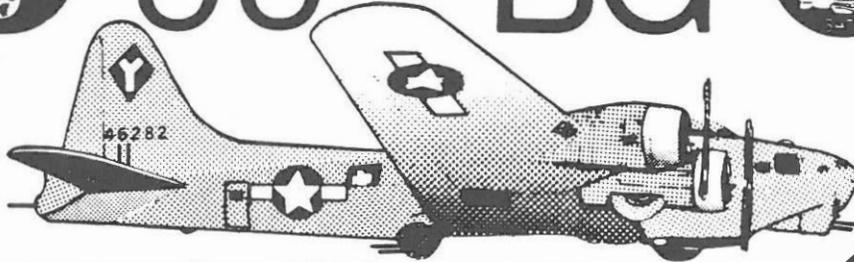




99th BG



B-17 FLYING FORTRESS
HqSq, 346th, 347th, 348th, 416th
395 COMBAT MISSIONS
1943 AFRICA - EUROPE 1945



THE 99th Bomb Group Historical Society Newsletter

Vol. 9 No. 4

Jul 1 1989

	SOCIETY OFFICERS, 1989-1990	
PRESIDENT	- BILL SMALLWOOD	VICE-PRESIDENT-
TREASURER	- WALTER BUTLER	HISTORIAN - GEORGE F. COEN
SECRETARY	- H.E. CHRISTIANSEN	EDITOR - GEORGE F. COEN

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

On the final leg of our drive home from Florida there was time for reflection over the exhibits we had just taken in at the Space and Rocket Center in Huntsville, Alabama, the site of our April, 1990 Reunion. There were some outstanding exhibits and I hope every member and accompanying wife planning to attend next spring will make a point of seeing the Spacedome film. The theater screen is sixty seven feet wide and some of the cameras taking the pictures are mounted high on the gantry at Cape Canaveral. Consequently, you have a sweeping view of the Cape and of the launch site itself. As the count down reaches its final seconds and the ignition system is engaged there is a combination of sound and explosive power that is difficult to describe. For the audience the blast off is followed by the definite sensation of vertical lift as cameras inside the space ship take over. (We were told that the astronauts themselves filmed the entire sequence.) Airborne now and separated from the boosters all becomes quiet and from the capsule window the cameras give us a clear look back to mother earth and the colorful beauty of its oceans and land masses. When the July Issue of Newsletter arrives be sure to fill out the enclosed questionnaire about Huntsville, indicating which exhibits you wish to see, and return same promptly to Chris Christiansen.

Speaking of reunions the one scheduled for 1991 in Albuquerque will mark the tenth consecutive year of these annual get-togethers, a fine achievement. And Albuquerque is where it all began. In order to plan ahead the suggestions of all members about future reunion sites are welcomed. The possibility of Boston has been looked into, but room prices are very high in "beantown". In McAllen several men mentioned California locations to me, and there was also sentiment about another meeting in the Pacific Northwest, plus a recommendation for South Bend, Ind. Your Board of Directors will give consideration to all such proposals.

If anyone in our organization is considering the formation of a local chapter of 99ers it is imperative that he familiarize himself with Article XII of our By-Laws. This Article deals with formation of such a chapter for social purposes and explains that any such proposal must have prior approval of our Board of Directors. This subject was discussed in the May, 1989 Newsletter.

Up here in Vermont the old-timers are saying the past winter set a record for the least amount of snow, which is not all bad. It's good to feel some warm weather moving in.

Bill

J.W. Smallwood

This is a good time to review the concerns of the Society about chapter status. Some of you remember that the 99BGHS in 1981 added a clause to the original By-Laws. This clause was requested by the IRS and makes the Maxwell Museum our heir. The IRS will not accept good intentions as a substitute for adherence to the rules and the 99BGHS cannot afford to do anything except to continue to follow these rules very carefully. Non-profit status is not important to a group whose membership is less than 200, but it is very important as membership grows beyond that figure. Non-profit status has become very important to your 99BGHS, and your officers have no choice but to insist on adherence to the rules. Editor,
George F. Coen

3jan1989

Dear George;

Just to let you know that I had a heart attack. My son Bradley took me to the hospital in Jefferson City, where I had another attack at 0300. I did not know how serious it was until they later told me.

Then the doctors gave me a choice to go to Houston TX or the University of Missouri hospital in Columbia, so Columbia is where I went. Then ten days in intensive care to get stabilized and they gave me the coronary angioplasty treatment (a catheter with a balloon on the tip) which opened my artery from 99% closed to 80% open. They also had a crew of surgeons on stand-by just in case. I feel much better now, I have not felt good for months. . . .

Hope this finds you well, be sure to take care of yourself.

a 99er, Art. (Art Knipp)

Dear 99ers,

Plans for our 1990 reunion are proceeding. We have established the following:

- (a) PLACE-Huntsville, ALABAMA (b) DATE(s) 18 through 22 April 1990.
- (c) LODGING-Huntsville HILTON (Complimentary Courtesy Van to and from Jetplex)
- (d) ACTIVITIES-
 - (1) Hospitality Room, 18-22 April 1990.
 - (2) Board Meeting(s) 0930 and 1330 20 April 1990.
 - (3) Business Luncheon-1130-1330 20 April 1990.
 - (4) ALABAMA SPACE AND ROCKET CENTER-1800-2100 20 April 1990 (Transportation provided by the Space and Rocket Center)
 - (5) Banquet-1900-2100 21 April 1990 North Hall of Civic Center (adjacent to the Hilton)

NOW WE NEED YOUR HELP TO DETERMINE YOUR INTERESTS-Please check appropriate block[s].

- Bridge Tennis Golf Crafts Square Dancing Antiques
- Fishing Horse Shoes Bowling Natatorium Jogging Trails
- Art Museum Aero Club Depot Museum Ice Skating
- Baseball Ladies Luncheon Mini sessions for each Squadron
- Walking Tour of Historic area Walking tour of Huntsville Trees
- TV Station Tour RV Facilities Camping Facilities
- Train Ride (Steam Powered Locomotive) Squadron Photos
- Individual or Couple Photos Genealogy Research
- Other Interests _____

Would you be interested in purchasing (approximately \$3.75) a permanent type name badge with our own Logo inscribed.

YES NO

There are other area interests within 50-60 miles of Huntsville including:

- Ivy Green (Helen Keller Birthplace) Ave Maria Grotto TVA Dams
- Tennessee Walking Horses Alabama State Parks Jack Daniel Distillery
- Historic Moresville, AL Boaz Clothing Outlets
- Grand Ol' Opry (110 miles)

NAME _____ SQUADRON _____ DATES SERVED _____

ADDRESS _____

After completing form, please mail to:

H. E. (Chris) Christiansen
4520 Panorama Dr. SE
Huntsville, AL 35801-1211

LETTERS

Dear George;

I am sending you a tape of the Geneseo Air Show in New York State. They have an Air Show every summer. I doubt that it will ever be as good as the one last year with all the B-17s. They do have a B-17 on the field all the time. The Air Show is always good, you can wander around to look at all the planes, they don't just fly by.

I also included my tape of the dedication ceremony at Dayton.

If you want to advertise the Air Show in the Newsletter I would be glad to keep you informed as to dates, etc. If anyone from the Bomb Group would be interested in attending I would be glad to arrange reservations for accommodations.

Hope you enjoy the tape. sincerely Don Hatch, 348th BS.

Dear Don;

Thank you very much. We have given the tapes into the care of Bernie Barr, our local VCR expert, and he will arrange a local showing and will also coordinate with Art Knipp, our Group VCR Expert. And yes, we are very much interested in the Geneseo Air Shows.

best

george

George F. Coen
2908 Aliso Dr. NE
Albuquerque, NM

George F. Perry
6236 SW 47th Pl.
Portland, OR 97221

Jan. 6, 1989

Dear George:

perhaps I can fill in a few gaps. In the Jan. '89 issue just received, on page 57, Al Henke asks for some names relative to the Regensburg mission of Feb. 22, '44. The navigator for Capt. B. Shaw was Howard K. Baumann in the lead plane. Baumann and the bombardier, Joseph M. Joffrion were regular members of Perry's crew. They were in the lead plane because some of Shaw's crew had finished their 50. Bigley and Andzejewski were new replacements to the Squadron flying their first or second mission.

To fill out Perry's crew in #552 "Spoofers."

Top Tur.	Armando Ruiz	Pilot	George F. Perry
Radio	Hyman Koffler	Co Pilot	Bernard C. Kyrouac
Ball	Donald E. Gregory	Navigator	Roland P. Bigley
R. Waist	Dudley Seger	Bombardier	A.J. Andzejewski
L. Waist	Ernest Hettinger		
Tail	"Goldy" Goldstein		

I saw McGee burn, but no explosion. Met him later in Stalag Luft 1 and learned that his whole crew got out.

(At the very moment I was typing the previous sentence, my phone rang. The caller was Roland P. Bigley, whom I have not seen or heard from since our days in Stalag Luft 1).

"Spoofers" #522 lost two engines over the target, #1 and #2. Also lost one parachute--destroyed by a German round as Dudley Seger was snapping it on to his harness. Fortunately, the fighters broke off at that point and we proceeded south thru the Alps. In trying to lighten the ship, the ball turret was dropped, but not all the way. It hung up and swung below like a big pendulum. Instead of helping, it created more drag. When we came out over the Adriatic, we had about a thousand feet and the water looked very cold.

A turn to the east would take us to Yugoslavia and possible partisan help. As we approached the coast, it seemed evident that it was higher than we were. Ditching seemed to be the prudent thing to do. We pulled into the harbor, but not up to the docks. Even with a pendulum swinging below, the B-17 was beautiful in ditching, and quick to sink.

The harbor turned out to be Pola Italy (how I wish I had studied geography), in German hands. They thought we were making a low-level run on their sub pens, and "shot us down" again. The life rafts would not inflate, so we all went swimming. Just as well. The Germans felt a need to hold off the yellow invasion landing craft with machine gun fire for a time before they came out to pick us up.

On our way to northern Germany and Stalag Luft 1, we came thru the Brenner Pass, and Regensburg. We hadn't put any bombs on the target, but someone sure had.

Incidentally, on page 35, the Roster shows no Squadron for C.E. McGee. Give him to the 416th. Keep up the good work George F.
Sincerely, George F. Perry



Dear George,

The following is an organization that I feel would have interest to many of our members, so would appreciate your publicizing it in the newsletter. This is the most recent letter that I received. Feel free to edit if necessary.

"AVIATION CADET ALUMNI ASSOCIATION"

The Association was initiated by the late Ralph E. Parker (43E Napier) to provide ex-cadets the current addresses of former classmates. Retired officers Harry Bradshaw and Bob White are continuing this no-dues, non profit endeavor with their personal computers. Former pilot cadets are asked to submit their Flight Class, Primary, Basic and Advanced locations. To date approximately 10,000 names are available by Flight Class to those who send a stamped envelope to either of the two men. Both maintain identical information to safeguard against loss. Time is no longer on our side and active participation will be welcomed, especially by your classmates. Under no circumstances will commercial use be made of this information.

Harry C. Bradshaw
RFD #1
Newmarket, N.H.
03857

Robert C. White
54 Seton Trail
Ormond Beach,
Florida, 32074

I hope you received the pictures and negatives I sent you of "Queenie", I thought they came out well. I also sent the suggested checklist for future reunion hosts to you, Walter and Bill Smallwood, this was discussed at our last Board meeting. Anita sends her regards.

Julie

AVIATION CADET ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

Harry C. Bradshaw
RFD #1
Newmarket, N.H.
03857



Robert C. White
54 Seton Trail
Ormond Beach,
Florida 32074

The Aviation Cadet Alumni Association was initiated by the late Ralph Parker (43-E Napier) to provide ex-cadets the current addresses of former classmates. Retired officers Harry Bradshaw and Bob White are continuing this no-dues, non-profit endeavor as a tribute to their fellow birdmen. Former pilot cadets are invited to submit their Flight Class and Primary, Basic and Advanced schools. More than 14,000 names are now available by Flight Class to participants who send a stamped envelope to either of the above. Both maintain identical information to guard against loss. Time is no longer on our side and active participation will be welcomed, especially by your classmates. Under no circumstances will commercial use be made of this information.

March 1, 1989

Dear George:

I know that you have carried items about our efforts in the past. I prepared the enclosed bit on Willie Skyburner as a hopefully interesting filler for both military unit newsletters and the civilian press. We are well into our third year and have built up our membership to nearly 15,000 through the cooperation of nearly everyone we've approached. We have also been successful in reuniting hundreds of former cadet classmates and have a pile of letters of appreciation as a source of satisfaction.

Recently I went through a number of directories to pick out known pilots for our volunteer writers to contact for cadet backgrounds, checking each name against our membership list. I was a little surprised to find that we already had about half of them in our files. This indicates that if we are to maintain our steady growth we must get publicity in the civilian press as well to reach the thousands who left the service without maintaining any military ties. In checking addresses I find that Albuquerque is right up there with San Antonio, Colorado Springs and Central Florida in AF retirees. I am therefore anxious to find some way to break into the newspapers serving your area. It occurred to me that you might have some direct ties with the editorial staffs and could help us there, at least in advising us who to contact and perhaps recommending our efforts to them. I'd appreciate any suggestions you might care to give me.

Best Wishes


ROBERT C. WHITE

May 24, 1989



George F. Coen
2908 Aliso Dr. N.E.
Albuquerque, NM

Dear George,

I recently attended my first 99th Bomb Group Historical Society Reunion in McAllen, TX in February and thoroughly enjoyed it. It was a treat to see guys like Dan Ives, Al Henke, Louis Coury and others you lived with, flew with and maybe lifted a canteen cup of vino with. I was lucky enough to meet up with Dan who flew the ball turret on the good ship "Lady Luck". I flew the right waist gun on that plane. Dan and I were together for about 40 missions. Al Henke was along as the ball turret gunner for several of my missions. Dan and I finished up on "Miss Peggy" after "Lady Luck" was hauled off to the bone yard. A rather hazardous trip to Verona on March 28, 1944 done her in. All of our crew were extremely lucky in that we did not have any injuries on our entire tour. Well, unless you count a few hangovers. I guess that it pays to kinda squinch up and pray a little bit. One thing that I found out at the Reunion was that those missions were a hell of a lot more dangerous than I remembered. Of course it could have been foggy memories or it could have been the hospitality room beer. Anyway, it was fun to refly them. I look forward to the 1990 Reunion in Huntsville, AL and seeing more guys that I flew with. Bill Walker, Al Lopez, Travis Briggs as well as Dan Ives flew most of their missions on "Lady Luck" and all are members of the 99th BGHS. Hopefully all will make it to Huntsville. I figure that if the tales get any more hairier I ought to be able to put in for a Purple Heart.

George, I think that one of the highlights of the Reunion was the trip over to CAF HQ in Harlingen to see the B-17G, Texas Raiders. The Texas Raiders is based in Houston, TX at Ellington Field. I am a member of the Gulf Coast Wing that maintains and takes the plane on tours. Quite a promotion for me from S/Sgt to Colonel in the CAF. Anyway, I have a copy of the Texas Raiders 1989 tour and am sending you some tour dates and where the plane will be for the rest of this year. I hope you will have room to print it. That will give guys who live in that particular area a chance to get another look at a B-17. Some of the dates could be cancelled for various reasons but they could watch the local papers. We all know that the days of these old war birds are limited. There are only 8 or 10 flying today.

6 - 1 thru 4	Enid, OK	8 -11 thru 13	Abbotsford, BC Can.
6 - 5 thru 11	Wichita, KS	8 -13 thru 16	Grand Forks, ND
6 - 12 thru 18	Kansas City, MO	8 -18 thru 20	Geneseo, NY
6 - 26 thru 29	Cleveland, OH	8 -24 thru 27	Springfield, IL
6 - 30 thru 7-4	ST Louis, MO	8 -28 thru 9/4	Atlanta, GA
7 - 14 thru 16	Elsworth AF Base		Fulton Co APT
	Rapid City, S DAK	9 - 5 thru 9	Birmingham, AL
7 - 17 thru 18	Pendleton, OR	9 -23 thru 24	Mobile, AL
7 - 21 thru 22	Bend, OR	10 - 7 thru 8	Houston, TX
7 - 23 thru 28	Eugene, OR		Ellington field
7 - 29	Corvallis, OR	10- 12 thru 16	Harlingen, TX
7 - 30	Portland, OR	11 - 6 thru 12	Albuquerque, NM
	Hillsboro APT		
8 - 5 thru 6	Klamath Falls, OR		

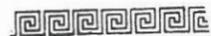
Well, hope you will be able to decipher the schedule. I am sure that the 99th HBGS has guys living in the areas that the Texas Raiders go to. It will also give them a chance to join the CAF if they are not already members. Wings are scattered through the country and if someone needs specific information it won't be too hard to find it. I'll be happy to help steer them to a Wing and they don't have to belong to a Wing to join.

