained as a Base Photo Officer in 1941. Assigned to Albrook Field, Canal Zone, before war broke out, I became bored with being so far from combat and signed up for air crew training as a navigator in 1942. I completed the training in May 1943 and was assigned to Charles K. Carroll's crew which ended up in the 416th squadron of the 99th Bomb Group in the fall of 1943. I flew 11 missions as a regular navigator out of North Africa and Italy by January 9, 1944. At this time a group of navigators with limited combat experience were pulled off their assigned crews and sent back stateside for H2X training. This group became the nucleus of the PFF operators. On returning to Italy I flew one PFF mission with the 99th Bomb Group and then was assigned to the 2nd Bomb Group, first as a 49th squadron navigator and later as Group Radar-Navigator.

Upon completing my fifty missions in August I was asked to become part of the Operations section of the 15th Air Force. At that time a Cal Headrick, a pilot, headed the PFF section. In a fairly short time he was rotated home and I was named Air Force PFF officer with responsibilities for PFF training and advising on missions.

In the late fall and early winter of 1944 there was great frustration at Air Force headquarters with the inability to launch effective missions because of the weather. Formation flying conditions were very limited. It was at his point that I suggested the "LoneWolf" approach. There was considerable discussion at levels higher than mine before an OK was given. The raids were recognized as being harassing in nature but I pushed them partly as an air crew training device. The H2X operators trained in the States were very inadequate in bombing skills. We had set up schools to further train them and a PFF bombing range. On a regular mission normally only the Group lead actually sighted and the rest of the planes dropped on his release. This was a way to sharpen the skills of every crew under actual combat conditions.

My own experience on a single plane night mission to the Blackhammer synthetic oil refinery near Ereslau, Poland, to get H2X scope pictures fired my imagination as to the possibilities. We also felt that we should get greater accuracy because every plane would be making an individual sighting. I don't believe this was borne out in actual results although assessment of results was practically nonexistent. I would like to report that the "Lone Wolf" missions were highly successful. Unfortunately results were unmeasurable and losses were higher than expected. I don't have a record of when they were discontinued but I think it was in January of 1945. We did conclude that the losses were primarily weather related rather than enemy action. Pilot skill and H2X equipment malfunction surely contributed. Analysis showed that 20% of the H2X sets failed before the end of the average mission.

As to your specific questions about the impact on air crews of the Lone Wolf missions, I can't be of a great deal of help. My own experience was positive. I enjoyed the greater responsibility placed on the Radar-Navigator for directing the plane to the target and bringing it back safely out of enemy territory. I would be interested in the experiences of other crew members, especially PFF operators.

As to the color of the planes, all PFF equipped B17Gs were silver, unpainted aluminum. I navigated one of the first to Italy, arriving April 16, 1944. The B24s were painted olive, I believe, but you will have to check this with B24 crews. By the time "Lone Wolf" missions were initiated there were an average of 12 PFF equipped planes assigned per bomb group, of which 6 could be expected to be operational on any given day. The crews assigned to all missions were a Group responsibility and usually delegated to squadron operations officers. To my knowledge no special training beyond the normal briefing before each mission was given. I suspect that considerable variations existed in the way crews were selected and training given.

I have a fairly complete file on the H2X operations of the 15th Air Force including a target information file, a Monograph assessing the accuracy of H2X operations, "Bombs through the Undercast" training manual, and a number of "Straight and Level" issues pertaining to bomb impacts of PFF operations. Only a single paragraph in the monograph deals with the Lone Wolf operations. You may have access to this information already but if not I would be glad to share with you.

*Sincerely,
Victor Macpherson*



Dear Mr. Butler

April 28, 1988

I took your name from the newsletter, and for the Chaplain's Corner, I'm sending you word of my husband's death on April 6, 1988.

He was with the 347th Bomb Squadron, 99th Bomb Group, and flew missions as a Bombardier in Tunisia, Italy, and Sicily. I may not have all the facts correct, but I think the name of his plane was the "Cotton-Eyed Joe."

He was discharged from the service Dec. 8, 1945 as a 1st Lieutenant.

He really enjoyed reading the newsletter, and found himself mentioned in one article which brought back a lot of memories for him. He really regaled all the family with the wild stories of the "big war", and I'm sure we didn't hear them all.

I just received the May Newsletter and found his name listed on page 18.

Am enclosing one of the newspaper notices just for general interest. sincerely, Verna E. Barney

William Barney

KEARNEY — Services for William W. "Bill" Barney, 65, of 809 W. 21st St., a registered abstractor and attorney in Kearney for 37 years, are planned at 10 a.m. Friday. The Revs. Jonathan Ford Sr. and Robert Park will officiate at St. Luke's Episcopal Church. Private family burial services will be later.

He died Wednesday, April 6, 1988, in his home following a lengthy illness. Memorials have been established to the church, the Hospice fund at Good Samaritan Hospital or Kearney State College. Horner-Lieske-Horner Mortuary is in charge of arrangements.



WILLIAM BARNEY

He was born Oct. 31, 1922, in Kearney to Ralph and Bethine (West) Barney. He graduated from Kearney High School in 1939 and attended KSC. He graduated from the University of Nebraska-Lincoln in 1947 and the University of Nebraska College of Law in 1950. He and Verna Davis were married Aug. 24, 1947, in Lincoln. He served in the Army Air Corps during World War II. He was a registered abstractor and attorney in Kearney for 37 years, until retiring in 1987.

His memberships included: St. Luke's Episcopal Church, Kearney Elks Lodge 984, American Legion, Veterans of Foreign Wars, Chamber of Commerce, Rob Morris Lodge 46, Royal Arch Masons, Fort Kearney Shrine Club, Tehama Shrine Temple, Buffalo County Bar Association, Royal Order of Jesters, Kearney Athletic Associates, KSC and UNL Alumni Associations, Phi Alpha Delta Legal Fraternity, Nebraska Abstractors Board of Examiners, Nebraska Land Title Association and Kearney Coun-

try Club. He was a past member of Cosmopolitan Club, Sertoma, State Executive Board of the Episcopal Church and the City Planning Commission. He was also former senior warden of St. Luke's Episcopal Church and past president of the KSC Foundation.

In addition to his wife, he is survived by daughter Patricia Engdahl of North Platte; sons Richard of Crown Springs, Mont., and Kent of Kearney; six grandchildren; brother Warren of Kearney; and sisters Ema Jane Link of Denver and Betty Lanigan of Santa Cruz, Calif. He was preceded in death by his parents.

We have received several queries about the list of planes. Well, we have added a heading for the right-hand column entitled SOURCES. In other words, anybody with knowledge of the plane in question will be identified for the convenience of authors. We are grateful to those who pointed out duplications and other errors. We propose to spend some time with the computer staff WTRIO so that we can look up the number of a plane whose name we know, but that must wait. Right now the editor is still learning to use the SD265.

I hope that this explains why Hans-Heiri, for instance, is listed with one or more planes. It is because he has knowledge of that plane. geo



May 8, 1988

GEORGE W. BRANDT, COL (RET)
2945 AVIARY DR.
SAN DIEGO, CA 92131

Mr. George F. Coen
99th Bomb Group Historical Society
2908 Aliso Dr. N.E.
Albuquerque, N.M. 87110

Dear George:

I have been reading the newsletter for well on to three years now and I just want to take a minute to commend you for your dedication to a project that means a great deal to all of us. You are doing a great job and I for one am sincerely grateful.

My name is George W. Brandt, and I was with the 348th Sqd. 99th Bomb Group from July 1943, until February 1944. After the war was over I remained in the service and served until August of 1973, for a total of just under thirty three years.

I feel real bad that a prior commitment precludes my attending this years reunion in Ft. Lauderdale. With Julius Horowitz in charge it's bound to be a great get together. I'll be looking forward to the next one for sure.

Your list of Aircraft names and numbers in the latest newsletter, was really what prompted me to write this letter. When I saw #229790 and the name "Queenie", I just had to advise that I flew my first twelve missions in that aircraft as Capt Elliott's co-pilot. Later, I flew eleven additional missions, including my 50th (see enclosed article), in that wonderful "Bird".

Really, more important than seeing "Queenie", in print was the copy of Colonel Upthegrove's talk that he gave upon completion of his 50th mission. It is truly outstanding and inspiring and the reason any and all of us would fly anywhere under his guidance and command. In my thirty three years of service, working closely with many high ranking officers in the field and in the Pentagon, I never met one that I admired and respected as I did our combat commander Col. Fay Upthegrove.

I will never forget, as long as I live, the mission briefing on Nov. 2nd 1943, when we were to fly to Weinernstadt, Austria from our base in N. Africa. At the end of the briefing the Colonel asked if there were any questions. A newly arrived 2nd Lt. Navigator stood up and said, "Sir", if the wind's don't hold as forecast we may not be able to make it back. The Colonel responded that he understood the Lt's concern and because it was such a critical mission he would be leading it himself. That was all the rest of us needed to belay our fears and make us "gung ho", for the mission.

The 99th Bomb Group was truly an outstanding organization, with a mission dedication that I have never seen equalled since. To bring an aircraft back from a mission on a "Wing and a prayer", figuring that it would probably be declared "class 26", and then see those fantastic ground crews practically rebuild it and have it flying again in minimum time was really something. I'm sure it was the type of people that I was with in the 348th Sqd. and the 99th Bomb Gp. overall that had more than a little bit to do with my becoming career military. A decision that I have never regretted.

Sincerely,
George W. Brandt

Encl- 1

As I learn how everybody tried to divert us from our mission, to get us to fly at night, to convert to Lancasters, to work at tactical bombing, I am profoundly grateful to such as "Our Colonel" Upthegrove who first trained us to fly combat and then fought for us to keep us from being diverted from the strategic air war. Salud, General Uppie! geo



The 15th Air Force attacked the Hermann Goering Tank Works at Linz, Austria at mid-day on July 25, 1944 with 450 B-17s and B-24s, escorted by almost 200 P-51s and P-38s. The Luftwaffe put up more than a hundred ME-109s and FW-190s, and a whirlwind battle between the IP and the target filled the sky with burning and exploding bombers and fighters and scores of parachuting airmen.

This was not the largest force we ever sent against the Thousand Year Reich from Italy, nor would destruction of this target bring the German war machine to an immediate collapse. But the men who participated in it - both aircrew and ground personnel - took part in an event that many of them remember vividly even to this day, more than forty years later. It had heroic action, death and destruction, fear and terror, viciousness, and even kindness shown toward wounded enemy airmen. And a war crimes trial a couple years after the war.

I am researching for a book about the Linz attack. I hope to inscribe in it the name of everyone who flew on the mission and to tell each man's story substantially as he relates it to me.

I am also planning this book as a sort of "anatomy of a mission", describing in detail what had to be done to make a combat mission of this type possible: the planning, coordination and scheduling; the work involved in loading bombs, weapons, and fuel; administration and operation of airbase units and activities; specifics about the aircraft and about aircrew duties and functions; and, of course, the effort and actions by the flyers to get their bombers and fighters into the air, to the target, and back home again.

If you flew on this mission, please write me with an account of what you saw or experienced that day, if you have not already done so (I have received many letters as a result of previous publicity). If you were aircrew but did NOT fly that day, write me with the details of exactly what your crew duties were, and what you did to perform them.

I also want to hear from ground personnel who were in the wartime 15th AF: administrative, staff, technical, etc, whether in a flying unit or in a non-flying organization such as a depot repair squadron or a boat crew or a trucking outfit or a headquarters or anything else. You would make my day if you remembered anything at all about this mission. In any case, tell me what your job was, and what you and your unit actually did.

I also need information about:

"Big Fence", the radar facility that provided emergency information and assistance to aircraft in distress

Air/air and air/ground communications: frequencies and call signs, procedures, etc

Our air defense system in Italy: did we have one, how did it operate, what were its components, etc, etc?

The island of Vis, off the Yugoslav coast, where many of our fighters and bombers made emergency landings

Air-sea rescue, contacts with Yugoslav Partisans of any type, Escape and Evasion stories, crash-landing or ditching experiences

From airmen who were shot down: anything you may have seen or heard about concentration camps then (several of those shot down on the Linz mission passed through Mauthausen - some alive and some not); and your experiences in German or Austrian hospitals, if any

Living conditions at your base, food service, recreational facilities

Anything else you can think of that will give your children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren (we are getting to that age, aren't we) an idea of how you fought WWII

Milton Radovsky
10710 Lockridge Dr
Silver Spring, MD 20901
301-593-4428

ATTENTION: Defiance, O., Crescent News

FROM A 15TH AIR FORCE BOMBER BASE, DEC 26, 1943--Veteran of many a brush with enemy pursuit and flak in the air, 2nd Lt William F. Pixler, 23-year-old AAF Flying Fortress pilot of 937 Jefferson Ave., Defiance, O., has completed 50 bombing missions with the 15th U.S. Air Force.

As a co-pilot, Pixler began combat flying July 5, 1943, with a raid on Gerbini airdrome in Sicily in which a horde of enemy fighters shot his ship full of holes and wounded the top turret gunner severely. He also participated in the historic first raid on Rome, but recalls best his first mission as pilot--September 7 to Foggia, Italy.

"Twenty minutes from the target," he said, "an enemy pursuit dropped an aerial bomb on us which blew up the No. 2 engine and set it afire. I started dropping back because of the drag of the dead engine, and that was the signal for the fighters to jump us.

"The fire was getting bigger and flames streamed back to the tail before we were able to put it out. I started the bad engine again and set out to catch our Fortress group. We were up with the formation in time to drop our bombs with the rest of the ships.

"After dropping its bombs, the group turned off the target and increased air speed in order to evade the heavy and accurate flak that harasses us before, over, and after the target. Fire started again in our bad engine, the drive shaft broke and the prop spun freely. We got the fire out again, but I had to drop behind and decrease air speed to ease off the vibration of the run-away prop. Pursuit was concentrating on us and it looked bad as we dropped farther behind.

I decided to take a chance. I poured on the coal and dived under the last element of ships in the group and came up in front of them. The airplane stayed in one piece, and once there we got the protection we needed until the enemy pursuit stopped attacking.

I made an emergency landing in Sicily. My gunners were credited with shooting down five enemy planes and probably two more."

Pixler flew his 50th mission December 20 to Athens-Eleusis airdrome in Greece. he had been decorated with the Air Medal.

Born at Rockford, O., Pixler was graduated from Defiance High School in 1938 and attended Bowling Green State University two years until 1940. Unmarried, he entered the army Feb 27, 1941.

FROM A 15TH AIR FORCE BOMBER BASE, DEC. 27--For seven AAF Flying Fortress airmen the best Christmas present of all was a bulky LCI (Landing Craft, Infantry) which hove to the afternoon of December 25th and rescued them from a rubber dinghy in which they had been adrift seven days without food or water on the cold, stormy waters of the Adriatic.

The fliers had made a water landing 60 miles south of Venice after their Fortress had been shot up by enemy fighters during the December 19th raid by 15th Air Force bombers on Innsbruck, Austria. Three other members of the crew adrift in the second dinghy were still missing.

Rushed to a hospital, two of the men rescued were in serious condition and all were suffering from exposure and extreme fatigue. But still able to talk coherently was 2nd Lt William G. Rayson of Oakland, Cal. (1840 Sixth Ave.), the 24-year-old, English-born bombardier of the Fortress. Following is the account he found strength enough to give doctors:

"After we left the target on December 19th our Nos. 3 and 4 engines (right inboard and outboard) had to be out and the propellers feathered. Naturally we couldn't stay with our Fortress group because we couldn't hold altitude.

"From there and over northern Italy we were under constant fighter attack. The horizontal stabilizers were shot almost away. Lt Simpson (the pilot, 2nd Lt Arthur J. Simpson of 70 Rainville Ave., Pitchburg, Mass.) realized that we could not return to our base, so he at first prepared us the bail out over land. We were all ready, since we had opened the escape hatches when the fighters left us.

"But we were near Venice by this time, and decided to 'ditch' the plane and try to return by Air-Sea Rescue rather than the overland route. Lt Simpson set the plane down on the water about 60 miles south of Venice. The landing was beautiful and smooth.

"All of us cleared the plane except Sgt Tramble (the engineer, Technical Sergeant Paul W. Tramble of Rhodhes, N.C.), who had trouble releasing the dinghys. The plane stayed afloat for about a minute before starting down, and Sgt Tramble stuck with the ship until the dinghys were released before making his escape. By this time, the plane was shoulder deep in the sea. We all owe our lives to him.

"Seven of us were in the 10-man raft and three, including Lt Simpson, in the five-man raft. From Sunday night until Wednesday were all together, having lashed the two rafts tightly. We tried to make for shore, but the currents kept forcing us out. During most of these three days it rained and blew a little, but not enough for drinking water.

"Wednesday evening a heavy storm came up. The ropes on our rafts were being loosened by the constant tugging of the two dinghys. We decided it would be better to cut them loose rather than risk being swamped. During the night we became separated and we have not seen Lt Simpson and his party since.

"Thursday Sgt Tramble became delirious, and at times unconscious. We were still striving for shore just above the front lines and at dusk were about 200 yard off. But by morning the currents and wind had swept us a good two miles out.

"Friday, Sgt Lawson (a gunner, Staff Sergeant Lorenzo W. Lawson of 9 Grover St., Centredale, R.I.) became delirious. Sometime around noon two Spitfires flew over and spotted us. They circled and headed for shore.

"That afternoon, a British Walrus returned, landed and overshot our position. The sea was too heavy for him to maneuver, so he returned to shore. Before leaving he dropped food about 15 to 20 feet off the bow of the dinghy, but the 'water wings' didn't work and it sank immediately.

"It wasn't until about 2 or 3 p.m. on Christmas day that an LCI pulled alongside to pick us up and carry us to a friendly Italian port. Just where we were I don't know. It took about four hours to get to the port, so we must have been about 20 miles away.

"Throughout the seven days we were without food and water, but the morale was excellent, even when the two became delirious. We did what we could for them, but all our clothes were soaked from the waves and rain."

Other crew members rescued:

- 2nd Lt Monroe H. Jacks, co-pilot, East Point, Ga..
- 2nd Lt Joseph Oder, navigator, 1516 Lippert Rd., NE, Canton, O.
- Sergeant John W. Scott, gunner, 1120 N. 1st St., Goose Creek, Tex.
- Staff Sergeant Frolan (cq) G. Bradbury, gunner, Route #2, Barboursville, W. Va.

Missing with Lt Simpson:

- Staff Sergeant Richard A. Thorne, gunner, 1026 Grant Ave., Rockford, Ill.
- Private First Class William N. Smith, qunner, 886 Linwood Ave. NE, Atlanta, Ga.

December 24, 1943

ATTENTION: Oklahoma City, Okla, Daily Oklahoman
Oklahoma City, Okla, Times

FROM A 15th AIR FORCE BOMBER BASE--1st Lt. Jack A. Beard, 23-year-old AAF Flying Fortress navigator of 114 SE 23rd St., Oklahoma City, Okla., has completed 50 bombing missions with the 15th U.S. Air Force.

Beard began combat flying June 28, 1943, with a raid on Leghorn, Italy, and flew his 50th mission December 14 to Athens-Eleusia airdrome in Greece. He has been awarded the Air Medal with nine Oak Leaf Clusters.

In a raid on the main Fogia airdrome in Italy September 7, the navigator's ship was one of the first victims of aerial bombing--a new German tactic in which pursuit ships drop bombs on the Fortresses from a higher altitude.

"We were 10 minutes from the target when a Messerschmitt 109 dropped an aerial bomb on us and knocked out our No. 2 (left inboard) engine," Beard recalled. "The engine caught on fire, and after the fire went out we were attacked by 15 Jerry fighters. Our gunners got four and we slipped away. We managed to make a forced landing at an emergency field."

A native of Sepulya, Okla., Beard was graduated from Capitol Hill High School in Oklahoma City in 1939 and attended Capitol Hill Junior College until 1940. Unmarried, he was an oil field operator until entering the army as a cadet Feb. 17, 1942.

ATTENTION: Crescent, Okla., News
Guthrie, Okla., Daily Leader

FROM A 15TH AIR FORCE BOMBER BASE, DEC 26, 1943--Staff Sergeant Kenneth R. Boggess, 25-year-old AAF flying Fortress waist gunner from Crescent, Okla., has completed 50 bombing missions with the 15th U.S. Air Force.

Beginning combat flying June 28, 1943, Boggess took part in Fortress raids on targets in Pantelleria, Sicily, Sardinia, Italy, southern France, Greece and Austria. He has been awarded the Air Medal with nine Oak Leaf Clusters.

Born at Vici, Okla., the gunner was graduated from high school at Marshall, Okla., in 1937 and was a farmer at Crescent until entering the army Aug. 24, 1942. He is unmarried.

OPERATION REUNION

Our advance into German territory meant more than battles won--it meant freedom for our own captured airmen

By Maj Laurence P. Bachmann

August, 1944: This was the month that Paris fell, the month that the 9th Air Force took a tree-top grasp on France and crushed 455 tanks, 2483 trucks, 163 vehicles and bridges, gun emplacements, and freight cars without number. In England, Winston Churchill reported that 5340 V-type missiles had fallen on London and East Anglia, killing nearly 5000 civilians and injuring over 14,000 others. In the Pacific, large-scale bombing of Iwo Jima began. Palanbang, Kyushu and steel plants in Japan proper were also subjected to severe AAF poundings. And in Rumania, King Michael was about to order his troops to lay down their arms....

About midnight a guy ran into a Rumanian prison barracks, yelling, "Chonka! Chonka! where the hell's Chonka?"

And drowsily Chonka sat up in his bunk, rubbed his eyes, yawned, and inquired "Huh?...Me?"

"Dammit, Chonka, wake up!" the guy yelled. "Something's happened. come listen to the guards. Find out what they're talking about."

Technical Sergeant John P. Chonka, Fifteenth Air Force gunner, crawled out of bed, grumbling at his ability to speak Rumanian. He walked through the barracks and stood for a moment listening to a group of excited guards.

As he came back to his bunk, the other men crowded around him, demanding a report.

"Oh, they say the war's over," Chonka said sleepily. "Rumania has surrendered."

"What else?" the other POWs yelled, pressing closer. "Give out! What about us?"

"Well," Chonka said, "they may turn us loose in the morning." With that, he crawled back into bed.

Sergeant Chonka, however, was the only man in the prison who hadn't been thrown into a fit of wild enthusiasm. The other Americans began singing at prospects of freedom and talking about things they were going to eat.

"For months we had amused ourselves by making out menus," Staff Sergeant William Mansfield, a ball-turret gunner from Tallahassee, said later. "Every time a guy had nothing else to do he would make out a long list--porterhouse steak, creamed potatoes, thick gravy, lettuce-and-tomato salad, ice cream, and coffee--United States coffee."

The party had reached its peak at 2 a.m., when a Rumanian colonel came into the barracks.

"Men," he said, "at last Rumania is on the right side. We knew all along that we should have been with the Allies, but what could we do? The Germans were around us, and the Allies were so far away."

When morning came, the Rumanians opened all exits to the prison and told the Americans they were free.

The Fifteenth Air Force's great offensive against Ploesti oil fields, between August 5 and 20, had cost many men and planes. The accumulated losses since August 1, 1943, amounted to nearly 2300 United States airmen held as prisoners of war.

Some of these men had been prisoners of Rumania for thirteen months; some had been held but a few weeks. Among these late arrivals was Lt Col James A. Gunn III, commanding officer of a heavy bomb group.

On the morning the Americans were released, Colonel Gunn went to the Rumanian Air Minister, and the Secretary of Foreign Affairs, and got their permission to establish communications with the Fifteenth Air Force in Italy.

On the morning of August 26, he was taken to an airport in Bucharest and told that he could attempt the flight to Italy across Nazi-held Yugoslavia. They presented him with a tired old Savoia Marchetti, and, after a brief checkout on the strange instrument panel, he took off. Thirty minutes later, he was back. The plane was too old and asthmatic.

He crawled out of the Savoia Marchetti, and a group of Rumanian fliers, sympathetic to his plan, tried to console him. Among these was Capt Bazu Cantacuzino, commanding officer of a pursuit group outfitted with ME-109Gs.

Captain Cantacuzino offered to take Colonel Gunn back to Italy, provided the American could fit into the radio compartment of a Messerschmitt.

Within a few minutes, an adequate facsimile of the United States flag was painted on the German plane. The Colonel was folded into the fuselage and the panel again screwed into place. As the Messerschmitt took off from Bucharest, Colonel Gunn hoped the Rumanian ace was completely converted to the Allied cause, but there was nothing to do but sweat it out.

Two hours later, as the sun was setting behind the low hills of Italy, Colonel Gunn's home field was startled to see an ME-109G glide in to land. It taxied up, and AAF men surrounded it.

Captain Cantacuzino threw back the hood.

"I have somebody here you'll be glad to see," the Rumanian dramatically announced. He then asked for a screwdriver and removed the panel.

A soldier cried, "Look at those GI shoes coming out!"

Colonel Gunn hurried to Brig Gen Charles Born, director of operations, and they quickly worked out a plan to rescue the men from Rumania.

The first phase of their plan was to ensure that the airdrome outside Bucharest was still safe for evacuation and to start the prisoners toward their rendezvous point. If this went off successfully, it was to mesh with the major field order. The first phase of this operation began when some P-51s took off to make sure things were still safe. Captain Cantacuzino flew one of these fighters--and flew it perfectly. They found the Bucharest airdrome safe, and the signal was sent for the second phase of the operation to begin.

Immediately, several B-17s, heavily escorted by P-51s, flew a rescue party into Bucharest. This party consisted of high officials who knew the Rumanian political and military background, headed by Col George Kraigher, of headquarters, MAAF. The Americans met with the necessary Rumanian officials, and then the main operation began.

Back in Italy, ground crews had worked day and night outfitting Fortresses with special racks for carrying passengers in the bomb bays. Several planes were equipped for litter cases, since it was known that some of the prisoners of war were in hospitals around Bucharest.

By the time these planes were ready to leave Italy, the rescue party had rounded up hundreds of American airmen in Bucharest. They were transported to the airdrome and lined up around the perimeter of the field in groups of twenty at intervals of 150 feet. There they waited for the B-17s.

The first sight of American planes was a flight of P-51s which swept in and gave them a royal buzz. Then the fighters climbed up over the field and began circling for the Fortresses to come in.

The bombers arrived and taxied to the first group. Twenty Americans sprinted out and tumbled into the B-17. Another Fortress followed and picked up the next group. They came in three waves, at one-hour intervals, cutting their engines but ten minutes between landing and take-off.

In the first wave were two planes which carried medical supplies and Lt Col William R. Lovelace and Major Raymond J. Beal, in charge of evacuating the wounded. These two officers spent a hectic three hours gathering up patients and transporting them back to the airdrome in time to make the last wave.

In all, ninety-eight wounded airmen were among the 1166 men taken out of Bucharest in the first two days of the rescue. On the third day, the last remaining Americans, and those who had arranged for the evacuation, were flown out. In the three days of the operation, there was no man in Italy more pleased than Maj Gen Nathan F. Twining, commanding general of the Fifteenth Air Force, and no one watched the returning men unload with greater satisfaction.

"Thank God you're back," he told them as they stepped out upon their airfield again. "We sweated you out a long time."

As for the men, some kissed the ground; others kept shaking hands with everybody, and grinning at their comrades; while some were too overcome by emotion to say or do anything.

And the men who flew the 500 sorties of the main operation? One Fortress pilot spoke for all of them: "I'd like to do it every day," he said. He gulped slightly, but he wasn't embarrassed. "Did you see the look on the faces of those guys when they stepped out on our field? that made it the best mission I ever flew."

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Special Handout

Friday, 1 September 1944.

15th AAF IN ITALY -- More than 1,000 jubilant AAF combat crewmen just evacuated from RUMANIA Thursday and Friday poured out of the bellies of 15th AAF B-17 Flying Fortresses, onto a sun-baked Italian airdrome and were immediately swept into a whirl of equally excited news photographers, war correspondents, interrogators, high-ranking officers and surprised by-standers.

The crewmen, some held prisoner for more than a year swarmed onto the runways in hordes, dressed in motley uniforms, some with long beards, but all in apparently good health, and unable to find words to express their relief in once again being on Allied soil.

Some sported German helmets, German and Rumanian officer uniforms, long and wicked looking knives, fancy belts and scarves, colorful shirts and pants.

One sergeant, for some unknown reason, had lugged a complete German field machine gun throughout his travels.

Another was carrying two unopened cases of German hand grenades.

Rumanian cigarettes, which they purchased in prison camp canteens, were thrown to the ground or given to curious soldiers, and cases of American cigarettes were opened, eagerly delved into and rapidly smoked. It was the first American cigarette they had smoked in many a month.

A 15th AAF intelligence officer, handling the interrogation of the returning men, briefed all on just what was to happen now that they were back in Allied hands.

"First off, you'll all get a bath," was the first statement, and it was greeted with thunderous cheers.

"Next, you'll get de-loused." Followed more cheering.

The whole airdrome shook when the intelligence officer said: "And after we finish these other things, you'll be sent home."

When thoughts were collected, the men relaxed. The trucks were waiting to take the men off to reception centers for their bath and de-lousing. A thousand different stories of adventure, hardships, thrills and confinement began to unfold.

2nd Lt. Robert Buckwalter, 1489 Locust Street, Pasadena, Calif., B-17 navigator, who went down over PLOETSI in May, said: "I can't tell anyone glad I am to be free again, and I don't believe any person in the world who hadn't had a similar experience can even know how much it means to us. The conditions weren't too bad over there, but still, there's a feeling of uncertainty, loneliness, home-sickness and futility that makes you lie awake nights waiting for the war to end or for such a day as this."

Most of the men said that their living conditions and food were not as bad as they first thought they would be.

Men who went down over Rumanian targets during the first PLOESTI low-level attack of August 1, 1943, and others up into May, 1944, found conditions quite poor until the great assault on the PLOESTI fields opened up and new crewmen were coming into the camps almost every week.

Previous to that time, the Rumanians were rather unprepared. The food had been poor, treatment had been harsh at times, and living conditions were not all they might have been.

Later on, although the Rumanians themselves did not have any too large a food supply, the meals of the prisoners picked up in quality and quantity.

Technical Sergeant Robert J. Mhoon, 2510 Riverside Drive, Houston, Texas, B-17 radio operator, who went down over PLOESTI in June, said: "We had good cots to sleep on, with straw-filled mattresses. While we were there, the weather was warm and we each had one blanket, just enough to keep us comfortable at night. Most of the food was of a local type, not much meat, but enough to keep us filled up. Some of the guards could be bribed and they'd bring us Strega wine. Our camp, on the whole, was pretty good. However, I understand a few of the boys in other camps nearby suffered from malnutrition."

1st Lt. Marvin Lorbor, 70 Brunswick Boulevard, Buffalo, N.Y., B-17 bombardier, who went down over PLOESTI in the latter part of April, said: "Since most of the officers were paid a little each month, our food was pretty good. We understood the enlisted men weren't doing so well, so we got up a fund, put some pressure on the authorities, and had better meals prepared for the men. Most of us suffered from vermin of one type or another and the de-louseing process the Rumanians put us through didn't seem to do us any good."

Rumanian soldiers guarded all the inclosures the Americans occupied. A few British and Russian soldiers were in the same camps. Every now and then German officers would carry out an interrogation of the men, and a few were sent to Germany for investigation then returned to the Rumanian camps.

Staff Sergeant John E. Gaghan, 968 Madison Avenue, Patterson, N.J., B-17 tail gunner, who went down over PLOESTI in April, said: "All hell broke loose the night of August 23 when our Rumanian guards informed us that Rumania had capitulated. That night an extra heavy guard was thrown around the area, but the next morning the gates and doors were thrown wide open and we were allowed to go any place we wanted to. Many of the Rumanian civilians came to the area bringing melons, wine, bread and other types of food to us. About that time, the Germans came over in their Stukas and started to bomb BUCHAREST and our camp was located just outside the city. We hit the dirt and scurried for our fox-holes. Some of the boys went into the city with the Rumanians and went into large air raid shelters within the city."

Most of the men in the camps had often watched American planes come over to attack PLOESTI oil fields during daylight.

Staff Sergeant Edward J. Hein, 5304 South Artesian Avenue, Chicago, Ill., Fortress left waist gunner, who went down on one of the early missions to PLOESTI, said: "When the wind was blowing our way, we could hear the bombs exploding around PLOESTI. Lots of times we were scared, especially when the smoke screen was heavy and the boys up above couldn't see the target. A few bombs fell in our area once, but I don't think anyone was hurt."

The men reported the Rumanians made a concerted effort to see that proper medical care was provided for all personnel. Rumanian medical supplies seemed to be low, but the Americans received the same type of medical treatment as Rumanian soldiers. There was a hospital nearby where the men could report if bothered by minor ailments and could be hospitalized for lengthy treatment.

A few of the crewmen spent all their time in the hospital with serious injuries and were also evacuated. Hot showers were provided twice a week within the hospital area, and there was also a regular de-louseing periods.

Staff Sergeant Rufus W. Marshall, 1703 South 8th Street, Abilene, Texas, B-17 right waist gunner, said: "In our camp, we were responsible for the cleanliness of the area, and since we didn't have anything else to do, did our utmost to keep it spick and span. We had enough soap and water to keep the rooms scrubbed down and policed the area quite often. We had no work to do, and spent most of the time cleaning, talking, and fooling around. Our time was our own, so we usually slept late. At first, all we had in the line of recreation was basketball and volleyball. Later on, we organized tournaments among the dormitories and even had a card tournament. Shortly before we left the Rumanians had opened up a library and were building up a stock of American books provided by the

Rumanian Blue Cross. Since it took at least four months to get an answer to our letters sent home, only a few of us received mail. We were allowed to write to our relatives through Red Cross channels, but the letters had to go through so many censorship channels they were delayed quite a while. We had a small canteen the Rumanians opened up within the encampment and could buy a few toilet articles, cigarettes and other necessities there. Since we were not paid while imprisoned, we had to sell our clothes, jewelry and other trinkets to the guards in order to get cash for cigarettes. A few of the fellows whittled out little gee-gaws for sale, to make some extra spending money. Most of us wore the same uniforms all the time we were in camp, those we came down in. Those men who had lost their clothes were issued Rumanian Army uniform pants and shirts. The day of the capitulation, I managed to get out of the camp area and down into the city of BUCHAREST. The Rumanians seemed very happy to have a few Americans on the streets.

"One big, burly fellow came up to walk beside me down the street to an air raid shelter and said he was honored to be allowed to walk with an American."

"BUCHAREST was pretty well torn up. At first, the RAF in its night attacks caused heavy damage, but after the capitulation, the German dive-bombers consistently hammered the city, wrecking building after building. The Rumanians were frightened during the German attacks, naturally, but one man told me he was glad it was the Germans this time instead of the Allies, because he was mad at the Germans, and just couldn't get around to being mad at the Allies."

Major William H. Yeager, Jr., Hebronville, Texas, B-24 pilot, who went down in the first low-level PLOESTI attack from bases in the Middle East August 1, 1943, was in charge of the AAF combat crewmen in the camps until Lt. Col. James A. Gunn, III, Kelseyville, Cal., another B-24 pilot, was forced to bail out August 19 over the PLOESTI area.

Lt. Col. Gunn became the highest ranking officer in the camp areas, and assumed command of the American prisoners.

Later, when Rumania capitulated, Col. Gunn, upon liberation, was taken by a Rumanian ace fighter pilot in a ME-109 to his B-24 base in Italy where he made all arrangements to carry out the evacuation. Col. Gunn did not return to Rumania with the Fortresses picking up the other crewmen. He said: "I have no desire to go back there, because I didn't care for the place at all."

Instead, Col. Gunn aided in the arrangements for the operation, and then was on hand at the Italian field to greet the incoming crewmen.

Starting with the first flight of planes in, the crewmen made a bee-line for Col. Gunn, grabbed him, pounded him on the back, shook hands and thanked him for arranging the liberation. Col. Gunn stood all the interviews, congratulations, news-reels, etc., then escaped the crowd by sneaking away in a jeep to his billet, where he could rest and think the whole thing over.

Major Yeager, a short, red-headed and freckled officer, looked in good health and said: "I think most of the boys received decent enough treatment while prisoners. Some had it bad, others had it good, it all depended on where they were and who was in charge. We who were there for such a long time are especially thankful to be back."

Throughout the unloading from the planes in Italy, Major Yeager kept a fatherly eye on all the men, checking those who limped to see what had happened, seeing that they were well taken care of immediately, and yelling 'hello' to all the friends he made over there.

Lt. Col. William P. Litton, Shaw, Mississippi, former commanding officer of a Lightning fighter group, who went down over Rumania several weeks ago, also showed up among the evacuees. He was told upon arrival that he had been promoted to a full colonel making the return doubly welcome.

Col. Litton's wife and two children live at 623 West Mulberry Avenue, San Antonio, Texas. He is one of the most decorated pilots in the Mediterranean theater, holding the Legion of Merit, the Silver Star with Oak Leaf Cluster, the Distinguished Flying Cross and the Air Medal with nine Oak Leaf Clusters. The colonel led the daring low-level fighter bomber attack on the Romano-Americano oil refinery at PLOESTI on June 10.

Capt. Floyd I. Robinson, B-24 pilot, of 1417 North La Salle Street, Indianapolis, Indiana, said: "I received an American Flag through the American Red Cross, food and cigarette packs. I kept it until peace was declared on August 23 and then flew it under the Rumanian flag over our prison building while HE-111's were overhead. The German attack on the city started at noon and pattern bombed the town. I then took the flag down. Many of the prisoners found refuge in town after the bombing."

ITALY
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San Antonian in Cagliari Raid Laments No Fighters to Fight

By Associated Press

ALLIED HEADQUARTERS IN NORTH AFRICA, April 1.—United States airmen told today of the war's greatest Fortress raid, in which nearly 100 of the four-motored bombers blasted the Sardinian port of Cagliari, and one said "I'll bet the Italians are still in the air raid shelters."

Sgt. E. J. Werner of Port Huron, Mich., made the observation about the air raid shelters.

"I saw thousands of bombs bursting," he said. "They seemed to be exploding on every bit of the harbor."

Lt. George Ludolph, a bombardier from St. Paul Park, Minn., who loosed bombs on the huge Decimomannu Airfield, said he had been on 33 sorties and the



LT. COL. L. A. RAINEY

Cagliari attack was "the best ever."

Every one of the Fortresses and their Lightning escort returned to base, whereas 14 enemy fighters were shot down and 57 other planes were smashed on the ground.

Crewmen of a Flying Fortress formation led by Col. Fay R. Upgrove of Tucson, Ariz., and Lt. Col. Leroy A. Rainey of 230 North Dr., San Antonio, Tex., were disappointed because they found no enemy fighters to shoot at.

Telling of the great blow at Cagliari, an American pilot said: "If there was anything we did not hit then it must have been buried." "I saw thousands of bombs bursting," said another. "They seemed to be exploding on every bit of the harbor."

Any hopes the Axis might have entertained of using Cagliari as the base for a "Dunkerque" evacuation of divisions now enclosed in a great Allied trap apparently were wiped out by the concentrated assault of the Fortresses, which hit five merchant ships and 21 smaller craft, damaged or destroyed 71 enemy planes on the ground and in the air, and spread acres of fire across the city's port area. Not a Fortress or an escorting Lightning fighter was lost from the raid—adequate proof of the Allies' control of the air over North Africa and the Mediterranean.

Nearly 100 Flying Fortresses, the greatest force of the big four-motored bombers ever massed for a war operation, bashed the important Axis supply base at Cagliari on Sardinia yesterday, seriously crippling its usefulness to the enemy, while swarms of other American and British planes turned Rommel's retreat up the eastern Tunisian coast into a nightmare of destruction.

A foreign correspondent in North Africa mentioned in a dispatch last week that he met the crew of a Flying Fortress known as "Cotton Eyed Joe II" which had just come back from the Palermo area. The pilot, he wrote, was Lt. Charles B. Coverly, 227 West Lullwood, San Antonio, and the tail gunner was Staff Sgt. George T. McCluskey of Corrigan, Tex.

ALLIED HEADQUARTERS IN NORTH AFRICA, April 5 (AP).—U. S. Flying Fortresses smashed Naples in the greatest raid of the war against that Tyrrhenian sea supply port Sunday, it was announced today.

U.S. Fortresses Again Raid Continent; Paris, Naples Hit

(Continued From Page 1)

Portland, Maine; Col. Fay R. Upgrove of Rew, Pa., and Lt. Col. O. T. Quick of Salt Lake City, Utah.

Fighter opposition was weak and the majority of the almost five score bomber crews saw no sign of enemy aircraft. Of the few which did challenge the Fortresses, a number were damaged.

Large clear patches in the cloudy sky over Naples enabled the bombardiers to line up the targets accurately, observers said, and huge clouds of smoke quickly billowed up from the objectives.

Of the 21 ships damaged in the harbor, three were liners. Bomb bursts were reported to have covered the Capodichino airfield.

chased them away from their targets and shot down five Messerschmitts.

By Associated Press

Allied flyers have raided Naples, Syracuse and Salerno and caused great damage in the first two cities, an Italian communique broadcast by the Rome radio and recorded by the Associated Press said today.

The bulletin reported 221 persons were killed and 387 injured in Naples, a major supply port on the Tyrrhenian Sea.

The communique said activity in Tunisia was confined to limited artillery duels and patrol excursions.

Both public and private buildings in Naples and Syracuse were hard hit by the Allied raiders, the communique said.

Nearly 100 of the four-engined Fortresses from Maj. Gen. James H. Doolittle's Northwest African strategic air force stole the show, Sunday afternoon with the raid on Naples, the first against the base from French North African bases.

Naples had been raided five times by Liberators from the Middle East, hut sources here said Sunday's attack was four times as heavy as any of the previous forays and all planes returned safely.

It was officially announced that 21 ships were hit in the harbor of that Axis supply port, as well as three submarines, a floating dock and a cluster of small vessels. Explosives loosed by the Fortresses hit 21 aircraft parked on the Capodichino airfield nearby.

Nearly 200 tons of bombs were dropped in 15 minutes.

Three formations of Fortresses made the Naples raid. They were led by Col. Stanley J. Donovan of

99TH GETS NEW STAFF OFFICERS

New Leader From Famous 19th Group

During the past week many of the former executives of the 99th have left the group either from transfer or completed missions so that replacements were necessary at Hq. Colonel LAUER is awaiting a trip to the USA. Our new Commanding Officer, Lieut. Colonel RAYMENT V. SCHWANBECK, came to us from the 463rd Bomb Group. Col Schwanbeck was a former 19th Bomb Group squadron Commander of South Pacific fame. As Deputy C.O., replacing Colonel GLASSFORD, is Major ALLAN N. SCHROEDER of the 347th Squadron, beginning his second tour of duty by staying on with us.

In the Operations Office Captain PAUL FRANKLIN, formerly Assistant S-3, has succeeded Lt. Col BAER, now on his way home. His new assistant is Lt. WILLIAM J. BRAKE of the 416th Squadron. Captain HENRY R. HOWELL, JR., replaced Captain ALBERT BEALS as Group Bombardier, and Lt. HARRY B. JOHNSON became the Group Mickey Operator. Both of the latter men are former 416th Officers.

347TH LEADS IN WAR BOND DRIVE

The 99th Bomb Group contributed nearly \$11,000.00 to the Sixth War Loan during the month of December. Of this total, over \$8,000.00 came from the 347th Squadron. The campaigning of Capt Stusser and Sgt Horvath, who are largely responsible for the success of the drive in their squadron, should be an example to all other units in the Group. Don't let up. Whether there's a drive or not, War Bonds are always a safe investment.