I enjoy your newsletter and intend to get all back copies as I have time to do so. Keep up the good work and keep 'em flying.

Sincerely,

Herschel P. Graham

2301 Redwinn
Pasadena, TX 77502



12/31/88

Reference to the B-17 found in the "burned out" area of the Yellowstone Park.

George--Check the loss A/c and crew list from Walla Walla.

In late winter or early spring, in 1943, some 3-4 planes were doing night bombing when the weather closed in on us rather quickly. We returned to base under the weather except for one plane that tried to go on top. The last radio call from him, the pilot, indicated he would fly east to find an opening in the clouds.

I can remember the pilot as being a small fellow with a good crew, but can't recall his name just now. For a few years, I watched the found aircraft reports, but never saw one that I thought could be our lost plane from the flight that night.

Keep up the good work.

Lt Col Chas. A Brooks
Cap
Group 12 Commander
Texas Wing
Civil Air Patrol

Dear George ---



Here I go again with another updated list. This takes the place of the one I sent a week or so ago. I managed to equate a few more names with serial numbers, i.e., Star and Stripes, Star and Stripes II, and Superstitious Aloysius. I cleaned up other places in the list also. This will be the last one until I find more source material. If there are many more changes, I will give you another list in McAllen. I will bring along the lists in any event in case some of the fellows want to have a look at them.

Am sending along a picture of the type of art work my oldest son does. He is donating the oil painting to the 390th Museum in Tucson pretty soon. It almost looks like a picture of the real thing. He sure doesn't take after me because I can't draw a straight line. This plane finished the war and never had anyone killed or even wounded. It took several crews through their tours including ours. My navigator volunteered to fly an extra mission. Went out in another plane with another crew and got himself killed.

see you in McAllen

Dick (Drain)

May 20, 1989

WALLACE BUSH
308 RED HILL ROAD
MARTINSBURG, WV 25401

Dear George,

Thanks for the page from your memoirs. When you publish it I want to buy an autographed copy. Keep me in mind. I agree that training and operating as a crew has its benefits. It is best to understand the minds and emotions of all with whom you are flying.

One of my jobs as R/O was to check the bomb bay after the bombardier's "bombs away" and report back "bomb bay clear". We had a new bombardier on one mission. After the bombs were dropped I heard all this screaming on the interphone. I thought we were shortly going to get a bailout signal. Someone on the crew, probably Nicholson, our navigator, asked in a normal voice if the bomb bay was clear. I gave the all clear and things settled down but what a hassle for a few moments. This bombardier was normally on the crew which flew as tail end Charlie. This plane seemed to get more than its share of combat damage. I don't blame the bombardier for being nervous but it would have been better if we had had our own bombardier aboard. Incidentally the formation flying by the pilot of this tail end Charlie was lousy which made him vulnerable to fighter attack.

During the Vietnam "conflict" our servicemen were sent as individuals to join a company already in combat. Tom Lane, a Vet counsellor at one time here in Martinsburg, said he joined a company where all the men were counting the days they had to serve before they could go home. Their times to serve were all different. None wanted to know Tom's name. They didn't want to get close to him. If he were killed there would be no emotional loss. Their relations with each other were the same. Tom served his year. He said there would never be a reunion of his company like the 99th has. He now knows nothing about the men in his company, what their names are, where they lived before the service. The emotional results of this detachment have been disastrous resulting in Vet Centers for counselling being opened up all over the country. It further supports your feeling that men who train together work well together and should be kept together especially on combat crews.

Tom said he read too many WWII books. He couldn't wait to enlist after high school. He was 18½. Near the end of his tour he was riding on the back of an army vehicle which was struck by an explosive missile. He saw the flash from what was Russia's answer to our bazooka. Tom was blown high in the air. When he hit the ground a hip joint was knocked out of place. All others on the vehicle were killed. While he was in the hospital a satchel bomb was thrown through the door resulting in many of the wounded being injured again. Tom escaped this. When he was declared fit again he was sent back to his company. It was no good, he couldn't function. He was sent back to the States, a cripple for life. Two years ago his hip joint was replaced. He still walks with a limp but the affected leg is no longer three inches shorter than the other.

I sent all information about the B-24 shoot down to the editor of the LIBERATOR MAGAZINE. Tom McGuire said he published from the 99th Newsletter two accounts of the incident. He said he publishes only twice a year and only a small percentage of B-24 crewmen read his magazine. There's little hope that any of the 60 B-24 crewmen present that day will respond to my letter I asked him to publish.

I recently read again DOORKNOB FIVE TWO. Arnold's tour paralled yours. He was back in the States when our crew started its missions. I think I enjoyed this book more the second time. My renewed interest in the P-38 led me to read again Martin Caidin's "THE FORK TAILED DEVIL: THE P-38. Caidin said the P-38L was easily among the greatest flying machines ever made. He said anything the German fighters could do, the "L" could do better. Caidin said, "The climb of the P-51 was a disappointment after the P-38L which could get to altitude nearly twice as fast".

In the Pacific the P-38 was a great success. Caidin states that one fighter group which had only P-38s during its entire tenure from August 1943 'til the end of the war shot down 551 Japanese planes, mostly fighters. The losses for the same group were 56 P-38s and 27 pilots.

George, what brought about the change from draft dodger to "killer" Coen?

Best regards

Wally Bush

EPICLOGUE 369

It happens. That's war.

Then the air raid alert sounded. Radar picked up a single aircraft, unknown, coming in toward the field at fairly low altitude and high speed. Anti-aircraft guns started tracking. Some pilots ran for their planes.

Then they saw the intruder. A P-38, alone. Coming in along a shallow dive, engines thundering. It failed to respond to radio calls. There was no response to flares fired hurriedly into the air.

A strange approach; that flat and unwavering dive. The P-38 crossed to the center of the field.

Suddenly the airplane seemed to stagger. It fell apart in midair, a tumble of wreckage falling toward the ground. No flash of fire, no explosion. Just that startling breakup of machinery.

They saw a body fall clear of the wreckage. Pilots muttered, called aloud their thoughts without thinking. Then a parachute opened. Silk blossomed full. But the body hung limp in the harness.

Close to the wreckage, the pilot collapsed. No one saw him move. The crash trucks raced to the scene.

Those who came later saw their friends stunned, disbelieving, shaking their heads. They talked about it through the night. The next morning the light of dawn hadn't changed a thing.

It was impossible.

The fuel tanks of the P-38, the same airplane that was hours beyond any possible remaining fuel, were bone dry.

They had been dry for several hours.

The pilot whose parachute opened, that lowered him to his home field, had a bullet hole in his forehead. He had been dead for hours.

Impossible.

But it happened.

And no one knows how.

Wally Bush

Dear Wally;

I am sorry if I gave the impression that I am a former draft dodger. That is not the case at all, and I would like to correct the record and to keep my honor clean.

There has been no change in my character. I have been a 14 karat, gilt edged, E-flat draft dodger since June of 1950. Any day now the authorities might find me and make me pay my debt to society, so please delete "former". I resigned my commission just ten days before the Korean fracas started and went my merry way up in the mountains of the Western Slope of Colorado. Only later at a cocktail party in Seattle did my sister-in-law, the one that's on the King County Draft Board, suggest that I was in illegal status. Having found a place in early 1940 where no draft board would ever look for manpower, I did not know anything about the draft, and since I had no home I just decided to continue as an illegal enjoying the privileges which you soldiers have earned for me. I was aided in this decision by the fact that Dave Beck's Teamsters' Union there in Seattle had been unable to give me a union card in 1945 because "they were saving the jobs for the veterans".

Wally, Logic is Logic. I am now a member of both the 8AFHS and the 15AFA, although I have never been a member of either Air Force.

your friend,

George F. Coen, P.E., D.D.



May 22, 1989

Dear George;

Enclosed is a copy of a newspaper article from the Linz, Austria, a copy of the English translation, and a copy of the letter from Milton Radovsky's letter to me. Milton had placed a request in our 99 Bomb Group Bulletin from those of us who had flown the first mission on the Hermann Goering Tank Wurks at Linz, Austria on July 25, 1944. I had flown on that one and passed on some information to him from my diary. One item of particular interest to me was the B-17 that had exploded just ahead of us and the evasive action taken by Captain Edward Karnes to avoid possible contact with wreckage from the explosion. While Milton Radovsky was visiting Linz, this matter came up and his letter plainly covers this occurrence. It seems the only plane to crash in the Linz area was this particular B-17, although quite a number of our heavy bombers were lost on this mission. I pass this on to you for at least something that might be of interest into the archives of the 99 Bomb Group Historical Society since we were most certainly invloved.

Milton Radovsky is doing a very detailed research into this one particular mission and could use any information others might have within our Group including report and repair of battle damage done by our most efficient ground crews.

Hoping all is well with you and Martha these days, Maudie and I send our love to you and yours.

Sincerely;

Joe C. Kenney

The first two pages of Martin Caidin's book. Could this have possibly not been in the book "THE AIR MEN WHO WOULD NOT DIE" how we learned in the March 1951 issue of P-51

This is something I have pursued for more than twenty-five years. The kind of story that raises the hackles on the back of your neck. There's an immediate urge to dismiss it as preposterous, impossible.

Because it is preposterous and impossible. Yet the records are there. A document that tells what happened in deliberately cold and official terms. A field in North Africa during the war. An event that took place that was so impossible the commanding officer at the airfield demanded, and got, the signatures of hundreds of witnesses who saw the whole impossible incident. The writer insists on nothing, makes no claims as to truth or impossibility. This is what happened. As it happened. As it was seen and sworn to by hundreds of ground crewmen and pilots, enlisted men and officers.

A flight of P-38s had gone out on patrol. They left to cross the Mediterranean. They mixed it up with German fighters and there was a brief scrap. When the P-38s reformed one airplane was missing. No one could recall, in the furious melee, watching him go down. They looked around, then they started home.

They arrived back at their field in North Africa. The one pilot who failed to return was listed as missing in action. Not yet, though. Not until his fuel ran out. Not until there wasn't even a glimmer of a chance.

The clock ticked slowly. Then, beyond the point of any fuel. Another two hours went by. They put his name on the list of missing.

May 11, 1989

Joseph C. Kenney
950 McDougall
Lander, WY 82520

Dear Joe:

Please excuse me for not answering your last letter (9/29/88) sooner. I am still collating information, transcribing interview tapes, and filing documents from my trip to Austria and a later trip down south, including three days at the USAF Historical Research Center at Maxwell AFB, Alabama.

My wife and I received a warm welcome in Linz. Enclosed is a copy of an article about our visit that appeared in a local paper.

The management of the former Hermann Goering Works (now called VOEST, acronym for "United Austrian Iron and Steel"), gave us the full "red carpet" treatment, almost like we were important customers about to place a big order for their steel.

We toured the plant area in a company van, accompanied by an interpreter (pictured on the right in the lower left photo in the article), who pointed out WWII-vintage buildings and facilities I will be writing about in my book. I was also shown the spot where a B-17 crashed during the attack, and was given photos of the downed plane. I interviewed people who were working in the plant when we bombed it, some of whom I had already corresponded with, and at lunchtime we were treated to an excellent full-course meal, including wine, in their private dining room.

The day after that article about me appeared in the paper I received a telephone call from a man who said he had been a soldier at home on the day of our attack, on leave from the Russian front. After the all-clear sounded, he came up out of the basement of his house, which was just outside the plant grounds, saw that a plane had crashed nearby, and went over to it to stand guard. Something he told me he saw on the ground near the plane made it possible for me to identify the plane's crew! The group it belonged to was just ahead of yours in the bomber stream, and it must have been the plane that Karnes saw explode. According to the ops plan and post-mission report, though, it should have been at a lower altitude than your plane.

On other days I interviewed men who, as 16- and 17-year-old Luftwaffen Helfern (Air Force Helpers), were shooting at us from flak batteries; and people who saw the attack from their homes in and around Linz. My wife and I even had a tour through one of the former air raid shelters that accommodated thousands of people during air raids then.

And I visited the former concentration camp at Mauthausen, a few miles just outside of Linz, where some of our men were taken after being captured. One gunner came down just outside the front gate of another nearby concentration camp. The SS guards began shooting at him while he was still about 50 meters up. When he became aware of the bullets whizzing past him he raised his hands in surrender, but they continued firing until he was hit, and he died a couple hours later. The SS guard who actually shot him was put on trial for this after the war, found guilty, and hanged.

I have a copy of the trial transcript, and have found a former prisoner of this camp, a Spaniard, who saw what happened. I met him at the Mauthausen memorial the day I visited it. With these sources I should be able to write a good description of what happened there.

Unfortunately, I have not yet found any of the Luftwaffe pilots who flew against us that day - the Germans trained many pilots but only a handful survived the war - but I did meet four former fighter pilots from other units at a meeting of veterans in Linz and discussed Luftwaffe operational procedures with them for a couple of hours.

As you can see, my trip to Linz produced much useful material for my book, as did my researches at Maxwell. One document I found at Maxwell is an "Airfield Status Report" listing every Allied airfield in the Mediterranean Theater of Operations as of 15 July 1945. It shows the following information about each field: Name of town, coordinates, runway orientation, length and width, etc, with a small plan view that includes runways, taxiways, and hardstands.

Your field, Tortorella, is shown with two NW-SE parallel runways of the same length, with the western one 40 feet wider than the other. It also shows four roads or streets leading south out of the field to the Foggia-Manfredonia highway. Did the RAF Wellingtons use the narrower runway? Can you tell me anything more about problems caused by their presence on your field?

It would help me a lot if you could arrange for me to get a copy of your field layout, as you suggested might be possible in your last letter.

Your colorful description of a typical breakfast at your outfit turns my stomach each time I read it. Cold greasy sausage, cold soggy pancakes, cold watery syrup? Why was the food always cold? Was it an unusually slow chow line? Serving trays not kept hot? Inept or uncaring food service people?

I remember that I seldom ate anything for breakfast except maybe toast and coffee, but that was probably because I never felt like eating at that time of day anyway, especially before a mission. Like you, other men who flew on this mission mention that they had lunches of some kind on board, plus coffee. We may have had coffee, but I do not remember any food during missions, not even K-rations.

You wrote that just before reaching the target area you signed "Off Watch to man my battle station". Which gun did you man? One of the waist guns? A turret position? You did not specify this on the form you sent back to me.

You have given me a lot of good information, and I appreciate it very much. I need more, though, to do a good job of describing aircrew duties. I need details of how you did the things you wrote about. Here is just one example of the kind of detail I need (no doubt it will be difficult to remember some of these things after such a long time):

Signing Off Watch. Exactly what did you do? I assume you sent a signal. How did you send this signal? What letters or

numbers comprised the signal? What frequency did you transmit on? How did you set in this frequency? To whom did you send it? Did you wait for acknowledgement? What device, switches, levers, knobs, etc, did you use to send the signal? Did you then turn off your set? If so, how did you do it? And so forth and so on.

Another document I found at Maxwell is a 6-page description of the 5th Bomb Wing's planning and operations for the shuttle raids between Italy and Russia that were carried out in June of 1944. The 99th Bomb Group took part in this operation. Did you fly on any of those missions, or do you know anyone who did whom I can contact?

I would like to have a thumbnail sketch of your military and civilian life after July 25, 1944 - nothing elaborate, just the high points. I plan to include a "Where are they now?" type of chapter at the end of my book. Not current addresses, just something about post-mission and post-war careers, activities, and so forth. For example, when reading about the shooting of the airman who came down near the concentration camp, I am sure my readers will be interested in knowing what happened to the SS guard who shot him. Or the Austrian doctor who refused to give medical attention to a very badly-wounded gunner from my crew. Or to the young airman flying his first mission who didn't even know what group he was with, didn't know any of the men on the crew, and was so badly wounded that he was hospitalized near Linz for months and to this day has problems with the memory of his traumatic experiences stemming from that mission. And so on.

Enough for now, Joe, and I hope to hear from you again.

Sincerely yours,



MILTON RADOVSKY

10710 Lockridge Drive
Silver Spring, MD 20901

The following is a translation to the English of the German-language newspaper. We will furnish the original upon receipt of one short beer. geo

Oberösterreichischen Nachrichten [Upper Austrian News]
Promenade 23, Postfach 78 und 79
A-4010 Linz

Wednesday, October 12, 1988
Page 8

Commentary of the Week

by Dr. Meinhard Buzas, Regional Editor
(translated by Richard Cartwright, Northampton, MA)

A US bomber soldier came back 44 years after the attack on Linz

COMING TO TERMS WITH THE PAST IN AMERICAN EYES

Legend for the large photo: In front of the industrial background of VOEST: Milton Radovsky in the plant against which he flew a bombing operation forty-four years ago.