HOSPITAL OPENS

An infirmary has been opened at Group Headquarters area for the care of D"Sick in Quarters" cases. Bearing in mind that these men are sick and that medications are very necessary, visiting hours will be as follows:

Illegible

COL. LAUER'S FAREWELL

"It is with a deep feeling of regret that I leave the 99th Group. I can say with all sincerity that in my twenty years service in the Air Corps never have I enjoyed service with any unit as I have that of the 99th. The loyalty and devoted service that you have given me during the period of my command of the group has been all that any man could ask for.

"We have dealt many hard blows to the Axis that will live in the history of this war. Only through the hard work of all members of the command has this been possible. I wish to thank especially the members of ground crews for their untiring efforts in maintaining our aircraft so excellently. It may be of interest to them to know that during my operational tour never did I have an early return due to mechanical failure nor never did I have to as much as feather an engine on any mission. This speaks for itself as to the high standard of maintenance practiced within the group. No one could ask for more.

"I wish you continued success in your operations and know that you will give your new commander the same fine cooperation that you have accorded me."

FORD J. LAUER,
Col, Air Corps.

USAFI REPORT

Men in the 99th are becoming more and more education minded. During the last two months of '44 over 40 percent of the year's total USAFI applications were processed through the Special Service Office. In individual squadron enrollments the 347th leads - largely due to the willing help of S/Sgt Whitley. T/Sgt Warner, of the 416th, is well on the road to putting his squadron above the 347th's record. Here are the squadron percentages of total number of correspondence applications for 1944:

Illegible

346th

The week started off slow and wound up with Abe Leyman falling into a sewer. How he did it is a mystery since all we could get out of him is that the sewer reminded him of Flint. . . Ed Nowacayk revealed himself to be an authority on the care of infants when he lectured childless Dick Stallmeyer the other night. . . Bill Dinan, who lives in the tenement house district of our Group, dropped in on Chuck Miller Tuesday night. Bill came in a Class A uniform thinking that one had to be formal to drink at our bar. . . Mr. Goldman made history Thursday night when he stayed awake for the reading of the Articles of War. This Herculean feat deserves a medal or at least an advancement to Warrant Officer, (Junior Grade). Willis Miller endeared himself to one and all when he came up with the "real hot one" that rotation now starts after three years. Good old Will. . . Joe More and Mickey Silva both had 500 pound bombs bounced off their heads not so long ago. Joe and Mickey came out all-right but the bombs had to be destroyed. . . Welcome to Major Raymond Kane, former S-3 Officer of the 348th who will eventually replace Lt. Col. Wiper as our C.O.

347th

This week has been one with many changes in Staff Officers. Major Charles Katzenmeyer began his journey westward to the States and is succeeded by Lt. John W. Plummer. Major John Hutton assumed command of the squadron replacing Major Schroeder who has moved up to Deputy CO of the Group. . . Eight men of our squadron still believe in the old adage, "Nothing ventured nothing gained," and took the preliminary examination for a Warrant Officer appointment. Seems like that's the only way they can acquire the title of "Mr." again. . . The Communications Section of the Squadron seems to have developed a common ailment. The third man has gone to the hospital for a hernia operation. Congrats are in order to Capt D.M. Jones, squadron bombardier, on his promotion. Three cheers to all of us for surpassing all the rest of the squadron in the War Bond Drive. . . And added applause for topping all other squadrons in the number of USAFI courses taken during the past year. One thing certain--when it's all over the boys in the 347th will go home not only wiser--but richer.

348th

The announcement a few days ago of Major Kane's transfer to the 346th was received with real regret by everyone who knew and worked with him while he was with the 348th. An overseas veteran, (he hasn't seen the States since the fall of 1941), Major Kane has made an outstanding record as a pilot and more recently, as Operations Officer. In the latter capacity, he will go down in this organization's records as one of the best the squadron has ever had; a man to be remembered long with Major Elliot, Major Davis, and Captain Bransom. But our loss is the 346th gain, and in Captain Hemphill we have an able successor. To the new 346th C.O., and the new 348th Operations Officer, the best of luck. . . Word has reached our ears that one Master Sergeant is brooding because he never gets his name in the paper. Now, it's not our policy to slight anyone in this column. So, to keep the record straight, we want it known that the 348th has a crew chief, who is short, dark-haired, and handsome. His last name begins with S by the way. A very exceptional person indeed! (How about lending me five bucks now, Arty?)

416th

A startling example of the trials and tribulations of the "FAT MAN." This story starts with a bellyache that poor Joey Sarniak had. The medics tried to diagnose his case with an X-Ray but the machine was unable to penetrate the outer wall of his large aching belly, (abdomen to the elite). So Joe continues to moan while he diets religiously. . . NOTES FROM HOME--Louie Kloniman lost no time upon his arrival in the USA and slipped the ring on some lucky girl's finger. Also M/Sgt Redsel. Can you guess Pete Bezek's grip if he knew that they now call the little brown spaniel that flits through the area, BREAK? Ex-Cpl Paul Cole is now a civilian back in his beloved California. I hope he successfully passed that reorientation course on civilian etiquette before he sits down at the family table. What a vocabulary he developed around guys like me! I/Sgt Howard Carter is still recuperating at the O'Reilly Gen. Hospital, Springfield, Mo. How about some of his old buddies dropping him a line? I/Sgt Barthel is also back in civies and working at an armament plant in Stanford, Conn.

CHAPLAIN'S CORNER

One of the best scenes in that really good motion picture, "The Human Comedy," is that in which the little boy Ulysses goes into the public library. He can't read, but he likes to feel the books and smell them. As he comes out, he sees a short-sighted old man peering at the globe. As young Ulysses ("Little Useless" as the boys call him) goes by, he gives the globe a strong twirl and nearly gives the old man a stroke of apoplexy. .

* * That is just a picture. Yet it does suggest the real truth--that every one of us can give the "globe a spin." There have been multitudes of people who have reached out and by their lives have helped the world go forward.

We give the world a forward-moving whirl when we furnish it, in ourselves, one person whose strength is available for carrying forward the best welfare of the world. We give it a beneficent spin when we touch helpfully another life. We give it a healthy spin when we add to that force of public opinion which is necessary for a just and lasting peace.

Too many short-sighted "old men" are looking at the world in terms of loot. Those who look at it in terms of brotherhood really give the old ball a big spin. Are you turning as the earth turns, or are you giving the world a whirl in the right direction by your life and thought? You can prepare yourself for a place of power right now. Develop your mind by reading and study, develop your character by discipline and worship. . . GIVE THE WORLD A SPIN!!

99TH'S AWARDS AND DECORATIONS

Lt Frank P. Leone, Group Awards and Decorations Officer, sums up the total from the time the 99th came into combat (February 1943) thru December 1944. HERE 'TIS:

- DSC.....8
- Legion of Merit.....8
- Silver Star.....30
- DFC.....272
- Soldier's Medal.....49
- Bronze Star.....30
- Air Medal.....2911
- OLC to Air Medal.....11,451
- Purple Heart.....352
- Unit Citation.....2

HOSPITAL SIDELIGHT

A sidelight on the recent opening of the Group Hospital was the admittance of I/Sgt Smith of Hq, S-1. Sgt Smith was attacked by a vicious animal belonging to Pfc Shirley Freeman and received a slight case of blood poisoning in the hand. This vicious animal which attacked Smith is known as "Eight-Ball" because of his ebony color; he is all of ten inches long from nose to tail and stands almost six inches from the ground to his ears. It seems that a movement was underway to get Smith a Purple Heart but it was changes to award the dog a medal for taking such heroic chances with his own life in biting Sgt Smith.

MOVIE SCHEDULE

MONDAY, 8 January:

"KING OF THE COWBOYS"
with TRIGGER and ROY ROGER
1800 - 347th, 416th & Hq.
2000 - 346th, 348th & Ord.

WEDNESDAY, 10 January:

"MAKE YOUR OWN BED"
with JACK CARSON and JANE WYMAN
1800 - 346th, 348th & Ord.
2000 - 347th, 416th & Hq.

THURSDAY, 11 January:

"G.I. MOVIES NO. 63"
1800 - One showing only
Movie Weekly
"Paramount News"
"The Truth About Ploesti"
"Winter Sports Preview"
"Army Navy Top East"
Bob Hope in Pacific
Army Navy Screen Magazine #69
"Japan's West Point"
"Three Feet in Heaven"

"By Request" SATURDAY, 13 January:
Combat Bulletin #23 "STARS ON PARADE"

with LYNN MERRICK and LARRY PARKS
1800 - 346, 348, Ord; 2000 - 347, 416, Hq.

SPORTS FOR SPORTS

Volleyball Though bad weather has interfered lately, Headquarters can boast of a top-flight volley ball team. Any squadron that doubts it can challenge Hq. and find out for itself. Contact Sp. Serv. office and we shall organize a game for the first clear, non-muddy day. Or, if you are very anxious to be beaten, Hq. will play you in the briefing room. (Come on you squadrons, let's take Hq. down a peg). Six men are all that's required for a team.

Ping Pong The ping pong tournament has finished its fifth week of exciting play and is now coming down the home stretch. Last Friday, the 346th downed Ordnance 6 to 1 and retained their hold on first place. Headquarters, not to be outdone, beat the 416th in a very tight match, 4 to 3. Lynn, Husen, Condit, Weisman, and Low put up a great fight but the Hq. team just wouldn't be beaten. With only two more weeks of play left, it looks like the deciding game will take place Jan. 19th when Hq. and the 346th meet. Let's not forget, however, the fine struggle for third place going on between Ord. and the 347th. The standing of the teams at present is as follows:

	W	L	PERC
346	5	0	1000
Sq.	4	0	1000
Ord.	2	2	500
347	2	2	500
416	1	3	250
348	1	4	200
368	0	4	000

INQUIRING REPORTER

"What stands out from your visit to Rome?"

S/Sgt Vernon Adams: "The high cost of low living."

T/Sgt Rollin Michelson: "The cultural spots; art centers, Vatican City. What the hell can I say . . . I'm married."

F/Sgt Egan: "I enjoyed seeing all the famous places like the Catacombs, Pantheon, Coliseum, St. Peter's and St. Paul's. I spent practically all my time in Rome seeing the cultural side of life."

Sgt Alvin Wells: "The church of the Capuchin Fathers. Bones of hundreds of pilgrims were arranged into fancy decorations--chandeliers, shelves, etc. Grinning skulls, glowing fingers, shrunken chest-plates were all converted to a deep-moving theme which I intend to copy for my post-war bedroom"

GIs GET EXTENSION IN JOB APPLICATIONS

Washington (CNS)--Congress has extended the period during which an honorably discharged veteran of this war may apply for his old job from 40 to 90 days. Selective Service regulations have made the time extension retroactive to cover all men who had been discharged within the 90 days prior to december 8, 1944, the date on which President Roosevelt signed the amendment effecting the change. Disabled veterans who require hospitalization following their discharges may apply for their former jobs within 90 days following completion of hospitalization, providing they do so within a year of leaving the service.

?????m, IOWA (CNS)--W.W. Lupton, a druggist, reported this notation at the bottom of a prescription from the ????? Hospital: "Tobacco cigarets [sic] 20. Use as directed." P.S. The prescription was filled.

"HERE 'TIS" Staff; Capt George D. Trent, T/Sgt Joseph Warner, S/Sgt Arthur White, Sgt John McIntyre, Sgt John Wiggins, Cpl Joe Corcoran, and Pfc Allen Zwerdling.

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"HERE 'TIS"

14 Jan 45

ITALY

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FORMER LEGISLATOR-PUBLISHER-SOLDIER TO EXPLAIN BENEFITS OF GI BILL OF RIGHTS

On Thursday evening, 18 January, immediately following the G.I. Movies, the provisions of the G.I. Bill of Rights will be reduced to language that the layman can understand. The speaker will be Mr. Virgil Evans, ARC, a former member of the South Carolina Senate and Adjutant General for the State of Alabama. Mr. Evans was a war correspondent with the German Army before 1917, and, after U.S. entry into the war, was commissioned in the Infantry and later innured in France. Mr. Evans says that the G.I. Bill of Rights is the most momentous piece of "benefit" legislation ever to come out of Congress. Every man in the Army will be affected by it and owes it to himself to learn as much as possible about the rights it affords him.

"BASIC RADIO CODE" CLASS TO MEET

Class in Basic Radio Code will meet Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday beginning 15 January. Classes will beheld in the Group Radio School, Headquarters, at 1800 and 2000 hours. Students may attend either class, allowing them to see the movie during the other period. These particular hours have been chosen so that men may catch movie trucks or other transportation coming to Hq. The Motor Pool will transport men back to the squadrons if they do not get a ride when the second show is out. Anyone may attend. Get in on the first class and keep it up consistently. Good facilities are available!

EX-GIs TO GET BREAK LABOR LEADERS PROMISE

London (CNS)--Two of America's top labor leaders, here to begin preparations for the World Trade Union Conference, issued statements of interest to servicemen. Said Sidney Hillman, representing the Congress of Industrial Organizations. There will be no post-war job wrangling between returning servicemen and civilians.

Said R.J. Thomas, of the United Automobile Workers, CIO: "In all our contracts there are certain guarantees that service men will return to their original jobs. Any any returned soldier will go to the head of the seniority list."

GI JOB RIGHTS BACKED BY "'NAM"

Washington (CNS)--A returning veteran is entitled to his old job back, even if he displaces a man of greater ability or more seniority, the legal department of the National Association of Manufacturers holds. Language of the Selected Services Act clearly supports that premise, the NAM lawyers say.

LAFF 'O THE WEEK

France--Pvt Miko Brezowick received a package from home. It was labeled "French Dressing." "No one would send French dressing to a soldier in France," reasoned Brezowick, opening the bottle. "It must be something alcoholic in disguise." He gulped it down. It was French dressing.

"FRAGS"

HQ

"TAIN'T SAFE"...."It just ain't safe for a man around here anymore," is the statement issued recently by Master Sgt. William Bransch, of Hq. S-2. Reason for the statement is this: A call of nature took Bransch to the little enclosure to the rear of the Hospital building where he calmly took care of the business at hand until he heard an embarrassed gasp and scream. Looking up he saw two Red Cross women depart around the corner of the hospital in great haste . . . interrupting their tour of inspection of the new hospital . . . also interrupting Bransch. . . Haven't you found Hq. rather quiet this last week? There seemed to be something missing . . . that one important ingredient that helps make Hq. the perfect place to live in. And now we've just received word that we shall be without II for some time. Yes boys, Cpl Joyce Dale is in the hospital. However, our boy Joyce shows that in spite of sickness, the old brain is still working. He picked Rome as the place to break down instead of coming back here where he'd have to be a room-mate to Wiggins and Dent. WARNING: Be careful of that monster dog in Sp. Serv. Office. He's ferocious!

347th

We hear Gable, Taylor, Power, et al are quaking in their boots because of the motion pictures taken of Sgt APPOLLO LUPSI and his crew servicing their ship. ??????? also appeared in it as re-fueler. Hasn't that boy the most gorgeous, divine dimples? . . . Our four potential "Misters," SW/Sgt Miller, S/SgtMadox, S/Sgt Goose and S/Sgt Whitley came up for their second hearing this week. Hope you make it fellas. Should you hit China, write and set my mind at ease. Vertical or horizontal? . . . A special note to Sgt Jerry Havel: Dear Jerry, a new War Department circular #23456 advocates driving gas trucks around holes, not into them. Something new everyday eh? . . . We hear that wedding bells are going to ring for Cpl Laverne Mercer. Just remember Bud, I'm bigger than you are. . . . Boy, wasn't that shellacking we gave Hq. in ping pong the other night sweet? We'd like to remind you smaller boys who are not rugged enough to play ping pong that you now have a chance to represent the squadron in the checker and chess tournament. Get in touch with Hunsberger, Cpl Mercer or your's truly. By the way, the author of this column starting today is Sgt Jake Axelrod so start throwing the dirt around the squadron towards this direction.

348th

Just when we were beginning to wonder if they were ever coming back, Lt. Raney and his crew returned from a five-weeks tour of England. They saw a lot of the country up there, for Lt Ramey, assisted by Lt Walsh, visited the various bomb groups giving lectures on some of the procedures used in this air force. From what we've heard, the 8th Air Force boys live a life of luxury, with hard surfaced roads, barracks and even interesting places to visit on a pass. Also, when nature calls there, they do Not step outside of their tent, but have contraptions called latrines.

What with rain and mud and more rain, the best occupation last week was getting sack time. We're getting pretty good at that. Even in the squadron area it was a real job getting around. A trip to the mess hall was full of pitfalls as more than one muddy G.I. found out. Down by the motor pool, the fellows reported good fishing in Lake Bohomek. The rain almost put the tailor shop out of business, but Al (I-can't-make-a-profit) Kaplan managed to save the sewing machine and carry on.

416th

Snag Tooth Alvey has finally got a refill and that void in the front of his puss is no more. Our famous bar opened last night with some good old fashioned American liquor for sale. The boys who don't care to stand short were buying four hookers at a clip. Such hogs..hic!

Old man Gonzales, the aging Medico is now in his fortieth year of knock rummy. He started playing at the ripe old age of 9. Figure it out you Einsteins. . . .

LOVER SIMPSON returned to us from Rome as a conquering hero. For six days all the boys in the mess hall wore ear muffs to elude his tails of "femmes de joi!"

Question I'd like to have answered: Why does Cpl _____ spend so much time in the mess hall after finishing chow?

Good luck to GRADY ALLEN and IAN ROBINSON on their current attempt to land a Warrant Officer's berth.

Our able cook DWIGHT HENDRICKS has certainly absorbed the course in culinary dishes that he took at Bari. His efforts are bearing fruit in the form of some really tasty camouflaged dishes.

CORPORAL _____ (The boy Dinan was hunting so eagerly in the deck of the EDMUND B) is now an employee of the Power Turret boss RALPH SLONE. However, it seems that Ralph has no trouble finding him when he needs him. CAPISH?

CHAPLAIN'S CORNER

A man opened an office in a New England town and hung up his shingle reading: "A SURE CURE FOR THE BLUES"

People flocked in and poured out their troubles, and when they had finished, he invariably handed them a little box with these instructions printed on it: "Do not open until overcome with a severe attack of the blues, depression, or boredom. Sure cure inside."

When the patient opened the little box he found a perscription inside folded up to imitate a powder capsule, and read these words:

"When you find yourself getting blue, Something for somebody else, go do."

It was crude poetry, but fine philosophy for life. The way to get rid of your troubles is to help someone else get rid of his. You can always find someone who needs your friendliness and help. Offer it freely, without expecting thanks, and you'll forget your blues and find a strange peace and satisfaction in its place. . . . GIVE IT A TRY!

CHURCH SCHEDULE
Catholic: Sunday Mass
0900, 1600, 1830
Wed. & Friday: 1830

Protestant: Sunday
0800-347, 0845-Ord. 0930-348th
1015-416th, 1100-346th, 1830-Hq.

"PERSONALITIES ON PARADE"

Most of us weren't too happy when the government knocked at our doors and said, "Greetings." But how would you feel if you knew you were in the army by mistake? Ask "POP" HOLLAND over in the 348th PX--he's the No. 1 example of what happens when the draft board gums up the works.

It was a fine spring day in '42 when the postman stopped at the Holland home in St. Paul, Minn. and gave Pop the well known envelope. "To Everett M. Holland," it said, "Greetings." And so, after getting thirty days to straighten up his affairs, Pop took off for Ft. Snelling. When he got there, they were examining Wacs, so Pop hung around for three days. His turn finally came and despite his 44 years, he passed the physical and was in.

He had been working for a milk company in St. Paul, and his foreman was also the chairman of his draft board. A few days after he was drafted, Pop put on his new uniform and went over the company to get his final pay. There the foreman saw him. "Good Lord," he cried. "What are you doing in uniform?" "You ought to know" said Pop, "You sent me the notice." "Why, we didn't want you," the foreman exclaimed, "WE MEANT TO DRAFT YOUR SON!"

An that's what had happened. Pop's son, Dennis, was 23, just ripe for draft board picking. The chairman of the board knew Pop and his son, but not the latter's name. So when the notice went out, Pop's name was on it, and nobody found out until it was too late! Six months later Dennis was drafted and is now a sergeant fighting in the Philippines with MacArthur.

Pop thinks he's the oldest drafted man in the 15th Air Force, but is willing to listen to other claims. He's been with the 99th since it was organized. Most of the time with the 346th, now in the 348th.

Dennis has one more stripe now than his dad, but that's O.K. with Pop. "Stripes or no stripes," he says, "I'll do the rank pulling when we get home."

Sgt. McIntyre

MOVIE SCHEDULE

MONDAY 15 JANUARY

"HI BEAUTIFUL" MARTHA O'DRISCOLL
1800-347th, 416th & Hq.

THURSDAY 18 JANUARY

"G.I. BILL OF RIGHTS IN SIMPLE TERMS"
Talk by Mr. Virgil Evans, ARC,

In the Briefing Room following the movies.

WEDNESDAY 17 JANUARY

"GASLIGHT" INGRID BERGMAN, C. BOYER
1800-346th, 348th & Ord.
200-347th, 416th & Hq.

SATURDAY 20 JANUARY

"MOONLIGHT AND CACTUS"
With the ANDREWS SISTERS
1800-346th, 348th, Ord.
2000-347th, 416th, Hq.

THURSDAY 18 JANUARY

"G.I. MOVIES NO. 62"
1800-One showing only
Movie Weekly

- "News of the Day"
- "Clark's Negro Troops in Action"
- "RAF Blast a Nazi Convoy"
- "Nation Mourns Willkie's Death"
- "Grid Thriller of the Week"
- "Cardinals Win Pennant of 1944"
- "Minstrel Days"
- "This is America"
- "Age of Flight"
- "Combat Bulletin #22"

economy. Japanese industry is the greatest in the Orient. Its castration would place the burden of reconstruction there on the Anglo-American nations and would be further uneconomic because Japan would lose her only practicable means of making reparations. Controlling the importation of strategic raw materials to advance these ends will insure against future Japanese aggression, for without colonies, Japan must depend on world trade to wage war.

"Ultimately, discussion of the treatment accorded Japan hinges on the structure of the world security organization. However, the solution lies not only in making Japan impotent to wage war but equally in creating a healthy regional economy which precludes the desire for territorial expansion."

HQ & 346TH CO-CHAMPS

Last Friday evening, the 346th ping pong team journeyed to Hq. to play the final game in the tournament. Before a capacity crowd, Hq. took the match 4 to 3 and thereby created a tie for first place. Lt Mullis, Special Service Officer, presented a beautiful layer cake with chocolate and vanilla icing to the Captains of the teams. The match was one full of excitement and was not decided until the very last shot. This Thursday evening, Hq. will play at the 346th in a post-tournament game to decide the sole holder of first place. Details of the game and final standings of the teams will be found on the sports page.

SOLDIER SHOW SERIES

As a follow thru from the recent Soldier Show Conference, each squadron is now organizing its own entertainment unit. Productions by each unit will be staged on the 20th of February and then rotated weekly among all squadrons. If you can help, contact 346th-Cpl Corcoran; 347th-Sgt Axelrod; 348th-Sgt Beuchema; 416th-Cpl Morrow.

"FRAGS"

346

LOUIE LEVINSON is now living in a house-boat. He and HERBIE KELLAR make a fine duet on "RIVER STAY WAY FROM MY DOOR." Speaking of Louie, he played to standing room the other morning with his spread of ham and eggs. . . . This mud coming down from the 416th has PAPPY WERING considering the pogo stick business. . . . Is it absolutely necessary for a certain squadron to use a siren at H-hour? Dinan, Warner, etc. must be sound sleepers (as if the Simon Mattress Co. didn't know). Seems that Ingrid Bergman's appearance in GASLIGHT has the boys roaming around in a fog. Not me, I'm all right.ga, ga, ga! That bedroom scene . . . oh my aching JACK FIELDS is being called Heathcliffe these last few days because of his resemblance to a certain comic strip character. . . . CAPT HUGHES claims the health of the squadron is up 74% since the bar closed. Wurst, Porter, Priestly and Ryan have just discovered that water is drinkable.

347

A new face has been added to the personnel of Sqd. Supply. Cpl. Jojo Germane transferred in from operations. No more sweating out air-raids eh Joe? The height of something or other was reached by "PAPPY" WARD the other night. After writing a fourteen page letter to a girl back home, he started to address the envelope AND FORGOT HER NAME. . . . What's this we hear about Cpl Alva "PCP" Rosser, our beloved mail room orderly taking in the strip-tonsor at San Spirito three times? he looked sort of peaked and drawn when he returned. . . . S/Sgt Larry Hastings found out that the only thing troubling his heart is someone called Rita Ann. . . . Bring on your ping-pong and checker players say Sgt Gordon Hunsburger and Cpl. John Aggolin. We may have finished third in this last tournament but watch our smoke in the next one. As for checkers, I won't say much, but we have sleepers.j

348th

The 348th Line almost stopped functioning one day last week when "COLORADO JOHN" WANCZYK failed to make H-hour. For most guys this wouldn't be unusual, but it seems that this was the first time in 21 months that John wasn't on the line when his ship was scheduled for a mission. As a matter of fact, his absence wasn't noticed at first, but John got conscience stricken and came down to confess his sin.

When the news of Warsaw's fall came through last week, S/Sgt MORRIS FLAM grabbed his red pencil and made a bee-line for the situation map in S-2. Not that the map is ever very far behind; in fact, we hear that one day Morrie went to bring it up to date and found he was already a day ahead of Eisenhower. But it does look good to see those lines drawing closer and closer to Berlin.

416th

What a comical and yet pathetic sight it is to see some of our boys wading to their inundated tents after the last downpour. The sirocco in Africa was mild compared to the miserable weather here. . . . EDDIE WATKINS, the Rising Sun, Texan longhorn is contemplating matrimony via the proxy route. With a bit of luck he can get to kiss the bride in about three years. . . . M/SGT LESTER "HAYSEED" HAMANN, our top Line Chief, returned from his sojourn at Lecce, a bitter, disillusioned man. His complaint: "NO WOMEN." NICK SMIDCHOFSKI envisions a rosy future as a sports promoter upon his return to civilian life. He is acquainting himself with the fundamentals by minor promotions within the Squadron on all sporting events. . . . Shocking they tell me but JIMMY THOM, the Bombsight Wizard took a shot of real hard liquor a fortnight ago. For Shame! What will the folks back home think of their staid James. . . . MORGAN MILLS, our culinary specialist still carries the torch for that lovely nymph from Sioux City. I had the pleasure of seeing her. What a dish! CHARLIE CRAWFORD is typical of that old adage: "Too heavy for light work and too light for heavy work."

Hq

Sgt Wiggin, our PRO man is vacationing in the hospital so we haven't too much dirt about events at Headquarters. What's wrong with him? The medics haven't been able to find out as yet but it looks like Ripley might have to shell up that 10,000 bucks he promised for the first case of this sort. We do have to admire Sgt Casey and Buck Warman for their generosity. By their unselfish donations at the nightly poker games, they have enabled many Hq. men to make first payments on post-war homes. Lt. Marshall and Capt L--k --oops-Capt L--k and Lt. Marshall (military courtesy) have been showing the officers the fine art of taking in big pots. Some men grab, some do it shyly, but those two do it just right--nonchalantly. . . . Did you know that the art-work in the paper is done by Sgt Karschayak--swell job too.

CHAPLAIN'S CORNER

I want to pass on to you a Confession of Faith written by Kathleen Norris, novelist, originally printed in True Confessions Magazine and reprinted in Reader's Digest:

"She was a small girl of six who wanted something preposterous for Christmas--perhaps it was 50 dollars--and got one instead. Her father, who knew of these prayers, teased her about it. "Evidently God didn't hear you, Sarah. He didn't answer you did He?"

"He did hear me and He answered me." said Sarah, contentedly playing with the one doll she did get. "He answered, 'No'."

We humans have got things so mixed up through centuries of stupidity and sin, that the answer often has to be "no." The amusing thing is that the answer is so often "Yes," that despite our blinders, light does creep through and joy and peace not of this world fill our hearts.

"The great promise sounds on. "Ask and ye shall receive." "come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." "If you would have any good thing of my Father, believe and it shall be given unto you."

"This is the experience of thousands of humble folk whose radiantly content faces . . . tell you the story of faith. They have found God and cherish Him as a Father."

When you find yourself in need of help, of courage, of strength to be what you ought to be, try prayer. It helps.

Chaplain Harold Whitlock

WELL KNOWN "CHARACTERS"

or
HOW THEY GOT THAT WAY

The sky was overcast, the wind howled, the town of Terre Haute shuddered and 126 virgins went into hiding "PAPPY" WARD was being born., That was a day that Terre Haute will never forget, not live down. . . .At the tender age of one, he left there for Paragould, Ark. He says it was rather tough traveling as he had to drive a twelve mule team (Das evidence, listen to his vocabulary) and he wasn't fully grown yet. He took his first drink at the age of two--and he hasn't stopped since. . . . In 1935 he moved to Peoria, Ill. He got a tremendous send-off from the populace of Paragould. They were all out waving at him--with clubs. . . .Prior to entering the army, his occupation was . . well anyway, he was a civilian. If I called him a bar-fly he might sue. He entered the army June 5, 1942 and after basic training, radio school, 312 saloons and 109 houses of ill-fame, he finally reached the 247th Sqd. at Sioux City. In Italy, he has appeared in two group shows, "Caramelli Carnival" and "Corn on the Cob". He proved to be a riot in both. How could he miss with a kisser like that?At present, he is one of our telephone operators. Tho you hear a pleasant, cheerful voice answer you at Notary, it isn't our "Pappy." On his days off when he visits our fair town of Foggia, little children run after him and yell, "Pappy, Pappy". They aren't far wrong. Gentlemen, I give you Pvt Paul S. "Pappy" Ward, the pride of the 347th.

Sgt. Axelrod

MOVIE SCHEDULE

MONDAY 22 JANUARY: 1800-347th, 416, Hq
"SOLDIER STORY" with
GEORGE SANDERS and LINDA DARNELL
2000-346, 348, Ord

WEDNESDAY 24 JANUARY: 1800-346, 348, Ord
"MR WINKLE GOES TO WAR" with
EDWARD G. ROBINSON
2000-347, 416, Hq

THURSDAY 26 JANUARY: 1800-ONE SHOW
"G.I. MOVIES NO. 83"

SATURDAY 26 JANUARY:
"MASK OF ??????" with
PETER LORRE & SIDNEY GREENSTREET
1800-347th, 416th, Hq
2000-346th, 348th, Ord.

"Sports for Sports"

Ping Pong: Except for a little matter of a playoff game to decide the sole holder of first place, the ping pong tournament has come to an end. It's been a stimulating contest, full of suspense, surprises and laughter. The 4-3 game between Hq. and Ord. still has us twitching nervously; the beating Ord. took from the 348th was probably the biggest upset; and undoubtedly the loudest laugh goes to Billmaier of the 346th when he begged Berman's forgiveness for shooting over an ace. With twice as many games scheduled for the next tournament, starting Feb. 9th, we're looking forward to twice as much excitement.

Last Friday, the 416th captured fourth place by beating Ord. 403. The doubles set provided the heart stimulant for the evening. Over at Hq. in the championship match, Vest, Eidmarsh, and Billmaier won their single sets and Rubinton and Zwerdling won theirs. Max Shapiro, a dark horse, put up a great fight against Vest. Excitement ran high when the doubles set, the deciding factor, began. The 346th took the first game, Hq. the second. The third game stood at 20-19, the crowd was hushed, the tense players volleyed the ball back and forth and then Zwerdling hit the ball into the net, it climbed the top, hesitated there and then dropped over to win the game, set, and match, thereby tying for first place. This Tuesday, a payoff game will be played at the 346th. Final team standings:

	W	L	PERC
346	5	1	833
Hq.	5	1	833
347	4	2	666
416	3	3	500
348	2	4	333
Ord	2	4	333
368	0	6	000

INQUIRING REPORTER

"Why do you keep pin-ups?"

S/SGT JOE MARSHALL: To pass away the time. I keep busy putting my pin-ups up, taking them down, putting them up, taking them down. Keeps your mind occupied.

SGT. FRANCIS PUPPA: It helps me dream of pleasant things. I sleep all through the night so anything that happens is natural.

SGT. ALPERT: My pin-ups have a diversionary affect. I look at my tent-mates and then at the pin-ups and the contrast is remarkable.

SGT. A.P. WILSON: They have a very soothing effect upon my . . . soul.

S/SGT LOUIE LIBUTEI: They help keep out the draughts.

FREE CIGARS

For the best question of the week, sent into Sp. Serv., the sender will receive one cigar. A similar prize will go for any poem, joke, cartoon, or "character" sketch submitted. Originals of course.

ANNOUNCING: USO Unit No. 432. "TIMES SQUARE," Friday, 2 February. 1430 Hrs.

The line to the mess hall at each meal is as long as ever, for though a few combat men finished their tour of duty and left for the States, three new crews were assigned to us. The election for Officers of the new Enlisted Men's club was held on January 19th and the following were elected to positions named:

- T/Sgt David W. Cree.....President
- Cpl Lennie Joyce.....Vice-president
- T/Sgt Lloyd G. Loudemilk.....Secretary-Treasurer
- Sgt Jacob Axelrod.....Chairman of Entertainment Comm.
- Sgt Victor Bebee.....Chairman of House Committee

The club hasn't opened or been named yet but is expected to be completed the early part of February.

The month ended with pay call and the usual pay day games that follow after the first six men are paid. The cluster to the group Unit Citation was distributed during pay call.

Highlighting all other events during the month of March was the 99th's participation in the long-range mission to Berlin on March 24th, made by Flying Fortresses of the 5th Wing of the 15th Air Force. On this record-breaking mission, the longest-range mission ever flown in the air war over Europe, 26 B-17s of this group dropped 126 one-thousand pound bombs on the Daimler Benz Tank Works. Returning crew members reported that the target area was "well hit." Six Me 262s and Me 109s were engaged by the group on this missing, the first enemy aircraft, in strength, engaged by the 99th in the last three months of operations. Five planes received major damage and a like number returned with a number of minor flak holes. No enemy aircraft were claimed. A special message was received from Generals Spaatz and Eaker, commending all who took part in the mission for the excellent results of this record bombing.

During March, the following awards and decorations were made in the group: one Silver Star; 28 Distinguished Flying Crosses; three Bronze Stars; 198 Air Medals; 588 Oak Leaf Clusters to the Air Medal; and 16 Purple Hearts. These presentations brought the total number of awards and decorations within the group since the 99th's entrance into combat two years ago to almost 17,000. A presentation ceremony was held on the 20th of March, with Brig. Gen. Charles W. Lawrence, Commanding the 99th Wing, making the awards.

On the 1st of March, one officer and six enlisted men of the detachment of the 12th Weather Squadron were attached to Group Headquarters for administration.

Captain William J. Brake left March 1st for the 5th Army front, where he spent a week. The visit was made under the Air Force--Infantry exchange program, designed to acquaint both branches with life in the other's branch. On his return, Captain Brake brought Captain Lee W. Zane, of the 338th Infantry Regiment of the 85th Division, who remained for seven days as guest of the officers at Group Headquarters. During his stay here [he] was able to fly in a B-17, and acquaint himself with the conditions under which airmen live. He made several lectures to various groups about life and activity in the Infantry.

On March 12th, Major Allen Schroeder was promoted to Lt Colonel, and was later made Group Deputy Commanding Officer. Capt Paul Franklin succeeded him as Group Operations Officer. The former Deputy C.O., Lt Colonel Dale Anderson, became commanding officer of the 416th Bombardment Squadron, of this group.

War Bond sales in the 347th reached a new high early in March, when Captain Larry Stusser, squadron adjutant, sponsored a pay-day drive to outsell all other squadrons. Although he was successful in selling nearly \$9000 worth of bonds, he redoubled his efforts by bringing out three USO girls who offered to give a kiss to every man who stepped up and bought a bond. This little show sold \$2000 more in bonds, and the 347th set a record for March which far surpasses that ever made by any other squadron in the group.

On March 18th, the 347th Bombardment Squadron PX was broken into and the robbers escaped with the entire week's ration of cigarettes, soap, and chewing gum. An investigation followed.

All enlisted men were issued the new battle jackets on March 19, and turned their blouses in to supply units.

"Light Fantastic," a USO show featuring the Chinese "Kim Loo" Sisters, played two performances at Group Headquarters theater, with record attendance, on the night of March 20th. The following day several members of the cast spent the day as guests of Headquarters personnel.

Officers of the 348th Bomb Squadron celebrated the grand opening of their new club, one of the finest in the group. The club is housed in a building which was originally intended for conversion of living quarters.

On March 26, airplane number 015, of the 416th, completed its 105th mission over targets in Europe.

The group completed two years of operations on 31 March. The first mission was flown against Sardinia on 31 March, 1943 and a total of 372 missions have been flown by this group since that day. Targets have been bombed in Africa, Austria, Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia, Germany, France, Greece, Hungary, Italy, Poland, Rumania, Sardinia, Sicily, and Yugoslavia. The group has twice been cited as a Distinguished Unit. The first citation was awarded on the basis of a mission against Bergini, Sicily, Airdrome in July, 1943. The group has dropped 24,000 tons of bombs on enemy targets and have made over 10,000 sorties during the two years.

Medical History, 99th Bomb Gp (H), 1 January 1945 - 31 March 1945.

Throughout the period the group has flown 48 combat sorties. This represents 1470 aircraft sorties of 14700 man sorties. During the period the following casualties were experienced:

Missing in Action	71 - 47%
Wounded in Action	43 - 30%
Killed in Action	0 - 00%
Returned	10 - 07%
Total Battle Casualty	124 - 84%
Frost Bite	9 - 06%
Total Casualties	133 - 90%

THREE HUNDRED FORTY SIXTH BOMBARDMENT SQUADRON
NINETY NINTH BOMBARDMENT GROUP (H) ARMY AIR FORCES
Office of the Operations Officer
(LOADING LIST)

5 July 1943

SUBJECT: Combat Crews on Today's Mission
TO: Commanding Officer, 99th Bombardment Group (H) AAF

B-17F #313 Crew #8		B-17F #512 Crew #7	
P Upthegrove, F.R.	Colonel	P Bliss, Charles R.	1st Lt
CP Jackson, Malden M.	2nd Lt	CP Larkin, Marion J.	2nd Lt
N Chaffin, Floyd E.	1st Lt	N Bansiak, Chester F.	2nd Lt
B Bernich, Oswald L.	1st Lt	B Belvin, William W.	2nd Lt
TT Danner, William C.	T/Sgt	TT Delano, Edward J.	T/Sgt
WG Crawford, Alvin B.	T/Sgt	WG Hamiltin, Emmett F.	S/Sgt
R Schauler, Vincent A.	T/Sgt	R Cannellos, Robert F.	T/Sgt
BT Berrellez, Jose A.	S/Sgt	BT Arter, William J.	S/Sgt
WG Foriss, Alex (NMI)	Sgt	WG Cresser, Francis G.	Sgt
TG Youngblood, Guy A.	S/Sgt	TG Haid, Theordore R.	S/Sgt
B-17 #0129 Crew #1		B-17F #526 Crew #4	
P Lippmann, Fritz A.	1st Lt	P Aspergren, M Cleo I.	Captain
CP Fovinci, Frank J.	2nd Lt	CP Fennessy, J.D.	2nd Lt
N Bankston, Ingrum W.	1st Lt	N Billingsley, Emerson T.	2nd Lt
B Anderson, John M.	2nd Lt	B Garrett, Thomas H.	2nd Lt
TT Duncan, Noble Jr.,	S/Sgt	TT Turkington, Russell T.	T/Sgt
WG Joyce, Robert E.	S/Sgt	WG Taylor, Herbert W.	S/Sgt
R Battiato, Sam (NMI)	T/Sgt	R Protto, Floyd E.	T/Sgt
BT Royse, Gene W.	S/Sgt	BT Weber, Harry A.	Sgt
WG Todd, John S.	S/Sgt	WG Garner, Edgar C.	S/Sgt
TG Pocius, Peter P.	S/Sgt	TG Dare, Paul C.	T/Sgt
		F Satterlee, N.E.	Sgt
B-17F #3129 Crew #3		B-17F #477 Crew #37	
P Ebbers, Howard W.	2nd Lt	P Mehew, Bill R.	2nd Lt
CP Vernon, Warren H.	2nd Lt	CP Danielecki, Benjamin S.	2nd Lt
N Auchterlonie, Roy H.	2nd Lt	N Digiovanni, Anthony J.	2nd Lt
B Beenson, Roger E.	2nd Lt	B Schneider, Robert L.	2nd Lt
TT Carpenter, Donald F.	Sgt	TT Williams, Herbert K.	T/Sgt
WG Kawozynski, Thomas J.	S/Sgt	WG Brennan, J.R.	S/Sgt
R Pietras, Edward J.	S/Sgt	R Harris, J.E.	T/Sgt
BT Bodnar, Edward J.	S/Sgt	BT Gyler, Emanuel (NMI)	S/Sgt
WG Heidel, Frank T.	Sgt	WG Gillis, F.D. Jr.,	S/Sgt
TG Bridges, Billy B.	S/Sgt	TG Duzenack, T.G.	S/Sgt
B-17F #344 Crew 39			
P Hugo, James R.	1st Lt		
CP Leakman, Henry E.	2nd Lt	R Sherris, Sidney S.	S/Sgt
N Burchinai, Robert L.	2nd Lt	BT Trinosky, Verne E.	S/Sgt
B Lilly, Thomas L.	2nd Lt	WG Compton, Sam R.	S/Sgt
TT Briggs, John E.	T/Sgt	TG Wallace, David	Sgt
WG Bates, Harold J.	S/Sgt		

THREE HUNDRED FORTY SEVENTH BOMBARDMENT SQUADRON
NINETY NINTH BOMBARDMENT GROUP (H) ARMY AIR FORCES
Office of the Operations Officer
(LOADING LIST)