Legend for the smaller photo, lower left: In the History Club of VOEST, Radovsky talks with eyewitnesses and examines historical documents.

Legend for the archival photo, lower right: During his visit, the former US bomber crewman of 44 years ago was confronted with pictures of the destruction caused by the first bombing attack.

[Introduction]

They had never seen each other before in their lives, although 44 years ago they had had a mortal relationship with each other, separated by 7000 meters of altitude and a war which was gliding to its terrible end phase.

On Monday of this week they shook hands at VOEST: the 70-year-old American, Milton Radovsky, who was there on July 25, 1944 in a B-24 Liberator bomber of the US Air Force as a navigator, on the occasion of the first bombing attack against the then Hermann Goering Works, and was shot down over Molln; and the lady from Linz, Ilse Hauptmann, secretary in the drop forge of the steel works, who on that day hunkered down in the air raid bunker and survived the bombing inferno.

What happened in VOEST [Note: the United Austrian Steel and Iron Works, formerly the Hermann Goering Works] two days ago was also a coming to terms with the past: a bomber crewman on the trail of what he had brought about in the war. He wants to write a book about it.

[Main body of the article]

When Milton Radovsky of Silver Spring, in the American state of Maryland, had to slow down a bit for health reasons in his profession as a real estate agent, and found more time to think about his life, more and more scenes from his war days rose in his memory: quick visions of that day when he stood so close to the border between life and death.

A day which also is irrevocably burned into the memories of people in Linz who are still alive: On July 25, 1944, American bombers [Note: there were 450 of them, plus 200 fighters] flew the first great air attack on the Hermann Goering Works, which was then followed by 14 more attacks. But on this day alone, 586 bombs ploughed up the area of the "Eisenwerke Oberdonau" with their deadly detonations.

The rather small American with the firm, blue-gray eye and a bit of self irony who from a distance did not forget, was captured by the idea in his semi-retirement and could no longer let it go: he wanted to see that bit of land again where his fate was decided, but he wanted also to get to know those people over whose fate he and his comrades had played a decisive role: people of Linz who had survived the bombing attack and suffered through it.

"It is clear to me that Americans of medium age have just about no idea of the World War. When I tell my children today that we bombed the Hermann Goering Works at that time, they ask, 'Hermann who?'" [Note: I do not recall telling Dr. Buzas that my children reacted this way. That was the reaction, though, of a young cousin in her 30s and a neighbor in her 40s.]

Milton Radovsky wants to write a book about this day and collects with untiring energy what he can dig out of the debris of the past: documents, testimony of eyewitnesses, reports of life of that day in the Linz steel industry, descriptions of experiences of those who were there.

That he could speak with eyewitnesses, who came from as far away as West Germany and Vienna, is a result of several factors. After he had made it known through announcements in Upper Austrian newspapers that he was on the trail of the past, he came in contact with a lady of Linz, Ingrid Hartwig, who gave him the most valuable support.

She made the connection also with VOEST, which for some time has had a History Club. The leader of the club, Helmut Grobl, accompanied the former first lieutenant of the Air Force on Monday through the plant, showed him historical pictures from the plant's archives, which is just being organized, and gave the man from Maryland, who was accompanied by his wife Frances, the possibility to come together with people who, like the "enemy" of that time, had gone through the inferno.

Does one today treat the bomber-navigator who was sent in 1944, with 26 years, on his 33rd and last mission, as an enemy, as a destroyer? Mr. Radovsky does not have this opinion. There are, however, exceptions. "I received after the announcements in the newspapers also nasty letters, mostly anonymous. One called me a 'Luftgangster'. [Note: I received only this one.] But those are exceptions. I am overcome by the reception and the willingness to talk which I have experienced in Linz," he said.

Frau Hauptmann sees the terrible past equally filtered through the distance of 44 years. "I look at the events today from a different point of view; it was after all war, and we were a war industry, therefore, unfortunately, a logical bombing target."

Parachute Jump Over Molln

When the American, who is still pretty lively despite his considerable age, tells his personal story, one is amazed above all by one thing: the fullness of the details which have stuck in his memory. His story in a nutshell: The bomber, whose navigator he was, was hit by flak over Linz. [Note: also fighters.] One shell wounded Radovsky on the hand. The 10-man crew had to parachute out. Eight survived. [Note: only six survived.] Whether the six 1000-pound bombs had been dropped or not, Radovsky is still not sure today one hundred percent, or he does not want to be. The inter-com system on the plane had been damaged and was not working.

The 26-year-old navigator landed south of Molln [Note: this is a small town about 25 miles south of Linz] in front of a house whose inhabitant was standing in front of the door and looked with popeyes as an American soldier fell from heaven. In her confusion she waved at him and he waved back. Just a few years ago it was possible for Radovsky, with the help of American archival material, to find out where he had landed at that time, and his first visit in Europe, which was four years ago, led him to Molln where he met Maria Windhager again who, in the meantime, has become 89 years old, and who received him, as he says, like a long-lost son.

The rest of the story is quickly told. Radovsky was captured, interrogated, and by way of Hoersching and Wels was finally brought to the interrogation center in Oberursal. From there the POW was sent to a camp on the Baltic Sea and at the end of the war was freed by the Russians.

Now, in the evening of his life, he wants to know more than just superficially: Who are the people who then were the target of his bombs? What kind of plant was that which was designated to him and to so many others as a bombing target? What happened to the plant? [Note: my book will deal with a lot more than this!]

It is uncertain when the documentary book on which he is now working will be finished, or whether it will find a publisher. But that is also not the main idea. What is happening is an American, 44 years after the fact, is writing from his soul about his past, and thereby is building a bridge to the present. And that is something rather astounding for someone who, on the other side of the Big Pond, has been chasing the dollar since the end of the war and was a sharp businessman. [Note: at this point Dr. Buzas must have misread his notes or used his imagination - he certainly took a large measure of poetic license.]

Milton Radovsky has a request for Austrians: He would like to get in touch with fighter pilots, ground troops, anti-aircraft soldiers. The address is 10710 Lockridge Drive, Silver Spring, MD 20901, USA.



580 S. Ocean Blvd.
Boca Raton, FL, 33432

Dear Bernie,

Thanks a bunch for the prompt response on my missing newsletter with the group missions list. You and George obviously have better communication than anything I let my mañana proclivities touch. Confirming my fuzzy recollections, it shows only one mission to the Daimler-Benz Tank Works in Berlin.

I'm sorry that my own memories in this case are so limited to the fact that it was a long old haul (9 hours according to my combat mission log in my Form 5) that required the best possible combination of enroute weather for a slow climb and favorable winds aloft. I have some recollection of more than usual fighter response for this late in the campaign, including several ME 262's in the action, and sure enough that was Berlin down there! Oh yes, as I mentioned to George in my letter to him, I did get a kiss from Bea (Red Cross coffee and doughnuts) before debriefing.

I sent him the photo of that along with one of the Fifth Bomb Wing mission board that shows my group lead bombardier was Maj. Henry Howell. Has he been located, I wonder? The board shows we had 28 planes scheduled and take-offs, 2 early returns, dropped bombs visually on the primary target at 1231, and returned 26 planes to base at 1700. Also that the 463rd led the wing and had a combination of 11 planes lost and MIA.

Wherever Cortesi got his material in the research for the book must not have been totally reliable, but if Ray Schwanbeck seems to have forgotten the mission, at least you know why. Incidentally, he appears in the background in the photo with Bea, but not in flying gear. He may have led one of the Ruhland Refinery missions you mentioned.

Did you see any of the other stuff I sent to George? It was all duplications of photos, etc. from the album I had at the Houston convention, and I thought you might have seen it then. A story of the Berlin mission that made up the front page of the weekly Iand E Special Service Section paper for Hdqs. 99th BG, 25 March 1945, was included and adds the names of 1st Lts. Herb Holsanbeck, co-pilot and Bernard Obrentz, navigator, to the missing-so-far roster, I guess.

Sure would agree with your sentiments about old age as well as its alternative. Sure wish I'd been able to come up with more than this, but the scar tissue gets a bit thick by now, and the experience was an upbeat one and that tends to soften and film the recall. I've rambled long enough. Best wishes to you and Doris for a happy holiday season and until I see you in July.

8426 Lopez Drive
Tampa, Fl 33615
April 5, 1989

As ever,



Dear Walter,

I enjoyed reading your contribution to the 99th BGHS dated January 1, 1989. It is a fairly good account of the mission but there are some points wherein your memory is not quite there.

You may remember our last meeting at Andrews AF Base near Washington, D.C. in late 1947 or early 1948. I had enlisted as a M/Sgt after being placed on inactive duty as a reserve Captain. As I remember we had just a short time to talk in front of the Wing Hqs since you were in a hurry for some reason.

Your article did not disclose that Lt. Highfill and his crew, excepting the co-pilot, was assigned as my crew when you arrived in the 348th Sqdn. It was standard procedure in the 348th for an experienced co-pilot to take over an incoming crew for several missions until the new crew had gained some combat experience. We were on our first mission as a crew when we flew the mission to Weiner-Neustadt. Enroute to the target I took control of the plane when we started to gain altitude over the Adriatic and kept flying until we were letting down again over the Adriatic—a total of about four hours or so. That's one reason I remember the mission so well, four hours is a long sweat.

You are quite right ^{ABOUT} our sleeping gear and ground crew being pre-positioned for an overnight stop before returning to our base on November 3. However, that stop was made at Gela on the island of Sicily rather than Corsica. Sgt Lowell Stauffer was our ground crew member to make the trip and I offered him a ride back with us.

That mission was the first we flew as a crew and it was also the first mission by the 15th Air Force, November 2, 1943. One of our gunners was credited with one destroyed and, I think, two damaged. Ginns is the name that sticks in my mind.

I am including some pages from my flight log that will show that I was on the mission and may assist you in remembering. The missions shown as 18, 19 and 20 I flew as 1st pilot for Lt. Carver's crew on which I had been the co-pilot. Carver had been hospitalized with yellow jaundice and I alternated each crew on combat missions—you are very lucky it was the old crew's turn when we were shot down on December 19, 1943.

The mission on 11/22/43 to the airfield at Athens, Greece is the one that Perkins and some others screwed up and we did not get to drop our bombs on target. We had to pull out of formation over the Med and drop them uselessly because they were frag bombs that could not be rewired for safety. The squadron C. O., George Bransom was not too happy with that performance and let me know it.

One reason we were not too thrilled going back to Weiner-Neustadt was because we had been there on October 24 and were unable to drop our bombs due to an undercast covering the target.

Check a map of the Med and you will see that Corsica is farther west than Sicily. You may remember that we flew a mission to Toulon, France and most of our outfit had to go into Sardinia to refuel. Can't remember the name or number of the plane we were flying (could have been 25070) but it had "longer legs" than the other planes for some reason. George Bransom knew that when I asked for an OK to return to our base without going into Sardinia with the others. Bishkin was on the ball with distance remaining and we would have fuel to spare when we got to the base. When we arrived over the base there was some concern when only one aircraft appeared to be returning from that mission. The only time I remember our S-2 coming out to greet us.

The reason I have not written sooner is that I have been recovering from my second heart attack and by-pass surgery that occurred last November. I'm back to about as normal as I am going to be. Watch my diet, walk over two miles each day and keep poppin' pills that have been prescribed. For that reason could not make the last reunion but sure plan to make the next one and hope to see you there.

Walter, I certainly wish that everything with you and yours is about as good as you want it to be. Please understand that I think you did a bit of good writing with your article and enjoyed reading it but just had to ^{6/18/83} put some facts as I know them. In addition to all of the above, it is good to know you are still among the living and if you get down this way be sure to look me up. Remember, Disney World is only one hour away.

Sincerely,



cc: George Coen



We introduce here Michael Ross, who wrote the following as an English class project while a Junior at St. Pius High School in Albuquerque last year. We are grateful to him for his talented work. Michael has now graduated from High School and has received a scholarship to Catholic University at Washington D.C. Thank you, Michael, for this story. We hope that some day you will also give us Doris Barr's story. Well done and best wishes!



INTRODUCTION

My Grandfather, Colonel (Ret.) Bernice Stone Barr was a B-17 "Flying Fortress" pilot and co-pilot in World War II. He fought in the South Pacific against the Japanese during the early years of the war (1941-42) and fought in Europe in the later years. After the war, he served in various positions, including working at the Pentagon preparing reports for Congress as to what type of training equipment should be purchased for the Air Force.

After serving at several Air Force bases in the United States, he was transferred to serve in Korea. Upon returning from Korea, he became Commander of Kirtland Air Force Base in Albuquerque (the 4900th Base Group). From there he was sent to serve in Tachikawa, Japan for several years.

In 1968, he returned to Albuquerque and was made executive officer of the Special Weapons Center. He then retired after 30 years of service in the Air Force in early 1970. He is a current member and past President of the 99th Bombardment Group Historical Society. He has been active in the writing and publishing of the 99th BG's newsletter, which has printed numerous recollections and recently declassified material, all pertaining to the Group's activities in World War II. This newsletter is also an avenue for communication among members of the society by providing a forum for people who were actually involved in World War II to tell their version of their own story. It is a very interesting first-hand, first-person account of the human aspects of the war.

The interview that I conducted with my Grandfather dealt with his experience in the early part of the war (just after the bombing of Pearl Harbor and the United States' entry into the war), in which he made many bombing missions against Japanese ships and Japanese-held harbors in the South Pacific. These missions originated from Java, at the time occupied by the Dutch, which is an island located northwest of Australia and south of the Philippines and Borneo.

TRAINING FOR WAR

In September of 1939, after 2 years of college, my Grandfather started flight school. After 9 months of flight training, he was graduated as a 2nd Lieutenant and was transferred to Hamilton Field, an Army Air Forces base just north of San Francisco, California, for heavy bombardment training. This involved learning to fly the airplanes in use at Hamilton Field, the B-18 and the B-17B bomber (a precursor to the B-17 "Flying Fortress" which became so instrumental to the United States' air strategy and learning to use the then top-secret Norden bomb sight. This newly developed bomb sight greatly increased bombing accuracy. It could be used at any altitude to drop a bomb within 1000 feet of a target.

To be a member of a flight crew, it was also necessary to learn to perform all the other jobs involved with flying and keeping the airplanes in proper shape and repair to fly. This included navigator, bombadeer, engineer, radio communications operator and airplane maintenance.

My Grandfather's primary job, however, was as a pilot and co-pilot. He remembers his squadron commander saying to him: "We are training to get to the target as first, primary responsibility. Secondary [responsibility] is getting home after knocking out the target." This became the basis for prioritizing responsibilities while on bombing missions. It took great courage and patriotism to be concerned primarily [with] knocking out a target and to think of safely returning to home base alive as being secondary to this. Bombing missions against the enemy, especially the Japanese, were inherently dangerous. After dropping a load of bombs, a pilot almost always encountered resistance. In the case of the Japanese, it was a swarm of small, dangerously maneuverable fighters known as "zeros." These small fighters gained fame as "feisty," and effective, low altitude fighters.

In November of 1939, he was ordered to fly to the Philippine Islands along with the 7th Bombardment Group based in Salt Lake City, Utah, of which he was a member. This trip to the Philippines was going to entail defending these Southern Pacific Islands from a possible Japanese attack.

However, their orders were postponed until late 1941, when the 7th Bomb Group was sent to Pearl Harbor, Hawaii. On the night of December 6, two of the group's four squadrons took off for Pearl Harbor from Hamilton Field in California. The squadron to which my Grandfather belonged remained overnight and were scheduled to [take] off the next morning.

The two squadrons landed the following morning, on the infamous day of December 7, 1941. My Grandfather recalls: "The Japanese had started their attack on Pearl Harbor as the B-17s from Hamilton Field were arriving. During that malay of bombing, strafing and so forth, some of our airplanes (the 7th Bomb Group's) were lost [to enemy fire] and others landed safely at various points throughout the island." This attack by the Japanese changed the plans for his squadron in California; President Roosevelt would soon ask Congress to declare war.

The remaining aircraft and crews that had not left for Pearl Harbor were assigned to patrol duty off the coast of California, from San Francisco to Los Angeles. This patrol duty was designed to intercept a possible Japanese invasion of the West Coast of the United States.

LEAVING FOR WAR

After 10 days of patrolling the Pacific coast in B-17s, it was decided that, in my Grandfather's words, "the Japanese were fortunately not" going to invade. So the 2 squadrons were relieved of their airplanes and travelled by train to Seattle, Washington and then to Boeing Aircraft Company in Renton, where "I signed my name for a brand new B-17 for several hundred thousand dollars with a new Norden bomb sight in it."