5 July 1943

B-17F #30384 Crew #1		B-17F #29480 Crew #2	
P Burrell, H.R. Captain		P Hager, J.S. 2nd Lt	
CP Thurman, W.E. Major		CP Pixler, W.F. F/O	
N Abrams, J.B. 1st Lt		N Beaird, J.A. 2nd Lt	
B Hansen, D.T. 2nd Lt		B Archambault, J.A. 2nd Lt	
TT Murray, J.D. S/Sgt		TT Canaday, C.N. T/Sgt	
WG Long, K.A. Pvt		WG Dorman, S.M. S/Sgt	
R Sessions, A.G. Sgt		R Dunow, F.A. T/Sgt	
BT May, E.P. S/Sgt		BT Sibbett, G.A. S/Sgt	
WG Macchiaverna, J.J. Sgt		WG Boggess, K.R. S/Sgt	
TG Clem, A. (NMI) Jr., Sgt		TG Lemino, F.P. S/Sgt	
B-17F #29473 Crew #3		B-17F #5769 Crew #4	
P Shields, D.I. 1st Lt		P Covert, C.B. Captain	
CP Humes, W.E. 2nd Lt		CP Craig, T.F. 1st Lt	
N Coleman, D.H. 2nd Lt		N Cook, J.E. 1st Lt	
B Cozine, A.B. 2nd Lt		B Barney, W.W. 2nd Lt	
TT Carlton, R.W. T/Sgt		TT Purnell, J.E. S/Sgt	
WG Crisler, S.I. S/Sgt		WG Nash, R.G. Pvt	
R Shivley, A.W. T/Sgt		R Garside, T. (NMI) Cpl	
BT Burkhardt, J.A. S/Sgt		BT Kowzan, J. (NMI) T/Sgt	
WG Hermann, I.L. S/Sgt		WG Schultz, W.J. Pvt	
TG Richardson, J.E. S/Sgt		TG McCluskey, G.L. S/Sgt	
		F Greenwaldt, W.E. Sgt	
B-17F #23164 Crew #5		B-17F #5786 Crew #6	
P Bankhead, H.B. 1st Lt		P Moseley, F.G. 1st Lt	
CP Bruno, J.E. 2nd Lt		CP LeBlond, R.E. 2nd Lt	
N Boyle, J.A. 2nd Lt		N Luther, H.O. 1st Lt	
B Gault, T.G. 2nd Lt		B Sadler, H.A. 2nd Lt	
TT Florek, J.J. T/Sgt		TT England, T.B. T/Sgt	
WG Gosselin, L.J. S/Sgt		WG Siedl, R. (NMI) Cpl	
R Diethorn, George H. Sgt R		Bom, W.J. T/Sgt	
BT May, G.G. S/Sgt		BT Burkhardt, J.F. S/Sgt	
WG Hall, M.E. T/Sgt		WG Brust, W.B. Sgt	
TG Guerard, J.D. S/Sgt		TG Klug, H.H. S/Sgt	
B-17F #29918 Crew #7			
P Stuart, J.A. 1st Lt			
CP Hayes, J.J. 2nd Lt		WG Stedman, L.B. S/Sgt	
N Sled, P.A. 2nd Lt		R Alley, N.A. Sgt	
B Hawke, T.C. 2nd Lt		BT Stanbro, W.D. S/Sgt	
TT Pouliot, E.E. T/Sgt		WG Gregory, D.F. T/Sgt	
		TG Pizza, G.J. S/Sgt	

THREE HUNDRED FORTY EIGHTH BOMBARDMENT SQUADRON
NINETY NINTH BOMBARDMENT GROUP (H) ARMY AIR FORCES
Office of the Operations Officer
(LOADING LIST)

B-17R #42-29857 Crew #19		B-17F #42-25842 Crew #22	
P Drake, J.H. 2nd Lt		P Davis, William C. 1st Lt	
CP Casto, Flake 2nd Lt		CP Rohrer, G.W. F/O	
N Schoedinger, V.F. 2nd Lt		N Chapman, Charles C. 2nd Lt	
B Cadger, Edward J. 2nd Lt		B Dunaway, James P. 2nd Lt	
E Campbell, William T/Sgt		E Tipton, Leonard R. T/Sgt	
AE Robin, Leo. E. S/Sgt		AE Haynes, Falvey G. S/Sgt	
R Jackson, Edward J. T/Sgt		R Sisneros, Rudolph I. T/Sgt	
AR Worthey, Emmett R. S/Sgt		AR Creo, Robert H. S/Sgt	
G Warmer, Benjamin F. S/Sgt		G Youngblood, Rex G. S/Sgt	
G Mcgee, Carlton J. Cpl			
B-17F #42-29492 Crew #24		B-17F #42-29486 Crew #26	
P Graham, Charles M. 1st Lt		P Devane, Martin J. 1st Lt	
CP Garner, Eldon R. 2nd Lt		CP Freeburg, Howard L. 2nd Lt	
N Dobmeyer, Paul F. 1st Lt		N Drueding, Edward B. 1st Lt	
B Schnellbacher, R.E. 2nd Lt		B Lavine, Sanford V. 2nd Lt	
E Finnegan, John S. T/Sgt		E Craton, William J. T/Sgt	
AE Grantham, Alden S/Sgt		AE Harold, James A. S/Sgt	
R Shafran, Albert T/Sgt		R Penoyer, Harold E. T/Sgt	
AR Ciovacco, James A. S/Sgt		AR Curley, Frank A. S/Sgt	
G Edwards, Walter E. S/Sgt		G Yorton, Harold A. S/Sgt	
G Lloyd, Kenneth E. Sgt		G Snitkins, Louis A. Sgt	
B-17F #42-29483 Crew #27		B-17F #42-29790 Crew #	
P Davis, Albert E. 1st Lt		P Elliott, R.F. Captain	
CP Ewoldt, Allen J. 2nd Lt		CP McLaughlin, E.P. 1st Lt	
N Perry, Herbert O. 1st Lt		N Burke, R.J. 2nd Lt	
B Shank, Vincent E. 1st Lt		B Douglas, W.S. 2nd Lt	
E Withrow, John B. T/Sgt		E Shimp, H.W. M/Sgt	
AE Huckabee, Allen B. S/Sgt		AE Wabante, J.A. Pfc	
R Fleming, David O. T/Sgt		R Laybe, V. T/Sgt	
AR Esposito, Frank N. S/Sgt		AR Freeland, J.C. T/Sgt	
G Mills, Robert M. S/Sgt		G Karkut, S.J. Pfc	
G Logan, Carson E. Sgt		F Potts, A. Sgt	
F Torssell, N.E. Sgt			
B-17F #42-25388 Crew #23			
P Samuelson, Stanley H. 1st Lt			
CP Caraberis, John G. 2nd Lt			
N Driscoll, Claire E. 2nd Lt			
B Down, William C. 2nd Lt			
E Sills, Lawrence B. T/Sgt		AR Boardman, Edward J. S/Sgt	
AE McCrossan, Andrew W. S/Sgt		G Heydon, Jerome G. S/Sgt	
R Matthews, Fleming G. T/Sgt		G Lipman, Aaron Sgt	
		(Early return)	

FOUR HUNDRED SIXTEENTH BOMBARDMENT SQUADRON
NINETY NINTH BOMBARDMENT GROUP (H) ARMY AIR FORCE
Office of the Operations Officer
(LOADING LIST)

B-17F #507		B-17F #765	
P Orance, Albert	Major	P Thistlewood, John	1st Lt
CP Barton, Terry	2nd Lt	CP Amundson, V.A.	2nd Lt
N Sayer, Jot O.	1st Lt	N Strassberg, Jack	2nd Lt
B Fisher, Brayton	1st Lt	B Casey, Thomas E.	2nd Lt
TT Cepek, G.F.	T/Sgt	TT Daniel, Ferrel E.	T/Sgt
WG Longenbach, L.L.	S/Sgt	WG Fallen, C.H. Jr.	S/Sgt
R Brinker, Q.D.	S/Sgt	R Magu, Mike A.	T/Sgt
BT Toomey, T.	Sgt	BT Eyer, Charles M.	S/Sgt
TG Young, E.K.	S/Sgt	TG Lippolt, B.W.	S/Sgt
B-17F #482		B-17F #883	
P Was, Frank	1st Lt	P Buck, S.E.	1st Lt
CP Boggio, Reynolds	2nd Lt	CP Braungart, K.G.	2nd Lt
N Lesney, J.J.	2nd Lt	N Fitzpatrick, R.J.	2nd Lt
B May, F.P.	2nd Lt	B Lutkus, A.E.	2nd Lt
TT Rains, R.R.	S/Sgt	TT McKinnon, J.W.	T/Sgt
WG Piateck, Leon	Sgt	WG Depew, A.W.	S/Sgt
R Barthel, Jason D.	T/Sgt	R Surman, C.J.	T/Sgt
BT Brown, Harry S.	S/Sgt	BT Bushroske, L.C.	S/Sgt
TG McGorry, C.L.	Sgt	TG Garland, J.H.	S/Sgt
X Osborne, W.E.	2nd Lt		
B-17F #509		B-17F #413	
P Mitchell, Carl D.	1st Lt	P Norris, John R. Jr.	1st Lt
CP Chase, Lionel E.	2nd Lt	CP Dahl, Eldon H.	2nd Lt
N Kotowski, John P.	Captain	N Seila, C.F.	2nd Lt
B Gutz, Theodore F.	Captain	B Kidwiler, W.W.	2nd Lt
TT Spears, Paul M.	T/Sgt	TT Walker, C.L.	T/Sgt
WG Schulz, B.E.	S/Sgt	WG Martingnetti, Edward F.	S/Sgt
R Garvis, L.L.	T/Sgt	R Miciak, M.C.	T/Sgt
BT Rhoads, Mason L.	S/Sgt	BT Malaga, Steve	S/Sgt
TG Peterson, Paul M.	S/Sgt	TG Bernat, Paul V.	S/Sgt
B-17F #472			
P Windrum, Carl E.	1st Lt		
CP Breitbach, R.J.	2nd Lt		
N Feigenbaum, J.C.	2nd Lt		
B Hemmingsen, D.T.	2nd Lt		
TT Williams, J.M.	T/Sgt		
		WG West, N.R.	S/Sgt
		R Klukas, W.A.	T/Sgt
		BT Meier, G.E.	S/Sgt
		TG Kundert, Lewis H.	S/Sgt

The foregoing is furnished in case anybody who was on that mission may have forgotten about it. I can still remember Bob Imrie's return, when he slumped onto his bunk with his face green with fatigue. Of course I was not flying that day.

Don't know how they missed Bob's name on this roster.

We now have a picture of a B-17 in Viet-Nam. Said plane has provision for changing the plane number by changing the insert in a special slot on the tail. Perhaps General Yeager's idea of changeing the aircraft numbers to fit HQ:s roster caught on.

OVERSEAS DIARY
DAVID L. HALVERSON

On Sept. 15, 1944 we (about 300 men) left Gulfport, Miss. and went to Savannah, Ga. (Hunter Field) for staging. We got to Hunter Field on Sept. 16 and began our processing almost immediately upon arrival. We finished processing (checking records and being issued overseas clothing & equipment, (including a .45 automatic and a trench knife)) on Sept 17. On the 18th we checked our ship (#46538) and were to make a mission to calibrate our instruments, but bad weather forced us to postpone that and our departure for several days. We were to leave there Mon., Sept. 18, but bad weather held us up. Some crews (of B.25s, 26s, & 24s) had been ^{there} about 5 weeks, but all B-17s were being rushed out as fast as possible. We finally left on Fri., Sept. 22, 1944 at 7:30 a.m.

We passed over Richmond, Va.; Washington, DC; Baltimore, Md.; Philadelphia, Penna.; Newark, N.J.; New York City; and finally landed at 2:30 p.m. at Grenier Field near Manchester, N.H. Grenier Field was our P.O.E. Here we were issued some things not issued at Hunter Field. Grenier seemed to be a nice field and there were lots of good-looking WACs there. Nice and cool too. On Sat., Sept. 23 we took off from Grenier Field at about 10:00 a.m. and landed at about 3:00 p.m. at Gander Field near Gander Bay, Newfoundland. There were lots of British planes and men there. We had very good chow and steam-heated quarters. (Almost all I saw of Newfoundland looked very barren and rocky.) We were to leave Gander Field at 12:00 midnite of the 24th, but ^{the} flight was changed so that we took off at 7:00 a.m. on Sept. 25. We landed at 4:00 p.m. at a field on one of the islands of the Azore group. The navigator hit the island right on the head; a good job. The chow was very, very bad and the quarters were poor too. On Sept 26, Tues., we took off from the Azores at about 8:00 a.m. and landed at about 4:00 p.m. at Marrakech Army Air Field near Marrakech in French Morrocco. We were kept at this field for several days because the dirt runways of our next stop had become too soft to handle 4-engine planes because of lots of rain.

There were lots of Arabs around camp. They (men) cleaned areas and latrines, etc. They also cleaned the huts in which we slept (one crew of E.M. (6) to a hut). The Arabs were very dirty. They wore very baggy trousers that came to the knee and were fastened there, and a light jacket or shirt of some kind, and a turban or a knitted skull-cap and sandals. (most of them were barefoot). In the morning they would wear a loose cloak which was any color (light or dark). Some of them wore a bag like a woman's purse suspended from the shoulder by a long strap. They "mooched" cigarettes all the time, but I never saw them steal anything (they were searched each nite as they left camp).

There were also a lot of Italian prisoners of war at Marrakech. They had jobs about the post and enjoyed lots of freedom. Some of them worked in the mess halls and our food was very good (better than in lots of camps in the States).

The P.X. was fairly well stocked, but almost everything was rationed (liberally, in most cases). They sold cokes about 4 days a week--a limited number; and ice cream 3 days a week. Jewish and Arabian girls worked in the P.X. They spoke broken English, but fluently enough to understand easily.

The only water we could drink was what we got from lister bags (lots of chlorine in it). We each had a sleeping bag (from Grenier) and I slept in the ship all except the first nite. Each nite, there was a different picture at the open-air theater (free).

It was fairly warm, but quite dry at Marrakech. The land was very sandy and stony and it seemed to be that same kind of land that we passed over on the way to Marrakech.

At about 8:00 a.m. on Wed., Oct 4, 1944 we took off from Marrakech and landed at about 1:45 p.m. at Tunis in Tunisia. On the way, we passed over Oran and Algiers. The country all looked quite desert-like until we got quite close to the Mediterranean Sea; there it got a little greener, but still looked quite rocky. Almost all of North Africa that we've flown over so far seemed to be quite mountainous. Tunis--the field still looked quite "beat up" from the fighting that took place there; many buildings (concrete and stone) had

bullet-holes in them and parts of some of them were still lying in heaps of rubble. In the junk pile here are very many parts of German, Italian, British, and American planes. I saw part of one ship with a swastika on it. There are many Italian prisoners at Tunis, and they are quite free here too. The chow is very good, and we stay in big buildings like hotels. There are lots of British soldiers stopping off at the field on their way through as passengers on A.T.C. ships. So far, our whole trip has been along an A.T.C. route and the stops are all stations of the Air Transport Command.

On Wed., Oct. 11 we left Tunis. We flew over the Mediterranean, which was very blue. We passed over a good bit of Sicily and it was very rocky. We saw many small towns, built of gray stone, situated on rocky cliffs and knolls. We went right beside Mt. Aetna, and saw lots of the solidified lava that once came from it. Then we passed over the southern part of Italy and finally came to Gioia, Italy, where we landed. That flight began at about 11:30 a.m. and we landed at about 3:30. We noticed lots of high-class-looking highways in Italy. At Gioia we (all ten of us except for a plane guard) slept in a tent on canvas cots, using our sleeping bags. The chow was worse than before, but still not bad. Officers and enlisted men ate together. There were lots of Italians working on the post, and each meal-time a bunch of kids, and sometimes, the men would take scraps from our mess kits or from the garbage cans and eat them or take them home. Bad situation! The P.X. here had a fairly nice line of stuff, but was open one or two days a week. Late in the afternoon of Mon., Oct. 16, 1944, we left Gioia in a B-17F that came down from Foggia to get us. (We lost our ship at Gioia.) It took only about 45 minutes to fly up to Foggia. We stayed, that nite, in the empty half of a double tent and for 2 nites thereafter. The next day, we started on our tent. We planned to dig down about 2 feet for more room, but after about 4 in. we quit and hired 2 Italians to do it for 1000 (\$10.00) lire. They worked from about 6:00 p.m. 'till 4:00 a.m. to finish it. The next day we drew a new tent from supply and pitched it over the hole.

The first nite that we spent in the tent gave us a scare. It rained (no leak) and there was a big wind that almost blew the tent away. I cemented a post in the ground next to my cot for a clothes rack and when a crew moved out of a tent behind us, we looted it of boxes and chairs and helmets (wash-basins). Mac made a makeshift stove, but it surely smokes. We have one 60-watt bulb. We have to use the added light of candles to read, etc. by. We have a fairly good, but small, shower, but all drinking and wash water comes from lister bags in the area. Brown got a strained back from pounding tent pegs and finally had to go to the hospital.

During our first week here, we attended lectures for 3 days. They were on orientation, intelligence information, and all general information that we needed to know as combat crews. Bad weather held up our gunnery missions for several days. Here we were issued heated gloves and shoes, and I got a summer flying cap. Here we are attached to the 416th Squadron of the 99th Heavy Bombardment Group. That group is in the 5th Wing of the 15th Air Force. Major Seward is C.O. of the 416th.

On Oct 31, 1944, I was paid \$78.22. I have a \$50.00 allotment taken out besides that. On Nov. 2 I was on the loading list for a mission, but the mission was cancelled at the last minute because of weather. I was the only one of our crew scheduled for that mission except Bridston who was to fly co-pilot on some other crew.

On Nov. 4, 1944, I flew my first combat mission. Lt Cade was the pilot. Lt Bridston flew co-pilot on another crew. We took off at 7:15 a.m. and landed again at 3:15 p.m. The target was a foundry at Regensburg, Germany. Besides 250 lb bombs, we dropped a bunch of "nickels" (propaganda leaflets printed in German). It was a "milk-run." I saw no fighters (enemy) and almost no flak. Our escort was composed of P-51s and P-38s. I was in the ball from 8:00 'till 1:15. Heated suit worked O.K. and I didn't get cold (too cold--I purposely rode cool so as not to get sweaty).

The next day, I had a gunnery mission and then on Nov. 6, 1944 I flew my second combat mission. We took off at 6:45 and landed at 2:30. Our whole crew (except Segal--he was sick) flew as a unit. Our target was an oil refinery in a small town about 20 miles from Vienna, Austria. We got in there all O.K. at our bombing altitude of 28,000 ft. But just

as they were throwing a lot of flak up at us, and we were ready to drop, the major who was leading the group screwed things up and led us off course before we dropped (before anyone did). Then he led us through every flak area in the neighborhood. We went to the first alternate target and made a run on that. We broke our run just at the last minute (after taking all the flak they could throw up). Then we flew through a few more flak areas. Finally, we came to our second alternate which we finally bombed. The name of that town was Kapfenburg. Lt Swain didn't see the leader drop his bombs so he dropped his bombs almost two minutes late. After the run, we became separated from all the other ships, and started home alone. On the way, we joined up with two other strays (one with one prop feathered). That was a very rough mission. We ran into a lot of flak and it was very accurate "tracking" flak. That major really screwed things up and led us into a lot of unnecessary flak (those flak gunners were really checked out on those guns).

On Nov. 7, 1944, there was a big parade at group and the 99th Group was formally presented with a Presidential citation for good work prior to the Ploesti raids. I didn't go to the ceremony because I had flown a mission the day before, and then guard duty all that nite. On Tues., Nov. 14, I found that I made "buck" sergeant on Oct. 17, 1944.

On Nov 17, 1944, we took off for Brux with a load of twelve 500-lb bombs. We took off at 6:50 a.m. We landed at 3:25. Our bombing altitude was briefed as 27,000. We ran short of gas so we went to the first alternate, Salzburg, Germany, from 27,000 ft. Flak was light. We had P-51s for escort. We were flying ship 492 and had trouble with no. 2 engine trying to run away the whole way up, so right after coming off the target, Bridston feathered no. 2 and we came back that way. At Salzburg we bombed marshaling yards.

On Nov. 18, we flew again. Ship 110 today. This time our target was Vienna, Austria. We were after an oil refinery. We bombed by P.F.F. from 24,000. The flak was intense. We had 38s for escort. On the way up we were flying over the Udine area (just before entering the fatherland) when they threw up a lot of very close flak. We weren't expecting it because intelligence didn't know about it. I had flown over that area before and not run into flak. We were only at 18,000 ft too! rough!

On Nov 19, we took off at 8:50 to bomb an important railroad bridge at Ferraro in northern Italy. We had no escort. Our load was six 1000-lb bombs. When we got to within about 10 minutes from the target, we turned around and came back as the weather was not satisfactory. (Our bombing had to be visual that day.) We didn't drop our bombs so we got no mission credit for that day's flying. On Nov. 20, we spent 8 hours and 10 minutes in the air on a mission to bomb some marshaling yards, at Blechammer, Germany. Because of an undercast, we turned back and bombed the marshaling yard at Brono, Germany. That was the 3rd alternate for the day and we encountered no flak. My heated shoes were working poorly and I almost froze my feet.

On Thurs., Nov 23, we really had a good Thanksgiving dinner; turkey, cranberries, and all the rest.

On Nov. 28, Mon., we had a 4:00 H-hour to go to Brux, but after we had all the engines started and were ready to go it came over the command set that our mission was "scrubbed."

On Sat, Dec 2, we got up at 3:45 for a mission to Blechammer. We took off at 7:05 with twelve 500-lb bombs. We encountered no flak on the way up, but they threw intense flak right behind us over the target. The bombing was P.F.F. from 26,000 ft because of haze. I saw a number of smoke columns near the target area but couldn't tell whether they were bombs or smoke pots. I was in the ball about 5 1/2 hours and my knees really got sore. I had my suit all the way on despite the fact that we were briefed for 38° below. We landed at 4:05 and were really tired. Hawk didn't fly.

Awarded the Air Medal on Dec. 1, 1944. On Dec 3, I found out that I (all four of us) made Staff Sergeant as of Dec. 1, 1944 on special order number 317. On Tues., Dec 5, our crew was up for stand-by on a 7-ship formation mission to Linz. When we had #1 engine started, word came over the command set that our mission had been cancelled. We were in 074. Our crew had been assigned 074 and we were to be responsible for cleaning the ship and guns, and were (as often as possible) to use that ship when flying. The ship is an old

G with opposite waist windows, etc. On Wed., Dec 6, we were again up for stand-by. This time there were two plans (flight): the red plan which was our eight o'clock take-off for Brux, and a blue plan which was to be a 10:00 take-off for Brod, Yugoslavia (a railroad bridge). Then they changed everything, had a second briefing and started everybody for Brod. On the first setup, we were to be stand-by for both plans. After the second briefing, we were to fly as stand-by, but fly as extra if nobody dropped out. We took off at about 11:33 and landed at about 3:15. We dropped no bombs and got no credit.