The squadron then were sent to Java in the South Pacific. They took a western route, most likely so that they would avoid contact with the Japanese. They flew from Seattle to McNeil Air Force Base in San Antonio, Texas, down to Walla Walla Air Force Base in Trinidad, then to Africa, then to India, and then down into the Indonesian Islands, and finally, to Java.

At the beginning of the war, the Philippines had been evacuated to Java. It was the goal of the US Air Forces there to defend Java, Australia, and as many other islands as possible. However, the United States forces there were ill-prepared for war. When the Japanese struck, the United States Army Air Forces had only 1157 airplanes suitable for combat service. of these, 913 were based outside the United States on December 7: 61 heavy bombers, 157 medium bombers, 59 light bombers, and 636 fighter planes. However, the memorandum given to the Chief of Staff said that only 265 combat planes were in the Philippines, 153 being modern types, 112 being obsolescent and unusable. They truly were "fighting with what they had."

On the second day after his arrival, my Grandfather was sent on his first combat mission: "We were ordered out on a combat mission to the most northern point of the Celebes Islands, to a place called Menado. We then took off and landed at a grass runway at Kendari and spent the night, getting little or no sleep. The next morning about 3 or 4 o'clock we took off. We were to bomb Menado in daylight. Which we did. We bombed the harbor and according to the report we hit a couple of ships.

"We then started to depart from the harbor that we had just bombed, when our tail gunner called up and said that there were fighters approaching. They were Japanese 'zeros.' We had two B-17s in formation bombing this harbor and these were the first two B-17s that had ever gone

into combat with tail guns in them. All the older B-17s did not have tail guns, so the Japanese fighter pilots had learned to come up and slip up behind the B-17, and with their faster speed would overtake the B-17. The 'zeros,' without even being shot at, would load the B-17 with ammunition from their guns and shoot a great deal of them down. However, we had a tail gun on our airplane. The 'zero' pilots didn't know this. So as they came into attack, our tail gunner loaded bunches of 50 caliber ammunition into them and shot several of them down. This kind of fight, with their approach from below the airplane, from the tail, from the side, and from the top, all took place at about 2600 feet (in altitude). This fight, with 15 'zeros' fighting against 2 B-17s, resulted in our gunners shooting down 5 'zeros' and we got quite a few holes in ours (planes), but not enough to knock us out of the air. That (fight) lasted for about an hour.

"Then we returned to Kendari, landed and was refueling the airplane, and I was assisting a Dutch doctor with the wound repair of our tail gunner who had gotten hit in the knee by a bullet and had a compound fracture. While I was assisting this Dutch doctor, a siren went off that there was a Japanese attack immediately impending. They were coming in to attack the base we were at, which was Kendari. So we jumped into the airplane and took off as quickly as possible without the normal necessary preparations for flying, and as we got about five feet off the ground, bullets, from three Japanese fighters that had attacked us as we left the ground, came roaring through the airplane all the way from the tail up through the cockpit over the pilot's and my head. I was the co-pilot. These bullets went over our heads into the instrument panel and the windshield, knocking some of the instruments out, but the airplane still flew. So we flew into a rainstorm about 10 miles from the base, diving and (using) evasive action low over the ground until we got into the thunderstorm. The fighters couldn't see us. These fighters left us and returned to the other B-17 that had been unable to get off the ground, and attached it and burned it up with their gunfire. But the crew of that other airplane (that was burned up) was saved and they were later evacuated to Java. My airplane was able to fly back to Java and land, bullet-ridden and damaged, but we landed safely with only one injured airman."

This account is typical of many bombing missions that were flown against the Japanese in the South Pacific in that, on most missions, Japanese zeros would either chase the B-17s away from the target after the bombs were dropped or they would intercept them as they approached the target. "The Jap zeros with their long range and their capability also at high altitudes were able to attack our aircraft going in to the targets and many of our aircraft were shot down trying to get to their invasion fleets."

The Japanese Air Force destroyed a sufficient number of B-17s that there was an excess of flight crews. However, my Grandfather still went on three to four bombing missions a week. These missions were very strenuous because of the freezing temperatures caused by the high altitude, the lack of oxygen also a factor of high altitude, and the constant awareness that a Japanese fighter could appear at any moment.

LIFE AT WAR

An important activity of the crews that were not flying a mission on any particular day was to evacuate any planes that were left on the ground during Japanese attacks of the base. A siren would go off and all of the ground personnel would run to an airplane and take it out over the sea or head for a thunderstorm to hide in. When asked how often these Japanese raids took place, my Grandfather replied: "Hell, every day we had sirens going and people were low on morale and low on personnel and low on equipment and maintenance, and the like.

"Between the missions, if there were no Japanese around, the Dutch, who were in control of Java at the time, had a pretty good system going. . . . They had good ice cream, Peach Melbas, movies from the United States. . . . So when we weren't busy going on a mission or a training exercise, we could escape for a few hours and go into their towns. Jakarta was the first one that I became acquainted with. . . . we kind of enjoyed life. But then when you get ready to fly a combat mission and you go out and get your crew and get your course briefing and the altitutte briefing and the target, and then you go out and fly and all of these Japanese zeros would come humming around you like bees, it became a little dangerous. We lost lots of aircraft during these missions."

In _____ of 1942, the Japanese invaded Java with their navy and transports full of ground forces (soldiers). My Grandfather was sent on a mission to bomb these forces. "So 2 B-17s went out to try to knock out the fleet and keep them from invading Java. Well, we dropped our bombs, not too effectively, and they came on in and landed their fleet anyway. . . . My God, we didn't know whether we were going to get out (of Java) or not.

"The next morning, I was in the operations room, located in the hangar where the planes were maintained, ready to be dispatched on the day's mission, when the siren went off. I ran out into the middle of the hangar and started for a trench to jump into. In the meantime, zeros were firing bullets into the hangar. All I could do was to fall flat on my face onto the concrete floor and hope to God that the bullets would miss me. Which they fortunately did. So after three or four passes, they left and I was able to get out of the hangar.

"Then later in the day, they came over with bombers and dropped bombs on the air field. They came with another air strike and I jumped, with my crew, into my airplane and flew off the south coast of Java to escape their bombing attack. After it was all clear, we came back and landed and then loaded up the airplanes with bombs. At about three o'clock in the morning, we took off again to bomb the Japanese ships that, by that time, were unloading their forces on the north shore of Java. By moonlight, we visually bombed their ships. My crew told me that we hit two of them."

There were no ground forces available to meet the Japanese as they invaded. "There were a few Dutch ground forces and limited army forces, but we were not expecting a war. So the Japanese had a clear ground run to all of the major cities within Java."

LEAVING JAVA

After a few more attacks by the Japanese on the air base, the crews were told to get their gear together and get ready to leave Java. A B-17 was normally equipped for 10 crew members; however, enough planes had been lost that there was about 2 crews for every plane, so 20-25 people had to be packed into each plane. They flew to Brume, Australia, and stopped for food and drink and then flew down to Perth, Australia. Shortly after my Grandfather's plane took off, the Japanese came in and shot up the remaining planes that had not yet taken off.

After landing in Perth and having dinner, he was sent back to Brume to pick up any survivors and bring them back to Perth the following day. The 7th Bomb Group then flew south to Melbourne, Australia, and reorganized along with the 19th Bomb Group that had just escaped from the Japanese takeover of the Philippine islands. They consolidated to form the 19th Bomb Group and continued to bomb in the South Pacific. They bombed islands such as New Guinea, the Solomon Islands, and Rabaul, until November of 1942 when my Grandfather was transferred back to the United States.

CONCLUSION

In terms of overall gains, the Air Force did not really slow the advance of the Japanese. In the end, the Japanese captured many of the Indonesian islands and the Philippine islands. However, the effectiveness that the B-17s showed in bombing Japanese invasion fleets proved that an attempted invasion of Australia would have been hazardous or even disastrous. When asked about the Air Force's contribution to the war against the Japanese in the Pacific, my Grandfather replied: "I think we did a lot to hold back the invasion of Australia, even though the Japanese did continue their invasion of the Solomon Islands down to Guadalcanal. It was a hell of a battle for the Marines and the Army to kick them out. . . We wanted to defend all of those islands, Java, the Celebes, and the Philippines, but we were not prepared to do so. . . But we were risking our lives every day flying out on these missions against their fighters and their ground anti-aircraft guns."

The courage and bravery that the men of the 7th and 19th Bomb Groups portrayed during their battles with the Japanese in the South Pacific is truly remarkable. Fighting in a war while well equipped and prepared is trying enough on one's psyche and body, but fighting while ill-prepared and under equipped is quite another matter that requires great stamina and strength of character. These men did the best possible job under conditions that neither nurtured high morale nor made success seem attainable. There is no hyperbole involved when it is stated that these men risked their lives every single day so that freedom could be preserved. This freedom was preserved for us and for other citizens of the world through efforts by men like my Grandfather.

Thank you, Michael, for this story. We hope that some day you will also give us Doris Barr's story. Well done!

There was an interesting prologue to these desperate days in the Pacific. The Japanese Government in 1939 or 1940 had decided not to participate with Germany in the war. But then Col. Tsuji Masunobu, dressed as a coolie, journeyed down to Singapore and reported back that the guns all pointed seaward and the rear of the island could be reached by wading. At that point Japan opted for war.

We mention this for the benefit of those who feel that armaments cause wars. It just is not so. geo.



HEADQUARTERS
NINETY NINTH BOMBARDMENT GROUP (H) ARMY AIR FORCES
Office of the Group Commander

20 May 1944

SUBJECT: Roster of Personnel
TO: Commanding General, Fifteenth Air Force APO 520

1. Roster of Enlisted Men, members of this command 5 July 1943.

NAME	RANK	ASN
Abbott, Joe B.	Cpl	18079210
Abeyta, Abelino (NMI)	Cpl	38166447
Abrahamson, Arnold E.	Sgt	10604531
Adamission, Joseph A.	S/Sgt	19003780
Adams, Brewster C.	Sgt	14069399
Adams, James N.	Pvt	36268433
Adams, Vernon D.	S/Sgt	39172904
Agee, Glenn C.	Pvt	37387535
Agoglia, John T.	Cpl	32335258
Ahles, J.L.	Cpl	16061421
Ainsworth, Johnnie H.	Sgt	37137291
Alamillo, Joseph M.	Pfc	34249303
Alexander, Cecil H.	Cpl	38023895
Alexanderowitz, Alfred (NMI)	Pfc	32399505
Alfred, Merritt B.	Cpl	31118285
Alix, Clifford I.	S/Sgt	11037087
Allen, Charles E.	Sgt	38104413
Allen, Claude L.	M/Sgt	6275385
Allen, Grady N.	S/Sgt	35429318
Allen, Horace B.	Pvt	39826291
Alley, Marion A.	Sgt	19020524
Alm, Robert F.	M/Sgt	36048482
Alter, Lewis (NMI)	Pvt	12123994
Alumbaugh, Dale F.	Pvt	15104181
Alvey, Francis C.	Sgt	35041277
Ames, Leonard J.	M/Sgt	17026737
Anderkin, Clarence (NMI)	Cpl	35267995
Anderson, Vernon E.	T/Sgt	19067552
Anderson, Allen G.	T/Sgt	36318214
Anderson, Leo V.	S/Sgt	36256898
Anderson, Thomas H.	Cpl	38097806
Andrew, Thomas L.	Pvt	24199078
Angell, Chester R.	Sgt	12044424
Antoncio, Martin F.	Pvt	35320666
Appel, Victor (NMI)	Sgt	39387255
Applegate, William R.	Pvt	15060908
Apt, Seymour (NMI)	Pfc	33322055
Aquilino, Dominick J.	T/Sgt	11033682
Arambula, Henry A.	Pfc	19062330
Arata, Arthur S.	Sgt	39387312
Archer, William T.	Cpl	15090061
Ardelean, George (NMI) jr.	S/Sgt	36357282
Argenbright, Lewis W.	Sgt	39387136
Arnold, Paul T.	Pvt	34257767
Arter, William J.	S/Sgt	33234138
Arruda, Gilbert C.	Pvt	31162197

Ashton, Creighton M.	Cpl	34249132
Aurand, George R.	Cpl	16041714
Austin, Eldon B.	S/Sgt	13032825
Austin, W.B.	S/Sgt	7020247
Avant, Robert L.	Sgt	20832705
Averill, Lloyd S.	M/Sgt	15098844
Axelrod, Jacob (NMI)	Sgt	32326908
Azzopardi, Joe (NMI)	Pfc	39104928
Bacon, Wilson (NMI)	Pfc	38190208
Bahl, James L.	Sgt	19081420
Baier, Howard D.	Sgt	17042338
Bailey, Daniel G.	Sgt	35331338
Bailey, John W. Jr.	M/Sgt	33130115
Bailey, William A.	Sgt	38095286
Baird, Charles T.	S/Sgt	35041374
Baker, James R.	Pvt	34168507
Baker, Robert C.	Pfc	34198184
Baker, Walter G.	T/Sgt	33310503
Ball, Ernest A.	S/Sgt	35043400
Balnis, Henry A.	Sgt	32334895
Barfield, James E.	Cpl	14098088
Barnes, Charles R.	Sgt	16060512
Barnes, Oscar L.	Pfc	35183318
Barnett, Wilson M.	Pvt	38104618
Barnhart, Lester L.	Pvt	33288742
Barraford, Lawrence W.	Cpl	39171060
Barren, Patrick R.	T/Sgt	18080122
Barthel, Jason D.	T/Sgt	11023210
Barthel, Milton H.	Sgt	36320352
Bartlett, James L.	Cpl	18188299
Bartling, Leonard C.	Pvt	37084049
Baskin, Adair N.	Pfc	18102050
Bass, William A.	Cpl	14042813
Bassin, Arthur (NMI)	Sgt	32414232
Bates, Harland J.	S/Sgt	17024902
Battiato, Sam (NMI)	Pvt	35303399
Baughman, Charles L.	Sgt	32263390
Baurmann, Richard T.	Pfc	39020833
Baxley, Archie D.	Pvt	38278181
Bayuk, William F.	Cpl	36325543
Beach, Carroll E.	Cpl	39387768
Beames, Kue H.	Pvt	39629669
Beard, Jason (NMI)	Pvt	38183405
Beattie, Homer J.	T/Sgt	16004326
Beaver, Charles J.	Sgt	38062288
Beaver, John L.	T/Sgt	14070992
Becerra, Pedro I.	Pvt	38240923
Bederske, John O.	Cpl	36367878
Behrends, Ommo L.	Sgt	38101137
Bekamis, Leo J.	Pvt	36171663
Belger, Causey B.	Cpl	34249001
Bellardini, Alfred D.	Cpl	32471094
Beller, John (NMI) Jr.	Pvt	36508015
Belt, Bill (NMI)	pvt	38182740
Bender, Leroy B.	Cpl	33187535
Bennett, Gordon C.	Cpl	34236067
Bennett, Jack B.	Cpl	38086111
Bennett, James T.	Sgt	14072616
Benner, Morris L.	Pvt	37453491
Bennett, James W.	Cpl	34356492

Benos, Louis J.	Cpl	35313648
Bensen, Gordon B.	Sgt	32297680
Benton, Bradford F.	Sgt	37135099
Berg, Alvin O.	Sgt	39387162
Berg, David S.	Pfc	19077570
Bergl, Harold J.	Cpl	36325752
Bernat, Paul V.	S/Sgt	13012156
Bernstein, Julius (NMI)	S/Sgt	19082066
Berntzen, Walter C.	Cpl	36325931
Berrellez, Jose A.	S/Sgtq	39847332
Berry, Cooper W. Jr.	Pfc	19145880
Berry, Everett H.	Pvt	37142453
Berryessa, James L.	Pfc	19054538
Bertach, Forest W.	S/Sgt	35037406
Bess, R.B.	Cpl	14022501
Bessac, Marion R.	S/Sgt	19083476
Best, James L.	Cpl	39021954
Bettinger, Carl A.	Pfc	39091228
Beukema, George (NMI)	Cpl	36321099
Bezek, Peter P.	M/Sgt	7021181
Biberdorf, Raymond A.	Sgt	17036729
Bicker, Roger O.	Sgt	35285279
Biggerstaff, Grover E.	Sgt	19080589
Bilinski, Julian (NMI)	Cpl	39184428
Billmaier, Robert C.	Sgt	15107318
Bingen, Robert D.	Sgt	30248843
Biondi, Elis A.	Cpl	37434849
Biotti, John C.	Pfc	39452522
Bird, Robert M.	S/Sgt	6968474
Bishop, Homer R.	Cpl	35267726
Bjorneby, Laurance G.	Sgt	19070941
Black, Delmar R.	Sgt	38079288
Black, Jessie (NMI)	Pvt	38202858
Black, Will R.	Pvt	18061871
Blackburn, Wyatt W.	Cpl	38100855
Blackstone, A.C.	T/Sgt	18075018
Blair, Chester P.	Sgt	36330969
Blair, Delbert L.	Sgt	39091232
Blanton, Albert G.	Sgt	19080952
Blanton, Ray A.	Sgt	38098029
Blatnick, Albert (NMI)	Sgt	39090680
Blatt, Vincent P.	Sgt	39089416
Blizzard, Lloyd L.	Cpl	39388064
Blocker, Eugene N.	Sgt	17036937
Blower, James H.	Pfc	38191385
Boardman, Edward J.	S/Sgt	11052450
Baboc, Victor	Sgt	33165013
Bodnar, Edward J.	T/Sgt	13038278
Boggess, Kenneth R.	S/Sgt	38183297
Bohls, Leon C.	Sgt	38101672
Bohon, William H.	M/Sgt	6899212
Bolte, Ray L.	Sgt	17045124
Boles, Solon E.	Cpl	35041687
Bom, William J.	T/Sgt	36109181
Bond, Frank (NMI)	Sgt	39389131
Bonfiglio, Nicholas A.	Sgt	16030786
Bonjorino, Francis (NMI)	Cpl	32114996
Bonne, Jesse A.	Sgt	37071176
Bonner, Caleb S.	Cpl	38124856
Book, Harold J.	Pvt	38104146

Booth, Thomas E.	Cpl	39683128
Boothe, Walker R.	T/Sgt	38105623
Boren, Andrew J.	Cpl	38288546
Borho, Leslie E.	S/Sgt	37276541
Bostick, Paul A.	Pfc	14100552
Bowen, William P.	Sgt	38107623
Bowlby, Joseph E.	Sgt	36342789
Bowman, Clarence S.	Pvt	37214994
Box, Leslie E.	Pfc	39175136
Boyd, Carrol W.	Sgt	18131686
Boyer, Carl R.	Sgt	37009782
Brabham, James W.	Pfc	14074177
Bradfute, Richard W.	S/Sgt	38089492
Bradley, John L.	Cpl	13047824
Brady, Edmund J.	Sgt	32370315
Bragiel, Albin S.	Sgt	38321272
Bramlett, Lloyd (NMI)	Pvt	34211870
Bramstrom, Axel A.	Cpl	39171139
Brangle, William J.	Cpl	18121391
Braswell, Abel A.	M/Sgt	34197589
Braun, William F.	Cpl	39397851
Brazel, Edward J.	Pfc	36356662
Brennan, Joseph R.	S/Sgt	17091260
Breshears, Richard F.	Pfc	38190552
Breunig, Joseph C.	Sgt	37122469
Brickner, Walter E.	S/Sgt	35039740
Bridges, Billy B.	S/Sgt	19048676
Briggs, John E.	T/Sgt	19067213
Briggs, William H.	Sgt	34287484
Brink, William J., Jr.	S/Sgt	35350356
Brinker, Quinten B.	T/Sgt	20432022
Britt, Gerald (NMI)	Cpl	19067751
Brock, Millard O.	S/Sgt	14067064
Brock, William W.	Pvt	38183167
Brodie, Joseph A.	Cpl	13033911
Brogan, Raymond H.	Cpl	36343603
Broggard, Harlow M.	Pfc	36321382
Brothers, Gregory A.	S/Sgt	32387298
Brower, L.B.	Cpl	16148820
Brown, Edwin E.	Cpl	14077954
Brown, Harry S.	S/Sgt	12087888
Brown, Howard F., Jr.	T/Sgt	14051324
Brown, Leland P.	Sgt	37424869
Brown, Lloyd H.	Cpl	34121202
Brown, Nathan A.	Cpl	34263908
Brown, Ralph T.	Cpl	38288389
Brown, Wilford A.	Pfc	34242201
Browning, Allen L.	Cpl	38193377
Broyles, Zacharius T.	Sgt	14069525
Brucher, Clarence E.	Cpl	36332185
Brukhardt, William E.	Sgt	16024316
Brummer, J.B.	Cpl	33365060
Bruno, Louis J.	Cpl	33300734
Brunner, Francis L.	Cpl	36254649
Brust, Warren B.	Pvt	19051844
Brymesser, Harold F.	Cpl	33232492
Bryson, James R.	Pfc	34367264
Buchanan, James A.	M/Sgt	34113766
Buckner, Orsta L.	Cpl	16125197
Bullock, Carl P.	Pvt	34381025

Bullock, Jack T.	M/Sgt	38066693
Burch, James I.	Pvt	38183430
Burcham, William T.	S/Sgt	69698628
Burden, Jim E.	Cpl	35329617
Burgett, Charles R.	S/Sgt	32381824
Burgen, Charles L.	Pvt	36371429
Burke, Michael J.	S/Sgt	19060475
Burkhardt, James A.	S/Sgt	13061209
Burkhardt, John F.	S/Sgt	16070690
Burns, William J., Jr.	Sgt	13046240
Burrell, Glenn R.	Cpl	38183170
Burrell, Wayne E.	Cpl	38183161
Burriel, Donald S.	Sgt	39171173
Busby, John P.	Cpl	34198776
Burt, James A.	Sgt	34255845
Butler, John F.	Pvt	12041731
Bury, Bruno P.	Sgt	16038509
Bush, Roy M.	Cpl	37179840
Butterfield, Albert G.	S/Sgt	39393947
Butts, Francis V.	Cpl	39181344
Buxton, Tharon L.	T/Sgt	17133618
Cagle, Will E.	S/Sgt	18079404
Cairness, Edward F.	Pvt	31163557
Caldwell, Frank L.	Cpl	34256604
Caldwell, Harold R.	Pvt	33300744
Calkins, Robert W.	S/Sgt	32185369
Callahan, Hugh E.	Sgt	17088675
Callihan, James V.	T/Sgt	35277925
Campbell, Edgar M.	T/Sgt	13033172
Campbell, William M.	T/Sgt	16027297
Canady, Clayton W.	T/Sgt	38148731
Canciggle, Anthony G.	S/Sgt	6903315
Cannellos, Robert J.	T/Sgt	32285253
Cantley, Eugene L.	S/Sgt	15117210
Capers, Oscar D.	Cpl	14057173
Capestro, Albert E.	S/Sgt	32348895
Capitano, Sam (NMI)	Cpl	34249244
Carlin, Thomas W.	Cpl	38288050
Carlock, John D.	M/Sgt	34261510
Carlson, Sidney C.N.	Cpl	39836476
Carlton, Robert W.	T/Sgt	39093363
Carmichael, Daniel F.	S/Sgt	14069455
Carpenter, Donald F.	T/Sgt	19015552
Cariloo, Empilio M.	S/Sgt	20841708
Carroll, Joseph R.	T/Sgt	32405735
Carroll, Oscar B.	Cpl	38132847
Carson, Cecil W.	T/Sgt	18053345
Carter, Billy G.	Cpl	18082585
Carter, Howard P.	Sgt	17034184
Carter, Lawrence A.	Cpl	37185798
Carter, Paul (NMI)	T/Sgt	11050325
Carvin, Earle W.	Cpl	13112501
Casey, Gordon F.	S/Sgt	20649205
Casey, Joe T.	Cpl	34194376
Cashman, Harold J.	Pvt	31118557
Castillo, Joe (NMI)	Pvt	38143850
Cate, William C.	Sgt	31136748
Caveloro, Edward J.	Pvt	39179660
Cellers, James L.	Cpl	39092095
Celine, Joseph G.	M/Sgt	7020939

Cepek, George F.	T/Sgt	36319797
Cepparulo, Armond J.	S/Sgt	33315372
Chambless, William H.	Pvt	38183551
Chandonnait, Jean G.	S/Sgt	11069893
Chancellor, John W.	S/Sgt	38020676
Chapa, Tomas T.	Pvt	38255976
Chapman, Charles B.	S/Sgt	16040578
Clark, Edward J.	Pfc	11039123
Clark, Erwin (NMI)	Sgt	39827354
Clark, Forrest D.	Pfc	39255017
Clark, Orlando A.	Sgt	34249194
Clark, Vurl L.	Sgt	19115530
Clay, Cleo J.	Cpl	37182293
Clayton, Albert F.	Sgt	36362959
Clem, Andrew (NMI) Jr.	S/Sgt	31106857
Clouse, Francis M.	Cpl	39241141
Clugston, Clinton H.	Sgt	38191524
Cockram, Lynnus V.	M/Sgt	33091117
Cockrell, James C.	Pfc	39240574
Cocusa, C.J.	Cpl	13034654
Coffin, James A.	S/Sgt	17044746
Cohen, Charles (NMI)	Sgt	32327854
Cole, Paul E.	Cpl	39529695
Cole, Ralph C.	Cpl	38182100
Coleman, William H.	Pvt	37114714
Collins, Charles R.	Pvt	37348754
Compton, Sam R.	S/Sgt	38177250
Condit, Keith E.	Cpl	18096995
Conley, Charles W.	Cpl	14104089
Conley, Dave H.	Pvt	38191505
Connolly, Joseph M.	Cpl	39847177
Considine, John J.	Cpl	32290453
Cook, Bruce G.	Cpl	36198268
Cook, Lee M.	Cpl	39239270
Cook, Sennet A.	Pvt	38237553
Corcoran, Joseph C.	Cpl	32323396
Corley, John W.	Pvt	13066493
Corn, Thomas E.	Sgt	39089592
Cornia, Keith C.	Sgt	33133884
Cowan, Carl V.	Cpl	38189423
Cowart, Claude J.	S/Sgt	14028330
Cowen, Alexander G.	S/Sgt	39390842
Cox, Colin R.	Sgt	34207678
Cox, Ernest H.	S/Sgt	39181251
Cox, Warren C.	Sgt	13033149
Crater, Winfield J.	S/Sgt	36168882
Cranford, Alvin B.	S/Sgt	20382905
Crawford, Victor H.	Cpl	37138696
Cree, David W.	Cpl	32318974
Creo, Robert H.	S/Sgt	13085982
Cresser, Francis G.	S/Sgt	31162404
Creswell, Guy S.	Sgt	38113087
Crice, George E.	M/Sgt	35256217
Crisler, Samuel	S/Sgt	34442193
Crisp, William J.	Sgt	14074241
Cross, Johnnie W.	Pvt	38182772
Crowther, Warren L.	Cpl	33366244
Cruggs, Merlin W.	Sgt	19055560
Crull, Elden E.	Pfc	39185115
Crutcher, Wayne D.	Sgt	37199710

Culp, Herbert V.	Cpl	18101853
Cummings, Edward C.	Pvt	34280080
Cummings, Leslie M.	Sgt	36504720
Cummins, Carl F.	Cpl	36520071
Cunningham, James J.	S/Sgt	20317253
Cunny, Harry (NMI)	Cpl	35328607
Curl, Merl E.	Sgt	35493368
Curley, John I., Jr.	Cpl	11067997
Curry, Raymond F.	Sgt	15076699
Curtis, Aaron F.	Cpl	38123505
Curran, J.T.	Cpl	36043906
Curtis, Leonard J.	Sgt	16038358
Curtis, Theodore M.	Pfc	31087527
Cusack, Archie D.	Sgt	36145538
Czubachowaki, Theodore D.	Cpl	16099250
Dahl, Allen J.	Pvt	16023695
Dale, Joyce L.	Cpl	13076363
Daley, David J.	Sgt	35318967
Dalton, Howard (NMI)	Pvt	32294309
Daly, Paul E.	Cpl	32290599
Danford, Elmer D.	Pvt	34248370
Daniel, Ferrell E.	T/Sgt	14063777
Daniel, Truett A.	Cpl	38125175
Daniels, Andrew R.	Cpl	38211564
Danner, William C.	T/Sgt	39093059
Dare, Paul C.	T/Sgt	17015650
Darilek, Edwin F.	Pvt	38155558
Darrah, Alfred L.	S/Sgt	15082627
Darrow, Joseph J.	Cpl	36343088
Daubenspeck, Earl G.	Pvt	39021848
Davenport, Jansen R.	M/Sgt	20423388
Davidson, Benjamin F.	Pvt	18110219
Davidson, James L.	Pfc	38190589
Davis, D.C.	Sgt	38288587
Davis, Edward E.	Sgt	38134070
Davis, Fred H.	Pvt	17058921
Davis, Lloyd A.	Cpl	17058557
Davis, Robert C.	S/Sgt	17042562
Davis, Vernon F.	Cpl	38125561
Davis, William R.	Cpl	36181054
Dawson, John H.	Sgt	36321240
Dean, Dewey (NMI)	Cpl	R-1590817
Dean, William F.	S/Sgt	14029266
DeBoer, George	Cpl	36398606
DeBrock, Robert F.	Cpl	32138703
DeChurch, Anthony W.	Pfc	32265883
DeJCrane, Charles E.	Pfc	39609534
Deering, Raymond M.	S/Sgt	16046977
Defanco, Leroy J.	Pvt	32465100
Delano, Edward J.	T/Sgt	39094089
DeLauder, Leonard A.	Sgt	36178888
Demetreos, Gust J.	Pfc	39185235
Demick, Dominio F.	S/Sgt	11105120
Dempsey, Richard H.	Cpl	31132353
Dent, Sylvester (NMI)	Pfc	32107996
Depew, Arthur W.	S/Sgt	35331286
De Slover, Donald M.	T/Sgt	16043632
Dewar, Leonardo L.	T/Sgt	12036411
Dickerson, William L.	Cpl	38118978
Dierksen, Albert I.	Pvt	38183233

Diethorn, George H.	S/Sgt	13041455
Dinan, Willard J., Jr.	S/Sgt	32199980
Dineen, Robert J.	Pvt	15340108
Dinkins, Tom E.	Pvt	18039948
Dixon, Lero (NMI)	Pvt	38237867
Dodson, Elmer W.	Pvt	36183404
Dombowski, Anthony J.	Sgt	33064632
Dominguez, Celestino (NMI)	Cpl	38166661
Donohue, John A.	Cpl	32430341
Dorenbecker, Jay B.	Pfc	36198642
Dorman, Simon M.	S/Sgt	35361891
Doty, Jack V.	Pvt	38190301
Dow, Troy E.	Pvt	37348797
Dowd, Bernard L., Jr.	Pfc	31156941
Dowling, Clarence B.	S/Sgt	37128612
Downs, Henton A.	Cpl	18116771
De Pietro, Rogers	pvt	6570575
Delaplaine, William B.	Cpl	19065331
Dillon, Alfred L.	Cpl	16054424
Dove, Walter L.	S/Sgt	15058782
Dorr, Louis F.	S/sgt	15018349
Drabot, William C.	S/Sgt	13026078
Drumm, John W.	Cpl	13108912
Dudley, Donald J.	Pvt	C-1836762
Duke, J.C.	Pvt	34330637
Duke, Matthew T.	M/Sgt	6389937
Duncan, Benjamin F.	Cpl	20433831
Duncan, Noble (NMI)	T/Sgt	37373448
Dunlap, Richard W.	S/Sgt	37418413
Dunow, Floyd A.	T/Sgt	37126247
Dupont, Verne R.	Cpl	17018109
Duran, Ilarion (NMI)	Pvt	38124371
Durose, James W.	Pvt	37387143
Duzenack, Thomas G.	S/Sgt	37350848
Dyberg, Hilding m.	Pfc	39453024
Dyess, John O.	Cpl	38219358
Dygert, John E.	Pvt	36149813
Ebersole, Harry (NMI)	Pfc	32403294
Ecklund, Russell (NMI)	S/Sgt	37138240
Edwards, Lemuel E.	Sgt	35254392
Egan, James H.	Sgt	39609019
Edwards, Leonard L.	Pfc	33273259
Eicher, Milton R.	Sgt	16059887
Eirich, Fred E.	S/Sgt	16035426
Eklund, Carl W.	Pvt	38092741
Eldridge, Howard G.	Pvt	11051185
Elgert, Adolph A.	Sgt	32245079
Elkins, Denver L.	S/Sgt	35133221
Ellington, William M.	Cpl	39181424
Elliott, Raymond A.	Cpl	37333079
Elliott, Roy (NMI)	Pfc	38183197
Ellis, James A., Jr.	Cpl	16061485
Egdorf, Raymond W.	Cpl	37112298
Elaner, Albert A.	Pvt	16099412
Elsey, George L.	Sgt	39380188
Engel, Arthur (NMI)	Cpl	32337470
Enger, Arles E.	Pvt	39185156
England, Ernest T.	Pfc	38139494
England, Thomas B.	T/Sgt	34261313
English, Francis H.	Pfc	39534821