Thurs., Dec. 7, was non-op. Fri. we were up for a mission to Yugoslavia. We got out over the Adriatic and then turned back because of weather. On Sat., Dec. 9, we were up for a mission to Brux, but again we were called back because of weather just before we got to the coast below the Udine area. On Sunday, Dec. 10, we again started to Brux, but got called back because of weather at about the same place as Sat. We hit some really bad weather. We found out that day that we had been given credit for the Ferraro bridge mission. That made me 7.

Mon., Dec. 11, we had a 4:20 H-hour. We took off at 7:35 and went to an oil refinery located about 20 miles from Vienna, Austria, which we bombed from 25,000 ft. (Moosbierbaum was name of oil refinery we were after.) It was about 40°c below zero. It was a visual run, but had a smoke screen over the target. I could see bombs hit and it looked to me like a good hit, but I couldn't be sure. Those flak-gunners could really see us today and they laid that old flak up close. It was close enough to jar the ship and close enough for us to hear it. Then about 30 minutes after we got away from the target, we passed beside a town, Gyor, that we knew had flak. Because of that we went beside it, but they had foxed us and moved the guns away from the town and we flew right over the guns. They really put it up there too. Again we could hear it and it threw the ship around. When we landed we found about 15 flak holes in the ship. Some were the size of a nickel and some the size of a loaf of bread. We had hits in each wing (one in the gas tank between engines 3 and 4), in the rudder, in the radio room, and one piece came in the nose (plexiglass), broke one control handle off the chin-turret, passed over Swain's shoulder and hit Hawbaker in the arm. It didn't enter the arm but hit hard enough to make a black and blue spot. That was a pretty rough mission. A couple of times my mask iced up so much that I couldn't get enough air. I pinched the ice out and then it was O.K. My right insert wasn't working well and my right foot really got cold. That was number 8 for me.

HAW BAKER

On Dec. 18, Segal flew with another crew to Blechammer. On the way back, after losing their escort over the target, they were jumped by fighters (FW-190s). The fighters shot down one '17 from the 99th and one ship had to head for Russia. One 190 came in and just sat about 50 yds behind the tail and a little higher than the tail fin. He sat there for about 5 minutes. Some fool in Segal's ship (tail he thinks) called it off as an F6F. Then Segal got up to look and got off about 5 rounds before his gun jammed. Then the '190 peeled off. Nobody knocked him down and he should have been dead about 5 times!

The officers of our crew were at Capri (rest camp) from Dec. 13 to Dec. 20. On Dec. 20, we enlisted men and four different officers took off at about 7:45 for Brux. However, because of weather, we had to bomb Linz, an alternate. We had to bomb by P.F.F. because there was a cloud over the target. On the way back, about 1/2 hour from the target, we ran into some unbriefed flak. The boys all had their flak suits off. One shot burst right beside the waist; and it ripped one big hole about 8 inches by 3 inches right beside Mac's head. Another big hole was ripped out right between his legs at knee height. There were about 10 holes in the waist and tail section. Mac picked pieces of aluminum from the skin of the ship out of his heated suit and one piece the size of a dime cut through one of my shoes that was tied to my 'chute and lying beside the ball. We landed at about 3:02.

On Dec. 22, we made an H-hour for Brux, but didn't get off the ground because of weather. That day, I also got a shot for cholera and one for typhus. On Dec. 23, and 24, we had H-hours for Brux, but both missions were cancelled before we got off the ground. Christmas Eve was spent in the tent. We had a regular, ordinary meal for supper. We did nothing out of the ordinary. Steve had a small radio made out of a crystal and an antenna and a pair of headsets. He listened to some music, but I didn't even hear a carol all day or nite. It just didn't seem like Christmas so we didn't mind the fact that there were no festivities. It was just like any other day.

On Dec. 25, we had H-hour at 3:40 for Brux. We took off at about 7:15 and reached the target at about 12:00 at 28,000 ft. (Fitzpatrick for radio; Segal grounded, visual run.) It was about 46° below 0, and really felt cold. We dropped ten 500-lb bombs on an oil refinery, and I could see the bombs go off, but not clearly because of a smoke screen. We did hit the target, however. Flak was moderate and not too close. We did, however, get one fair-sized hole in the left wing tip (ship 074 again). I thought I felt something hit the ball, but I guess it was imagination. That was my 10th mission and we got back at about 4:00. That morning, on the way to the line, the truck slid across the road into the ditch. I was on the last seat on the far side and because the floor was so muddy I shot across it and landed on hands and feet in the ditch full of water. That made me very happy! I was covered with mud. For supper that nite, we had our Christmas dinner. We had turkey, dressing, mashed potatoes, gravy, cauliflower, cranberries, raisin and apple pie, fruit cocktail, coffee with real cream and sugar, biscuits and afterwards, there were oranges, tangerines, apples, and figs. (On Christmas Eve I got a long card from Fern Behling and a V-mail from Paul. No mail-call the 25th.)

On Dec. 26, we had an H-hour at 4:50 for Blechammer south. We took off at 7:55 with ten 500-lb bombs. (Segal still grounded so Gallagher flew radio. Ship 492.) We made a visual run at about 12:18 from 27,500. It was about 45° below 0. We landed at about 3:45. Just after we left the target, Brown called off a ship on fire. It was trailing the 346th a little and just a little way off our right wing. It was too high for me to see. They said one guy bailed out, but I never saw him. In a couple of minutes, the fire seemed to be out, but all of a sudden the ship peeled off toward 2:30. It fell about 1500 ft and then made about 1/2 turn of a spin and then blew up about by the ball. Pieces flew all over, and one chute suddenly appeared among them. I didn't see any more, ^{open} although I watched as long as I could see that far. When it blew up, the wing (it seemed to be burning about where the radio room is) tumbled down, twisting over and over, and the back of the fuselage (that which didn't get blown to bits) fell by itself.

We had Dec. 27th off and did we sleep. Hawkins had to fly tail for Maj Seward.

Today, Fri. Jan 5, 1945, we had a 4:30 H-hour for a mission to one of two places. We were going either to Brod or Zagreb, Yugoslavia. The mission was cancelled before we got off the ground. About 1:00 today, the radio man and tail gunner from the crew of 110 that headed for Russia on Dec. 18, 1944, came into the tent. They told us that they had 2 engines shot out by flak over the target that day (Dec. 18) and fell out of the formation and were then jumped by four FW-190s. They hit the ball gunner (Harry Austin) in the leg (ripped it to ribbons in the thigh) with a 20mm shell. The ship headed for Russia. Harry was in the ball about 10 minutes after he was hit while the boys were shooting at fighters (right waist got 1). When pulled out, he was half unconscious and the blood had frozen so it wasn't bleeding anymore. Just a little way inside the Russian lines, two fighters (either 109s or Russian Yaks) shot heck out of them again (the boys had jettisoned all their guns). They had to bail so they tied a rope to rip cord of Harry's 'chute and he crawled out the door. His 'chute never opened, however, and Harry was smashed to bits when he hit. Everybody else got out O.K. except pilot and co-pilot. The ship was still flying at the same altitude (1000 ft) the last the boys saw of it and they've not heard from or about those two since then. Well, since I've been in this squadron, two guys have been killed: both by 20mm in the ball turret. Looks good doesn't it! It's still the safest spot in the ship, I think! I'm not worried! (Or am I?) The only thing that has scared me so far is the cold. My next tour is going to be in low or medium altitude ships if I can wrangle it. This high stuff is for the birds!

On Jan. 5 and Jan. 6, we made H-hours. On Jan. 7 we made another one and the rest of the ships made a mission, but we couldn't take off because of engine failure. That was in our new ship 683 too. On Jan. 9, we had another H-hour and from then on the boys (officers and

Hawkins, Roberts, & Mac, made H-hours each day 'till Jan 15 when they finally made a mission (a milk-run) to Vienna. For once, they had very little flak over Vienna. I guess the Russians are so close that they're moving the guns away from Vienna. Brown, Segal, and I were grounded because of colds.

On Jan. 16, we had a gunnery mission. I didn't put the ^{GUNS} ~~balls~~ in the ball or fire a shot and Bridston got mad. The next day Drone gave a couple of us a direct order to get a haircut. That stuff is O.K. back in the States, but there is no need for it over here. It really made us all mad and for several days now we haven't been speaking to them.

This is Jan. 20 and I've still got quite a cold. I surely wish I could get rid of it. On Jan. 22, we had an H-hour (3:55) but the mission was cancelled when we got to the ships. The other guys made the H-hour; I was on the loading list, but the nite before I got a kink in the back and it was still so sore in the morning that they had to get a replacement for me. On Jan. 23, the other guys made another H-hour. I was still grounded. Jan. 24 was non-op and in the evening I was put back on flying status and the guy who had replaced me was grounded so I went onto the loading list in my regular spot. On Jan. 25, we stood another H-hour and in the afternoon we had a practice mission at 20,000 ft. On Jan. 26, we stood another H-hour and took off at the briefed time, but for a practice mission as the regular mission had been cancelled. On Jan. 27 and 28 we made two more H-hours, but on the 28th the mission was cancelled just as we were about to leave the tent for breakfast. On Jan. 29, we stood another H-hour. On Jan 30, we were to have a 4:15 H-hour, but the siren never blew so we stayed in the sack. The last 3 or 4 of these H-hours when the navigator briefed us, he gave the temperature at our altitude (around 29,000 ft) as -60° or more. I'm glad we didn't fly! On Jan. 31, we finally got a mission. H-hour was 4:20. We took off at about 7:45. Our target was the Moosbierbaum oil (synthetic) refinery near Vienna. We went in at about 29,000 ft. Temp was about 40° below. (Kornacki was bombardier because we now fly second element lead and Swain, ~~because of his actions~~, has not been checked out as being able to take over if the squadron bombardier is unable to bomb). We dropped our bombs, rallied off the target without a single burst of flak, and then I looked back and saw the second wave over the target. They were really getting a lot of flak! I spent only about 2 hours in the ball. We landed at about 15:35 (3:35). That was 12 for me, and a real milk-run, especially as the target was Vienna. That nite, when we got back, we got paid. I got \$16.30. \$150.00 was the allotment to go home. That nite, Bridston talked operations out of a 3-day pass for all of us enlisted men. The other guys left the next morning for Bari. They got back Feb. 3. I spent the 3 days lying around, writing letters and reading. (The following is out of chronological order because I forgot to write it up at the right time.) On orders dated Dec. 1 I was awarded the air medal. It is a routine award and nothing exceptional. Everybody gets it (in this area) for completing five sorties.

On Tues., Feb. 6 we made an H-hour but the mission was cancelled. On Wed., Feb 7, we made a 6:10 H-hour. We took off at 9:20 with twelve 500 lbers for Vienna. Our target was the oil refinery on the edge of Vienna, Lobeau Oil Refinery. We went in at 30,000 (about 1,500 ft ~~about 1,500 ft~~ briefed altitude). The run was visual (clear as a bell except for a little smoke). We had been having trouble keeping up with the squadron because one engine was running, but not pulling anything. Just after crossing the "bomb line" (Russian-German front line east of which we can't bomb) on the way to Vienna, we dropped 2 bombs to try to keep up. It didn't help too much and we had to leave our bomb bay doors shut a couple of minutes longer than the others on the bomb run to try and catch up. We all made one run over the target, but for some reason, no bombs were dropped. We got quite a bit of flak close. We turned off and started another run. One of the wing ships dropped all of his bombs before we got to the target (I don't know why) on that run, and when Swain saw them go he hit the switch to drop ours, but only 5 went out. On this run, I was quite sure we didn't go over the target, but everybody dropped his bombs. Ours were causing trouble, but Swain finally got the last five out late. Just before we rallied off, a flak gunner was tracking us. Each burst was closer than before (coming right up behind us). Hawk and I were watching them. Finally, we peeled off, but not before the last one put a hole in the tail. I'd hate to have been in the tail if we had stayed there another minute. Our oxygen was so low because Brown accidentally turned on his emergency valve without knowing it just after we got on oxygen that the pilot and navigator (only their systems and Brown's turret system were low) had to use walk around bottles for a long time on the way back. Almost as soon as we got off the target, Hawk came up to the radio room to get weight out of the tail as we were low on gas. As we had a camera man in there too, I had to stay in the ball 'till we got down to 12,000 as that was the only oxygen system for me. We got back O.K. and landed at 4:35. Then we found a hole in the left wing and Tokyo tank so a new wing was needed on 683. That's the second wing change in 6 missions for that ship. that was my 13th one.

On Thurs., Feb. 8, two ships, 071 and 691, collided at the I.P. and both started down. The last seen, they were still going down spinning. Lt Reid and ~~new (new) (sic) and~~ Lt Theobald were in one ship and Lt Schuld and Maj Sumerall were in the other. The Maj was new here; it was his second mission. He was to be C.O. when Seward gets through, but now he's gone. Lt Reid's crew had a little pup so we took him. He's a cute little rascal! He's so fat he can hardly move.

On Feb. 15, we had a 4:45 H-hour. We took off at about 9:10 for the south freight yard of Vienna. Maj Seward was to lead the squadron, but couldn't take off so we took over as sqd. lead. We had ten 500-lb bombs and went in at 29,800. (Flew 683.) We missed the target by several miles we found out later. (We bombed by P.F.F) We got quite a bit of flak and got 6 small holes. It wasn't too cold, but we had a camera man and he caused me a little discomfort by using the only spare heated suit rheostat in the radio room and I had to get into the ball to keep warm. We got back and landed about 3:45.

On the next day, Feb. 16, I flew with a mixed crew. The officers were Lt Templeton (pilot), and his officers. We took off at about _____ with sixteen 250s, to hit the ME-262 (jet-propelled) factory, test field, and operating field at Lechfeld (about 36 miles out of Munich). (Flew 380.) It was clear all the way up, but the target was covered over (we had to bomb that target only visually so we looked for a "target of opportunity." We bombed the fighter field of Landsberg from 24,000 ft. We bombed visually and really hit the target. Intelligence told us later that we "leveled" the target. We got no flak and had no trouble. We landed at about _____.

On Feb. 16, Segal went to the hospital in town at 12:00 and had an operation for appendicitis at about 1:45.

On Feb. 18, we had a mission to Linz. We took off at about 7:45 with twelve 500s for the south marshalling yard of Linz. (Flew 683.) Brown threw out a can of urine that came back and covered the window of the ball with ice so I couldn't see anything. I got out long before we got to the target as it was too cold in the ball. When we got to the I.P. I got in the ball and stayed there, 'till we were off the bomb run, to be protected from flak; it was very light, however. We bombed by P.F.F. from 27,000. On the way back, we went up to 28,000 to avoid some weather (we flew about 1/2 the mission in a hazy cloud; we could hardly see our wing-men), and up there the temp. dropped to -50° and of all times, my right electric shoe went out. I almost but not quite, froze that foot before we got down low. We got back O.K. and landed at about 3:50. Our radio-man was Hartley. That made number 16 for me. I had a very slight case of the bends in my right knee today and when I got down, it still felt stiff. When I went to bed, I noticed that it was swollen and full of liquid again, like the time I had it drained at Scott Field. The next day I went up and had the Capt (Doc) take a look at it. He wrapped it up and said to let him see it once in a while.

On Feb. 22, we had a 4:50 H-hour. We took off at 8:25 with twelve 500s. Our target was a marshalling yard at Lindaw, a little town on the eastern end of Lake Constance. (Flew 683.) We were to cross the Alps at 17,000 and then go down to 14,000 over the target. The 8th, 9th, 12th, and 15th Air Forces were all coordinating to try to disrupt communications in southern and western Germany by knocking out almost all of the marshalling yards. Knowing we were going in so low, we (our crew) got the pilot's permission to try a little strafing if we got a chance. Everything went O.K. 'till we got to the target; it was covered by an undercast. So we flew around up there for a while and then headed for an alternate, but it too was covered so we started back looking for a target of opportunity. We found. and bombed from 25,600 ft, a bridge (railroad) at Maniago, Italy. We really hit that bridge! We had a very good bomb pattern on the middle of the bridge. We came on back and landed at 4:25. I saw more planes in the air that day than I've ever seen at one time; there were 17s and 24s and 51s and 38s all over the sky! The 346th, and 347th squadrons (in our group with us and the 348th) were after a different target from ours that day, and got jumped by fighters. Several guys were hit, but all of the ships got back. That was 17 for me.

On Feb. 24 I made another mission. Brown flew with Templeton's crew and I flew with Lt Kanes crew. We took off at about 8:45 for a marshalling yard at Verona in northern Italy. We got there and found it clouded over so we went on up, Graz and bombed another marshalling yard. We really hit both ends of the yard so anyone behind us could really get what was trapped in the middle. I had traded in my heated suit that morning for a different kind (F-3). It's a pretty good suit, but my left knee and my tail really got cold from touching the cold metal. My interphone was frozen and was out (45° below) most of the time at altitude. Once they called for an oxygen check and my interphone was out so I didn't know it. All of a sudden, my power went off and they cranked me up. They thought I had passed out and they really scared me when they shut off my power! Brown saw lots of flak bursting very near my ball, over the target, and was worried about me, but I didn't even see it as I was watching the bombs go down and I saw them really hit! We were at 26,500. Graz wasn't even one of our alternates for the day; they were all covered. We had twelve 500s. I flew 673. We landed at about 3:30.

This is Jan. 20 and I've still got quite a cold. I surely wish I could get rid of it. On Jan. 22, we had an H-hour (3:55) but the mission was cancelled when we got to the ships. The other guys made the H-hour; I was on the loading list, but the nite before I got a kink in the back and it was still so sore in the morning that they had to get a replacement for me. On Jan. 23, the other guys made another H-hour. I was still grounded. Jan. 24 was non-op and in the evening I was put back on flying status and the guy who had replaced me was grounded so I went onto the loading list in my regular spot. On Jan. 25, we stood another H-hour and in the afternoon we had a practice mission at 20,000 ft. On Jan. 26, we stood another H-hour and took off at the briefed time, but for a practice mission as the regular mission had been cancelled. On Jan. 27 and 28 we made two more H-hours, but on the 28th the mission was cancelled just as we were about to leave the tent for breakfast. On Jan. 29, we stood another H-hour. On Jan 30, we were to have a 4:15 H-hour, but the siren never blew so we stayed in the sack. The last 3 or 4 of these H-hours when the navigator briefed us, he gave the temperature at our altitude (around 29,000 ft) as -60° or more. I'm glad we didn't fly! On Jan. 31, we finally got a mission. H-hour was 4:20. We took off at about 7:45. Our target was the Moosbierbaum oil (synthetic) refinery near Vienna. We went in at about 29,000 ft. Temp was about 40° below. (Kornacki was bombardier because we now fly second element lead and Swain, ~~because of his actions~~, has not been checked out as being able to take over if the squadron bombardier is unable to bomb). We dropped our bombs, rallied off the target without a single burst of flak, and then I looked back and saw the second wave over the target. They were really getting a lot of flak! I spent only about 2 hours in the ball. We landed at about 15:35 (3:35). That was 12 for me, and a real milk-run, especially as the target was Vienna. That nite, when we got back, we got paid. I got \$16.30. \$150.00 was the allotment to go home. That nite, Bridston talked operations out of a 3-day pass for all of us enlisted men. The other guys left the next morning for Bari. They got back Feb. 3. I spent the 3 days lying around, writing letters and reading. (The following is out of chronological order because I forgot to write it up at the right time.) On orders dated Dec. 1 I was awarded the air medal. It is a routine award and nothing exceptional. Everybody gets it (in this area) for completing five sorties.

On Tues., Feb. 6 we made an H-hour but the mission was cancelled. On Wed., Feb 7, we made a 6:10 H-hour. We took off at 9:20 with twelve 500 lbbers for Vienna. Our target was the oil refinery on the edge of Vienna, Lobeau Oil Refinery. We went in at 30,000 (about 1,500 ft ~~about 1,500 ft~~ briefed altitude). The run was visual (clear as a bell except for a little smoke). We had been having trouble keeping up with the squadron because one engine was running, but not pulling anything. Just after crossing the "bomb line" (Russian-German front line east of which we can't bomb) on the way to Vienna, we dropped 2 bombs to try to keep up. It didn't help too much and we had to leave our bomb bay doors shut a couple of minutes longer than the others on the bomb run to try and catch up. We all made one run over the target, but for some reason, no bombs were dropped. We got quite a bit of flak close. We turned off and started another run. One of the wing ships dropped all of his bombs before we got to the target (I don't know why) on that run, and when Swain saw them go he hit the switch to drop ours, but only 5 went out. On this run, I was quite sure we didn't go over the target, but everybody dropped his bombs. Ours were causing trouble, but Swain finally got the last five out late. Just before we rallied off, a flak gunner was tracking us. Each burst was closer than before (coming right up behind us). Hawk and I were watching them. Finally, we peeled off, but not before the last one put a hole in the tail. I'd hate to have been in the tail if we had stayed there another minute. Our oxygen was so low because Brown accidentally turned on his emergency valve without knowing it just after we got on oxygen that the pilot and navigator (only their systems and Brown's turret system were low) had to use walk around bottles for a long time on the way back. Almost as soon as we got off the target, Hawk came up to the radio room to get weight out of the tail as we were low on gas. As we had a camera man in there too, I had to stay in the ball 'till we got down to 12,000 as that was the only oxygen system for me. We got back O.K. and landed at 4:35. Then we found a hole in the left wing and Tokyo tank so a new wing was needed on 683. That's the second wing change in 6 missions for that ship. that was my 13th one.

On Thurs., Feb. 8, two ships, 071 and 691, collided at the I.P. and both started down. The last seen, they were still going down spinning. Lt Reid and ~~new (new) (sic) and~~ Lt Theobald were in one ship and Lt Schuld and Maj Sumerall were in the other. The Maj was new here; it was his second mission. He was to be C.O. when Seward gets through, but now he's gone. Lt Reid's crew had a little pup so we took him. He's a cute little rascal! He's so fat he can hardly move.