Engwis, Donald J.	Sgt	16045846
Epstein, Bernard (NMI)	Cpl	32336754
Erikson, Kenneth (NMI)	Pvt	36342875
Eriksson, Daniel F.	T/Sgt	19059568
Erickson, William T.	Cpl	37124109
Esposito, Angelo E.	Cpl	32453805
Estrada, Tomas P.	Sgt	38213029
Evans, James W.	Pvt	32501369
Evans, William N.	Cpl	37133303
Everett, Robert E.	Pvt	32478204
Eydenberg, Arnold F.	Sgt	31083015
Eyer, Charles H.	S/Sgt	13080118
Eylward, James F.	Pfc	32401432
Febry, Herbert L.	Sgt	16125292
Fallen, Charles H.	S/Sgt	14081242
Farkus, Sidney (NMI)	Pvt	39257259
Farley, Orville W.	Cpl	36501481
Farrell, Dudley F.	Sgt	35337318
Fast, Gene (NMI)	Pfc	32266074
Fatkin, William H.	Cpl	33183742
Feeney, James B.	Sgt	14025848
Feldman, Nathan (NMI)	T/Sgt	12036724
Felstein, Morris (NMI)	Pfc	32444247
Fenton, Robert P.	T/Sgt	17068640
Ferry, Paul E.	S/Sgt	36371631
Field, John W.	S/Sgt	18044954
Firlit, Joseph J.	Sgt	36367552
Fisher, Frank B.	Sgt	39256580
Fitch, John H.	Sgt	35474760
Fithian, Joseph L.	Pvt	39397204
Flan, Morris A.	Sgt	33278192
Fleg, Bernard A.	Sgt	20317174
Fleming, David O., Jr.	T/Sgt	36170277
Fletcher, Walter S.	Sgt	34248954
Florak, James J.	T/Sgt	36321002
Folk, William C.	Pvt	16088367
Fontana, James D.	Sgt	15095611
Forbes, Thomas L.	Pvt	33231708
Foreman, Lynn W.	Pfc	37205490
Foriss, Alex (NMI)	Sgt	32251749
Fornias, Vincent R.	M/Sgt	20300552
Foster, Jack M.	Sgt	16043556
Frame, George, Jr.	Pfc	18120761
Franklin, James R.	Sgt	37259159
Frantz, Benjamin R.	Pfc	32294307
Frantz, John L.	Sgt	13045313
Frasher, Blenn R.	Sgt	Unknown
Freeland, Joseph C.	T/Sgt	35254521
Freeman, Elmer C.	S/Sgt	32225335
Freeman, Shirley C.	Pvt	34249238
Freer, Frank C.	T/Sgt	39083221
Freiwald, Lawrence M.	Mj/Sgt	14024007
Frissell, Charles E.	Sgt	31097400
Frost, William S.	Sgt	35327978
Forte, John D.	Cpl	11021134
Frutchey, Harold J.	Sgt	33184671
Fumia, Slavador F., Jr.	Pfc	31140504
Gadsby, Charles E.	Pfc	31162132
Gadz, Walter V.	Cpl	12140307
Gajewski, Casmer L.	Sgt	35254885

Gammon, Peter A.	S/Sgt	20410009
Garcia, Ernesto O.	Cpl	38123954
Garertner, Tom E.	S/Sgt	35513233
Garland, June H.	S/Sgt	18129737
Garner, Edgar C.	S/Sgt	33306298
Garside, Thomas (NMI)	Sgt	32456901
Garvis, Leroy J.	S/Sgt	37124070
Gaylor, Irvin O.	Pvt	37201866
Gebhart, Eldridge C.	Cpl	37295200
Gemsa, Frank	Sgt	32237818
Gentile, Albert J.	Cpl	36340902
Geoffrey, Edward (NMI)	Sgt	13044088
Gere, George E.	Pvt	32360981
Gerig, Robert S.	Sgt	35378826
Germano, Joseph A.	Cpl	32403919
Gerrol, Frank (NMI)	Pfc	31082153
Gil, Jose S.	Sgt	18090004
Gilbert, Frederick D.H.	Sgt	32310937
Gill, Elmer C.	S/Sgt	16061481
Gilliard, Grover E.	S/Sgt	34198655
Gilliss, Frank D.	S/Sgt	14022854
Gilmore, Benjamin J.	Sgt	32374364
Gilmore, Norman D.	S/Sgt	17023829
Girton, Arthur L.	S/Sgt	32248228
Glasser, Arthur (NMI)	Sgt	32161130
Glenn, Charles W.	T/Sgt	13072974
Golden, Jack L.	Pfc	38207932
Goldman, Morris (NMI)	T/Sgt	11037958
Gonyea, Albert L.	T/Sgt	6701191
Gonzalez, Fernando (NMI)	Cpl	34249176
Goodale, Ralph L.	Sgt	31103071
Goodman, Samuel S.	S/Sgt	32311350
Goodson, Kenneth L.	Pvt	14025805
Goodwin, Max C.	Pfc	39831073
Goose, Harry B.	S/Sgt	32027820
Gordon, Harry F., Jr.	Pvt	32208181
Gordon, Herschel P.	Cpl	38024881
Gordon, Ira (NMI)	M/Sgt	12006025
Gorey, Ddonald W.	T/Sgt	16004326
Gosselin, Leo J.	S/Sgt	11042397
Graff, Verlyn P.	Pfc	33223483
Graffius, Robert S.	T/Sgt	6940946
Graham, Edward D.	Sgt	36162879
Grant, Frank H.	Pvt	6154310
Grant, John H.	Sgt	14130052
Grasel, Harold E.	S/Sgt	16092126
Graves, William C.	Sgt	14036333
Greathouse, Rex L.	T/Sgt	39089675
Green, Isadore D.	Cpl	32290507
Greenhoot, Edgar A.	Cpl	39094373
Greenwaldt, William E.	Sgt	13073446
Gregory, Donald F.	T/Sgt	19059182
Greisi, Thomas J.	Sgt	32389840
Griffith, Edgar (NMI)	Pvt	36432847
Griffith, Walter A.	Sgt	6660272
Griggs, James M.	T/Sgt	18069445
Grillo, Joseph K.	Pvt	12137099
Grimes, Eugene F.	Sgt	31068623
Griswold, Ira C.	Sgt	39843226
Grodzicke, Curtis (NMI)	Pvt	11998351

Groepper, Harry E.	Pvt	37126161
Grolling, George A.	Cpl	32142147
Gross, Francis B.	S/Sgt	36153689
Grossman, Melville A.	Cpl	13012424
Guenther, Guile G.	Cpl	36184331
Gudding, Oscar A.	Pvt	37291352
Guffey, Thomas S.	Pvt	39826642
Guerard, Jack D.	S/Sgt	33190481
Guglielmo, Eugene J.	Pvt	35387090
Gusrosks, Leroy C.	S/Sgt	15104543
Gyler, Emanuel (NMI)	S/Sgt	12127853
Haefner, Theodore L.	Pfc	37376224
Haid, Theodore R.	S/Sgt	38165057
Halcarz, John J.	Pvt	35357556
Hale, William (NMI)	Pvt	16125287
Hale, William H.	Cpl	33016391
Haley, Roy C.	Cpl	15081759
Haley, William H.	Cpl	38209904
Hall, Clarence M.	Pvt	34249229
Hall, Lewis E.	Pfc	33191705
Hall, Lowell C.	T/Sgt	6859766
Hall, Melvin E.	T/Sgt	35257150
Hamann, Lester C.	M/Sgt	37149487
Hambrick, Buck (NMI)	Cpl	39256709
Hamel, Urgel A.	S/Sgt	31077864
Hamilton, Roy E.	S/Sgt	38089295
Hamilton, Emmett F.	S/Sgt	38193274
Hammett, James T.	T/Sgt	18109779
Hammerman, Paul (NMI)	Sgt	20301676
Hampton, William A.	Pvt	31139034
Haney, Willis A.	S/Sgt	13083136
Hannon, Bernard J.	Pvt	32229853
Hansen, Clifford H.	Pfc	36195702
Hanson, George W.	T/Sgt	36324005
Hanson, Russell H.	Sgt	36198457
Haralson, Archie C.	Pvt	36222442
Harbison, James W.	Pvt	38237320
Harden, Edwin G.	Sgt	36377929
Hardin, Rush D.	M/Sgt	14037332
Harner, William H.	Pvt	35356020
Harper, Bufford A.	T/Sgt	38079122
Harris, Clyde O.	Pvt	14107619
Harris, Fred Z.	Sgt	34125992
Harris, George P.	S/Sgt	37372536
Harris, Joseph R.	T/Sgt	35406522
Harris, Roy (NMI)	Pvt	38200075
Harshall, John F.	Sgt	33264001
Harshman, Elwood, F., Jr.	Cpl	39184789
Hart, Ernest H.	Sgt	32391470
Harter, Raymond E.	Sgt	35378266
Hartle, Donald L.	T/Sgt	12012054
Hartt, Walter F.	Sgt	31091688
Hartzell, David (NMI)	Pvt	12049107
Harvey, Maurice F.	S/Sgt	15332034
Hastings, Larry G.	S/Sgt	15100932
Hauck, Theodore (NMI)	Cpl	37127976
Hawkins, George E.	S/Sgt	6149354
Havel, Gerard J.	Sgt	33318032
Havens, Isaac, Jr.	Pvt	37211788
Hayes, Edward C.	Cpl	34161614

Hayes, Joseph R.	Cpl	32454212
Hayes, Robert P.	Pvt	32383124
Haynes, Falvey G.	S/Sgt	38106161
Hazen, Bartlett H.	Cpl	35375516
Heath, David D.	Cpl	15070909
Hecht, Albert S.	Sgt	33372343
Hedrick, Donald L.	Pfc	37228817
Heidel, Frank T.	S/Sgt	13031529
Heigle, Kenneth W.	Cpl	32360906
Heil, William (NMI)	Sgt	32313938
Heller, Harry T.	1st/Sgt	67544850
Hendricks, Dwight E.	Cpl	35358193
Hendrickson, Edward J.	Pfc	31140853
Hendrickson, Edward M.	T/Sgt	7022500
Henexson, Sirsee J.	Pfc	39527559
Hennessey, Donald R.	Cpl	39240003
Henrehan, Thomas P.	T/Sgt	17033326
Henrie, Glendon V.	Cpl	39028016
Heckart, M.L.	M/Sgt	6909896
Herman, Fay R.	Pfc	37223911
Herman, George (NMI)	Sgt	39185989
Herrick, Raymond F.	Pvt	19078495
Herrington, Claude M.	T/Sgt	33369519
Herrman, Irvin L.	S/Sgt	15063034
Hertzog, James K.	Cpl	33245907
Hester, Walter O.	T/Sgt	14033339
Heydon, Jerome G.	S/Sgt	18108067
Hickerson, Everett J.	Pfc	16109966
Hicks, Robert E.	Cpl	39255342
Higdon, Floyd M.	Pvt	34269874
Higgonbotham, Kenneth A.	S/Sgt	18069421
Higgins, William H.	Pvt	14097867
Hilton, Owinn G.	Cpl	38128309
Hines, Robert F.	T/Sgt	11041427
Hirschbiel, Thomas W.	Sgt	33249247
Hirschfield, Walter P.	Cpl	20616367
Hixson, William R.	S/Sgt	18083246
Hodges, Jessee W.	Cpl	38106116
Hoepfner, Allen C.	Sgt	36235303
Hofsteter, Jack D.	S/Sgt	33178266
Hoffman, Adolph J.	Pvt	39612626
Holdren, Francis C.	Sgt	13034145
Holland, Everett M.	Sgt	37282488
Holland, Hays F.	Pfc	38237848
Holmes, Charles H.	Pvt	38208610
Holmes, Earl H.	Pvt	38268609
Holmes, Richard W.	Sgt	32140443
Holtman, Joseph R.	Cpl	35205614
Holubiak, Louis J.	Pvt	36335376
Honeycutt, Ralph (NMI)	M/Sgt	14063758
Hoon, John (NMI)	Cpl	38288263
Hooper, W.L.	Cpl	7020197
Hope, Donald N.	Cpl	39179741
Hopkins, Clifford L.	Pfc	38237819
Hopkins, William E., Jr.	Pvt	13052507
Horn, Vernon C.	Pvt	38298086
Horvath, Stephen A.	Sgt	35310918
Hottinger, William D.	Cpl	32497440
Houdashelt, Milton M.	Pfc	35401628
House, Otto D.	Pvt	32142504

Housel, Kenneth (NMI)	Cpl	13043689
Houser, Carl F.	Cpl	15077201
Howard, Harry A.	Pfc	39606391
Howe, Paul R.	Cpl	39303981
Howie, William (NMI)	Cpl	32278637
Hubert, John M.	Cpl	35501347
Huckabee, Allen R.	S/Sgt	37188870
Hughart, Charles R.	S/Sgt	16046022
Hughes, Elmer O.	S/Sgt	38124810
Hulbert, Edwin C.	S/Sgt	37149475
Hulswit, Robert M.	Sgt	36199439
Hume, Joseph S.	Pvt	35452405
Hunsberger, Gordon H.	Pvt	33365959
Hunt, Joseph V.	Pvt	18121108
Hurey, Peter B.	1st/Sgt	35256361
Hurlbutt, Kenneth E.	T/Sgt	6550368
Hurst, Clinton (NMI)	M/Sgt	6930334
Husen, Ernst (NMI)	Cpl	36350598
Huska, Paul J.	S/Sgt	37146280
Hyman, Roy V.	Pfc	38105713
Illarion, Duran (NMI)	Pvt	38124371
Immekus, Francis H.	Pvt	33261368
Ingram, Jack	Sgt	35041086
Ingram, Troy (NMI)	Cpl	15073033
Irwin, Derwood T.	S/Sgt	6953492
Irwin, Robert L.	Pfc	39181595
Isakson, Erwin H.	Cpl	17054039
Jabczynski, Walter (NMI)	Pvt	32380072
Jackson, Edward J.	S/Sgt	11037852
Jaksa, Frank J.	Cpl	36179099
Jennings, Hollis E.	Cpl	34367457
Jensen, Edwin T.	Cpl	39606436
Jimlo, John L.	Cpl	33349499
Johnson, Evald A.	Cpl	16065688
Johnson, Harold W.	Pvt	32325205
Johnson, James B.	Pfc	34249311
Johnson, Johnnie H.	S/Sgt	34176559
Johnson, Reuben L.	Pvt	36241402
Jones, Albert C.	M/Sgt	6925936
Jones, Frank H.	Sgt	38115964
Jones, Howard V.	Cpl	39180796
Jones, James L.	Cpl	36622622
Jones, Marvin J.	Pfc	38179617
Jones, Willard J.	Pvt	39011918
Jones, John R.	Pvt	39084041
Joost, Lorenze H.	S/Sgt	35287220
Joyce, Leonard C.	Pvt	11072893
Joyce, Robert E.	S/Sgt	34002656
Kalas, Jerome S.	Pvt	17019293
Kaplan, Albert A.	Pvt	37163412
Karchnyak, Charles J.	Cpl	32388280
Karkut, Stanley J.	Sgt	32391135
Kaschinska, Clare C.	Cpl	36249260
Katz, Kenneth E.	Cpl	37368450
Katz, Lester F.	Cpl	13027141
Kavanaugh, John E.	T/Sgt	33000638
Kawczynski, Thomas J.	S/Sgt	36304394
Kaye, Harold M.	Cpl	39840890
Keen, Ralph G.	T/Sgt	12033950
Keffer, Arthur S.	Pvt	33291533

Kellerman, Joseph A.	S/Sgt	13025426
Kellett, George T.	Cpl	16125076
Kelley, Maxwell J.	Cpl	6562683
Kemp, Johnny L.	S/Sgt	14036217
Kemphfer, James P.	Cpl	33193018
Keller, Robert E.	Pfc	16033070
Kennedy, Posey B.	Pfc	34334301
Kenndey, Victor (NMI)	S/Sgt	38193518
Kennedy, William H.	Sgt	33276185
Kern, Julius J.	Pfc	33246833
Kernaghan, William W.	Cpl	38129205
Kerr, David D.	Pfc	37067106
Kettler, Edwin H.	Sgt	38164300
Kidd, Hugh T.	Cpl	34268458
Kilbourn, Herbert L.	Cpl	17075599
Kilduff, Paul (NMI)	Pvt	33251351
Kilpatrick, Emil M.	Cpl	38288469
King, Cecil R.	Sgt	17012689
King, Edward W.	Pfc	37289030
King, Jess (NMI)	Cpl	38190206
King, Norris W.	S/Sgt	17088079
King, Onis (NMI)	Pvt	38172933
Kirby, Elvin E.	M/Sgt	39168476
Kish, James A.	S/Sgt	35014701
Kissinger, Chester M.	T/Sgt	15035032
Kleinman, Louis M.	Pvt	12041493
Klug, Harold H.	S/Sgt	19099936
Klukas, Walter A.	T/Sgt	16067979
Knapp, Carl E.	Pvt	39453088
Knight, Marshall H.	Sgt	38288467
Kobrin, Bernard (NMI)	Cpl	12041786
Koch, Richard S.	Sgt	33300870
Kocha, Albert J.	Cpl	36254831
Kodor, Frank M.	Cpl	35328246
Koger, Frank (NMI)	Pvt	18121121
Koroshec, Joseph J.	Sgt	37269887
Korsec, Mitchell J.	Sgt	16037038
Koskoff, Harry (NMI)	Sgt	32327268
Kough, Blair E.	Cpl	37221800
Kovac, Frank J.	S/Sgt	33362766
Kowzan, John (NMI)	S/Sgt	11051980
Krakoff, Abe (NMI)	Sgt	38046807
Kralik, Benjamin J.	Sgt	32304818
Kremer, Daniel J.	Cpl	35482650
Kubena, Raymond A.	Pvt	38206682
Kulka, Joseph P.	Cpl	35407086
Kundert, Lewis H.	S/Sgt	37329609
Kwek, Erich (NMI)	Pfc	36503568
Kulich, Elmer S.	Sgt	32214343
Lajoie, G.A.	T/Sgt	11035906
Laliberte, Leo J.	Sgt	11018941
Lalli, Eddie A.	Pfc	39309520
Lamson, Herbert (NMI) Jr.	Pfc	34248908
Lancellotti, Nicholas B.	Cpl	32340165
Landauer, Richard J.	T/Sgt	6995144
Lane, John (NMI)	Pvt	16013641
Landt, Ralph V.	Pvt	37233054
Langton, Carroll G.	T/Sgt	17107556
Lankford, Grady H.	Cpl	18110186
Lanigan, Mark J.	Pvt	33312346

Laroche, Edward A.	S/Sgt	31078639
Larrance, James R.	S/Sgt	36338333
Larsen, Hevey C.	T/Sgt	16022708
Larsen, Melvin C.	Sgt	37348844
Larson, Swen (NMI)	Pfc	37280500
Latham, Charles F.	Sgt	33201162
Lawmaster, Felix D.	Pfc	37375837
Laybee, Vincent (NMI)	T/Sgt	20844496
Layman, Richard D.	Sgt	38190626
Lee, Albert D.	Pfc	38115161
Lee, Darwin F.	Pvt	19074783
Lee, George R.	Sgt	36343978
Leffingwell, George (NMI)	S/Sgt	20650676
Leming, William R.	S/Sgt	6925796
Lemino, Frank P.	S/Sgt	35363035
Leo, Charles A.	Sgt	32142057
Leonard, Charles E.	Sgt	32302951
Leonard, Lee R.	Pvt	18166467
Levenson, Louie	Sgt	32230655
Levins, Arthur J.	Pvt	37420444
Lubutti, Louis S.	Sgt	32325610
Light, Fred L.	S/Sgt	39165305
Lillis, Leo F.	S/Sgt	15203788
Lincoln, Arthur K.	Pvt	12012072
Linder, Ira M.	M/Sgt	14037418
Lindsay, William S.	Cpl	34121183
Lindsey, John M.	Cpl	38164203
Linklater, Herbert W.	T/Sgt	19006616
Linna, John L.	Pfc	36182795
Lipman, Aaron	Sgt	11090380
Lippolt, Bueford W.	S/Sgt	36246358
Lishko, Ralph H.	Cpl	35273554
Lissauskas, Cliver J.	M/Sgt	16003470
Litwalk, Edward J.	S/Sgt	33163425
Lizzi, Anthony	Cpl	12129837
Llanez, Abel M.	Cpl	33111946
Lloyd, Glen (NMI)	S/Sgt	35337678
Lockemy, Garnel C.	Pfc	14123977
Loehding, Dan F.	Cpl	39182044
Loftis, Truman L.	Cpl	38288438
Lohr, Elias (NMI)	Sgt	20615809
Long, Hubert C.	Pvt	39130172
Long, Kenneth A.	Sgt	13025732
Long, Thomas H.	Cpl	33064818
Longenbach, Leroy L.	S/Sgt	33056772
Loomis, Darwin E.	T/Sgt	18062425
Loreb, Willard D.	Sgt	17088368
Loudermilk, Lloyd G.	Sgt	33190677
Lousteau, David P.	Cpl	14079789
Love, George T., Jr.	S/Sgt	33171336
Love, Warren G.	S/Sgt	20614809
Lovett, Leonard A.	Pvt	38237884
Lovins, Lloyd	Pfc	37375425
Lucero, Antonio J.	Cpl	38123645
Lucero, Robert B.	Pvt	18099016
Luth, Ray C.	S/Sgt	20641607
Luther, Martin	Pvt	12144362
Luzzi, Joseph J.	Pvt	32389293
Lyman, Albert D., Jr.	Sgt	36171913
Lynch, Samuel C.	S/Sgt	34256035

Lynn, John W.	Sgt	32505292
Lynn, Kenneth L.	Cpl	37205614
Lytle, Clin H.	Cpl	38183540
Mabante, James A.	Sgt	39847333
MacArthur, Everett C.	S/Sgt	6945027
Macchiaverna, Joseph J.	S/Sgt	11041237
Macias, Angel (NMI)	Pvt	39539562
Mack, Raymond C.	Cpl	35309335
Maclean, Leslie K.	Pfc	31140558
Madigan, Edward T.	Cpl	37275148
Magee, Morton G.	T/Sgt	11072161
Maglieri, Wallace L.	Pvt	12125747
Magnan, John J.	Cpl	36197503
Mahar, Richard J.	M/Sgt	16052214
Majewski, Michael R.	Cpl	36356614
Maknauskas, Albert C.	Cpl	33186866
Malaga, Steve	S/Sgt	33276116
Malaguti, Neno A.	Cpl	31140501
Malaker, Philip B.	T/Sgt	36318070
Malchiedi, Peter B.	T/Sgt	31116754
Malinski, Edward E.	T/Sgt	13038814
Malsom, Clifford W.	M/Sgt	16047958
Manchester, Russell S.	S/Sgt	11011943
Mannie, Robert A.	Sgt	17026922
Manuell, Donald E.	T/Sgt	16046947
Marcantonio, Andrew	Sgt	13046456
Marcuillier, Alfred J.	Pvt	31110430
Marcum, Ancil L.	Cpl	37375972
Marcus, Davis	M/Sgt	6695599
Marker, Raymond P.	Pfc	19074021
Marshall, Joseph E.	Cpl	15107520
Martignetti, Edward F.	S/Sgt	12084975
Martin, Howard J.	Cpl	38166218
Martin, O.C.	Cpl	36178942
Martinez, Daniel I.	Pvt	38166863
Martinez, Fernando	Pvt	34249203
Martinez, Juan	Pvt	38252277
Martorano, Joe	Sgt	37352361
Mason, Alfred C., Jr.	Cpl	32473237
Massey, Harry F.	Cpl	35386979
Mathes, Jack S.	Sgt	36343863
Mathes, Melvin L.	Sgt	33527474
Matthews, Fleming G.	T/Sgt	18060681
Matthias, Floyd	Sgt	37114830
Matvey, Michael	Cpl	15322720
May, Edward P.	S/Sgt	17086848
May, George G.	S/Sgt	12096225
May, Richard C.	Pvt	35313693
Maybrey, George K.	Cpl	R-6734691
Mayfield, John F., Jr.	Cpl	18133999
Maywald, William	Cpl	38164161
Mazu, Mike A.	T/Sgt	35381018
Medici, Frank J.	Sgt	32324845
Meier, Gerald E.	S/Sgt	13087921
Meier, Herman H.	Cpl	37204830
Meley, Donald C.	Cpl	35385442
Meroshek, Frank J.	Sgt	37114729
Merworth, Hubert D.	Pfc	38228816
Mesner, Richard C.	S/Sgt	11066594
Messick, John R.	Pvt	32186646

Metcalf, William R.	Sgt	33126449
Micek, Joseph F.	Cpl	36328483
Michell, Robert A.	Pvt	37072752
Michelsen, Rollin W.	Sgt	37294715
Miciak, Carl M.	T/Sgt	6731634
Michelson, Stanley	Cpl	32423567
Mihevec, John	Pfc	35517604
Mikitas, Vennie C.	Sgt	16043316
Milan, Clifford W.	S/Sgt	14036228
Milauskas, Vittanis H.	T/Sgt	33159207
Miller, Charles E.	Pvt	17067799
Miller, Charles L.	S/Sgt	12055303
Miller, Jack J.	Cpl	35340570
Miller, Julius	Cpl	20233929
Miller, Paul B.	Sgt	15053969
Miller, Robert A.	T/Sgt	19011694
Miller, Robert E.	Cpl	35360158
Miller, Sherman	M/Sgt	13027241
Miller, Willis E.	Cpl	39254397
Mills, Cornelius B.	Pfc	33209831
Mills, Morgan W.	Sgt	38112263
Milton, Harold	Cpl	17035331
Mirebal, Rafael	Cpl	38165034
Mirst, Gil J.	Sgt	12041231
Missimi, Anthony J.	Pfc	35340510
Mitriska, Andrew J.	Cpl	32260745
Mixer, George J.	Sgt	35383423
Mize, Charles H.	Sgt	34187471
Mizrahi, Albert H.	S/Sgt	11050647
Mollo, Andrew J.	Cpl	31143118
Molnar, Stephen	Sgt	32229403
Montanez, Trinidad F.	Pvt	18121300
Montgomery, Lloyd D.	S/Sgt	17017880
Montgomery, William H.	Sgt	12071656
Moore, Benjamin W.	Cpl	36169785
Moore, Dallas N.	Pfc	13036227
Moore, Francis B.	S/Sgt	17054084
Moore, George C.	Sgt	36349656
Moore, John J.	Sgt	31072717
Moran, Frank J.	Sgt	16069361
Moran, Fred H.	Sgt	35387574
Morgenstern, R.B.	S/Sgt	7020883
Morrison, Edwin J.	Pvt	37128770
Morrow, Charles E.	Pvt	12136516
Moses, Donald E.	Cpl	13083647
Moskowitz, Martin	Pvt	33348831
Moulton, Alden S.	Cpl	31138867
Moun, Donald J.	Pfc	19071157
Mucha, Edward S.	Cpl	35313618
Muir, Robert A.	Pvt	32361025
Munhall, Robert W.	M/Sgt	6800779
Murphree, Maurice W.	Pvt	34335724
Murphy, John T., Jr.	Cpl	34335291
Murphy, William J.	T/Sgt	33103946
Murray, James D.	S/Sgt	31136281
Murray, William J.	Cpl	32402336
McCabe, Harold J.	T/Sgt	36306184
McCalmon, Hugh	Pfc	36045273
McCarley, William C.	Sgt	14121326
McCarthy, Charles J.	Cpl	16125319

McCarthy, Michael E.	Sgt	37201766
McClain, Clay E.	Cpl	39306686
McCluskey, George T.	S/Sgt	18116758
McCollister, Ross A.	Pfc	35402125
McCormack, Robert P.	Sgt	35354946
McCormick, Robert K.	Sgt	31123516
McCracken, West B.	Cpl	34249279
McCrossen, Andrew W.	S/Sgt	13044526
McCue, Lawrence F.	Pfc	32452965
McDonald, Jim G.	Pvt	38202689
McDowell, Lawrence F.	Sgt	37206504
McGarrey, Richard P.	Sgt	37348882
McGee, Arthur L.	S/Sgt	17015641
McGee, Carlton J.	Sgt	32270210
McGee, Kenneth L.	Sgt	17091331
McGinty, John G.	Pvt	18148938
McGorry, Charles L., Jr.	Sgt	13112274
McHenry, William B.	S/Sgt	14070989
McIlvain, John N.	Cpl	33300712
McIntyre, John K.	Cpl	35248632
McKinley, Edgar (NMI)	Pvt	39851793
McKinney, Thomas G.	Cpl	18085333
McKinnon, James W.	T/Sgt	14065793
McLaughlin, Frank J.	Pvt	32389855
McLaughlin, Gordon E.	Pfc	19059426
McLean, Irving E.	Sgt	32142564
McMichael, Lyle A.	Cpl	35503792
McMurtey, Ralph W.	Pvt	13036878
McNeme, James A.	Sgt	38124816
McWaters, Taylor (NMI)	Pvt	35482115
Narcisco, Alfred T.	T/Sgt	11037055
Nash, Russell G.	Pvt	36341531
Nason, Eldred L.	Cpl	11054411
Neal, William R., Jr.	Cpl	35278729
Nestor, Raymond L., Jr.	Pvt	16111509
Newcomb, Donald E.	Cpl	11068851
Newland, Thomas C.	Cpl	38278441
Newsom, George E.	Cpl	38183128
Nielsen, Herman E.	Pvt	37205705
Nikolai, Matthew G.	Sgt	16024016
Niner, Harold A.	Sgt	33277466
Newlen, Orl S.	T/Sgt	6941088
Nolan, Bernard J.	Pvt	32356442
Norris, Raymond E.	Cpl	37451446
Novak, Donald C.	M/Sgt	16022712
Nowaczyk, Edward M.	Sgt	16109351
Nunnely, Charles W.	Sgt	34189623
Nye, Donald O.	Cpl	32379480
O'Barr, Robert J.	Sgt	14033283
O'Keefe, Edward R.	Cpl	19059089
O'Brien, James E.	T/Sgt	37167301
Ocheltree, Ralph W.	M/Sgt	35274598
O'Donnell, Francis A.	Cpl	11068825
O'Halloran, Patrick (NMI)	Sgt	32230353
O'Hamann, Lester O.	M/Sgt	37149487
Oistad, Gernard T.	T/Sgt	37047824
Olson, Arthur N.	Sgt	12031634
Oppenheim, Bernard (NMI)	Cpl	38174163
Ordway, Byron C.	M/Sgt	39168679
Orner, Harry R., Jr.	Sgt	33231362

Orrben, Charles O.	Pfc	37162578
Osborn, James W.	Sgt	38190542
O'Shea, Thomas E.	Cpl	32451579
Otes, Roger H.	Cpl	17017082
Owens, Dale E.	T/Sgt	35259704
Owens, Junior (NMI)	M/Sgt	35275533
Owings, Robert W.	Cpl	17019512
Pace, Charles S.	Pvt	39241722
Pack, Charles A.	Cpl	35435362
Packer, Ernest L.	M/Sgt	6803669
Palmer, Irving W.	S/Sgt	13069853
Palmese, Phillip (NMI)	S/Sgt	19098113
Paltanavage, Vincent A.	Sgt	7021318
Panek, Theodore T.	S/Sgt	12094414
Panesetti, Samuel D.	Cpl	31082015
Panzarello, William N.	Pvt	31149498
Pape, Charlie E.	Cpl	18106413
Pares, William (NMI)	S/Sgt	32244042
Parker, Herbert R.	Cpl	39306505
Parkman, Julian W.	T/Sgt	34098804
Parks, Loy C.	Pvt	14071313
Parr, Frank W.	Pfc	37127292
Parris, Roy C.	Sgt	14100559
Parry, John K.	Sgt	35353382
Partlow, Herbert D.	Sgt	16037797
Passero, Anthony A.	Cpl	32443814
Patterson, John H., Jr.	Pfc	18149061
Patton, Gladish E.	Sgt	37202920
Payne, Charles M.	Pvt	34139162
Payne, Charles W.	Pfc	38288470
Payne, John R.	Pfc	35264612
Payne, Wesley A.	Cpl	36301553
Pederson, Henry M.	Pfc	37198751
Pellas, Paul M.	Sgt	13068182
Pellerano, Frank A.	Sgt	12126606
Pelletier, James E.	Cpl	32255909
Peloquin, Gerald R.	M/Sgt	11018911
Pescha, Wilbert J.	Cpl	37202537
Peters, Edward B., Jr.	Cpl	35475738
Peters, William R.	Sgt	16064760
Petersen, William E.	S/Sgt	36196988
Petersen, Arthur W., Jr.	Sgt	11071093
Peterson, Delmer N.	Cpl	37281687
Peterson, Paul M.	S/Sgt	37372744
Phillips, Clarence A.	Pvt	38222560
Phillips, James	Pvt	13041834
Phillips, Kirk E.	T/Sgt	17034027
Phillips, Raymond P.	Cpl	34286438
Platek, Leon E.	Sgt	36348022
Pierce, Robert A.	T/Sgt	14062528
Pierner, Eldred	Sgt	36254324
Pietras, Edward J.	T/Sgt	32251459
Pitsch, Paul G.	Cpl	36065363
Pizza, Gino J.	S/Sgt	31135325
Pocket, John B.	M/Sgt	33117900
Pocius, Peter P.	Pvt	36331785
Poe, Leland J.	Pvt	17099329
Poirer, Leo	M/Sgt	11041702
Pellizi, Frank	Pvt	12044462
Pomp, Jerold	Sgt	36180027