On Feb. 15, we had a 4:45 H-hour. We took off at about 9:10 for the south freight yard of Vienna. Maj Seward was to lead the squadron, but couldn't take off so we took over as sqd. lead. We had ten 500-lb bombs and went in at 29,800. (Flew 683.) We missed the target by several miles we found out later. (We bombed by P.F.F) We got quite a bit of flak and got 6 small holes. It wasn't too cold, but we had a camera man and he caused me a little discomfort by using the only spare heated suit rheostat in the radio room and I had to get into the ball to keep warm. We got back and landed about 3:45.

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On Feb. 25, we took off at 8:20 with twelve 500s in 694 for a marshalling yard at Linz, Austria. We went in at 23,000 ft (30° below; a nice warm day for a change). We got a lot of flak and it was really close, but we only got 4 small holes. Some other ships in other squadrons of our group got shot up pretty badly and some guys got hit hard. I watched the bombs go down and hit right where they were supposed to! They tried to put up a smoke screen, but they were too late. We really hit the old target again. On the way up, we passed close to Munich. There were 17s from the 8th over the city and there was "Beau coup" flak up over the target. There was also some stuff that I had never seen before. They say it was rockets being shot up from the ground. There'd be a white streak going up, then a black puff and then a bunch of wavy black lines going back down. We came back O.K. and landed at 3:05. That was 19.

On Wed. Feb 28, we got paid; I got \$16.30. At about 11:00 we took off for Naples. (Brown, Roberts, Hawkins, Mac, and myself), on the rest-camp ship. We got to the Naples airport at about 11:30 and went by truck to the harbor. We left on a boat at about 2:00 and got to Capri at 4:10. We were assigned a room (all 5 of us in one room) in an annex to the main Em. Hotel, the Pagano Vittorio. We had chow and then went out to look the town over, and have a few drinks. The next morning, I slept late and in the afternoon, all five of us went fishing with a guide. We had no luck but found a couple of star fish. That nite, we didn't find much to do. The next morning, we got up at about 8:00, had breakfast, and then the rest of the guys went fishing and I went to see the Blue Grotto. It's a cave with a water floor. The wall on one side extends only a few feet below the surface and the light comes into the cave in that way, making the water all through the cave glow like phosphorous. Very nice! (It was a boat trip and took about 3 hours. I bought 3 necklaces and 2 bracelets at a floating gift shop on way to cave.) In the afternoon, we just fooled around and that nite we went to a dance at the Monzano hotel. There were Red Cross girls, WACs and Italian girls, and far too many GIs. The next morning, we fooled around and in the afternoon Hawk and Mac and I went to see an old monastery (the Certosa) built in 1374 by the Carthusian monks. A priest showed us through it. He was a jolly guy (33 years old). He bummed a cigarette from one of the guys as we left, and another one asked me for a stick of gum. Gum, candy, and cigarettes were worth more than money on the island. We visited the Terrace and Valentino clubs (Red Cross clubs) and got ice cream there later on. That nite, we went to a movie. Sunday morning, I went to church in an old chapel built by some Germans. Chaplain was a Lt Col. In the afternoon, we just fooled around. Sunday nite, there was another dance. Monday morning, we went to see Tiberius castle ruins with a guide. (Walked to castle.) We had a "water guide," and the land guides were mad at him for taking some of their business. Monday afternoon, we went by horse carriage to see Anacapri (a town at the other end of the island) and the Chapel of San Michel, and everything else on that part of the island. We also saw some of the houses (vacation houses) of Italian big-shots and others. We saw, among others, houses of Mussolini and Ginger Rogers. That nite, we went to a movie. Tuesday morning, we fooled around and did some shopping. That afternoon and evening we went to shows. Chow was very good and we had all we could eat. Italian waiters served the meals by courses, and girls served coffee. The dining hall was ⁱⁿ the basement of the Em. Hotel. An orchestra played during each meal and the head waiter wore tails. We ate from regular dishes at tables seating four people. Typical meals were: Breakfast--fruit juice, hot cereal, fried eggs, bacon and toast and coffee. Lunch--a tomato and cheese appetiser, then a good hot dish and salad and bread and jelly and tea, then pudding for dessert. Dinner--soup, then meat, potatoes, vegetables, bread and butter, and coffee, then pie for dessert. The island was a very nice place, I had a very good time and hated to leave. All of my expenses (guides, souvenirs, tips, etc.) came to about \$110.00. That was a lot, but it was worth it. On Wednesday morning, we left the island at about 9:00. We got to Naples about 11:00 and left there about 4:30 (pilot was late). We got back here at about 5:15 and that was the end of rest camp!

On Friday, March 9, we got up at 5:30 and took off at 10:35 for a mission to Bruck, Austria. We had twelve 500s and were to bomb the marshalling yard from 27,500. We had to bomb the primary or one of the alternates only visually. Everything was covered so we flew around up there for a while (45° below) and then came on back and landed with our bombs at 5:00. We saw no flak or fighters. We did get credit for the mission. That was 20 for me.

On March 12, we got up at 4:15 and took off at 8:20. We bombed the Floreadorf Oil Refinery at Vienna with twelve 500s from 26,000 ft by P.F.F. There was a lot of flak, but it was very inaccurate, especially for Vienna. My interphone was out half the time today, and they cranked me out again when I missed an oxygen check. It was quite warm today, but my right shoe caused a lot of trouble. All of us (Em) except Brown (grounded) flew with mixed officers. Warner was pilot. We came back O.K. and landed at 3:00. That was number 21.

On March 13, I had another mission. Steve and I flew with a mixed crew and Hawk, Mac, and Roberts flew in Sqd. lead ship. We took off at 9:15 with twelve 500s and went over the marshalling yards at Regensberg at 25,000. We had a very long bomb run and finally dropped the bombs. I didn't see a single burst of flak all day and neither did anybody else. It was pretty warm up there for a change. We got back O.K. and landed at 4:25. When I got back to the tent, up walked Lt Bridston and Lt Delbert Ryland. I had sent a note into the Foggia officers club about 2 days before to have Ryland look me up if he was stationed near here. He is in 95th Sqd. of the 82nd Gp, about 4 miles out of Foggia, so he came over. He's flying a P-38. Lt Bridston checked out as Sqd lead today.

On March 16, we made an H-hour and took off for a mission to the Floridsdorf Oil Refinery at Vienna. Our number 4 engine started throwing oil and we had to turn back at the head of the Adriatic. The boys went on and really go the heck shot out of them. The next two days we stood H-hours and then on March 19 we (Brown, Segal, and Roberts were grounded) Made a 3:50 H-hour and took off at 9:35 with ten 500s. We went in and bombed the marshalling yard at Landshut, Germany, from 17,000 ft. There was absolutely no flak on the whole mission and we really hit the target. It was nice and warm for a change, 22° below. We came back O.K. and landed at 5:30. That was 23.

On March 21, Steve, Mac, Roberts, Hawk and I took off at 7:40 with four 1000s. We went in and bombed (P.F.F.) the Kag Ran (Kag Ran is on edge of Vienna) Oil Refinery from 30,000 ft. It was 50° or more below and really cold. We got lots of flak and it was really accurate. We got small holes in both wings, tail and bomb bays. Cade was pilot; his last mission and he really had trouble with 3 engines. We came back O.K. and landed at 3:05. That was 24.

March 20, we went to Foggia and had our pictures taken (singly).

On March 24, 1945, the 15th Air Force hit Berlin for the first time in its history. Our Group and squadron went along and the boys really hit their target, a tank factory, with their five 1000s. There was flak, but not too much or too accurate over the target. They were jumped by ME-262s (jets) and 190s on the bomb run; no bombers went down and only one jet was accounted for. None of our crew was on the mission.

On March 26, we had a 4:25 H-hour. Brown flew as waist gunner on another ship (lead) and Steve, Mac, Hawk, Roberts, and I were on 683 with Capt Martin. We took off at about 7:45 with thirty-eight 1000s. I flew tail and Hawk flew ball; he wanted to see the bombs hit once. We went in at 18,000 (4,000 below briefed alt.) and bombed a marshalling yard full of rolling stock at Weiner-Neustadt, a little south of Vienna. There was no flak and we made it all O.K. I didn't wear a flak suit this time either. We came on back O.K. and landed at 1:25. A really good E.T.A.!!

On Tues., Apr. 3 we had a 5:15 H-hour, but the mission was cancelled. At 11:00 we had a meeting and were told that all crews were assigned to a flight (A B C D). Bridston is part-time leader of D flight and also group lead for the C.O. of our squadron (Lt Colonel Anderson). He flies a "mickey" ship all the time so I was put on Lt Kemple's crew (wingman in A flight). Up until about 1/1/2 weeks ago, I was ahead of all the E.M. on our crew in the number of missions, but then they flew several missions in "mickey" ships and I stayed on the ground so now Mac, Roberts, and Hawk have 26 (I have 25), Brown has 21, and Steve has 20. I'm ahead of all the officers except ~~Hawk~~ the navigator. *Hawk BAKER*

On Tues. April 3, 1945, and Wed., April 4, we made H-hours, but the missions were cancelled. Brown, Steve, Mac, Hawk and Roberts were flying sqd. lead with Capt Escott. I was ball-man on my new crew, Kemple's. On Thurs., April 5, we got the mission in. We took off at 8:20 (I flew in 015) with 3600 lbs of frags. We bombed (visually) a fighter airfield in the Udine area, at the head of the Adriatic, from about 26,000. The bomb explosions were so small I couldn't see where they hit. There was very little flak and only one ship in the sqd. got hit (horizontal stabilizer). We came on back O.K. and landed at 2:20. That was 26 for me.

On Sat., April 7, we made a 5:45 H-hour. We took off at 8:55 in 380 with six 1000s. We went over our target area at 29,000 but it was covered by clouds so we made several 360s and then (no flak) we headed for an alternate, but couldn't see that either, so we came on back and landed, with our bombs, at about 3:50. Our target was a railroad bridge. It is between Verona and the Brenner pass. The mission counted and gave me 27.

On Sun., April 8, we (Kemple's crew) made an H-hour as standby. We took off at 8:35 and turned back at the head of the Adriatic as nobody fell out of the formation. We came back and landed at 12:00. On Mon., April 9, we had the latest H-hour this sqd. has had since we got here; it was 7:00. The officers took a long time at briefing and when they came they said our target was top secret and the rest of us (radio too) would not be briefed. We took off at 11:00 with 2400, instead of the usual 2700 gals. of gas and 3600 lbs of frags. We went up the Adriatic parallel with the Italian coast. At 20,000 ft., we turned over the land and crossed the front lines (just a couple of miles inland; the British hold the coast where we crossed). The front line was very clearly marked by big white "I"s and a big red "F" and lots of red flares. We dropped our bombs on a definite area (open country where there was supposed to be a big concentration of enemy troops and military installations, just a couple of hundred yards across the line. Then we rallied and came back home. We saw some "friendly" flak near the target that was sent up, to help guide us, by the British. We also saw some flak that was close and "unfriendly." I saw one ship leave the formation smoking badly. We landed O.K. at 4:05.

(683 ship) We dropped our bombs at 14:10 and when we landed the navigator told us that a big offensive was to start at 15:20. We were trying to "pave the way" for the boys on the ground, and if the Germans were where we were told they would be, we did a good job because the photos shown at critique proved that we really hit where we were supposed to. That was 28.

On April 10, they had the same loading list as was used the previous day. (That was an air force order.) The H-hour was 4:50. The rest of the mission was the same as the previous day except that we bombed a little further behind the lines. On the way back, we heard a news broadcaster telling about it, and saying an offensive by ground forces was soon to follow. A bombardier in another squadron of our group got hit by flak today; they didn't have too much "unfriendly" flak up there today, but what was there was quite accurate. We had a Lt Colonel (flight surgeon) along today; he came just for the heck of it. On the way back, I helped him to get into and operate the ball; he got quite a kick out of it. We came back O.K. and landed at 1:05. Take-off was at 8:30. That gives me 29. The target for the day was called "apricot orchard" and was in the Imola area about 25 miles south of Bologna. The target for the second day was called "Charlie" area.

On April 12, I flew left waist in 388, lead ship of our sqd. The pilot was Capt Escott. It was my flight's day for replacement and that's how I happened to be up. H-hour was at 5:00 and we took off at 8:25 with twelve 500s. We went up over Italy and dropped our bombs from 23,500 at an ammunition dump on the outskirts of Venice. The bombardier thought he missed the target. There wasn't much flak (I didn't wear a flak suit) and I didn't see much of what there was as I was busy throwing out chaff. We came back part of the way over land and part way over the Adriatic. We landed O.K. at about 1:50. That made 30 for me.

On Sun., April 15, we had a 5:35 H-hour. We took off in 015 at 9:10 with thirty-four 100s. We went up across Italy (diagonally) to the Mediterranean coast and then inland at 19,000 ft. I saw a big + and a triangle with smoke-pots marking the front line. We went quite a way past the lines to the edge of Bologna. We bombed an ammunition dump and troop concentration on the very edge of town (I saw a few bombs over-shoot and hit some buildings on the edge). We were briefed for 7 flak guns, but there seemed to be too much flak for those few guns. The flak was very accurate. Today, for the first time, one burst close enough to the ball for me to hear it (in other positions of the ship it's easier to hear them; I have a little motor in the ball, right beside my head, that drowns out the sound of all but very close flak). We only got about 5 small holes, however. We came on back O.K. and landed at 3:55. Today's operations were top secret and 15 ships from our sqd. flew (two plans, red and blue). The blue plan hit a railroad bridge. That was 31 for me.

On Mon., April 16, they had the same loading list up and we took off at 8:55 with sixteen 250s. Went up the same way as the day before (ship 531). I again saw the big white cross and triangle on the ground, and found out they marked the I.P.; not the front, which was marked by a line of "friendly flak" down low. The weather was clear all the way up, but the target (Bologna again) was covered and the area right around it too. We started down the bomb run, but rallied off about 3 miles short of the target. We came on back with our bombs (there were no alternates) and landed O.K. at 2:20. We did get credit for a mission. That made 32 for me.

On Tues., April 17, the same loading list was up again. We took off at 9:20 with sixteen 250s. We went up the same way as previously and, as before, opened our bomb bay doors while still over the water. Each time we went there I saw more of the ground markings. We went in and bombed an ammo dump and took concentrations on the edge of Bologna from 19,000. The flak was slight and not accurate. The navigator had been complaining of a pain in the region of his appendix, so about fifteen minutes after bombs away we left the rest of the formation and went down low and came home alone. We got back and landed O.K. at 2:55, about 45 minutes before the rest of them. That was 33 for me. Balog and Telepak finished up today. They were armorer and navigator on my new crew.

On Sat., April 21, the group had the first personal inspection it had had since coming overseas. Then they had a review afterwards. I got out of that thank goodness! I flew. H-hour was 5:30. We took off in 789 at 8:45 with twelve 5000s. We passed through lots of bad weather, but got through O.K. and came to our target (the second alternate as the

others were covered) which was a marshalling yard named Alating Puchiem. We got to the place and found that it was already well hit. We flew over the target at 13,500 with our bomb-bays closed. We then made a 360 and repeated the performance the same way. Then we made another 360 and went over with our bomb-bays open. We still didn't drop our bombs, but made another 360 (thank goodness there was no flak) and finally dropped the bombs. I saw them hit. They missed the target about 2500 yds. ^{at (sic)} just about completely demolished a small town. Then we turned around and headed home. We landed O.K. at 3:35. We were lucky to get credit for that bungled job, but we did. That made 34; only one to go now.

~~HAWBAKER~~
Hawk, the navigator, finished up April 20. In case I've not written it before, Lt Bridston is now group lead (flying pilot for Col Anderson) and Asst. Operations Officer of our squadron. He had had the position since the first of the month.

On Mon. nite, April 23, Bridston made Capt. It was a good deal and I was glad to see him get it. Rather, it was Sun. nite, the 22nd that he made it.

On Mon., April 23, 1945, I flew my 35th sortie. We (Kemple's crew) took off at 7:55 with twelve 5000s in 015 (that was the 107th mission for that ship). We went up the Adriatic and crossed the coast to our left to come to our target. It was the Albaredo road bridge and is somewhere in northern Italy near Verona. We went in on our target at 24,000 and weren't bothered by any flak. I followed the bombs down and they did a good job on the bridge. Before we got too far away, the smoke had cleared and I saw that part of the bridge was missing. It was only -25° and really warm compared to some of the missions in Dec. and Jan. We came on back O.K. and landed (without flaps as one side wouldn't go down) O.K. at 1:50. That was number 35 and a real milk-run.

On Wed., April 25, Hawk and Dabney (radio-man on another crew) and I went out for a walk and shot up all the .45 ammo we had. It was a lot of fun. Hawk, Mac, and Roberts finished their missions the day after I did. Wed. morning, the four of us, and other guys who have finished lately, were sent down to 015 to have our pictures taken to be sent to the home-town papers.

On Sat., April 28 the group celebrated its 2nd year overseas. The 416th had a show troop from Bari that put on a 2-hour stage show. It was outside and the rain made us go inside for a few minutes in the middle of the show. There were four Italian girls, three Italian men, and two GIs. Considering the conditions, it was a good show. On Sat. morning, April 28, the orders of Mac, Hawk, Roberts, and myself went in to Group in preparation for going home. On Mon., April 30, 1945, we got paid. I again collected \$16.30. On Fri., May 4, Hawk, Roberts, Mac, and I, along with others, were briefed at group and on May 5 we left the Sqd. at about 9:30. Dean and Dick Brown were on the ship that flew us to Naples. Dick was co-pilot. When we landed, we were loaded into trucks and taken to Repple-depple #7 just outside Naples. While there (6 days), we turned in some clothing and equipment,

checked our records, had our money changed into US currency, and completed a few other formalities. On May 9, we had a small parade and a few speeches in honor of V-E day. On May 10 I was alerted for shipment for May 11. Hawk, Mac, and Roberts were not. While at Repple-depple (that stands for Repl. Depot) I pulled one detail; unloading trucks at P.X.

On May 10, I left the Repple-depple. We went by trucks through Naples to the water-front. At about 10:00 I went on board the transport, USS Mount Vernon. At about 4:00 that afternoon we set sail for the US. On the way, I saw the Rock of Gibraltar and the coasts of Spain and Africa. There were about 7,000 on board. I was in Compartment D-7, down low in the middle of the ship. No convoy, we were all alone the whole way. The chow was very good on board, and I had no duties at all. The first troops on board had K.P. and guard duty all the way across. The ride was smooth and very few got sick; I didn't. At about 4:00 p.m. on Sun., May 20, we docked at Long Island, N.Y. I saw the Statue of Liberty from a distance. Nothing spectacular! They started unloading at about 4:00 and I came off at about 10:00. As soon as we got off, Red Cross ladies gave us ice cream, cake, milk, and candy bars. Then we got on a big ferry that took us to the mainland. There, we got on a train that took us to Camp Kilmer, N.J. We got there at about 3:00 a.m. and at about 4:00 they had a full steak dinner for us in the mess hall. We were processed on Mon., May 21 and Tues. morning, at about 10:00, we left by troop train for Fort Sheridan, Ill. We got to Sheridan at about 3:00 p.m., Wed., May 23. We again processed and I found that I had 71 points toward my 85 necessary to get a discharge. However, one oak-leaf cluster had not been put on my records and a battle star for the Po valley was still coming through, so when I get them added to my records I'll have 81, just 4 short. On Thurs., May 24, I was given a partial payment of \$10.00 and also \$19.00 for meals while traveling. At about 3:00 we were given our furlough papers and left Fort Sheridan. My papers gave me until June 29 to report to Santa Ana, California. Seven days were to be considered travel-time and the rest furlough time. I spent Thurs. nite at ^{Alvins} in Evanston (Chicago) and left on the "400" the next day. I got home about 9:15 p.m., Fri., May 25. The box of souvenirs, etc. I mailed from the Sqd on May 1 got here May 31.

I had a very good time while home and was sorry to leave when the time came. I left home on a bus at 11:30 p.m. on June 25. I caught the 1:00 a.m. train from Eau Claire to Chicago. Paul Gregg was with me. We spent Tues. looking around town, and Tues. nite I had a date with Pat Houle, who, with other girls, was working in Chicago for the summer at Stoffer's. Then I went out to the Municipal Airport at about 3:30 a.m., Wed., the 27th. (While at home, I had tried to get train reservations from Chicago to L.A., but failed, so Tues. morning I had called the A.T.C. office at the airport and asked for a hop west. I had been told to come out and did so before ^{by} date with Pat. I was given (free) a ticket with "D" priority, and told I would leave Chicago at 4:55 a.m., Wed.) When I got there, that flight had been postponed because of weather and we finally took off at about 8:00. We landed at Sioux City, Iowa and I was "bumped" (with others) for two hours. Then we took off and had about a half hour lay-over at Denver, then one at Ogden, Utah, then at Hamilton Field, near 'Frisco, and finally landed about midnite at Stockton, California, just south of 'Frisco. We stayed there over-nite in barracks and took off the next morning for L.A. I landed at L.A. about noon on Thurs., June 28. I spent the nite in a hotel and went out to Santa Ana the next day. We stayed in the old cadet barracks. The chow was the best I ever had. We served ourselves "smorgasbord" style. There were always 3 or 4 salads, 3 or 4 vegetables, appetizers, soup, steak, or some other food meat, ice cream and cake, or pie (both) twice a day, cokes 3 times a day, rolls, milk, and butter. We could have as much of everything as we wanted. Really good. We had our records checked, got a physical (very thorough) had lectures and were classified. I came out of the records check with 2 oak-leaf clusters to the Air Medal (they wrote back for my 3rd) and 5 battle stars. They wouldn't count the 6 points for my reserve time as they did at Kilmer and Sheridan. I now had 75 points on my records and 5 coming. I was given my choice of jobs and chose clerk-typist. I asked to be stationed near Wisconsin. The sgt said he'd try to send me to Truax Field and went into another office to see if he could arrange it. When he came out he said I was going to Liberal, Kansas. Because of a shortage of permanent party, all of us had to pull one day of detail. Most of us were on K.P. I, however, got the store room job and did almost nothing all day. Most of what I did do was typing. I took a Red Cross

trip to Hollywood and saw the homes of many stars (Dick Powell, Will Powell, Charlie Chaplin, Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck, Wallace Beery, Maria Montez, Joan Fontaine, and many others). We also walked through the estate (Picfair) of Mary Pickford. We (about 20 boys and a guide) walked right through the middle of a small lawn party near her swimming pool (she wasn't in sight). Very nice place! We had free lunch in the Beverly Hills Hotel and later I had supper at Mike Lyman's restaurant. In the evening, I was a member of the studio audience for two radio broadcasts; they were Herbert Marshal in "A Man Called X" and the "Philip Morris Program" with Ginny Simms. Boy can she sing! I also visited the Bridstons at Pasadena. The pilot still wasn't back from Italy, but I talked with Mr. and Mrs. and daughter Margaret. They are Norsk Lutheran and nice homey people. Later, they drove me around to see the Rose Bowl and other sights. After supper, I went to church with Margaret, who is about 21 and a cadet nurse at Fairview Hospital in Minneapolis. She was home on vacation. When I was ready to leave, she drove me to the Union depot in L.A., where I got a bus for Santa Ana. I saw Dick Bryan the day before I left. Lt Hawbaker was still there and left the day before I did. He was going to the Air Corps Liaison section at Fort Snelling. I left on troop train (pullman) on Fri., July 13, and arrived at Liberal, Kansas (a town of about 4,000) about 7:00 Sun. nite, July 15.

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On Sep 2, I got a check, in the orderly room, for \$51.56 as part payment for Aug. On Sep 10, I stood Guard of Honor for a 2-star Chinese general. There were about 30 of us M.P.s in the guard. We stood at present arms while the band played the Chinese and then our anthems. Then we stood at attention and were inspected by the general and several of the post colonels. Nothing much to it.

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Thank you, Dave! We hope that this will stimulate those among us who kept diariesto send copies for future editions.

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Dear George;

When Maudie and I visited with all you fine people of the 99th last month in Albuquerque, I seem to remember you and Bernie and possibly Lew mentioning that maybe I should work up something regarding what a Radio Operator's job consisted of during the time we flew those missions. I have given it some considerable thought and believe I've covered most of what we did without getting personal, but I may have overlooked a thing or two.

First off, a Radio Operator was expected to know about all the plane's radio equipment, from the Liason Receiver and Transmitter which were the Radio Operator's basic equipment to the VHF, the Command Set, the Radio Compass. We had a "Frequency Transmitter Tuning device", what it's called escapes my memory, but we had to be able to use that effectively, and then we had the I.F.F., and this Identification Friend or Foe instrument we knew only how to turn it on and off at the appropriate times and where to poke through the clear plastic tape to destroy that equipment if that became necessary.

Probably, the best way I can describe what our duties were is to follow the usual sequence of events on a combat mission.

First thing was the trip to HQ with the Pilots, Navigators and Bombardiers to the mission briefing. As I remember it, this is where we picked up the escape kits, first aid kit in addition to the information on the briefing. We always received the "Code of the Day" sheet along with the information about the re-call code word. When we arrived at our plane we were then to distribute the escape kits and then brief the gunners about the mission. At this time we boarded our B-17 and readied the Radio Room for the mission. Assembled the 50 calibre machine gun and hooked up the ammo belts (without charging the gun) and then set up the radio log with the first initial entries.

When the Pilots started the engines you signed "On Watch" at the specific time of engine start, in your Radio Log and remained "On Watch" from that time until you were deep into enemy territory and always beyond the time where the re-call code word might come through. At that time you always made that entry into your Radio Log, "OFF WATCH TO MAN THE BATTLE STATION!" Thinking about it, that was a somewhat dramatic entry. Too bad Hollywood missed that one.

Your ability to fire that Machine Gun was somewhat limited since it was possible to get both wing tips, the dorsal fin and the Radio Antennas with that machine gun, so any firing from the Radio Room would have to be pretty much straight up. There have been times when our waist gunners were slipping around on the empty cartridges as they fired at enemy planes and all I could do was stand there with my Machine Gun in hand searching everywhere within that limited scope for an enemy to shoot at. That didn't happen and it was frustrating. The only enemy plane to go through my sights was an FW 190 that had made a frontal attack and he whipped over our top in a flicker of an eye with no chance to fire. Sgt. DeLay, our Engineer, had given that German a hefty blast and the enemy was already on fire as he crossed over us and did go on down.

Next, as you turn on the I.P. for your bomb run, the time arrives for us to dispense chaff?, window?, what ever it was called, but it was tin foil cut in specific radar lengths to foul German radar on their flak guns. Where do you suppose they installed that chaff chute? In the Radio Room, of course. After chaff dispensing completed you are then well into the bomb run and the Bambarrier calls, "Bomb Bay Doors Opening". Radio then opens the bulkhead door into the bomb bay and watches them open reporting them open when that cycle complete. Next, you sweat out all that flak that is coming up any way. You hear the Bombardier call, "Bombs Away!" This is a phrase that has its drama too and Hollywood did make something of that. We had to watch 'em go and reported the

Bomb Bay Clear, but only if it WAS clear and I've seen it when bombs hung up, but that's another story. As your Bombardier reported, "Bomb Bay Doors Closing", you watched 'em close and reported them closed when that cycle was complete.

If you had the "Bombs Away Message" to send, (Only one plane was assigned to do this out of the Group), you en-coded the message, tapped it out and when it was receipted, you completed that entry into your radio log.

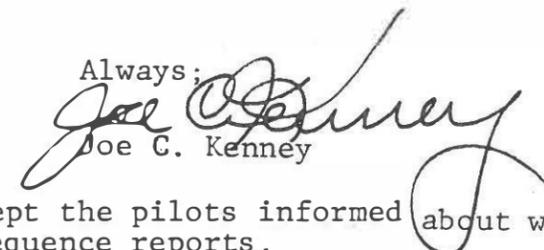
Somewhere in here, the Co-Pilot would call Radio to have him transfer fuel. The Engineer showed the Radio Operator how to do this when he joined the Crew. You had signed back "On Watch" when you sent the Bombs Away message and remained there, (unless you had fighters) until you landed and your Pilots shut the engines down. You closed your log at that time, cleared up the Radio Room, picked up the escape kits and the first aid kit and turned all this information and material into the proper authority.

On non-operational days, radio operators went to school up at HQ and were either drilled in code and radio operation, or you got lessons in First Aid. We were regarded as the "Medic" on the plane, but no one ever told us who would take care of us if we should have been hit. The rest of the Crew always went into Foggia for fun and games. It was said that when a Radio Operator went down or what ever, it just fouled up his school record.

George, I hope this is sufficient and if I've left anything out it's my hope that my Radio Operating Colleagues will not be too rough on my memory.

We'll see you in Dallas.

Always;



Joe C. Kenney

P.S. One other thing is that we kept the pilots informed about weather changes as we received the weather sequence reports.

NEWS, DUES & VIEWS

Note that through some unknown agency this outfit has located more than thirteen stragglers, including such celebrities as Fibber and Canvasback. This calls for celebration, including a short beer or two.

We recently read a real-life thriller which is very timely, THE FOUR DAYS OF MAYAGUEZ, by Roy Rowan. The book is an account of the pirating of the Container vessel Mayaguez by Cambodians and the removal of the 40-man crew as hostages. There was not even a handgun on the ship. There was also no way for the US to contact the Cambodian government, and hence the operation had some Gilbert and Sullivan aspects on the diplomatic side. The solution of the operational problems in the face of very scant intelligence makes a compelling story which seems to have a counterpart in the Iran of 1988.

george

We have furnished SQUADRON/SIGNAL one hundred of our 99BG pictures. Our friend at S/S, Nick Waters, assures me that the pictures have arrived safely and are being processed. I have mentioned that we propose to send another hundred pictures in their turn, and then yet another fifty. We are quite happy with the use which S/S has made of their present photo library. Note what a good job S/S did on Hans-Heiri's book, STRANGERS IN A STRANGE LAND.

geo

This office has compiled the following list of worthy publications of probable interest to our worthy members. We are surprised at the number of B-17 books available, and we are also surprised that many of these books are of recent issue.

Robert Whitcombe, an Associate member, has sent us a lovely copy of B-17 FLYING FORTRESS, by H.P. Willmott. Somehow we had not heard of this fine book before, but it is a good one!

#2 LIST OF B-17 BOOKS 15 May 88

B-17 FLYING FORTRESS Steve Birdsall Development of the B-17 & Training Manual, Aero Publishers, Inc., 329 West Aviation, Fallbrook CA 92028

B-17 FLYING FORTRESS Jeffrey Ethell One photo of 99th planes \$7.95 (1988) Sterling Publishing Co., Inc. 2 Park Ave. New York, NY 10016

B-17 FLYING FORTRESS Alwyn T. Lloyd Derivatives (1983) Aero Publishers, 329 W. Aviation Rd., Fallbrook CA 92028

B-17 FLYING FORTRESS H.P. Willmott One photo of 348th in action Gallery Books 1122 Madison Ave. New York NY 10016 (1980) Good analysis of strategy

B-17 IN ACTION Steve Birdsall Two photos of Never Satisfied \$3.95 (1973) S/S, 1115 Crowley Dr., Carrollton TX 75006 Phone 214/242-1485 0930 to 1830 EST

B-17 IN ACTION Larry Davis Three pictures of Second Patches, one of #46430 after she had unloaded the bombs through the bombay doors, and one of a Viet-era Big Iron Bird. \$6.00 (1984) S/S, 1115 Crowley Dr., Carrollton TX 75006

B-36 IN ACTION Jacobsen & Wagner, Development with 6 references to 99SRW \$4.95 in 1980 from S/S, 1115 Crowley Dr., Carrollton TX 75006

BOEING B-17 E & B-17F, FLYING FORTRESS Short History of B-17 \$2.50 (1988) S/S, 1115 Crowley Dr., Carrollton TX 75006

FIFTEENTH AIR FORCE STORY Kenn C. Rust List of Missions and Markings Historical Aviation Album, P.O.Box 33, Temple City CA 91780

FIGHTING COLORS Steve Birdsall Six photos of 99th planes \$6.95 (1986) S/S, 1115 Crowley Dr., Carrollton TX 75006

FLYING FORTRESS Ernest R. McDowell Eleven good pictures of 99BG planes, including the first use of a parachute as a brake \$7.95 (1987) S/S, 1115 Crowley Dr., Carrollton TX 75006

STRANGERS IN A STRANGE LAND, Hans-Heiri Stapfer Allied Aircraft flown by the Axis \$8.95 (1988) S/S 1115 Crowley Dr., Carrollton TX 75006

THUNDERING PEACEMAKER Frederick A. Johnson 99SRW, B-36s Bomber Books, Box 98231, Tacoma WA 98499

TWELFTH AIR FORCE STORY Kenn C. Rust List of missions and Markings Historical Aviation Album, P.O.Box 33, Temple City CA 91780

NEWS, DUES & VIEWS

DARING DEEDS OF HANDSOME HORACE



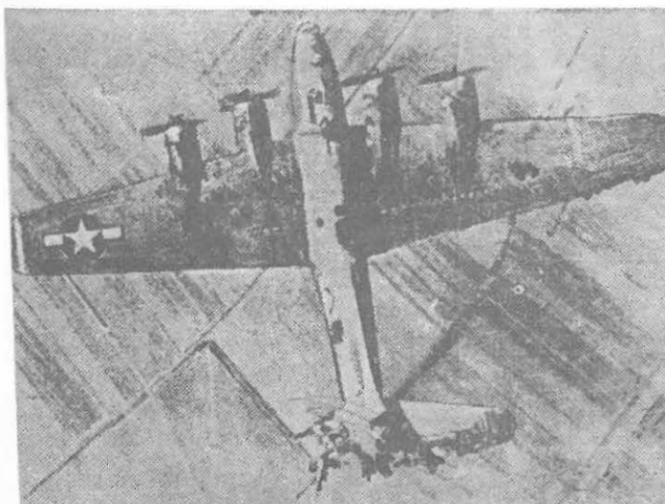
Horace says a man's dog tags are his best friend when he is captured because without them one could be shot as a spy.

RESTRICTED

Our Ship

Never did return THE STARS AND STRIPES

A MINOR MATTER



LITTLE THING like a smashed tail doesn't bother a Fortress. Its B-17, on a mission over the Villaorba Airdrome in north-western Italy, was attacked by Nazi fighters using rocket shells and although the tail section was almost completely shot away, the plane successfully returned to its base.

Dempsey - (Photo by U.S. Army Pictorial Service)

The 99th flew close formation.

Never did return.

We hope that any of our members who went to the USSR will write a little account of their trip. geo.

QUOTES

from IRON EAGLE

The chances of finding the REX seemed almost nil. Besides the storm they were enduring, they faced the cold, dark wall of a fierce Atlantic storm front. And to make matters worse, the NBC correspondent aboard was planning a live, coast-to-coast broadcast at 12:25, the time LeMay (the navigator) had estimated the interception would take place. Fortunately they got through the front, unscathed though shaken, and came out into bright sunshine. The minutes passed. At 12:21, new clouds enfolded them and the sun vanished. Then at 12:23 the sky opened again. And at 12:25, they were staring straight ahead at the big Italian liner.

Eighteen years later, LeMay received a letter from a man named John F. Royal who was a passenger on the REX that day. "When I boarded the REX," he wrote, "a dozen or more leading Fascists were present. . . . As we sailed on there were whispers about the proposed meeting of the planes and ship. They scoffed and sneered. . . . Came the day! I was on the bridge with the Fascists. When the bombers dropped through the clouds in perfect formation at sea I thrilled at the sight. . . . They were speechless and not a word was heard from them for the remainder of the trip. Every Yankee yelled and screamed and went to the bar-it was glorious." p.241

We apologize for the fact that liquor has gotten into yet another of our stories. the Ed.

Recent events in Russia have revealed a situation which contrasts strikingly with the situation in the 1930s. Then the young intellectuals of the West, like Burgess, Maclean and Philby, dissatisfied with the social and moral "contradictions" of their own society, looked East and saw an idealized Russian Communism as the hope of the future. Today the situation is exactly reversed. Today the young Russian intellectuals, impatient of the hypocrisy and tyranny of the Communist Party, look to the West, which they also perhaps idealize. The trial of Sinyavsky and Daniel, and its consequences, clearly show the disillusion of a generation. . . . p. 407

THE FOURTH MAN, by Andrew Boyle

from IRON EAGLE, by Coffey

Judge Ralph Nutter, a politically liberal California jurist who had once been an American Civil Liberties Union attorney, was talking to several men at a cocktail party when a mention of General LeMay came into the conversation.

At this, Nutter turned and said, "I named my oldest child after Curtis LeMay."

Everyone there, aware of the huge gap between Nutter's liberal and LeMay's conservative political views, fell silent. Finally, one man said, "How could you name your child after that right-wing son-of-a-bitch?"

Nutter looked at the man and said, "I served under him in England during World War II. I was a navigator in his 305th Bomb Group. He was so tough on us, he trained us so hard and prepared us so well, I honestly don't believe I'd have survived to have a child if it weren't for Curtis LeMay." p. 440

from FLYING FORTRESS by Edward Jablonski

One leading British writer on aviation, Peter Masefield, went so far as to suggest that the B-17 was not suited to European combat and that the American aircraft industry would do better to drop it and turn to building the new Lancaster for night bombardment. p.31

We are investigating the possibility of publishing a unit history of the 99th, and in the process we read this incomparable little gem!

from U.S. SUBMARINE VETERANS OF WORLD WAR II
A Special Edition by Taylor Publishing Company

At 1807 . . . we found and plucked seven survivors of the B-29 Superfort #762, affectionately known to her crew as "The Pewee." We were the first submarine to rescue crewmen from a B-29.

As we maneuvered to an all stop position, our reduced speed warped us neatly alongside the two rafts, port side to. The moderate sea, now on our beam, caused us to begin wallowing in the troughs, rolling unsteadily perhaps 10 or 12 degrees. Eager hands hauled the tired and cramped airmen onto the deck where they were then hustled to the bridge and below decks.

One of the last to be hauled aboard was, by pure chance, also the smallest. Unfortunately, when he was swung aboard by two of our biggest deck hands, there was no one to steady him when his feet hit the deck. At that precise instant the boat rolled sharply to starboard and without slackening his speed, in an unbalanced, head-down position, little Corporal Darienzo, the tail gunner, shot across the deck plopping unceremoniously into the water on the starboard side! The captain, after watching the totally bewildered airman hauled aboard for the second time, amusedly asked nobody in particular "What the Hell was going on down there?" With that our unflappable C.O.B., through cupped hands, bellowed back, "That one was too small, captain, so we threw him back!"

from p. 36, USS SPEARFISH, The Rescue.

from CODE NAME NIMROD by James Leasor

Allied Intelligence calculated the whereabouts of these divisions by radio intercepts and aerial reconnaissance, backed up by an ingenious ploy of the French Resistance, some of whose agents worked in local laundries. They arranged that prices for the German Army's washing were always exceptionally reasonable, and so bound to attract custom.

When a unit was moved elsewhere, these agents would deliberately mislay some of their parcels of laundry. The German Quartermaster concerned could therefore give the laundry clerk a forwarding address. Within the hour the unit's new address would be on its way to England by radio or carrier pigeon. p.32

The question has come up - just what is our situation when we publish items which we swore, back during WWII not ever to reveal. In certain cases the oath is still binding and valid. These are cases such as that of NIMROD and LUCY, where harm could result to individuals still living. We still delete certain names from the newsletter where the Resistance is concerned.

But there is another class of information which was restricted because of possible effect on morale. The shooting down of a B-17 or of a B-24 comes under that heading, as does almost every instance of our sort of story. It seems that we need have little fear of retribution for telling our stories. We here in Nuevo Mexico have met several gentlemen who are now generally known to have been provided with new identities, and I am sure that all of you could each add to the list, but few assassins can stay on the trail for 40 years.

The moral is: give out with your stories, fellows!

What We must Know About Communism, Overstreet

This adversary (The USSR) has, in the name of Marxism-Leninism, been moving ahead, step by calculated step, toward the building of a monolithic State, armed with the weapons of a nuclear age; and this State has learned the peculiar art of practicing totalitarianism at home and piecemeal conquest abroad while offering itself to the world as the vanguard of "Peace", "Liberation," and "Anti-Imperialism." p. ix

Our own Constitution is symbolic of the whole. With all our differences, we can live together under it, generation after generation - and refer new questions to it, and try to grow up to it - for the paradoxical reason that no one can, once for all, state its full meaning.

The "science of Marxism-Leninism," in contrast, has no natural roots in the life of any people. It is an artificial implantation in the human scene: a "conclusive" intellectual construct imposed upon the vast inconclusiveness of reality. No one would ever become indoctrinated with it by his own efforts to solve problems or by his normal associations in the give and take of life. . . . The task of bringing it "from without" to those who would never, on their own, arrive at a "correct view" is the endless preoccupation of Communists everywhere. p. 40

It was a queer moment in history, but perhaps a prophetic one, when the Hungarian freedom fighters, giving a new twist to an old Marxian phrase, begged the workers of the world to unite - against Communism. p. 101

Pointing up a singular paradox in the Soviet economy, Edward Crankshaw speaks of "a technical base so rich that it can harness the atom and girdle the globe, so poor that it has no talent to spare to mend a tractor." p. 109

from BETTER A SHIELD THAN A SWORD, BY Edward Teller

That the shield is better than the sword is consistent both with what the Soviets used to say and with Russian behavior through the centuries. Only after President Reagan agreed with them did they start denying it. The intensity of their public denial is impressive. p. 22

REUNIONS.

- 5 Sep 1988 19BG Assn., St. Louis MO James A. Kiracofe, 274 Quinn Rd., West Alexandria OH 45381 513/839-4441
8 Sep 1988 Swiss Internees Assn., Dayton OH William Aeschbacher, 1000 Champagne Dr., Marion OH 43302 ph. 614/389-3577
12 Oct 1988 8AFHS, Des Moines IA P.O.Box 3556, Hollywood FL 33083
21sep 1988 Assn. of Former POWs in Romania Al Lobato 563 Potter Dr. Colorado Springs CO 80909
1may 1989 Bombardiers, Inc., Dayton OH E.C.Humphries, Star Rt. #1, Box 254, Eagle Harbor MI
Sep 1989 15AFA, Fort Worth TX P.O.Box 6325, March AF Base, CA 92518

1989 99th Bomb Group, McAllen TX Jeff Waguespack, 1423 Tulip Ave., McAllen TX 78504

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We do not stop the subscriptions of deceased members, we extend the subscription gratis for an extra year. But please remember to send us any change of address.

\$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$



TAPS

LEONARD TRAPP died April 12, 1988 of a coronary. Leonard was 66 and retired from Troy State University - Troy, AL. Mrs. Virginia Trapp (wife), 117 Highland Ave., Troy AL 36081

HAROLD E. OYSTER deceased 6 April, 1988 from a heart attack. No further information.

JESSE PAUL WHEELER I am enclosing the obituary of Colonel Jesse Wheeler who died Friday May6th in Austin Texas after an extended illness. He was a personal friend of mine. very truly yours, Arthur E. White - 347th

WILLIAM BARNEY He died Wednesday, April 6, 1988, in his home following a lengthy illness. A letter from Mrs. Barney may be found in the Letters. geo.

BRUCE BLOUNT Bruce died about 2 years ago. Albert A. Fleese. He is survived by his wife, Jackie, of 820 N. Bridge St., Chippewa Falls, WI 54729

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