Pool, Elbert S.	Sgt	34139191
Poole, Charles O.	S/Sgt	34201811
Popalis, Albert J.	M/Sgt	3949191
Porges, Irwin	S/Sgt	36343745
Potter, Ray	T/Sgt	18064261
Potts, Hollis	Sgt	69455431
Poulict, Eugene E.	T/Sgt	11038730
Powasnik, Adam P.	Pvt	32391000
Powrie, John J., Jr.	Sgt	32088728
Pratt, Charles H.	Pfc	38288327
Pratt, Marion D.	S/Sgt	35405222
Pratt, Richard B.	Sgt	37089089
Price, Sterling J.	T/Sgt	38079421
Prine, Ovid L.	Pfc	37375461
Propst, Louis P.	Pfc	36350875
Protto, Floyd E.	T/Sgt	39175126
Puchen, Pete J.	S/Sgt	19002971
Puppa, Francis A.	Pvt	32402085
Purnell, James E.	S/sgt	13087889
Puzan, Walter F.	T/Sgt	16038804
Rackstraw, Arthur (NMI)	Sgt	R-2366770
Radisauskas, Julius	Cpl	16054292
Radvanski, Nicholas (NMI)	Cpl	35268401
Rains, Randolph R.	S/Sgt	35267205
Raker, Irwin (NMI)	Cpl	33151468
Ramsey, Glenn E.	Cpl	16044837
Raney, Henry L.	Sgt	35258906
Rascha, John L.	Pfc	36339213
Rasmussen, Morris (NMI)	S/Sgt	19072835
Rasmussen, Robert O.	Cpl	19085549
Rector, Jack I.	Pfc	39189562
Redd,, Joe B.	M/Sgt	6395150
Redinger, Robert L.	Pvt	13021671
Reed, Arthur C.	Sgt	35453388
Reeze, Carmen P.	M/Sgt	6997467
Reese, Dudley M.	S/Sgt	38097857
Reinberger, Walter W.	SA/Sgt	18015404
Reiter, Joe (NMI)	Sgt	37258160
Renier, Orville A.	Pvt	16022908
Rennels, Robert L.	Pfc	39306560
Renzi, George V.	Pvt	32198673
Repka, John R.	1st Sgt	6999500
Repp, Robert W.	S/Sgt	37195122
Retalis, Angelo (NMI)	T/Sgt	11018484
Reynolds, James H.	Pfc	36246440
Rhoads, Mason L.	S/Sgt	36183354
Rhodes, George W.	S/Sgt	36199732
Rice, Thomas E.	Cpl	33270554
Richardson, James E.	S/Sgt	11070229
Richardson, Lon M.	Pvt	39454681
Richardson, Russell E.	M/Sgt	6753036
Richardson, William M.	S/Sgt	39019614
Richter, Albert J.	T/Sgt	18039637
Rigsby, Grover J.W.	Cpl	38130872
Ripp, Frederick H.	Sgt	18069571
Rittenhouse, David C.	Cpl	33190638
Rivers, Frank J.	Pvt	32289535
Roarty, Clark J.	Cpl	17086670
Robbins, Wilbur E.	Sgt	36342707
Roberts, L.C.	Cpl	20926859

Robertson, Kenneth E.	T/Sgt	17056472
Robin, Leo E.	S/Sgt	39020788
Robinson, Ian W.	Cpl	14082721
Robisch, Arthur J.	Cpl	35453710
Rodd, John S.	Pvt	12079937
Rogers, Albert D.	Cpl	34199402
Rogers, Bernard C.	Cpl	14067690
Rogers, Curtis T.	Cpl	16092844
Rogers, Thomas J.	Pfc	38288473
Root, Raymond C.	Cpl	37419906
Rose, George L.	S/Sgt	39099252
Rose, James E.	Pvt	39381737
Rose, Ralph S.	T/Sgt	15066475
Rosemond, Ralph V.	Pvt	39242690
Rosengren, Alex R.	Pvt	32476020
Rosenthal, Monte M.	Pvt	33143338
Ross, Donald R.	M/Sgt	39380607
Ross, Milton	Pvt	32348486
Ross, Robert E., Jr.	Sgt	32260697
Roser, Alva L.	Pvt	38190507
Royse, Gene W.	S/Sgt	35358797
Ruffin, Frederick G.	Sgt	34199845
Ruiz, Gregory S.	Pvt	38248667
Rushia, Kenneth J.	Cpl	32447659
Russell, Arley N.	Sgt	19016746
Russell, James P.	M/Sgt	36315949
Russin, Joseph	Sgt	32336004
Ruth, Robert F.	T/Sgt	13029352
Ryan, Harold V.	S/Sgt	17011647
Rynearson, Edward A.	Pvt	39829305
Saafeld, Glen H.	Pvt	39393280
Sachtjen, Robert H.	Cpl	36246307
Sager, Robert J.	S/Sgt	36150503
Salazar, Thomas	Pvt	38248699
Sanchez, Frank M.	Pvt	38249190
Sanchez, Juan J.	Pvt	18121412
Sanchez, Raphael	Pvt	38248315
Sanchez, Raphael	Pvt	38248315
Sanders, Glenn A.	Sgt	39831623
Santa Cruz, Henry F.	Pfc	39850362
Sarniak, Joseph	Sgt	33279710
Satterlee, Adelbert E.	Sgt	12045583
Saunders, James E.	Pvt	15090418
Sauvola, Waino R.	Pvt	36189314
Savage, Leonard R.	Pfc	35340506
Schaldenbrand, E.R.	Pvt	33364624
Schauler, Vincent A.	S/Sgt	32276183
Scheu, Charles H.	M/Sgt	12035573
Schiel, Francis L.	Cpl	37192725
Schleper, Earl J.	Cpl	39604349
Schlitt, Adam	Sgt	16037844
Schmidt, Arthur F.	Sgt	37145949
Schmidt, Carl L.	Sgt	37254154
Schmidt, William L.	Pfc	17080529
Schneider, Robert C.	Sgt	35393750
Schneider, Walter C.	T/Sgt	15070680
Schneider, Wyeth L.	Pfc	37146312
Schodowski, Edward J.	Cpl	32390883
Schoenberg, Gabriel	Sgt	16043639
Schoolcraft, Arnold N.	Sgt	34201967

Schraer, Paul (NMI)	T/Sgt	6149736
Schroder, Elton K.	Cpl	17056230
Schroder, Robert J.	T/Sgt	16042226
Schubert, Kenneth D.	Pvt	19004467
Schuh, Charles W.	T/Sgt	32384874
Schultz, Bernard E.	S/Sgt	16023753
Schultz, William J.	Sgt	33376671
Schumaker, Charles C.	Pvt	37118299
Scott, John L.	Sgt	31131571
Seaman, Rolland M.	S/Sgt	36339519
Searles, Virgil T.	Sgt	14081740
Seburn, Otis F.	Cpl	38239981
Sedil, Rudolph (NMI)	Sgt	32367652
Seager, Milton C.	Sgt	33317953
Sehon, Duane F.	Cpl	37208374
Self, Frank O.	Sgt	38024536
Sender, Wayne W.	Cpl	36343900
Senecal, Isidore O.	Cpl	31077924
Sessions, Alma C.	S/Sgt	39163602
Shapiro, Max (NMI)	S/Sgt	34266694
Sharp, Roscoe W.	Sgt	36344944
Shaver, Lawrence E.	Pvt	6929244
Shaw, Harvey H.	T/Sgt	33114862
Shay, Charles W.	T/Sgt	14080983
Sheffield, James A.	S/Sgt	18115067
Shell, Cleo H.	Pvt	18075081
Shelnutt, Oswald	T/Sgt	14098453
Sheperd, David (NMI)	Cpl	33122638
Sherman, Carl	Sgt	32224549
Sherr, Martin (NMI)	Cpl	33318146
Shorris, Sidney E.	S/Sgt	32255633
Shields, Robert G.	Pvt	34282770
Shimp, Herman W.	M/Sgt	6995936
Shipley, Jack C.	Pvt	19099068
Shivley, Almus W.	Sgt	38177067
Short, Lawrence C.	T/Sgt	35012078
Shorten, Arthur R.	S/Sgt	35450890
Showalter, John R.	M/Sgt	7026654
Shuttleworth, C.L.	Cpl	13022760
Sibbett, Glade G.	S/Sgt	39831342
Sides, Luther W.	Pvt	13109422
Siemper, Henry G.	Cpl	36053968
Sikina, John J.	M/Sgt	6994978
Sills, Lawrence B.	T/Sgt	14061191
Silva, Raymond (NMI)	Sgt	11064029
Silvis, Earl A.	Sgt	35354979
Simons, John R.	M/Sgt	7023146
Simons, Ralph E.	S/Sgt	37202916
Simpson, John H.	M/Sgt	15071446
Simpson, Leon (NMI)	Sgt	35134471
Sisneros, Rudolph T.	S/Sgt	38100791
Sizemore, Ethelbert (NMI)	Pvt	35454363
Kelley, Calvin C.	Sgt	39172996
Slean, Harold S.	Sgt	13054565
Sleath, William L.	Sgt	35454321
Sletto, Martin R.	Sgt	37174916
Slie, Harold J.	Sgt	15075293
Sloan, Harold S.	T/Sgt	13054565
Slufik, Stanley W.	Pvt	32425562
Smalley, Garland F.	Pvt	39233737

Smiechowski, Chester A.	M/Sgt	36302610
Smisson, Lester	Pfc	37049247
Smith, Harry	Cpl	31089309
Smith, Ninton H.	Sgt	34273461
Smith, Robert J.	T/Sgt	37157646
Smith, Robert N.	Cpl	34265832
Smith, Roy L.	Cpl	17044701
Smith, William G.	Pvt	13078932
Smithey, James L.	T/Sgt	34259321
Snyder, Elmer E.	Cpl	33184990
Sobolewski, Ervin T.	Cpl	16092825
Sommariva, Frederico L.	Cpl	31066515
Sorrow, Quillan R.	Sgt	34261804
Southwick, F.W.	S/Sgt	6762219
Southworth, James C.	T/Sgt	39083989
Sparks, Arthur C.	Cpl	13080927
Sparks, George A.	Sgt	14104186
Sparrow, John W.	Cpl	34267547
Sparrow, William J.	Cpl	34199333
Spaugh, William A.	Cpl	35352644
Spear, Edward A.	Sgt	34199261
Spears, Paul L.	T/Sgt	18052740
Speck, Donald D.	Cpl	38123510
Speidel, John M.	Cpl	35303849
Spence, Meurl C.	S/Sgt	16030597
Sperls, Michael A.	Sgt	37161241
Spitzer, Nevil A.	Pfc	34282685
Splitt, Orville S.	S/Sgt	16026620
Spradlin, Virgil L.	S/Sgt	6587442
Sprague, Earl C.	Cpl	36191153
Spry, Jesse A.	Sgt	39242699
Squires, William A.	Pfc	14123259
Stafferd, Glenn W.	Pvt	18063143
Stallmeyer, Richard G.	Sgt	35453739
Stanbro, William D.	S/Sgt	32370495
Stapilus, Peter P.	Cpl	160-----
States, Lynn L.	Cpl	37151736
Stauffer, Lowell H.	Cpl	35301419
Stedman, Lawrence B.	S/Sgt	16070372
Steed, Thomas J., Jr.	Cpl	34124628
Steele, Herschel R.	Sgt	35389299
Stefanich, Milan E.	Pvt	36283434
Steffens, Russell E.	Pvt	17046304
Steffinamer, Louis A.	S/Sgt	37145442
Stelzner, Lawrence E.	Cpl	36240915
Stephens, John F., Jr.	Pvt	37187891
Stephens, Roy K.	Sgt	12080666
Stephenson, Arthur J.	Cpl	15300967
Stevens, James R.	Pfc	39246119
Stevens, LeRoy T.	Cpl	36328790
Steverson, James R.	Cpl	35454268
Stickel, Wilbur G.	S/Sgt	31124888
Stigsen, Thorwald Q.	Cpl	36246434
Stilson, Robert F.	Pfc	33346314
Stone, William J.	Cpl	19094830
Stout, Milton C.	Sgt	33260243
Stover, Jesse (NMI)	Pvt	16011150
Stover, Charles J.	Sgt	33168687
Streetman, George A.	Sgt	14104618
Strickland, Athol A.	Sgt	15068204

Strobel, Lyle W.	Pfc	37160189
Strunk, Everett W.	S/Sgt	39308179
Suffecool, Willard F.	Pvt	33200037
Sullivan, Eugene F., Jr.	Sgt	31126360
Sumrall, Martin A.	S/Sgt	14031564
Surman, Carles J.	T/Sgt	13057934
Sutherland, Randle P.	Pvt	35478501
Swanson, Robert M.	S/Sgt	11095841
Swart, Chester E.	Sgt	39097696
Sweeney, James S., Jr.	S/Sgt	15090639
Swift, Otis A.	Pvt	38190545
Swingen, Ellsworth H.	Pvt	36246669
Sylvester, Walter E.	Pvt	37291246
Symanietz, Raymond J.	Cpl	37174689
Szala, John S., Jr.	Sgt	12091718
Taormina, Sam P.	Pfc	35276872
Tapie, Charles J.	M/Sgt	14079864
Tarr, William G.	S/Sgt	13124375
Tartufi, John F.	Sgt	31085864
Taylor, Herbert W.	S/Sgt	38139804
Taylor, Kenneth F.	Cpl	16065841
Taylor, Virgil M.	Cpl	35475344
Temple, Philip W.	Pfc	35352502
Tenessen, George L.	Pvt	16048843
Terhune, Frederick E.	Pvt	32464808
Thalman, George F.	Sgt	32229667
Thom, James T.	S/Sgt	35326156
Thomas, Andrew L.	Pvt	34199078
Thomas, George L.	Sgt	31135614
Thomas, Ross S.	Sgt	36181001
Thompson, Kenneth C.	T/Sgt	39245148
Thompson, Lewis B.	Sgt	37145202
Thompson, Walter (NMI)	Pvt	39172921
Thon, Elmer F.	Sgt	20941780
Thorne, Robert T.	Pvt	32431684
Thornton, Jack P.	Cpl	13073540
Thrower, Hilery L.	Sgt	34332659
Ticcioni, Albert J.	Sgt	16049650
Tidmarsh, William R.	Cpl	32290518
Tschachtli, Armand P.	Pvt	33273890
Tucker, Braxton R.	Sgt	14038420
Turkington, Russell T.	T/Sgt	12034640
Twomey, George M.	Sgt	16019211
Tyk, Harold F.	T/Sgt	16067124
Tierny, Norman T.	Sgt	13054440
Tipton, Leonard R.	T/Sgt	17044983
Tloczynski, Harry (NMI)	Pvt	35302948
Tobert, William S.	Pfc	37101929
Todd, J.S.	Pvt	12079937
Tolinski, John (NMI), Jr.	Pvt	35300570
Torres, Anthony (NMI)	T/Sgt	12032940
Torresdahl, Emory D.	Cpl	37421761
Townsend, Emile C.	S/Sgt	32360835
Trace, Clyde F.	S/Sgt	35400227
Trapp, Leonard Y.	S/Sgt	14107989
Traw, William A.	Pvt	16054849
Trelevan, Leo J.	Cpl	36253357
Tressler, Charles R.	M/Sgt	13021324
Trevino, Ramon R.	Cpl	38250572
Trinoskey, Verne E.	S/Sgt	35369766

Triplet, Thomas L.	Cpl	39345471
Trossen, Donald E.	Sgt	16023749
Trujillo, Ernest J.	Sgt	18069206
Vaagen, Bertel N.	S/Sgt	39452781
Vachata, Frank J.	Sgt	36323003
Valleau, Richard M.	S/Sgt	20260732
Vance, Robert (NMI)	Pvt	35430398
Van Cleaf, John J.	Sgt	12065553
Vanderslice, Earl W.	Pfc	37127439
Vanderwall, Theodore E.	T/Sgt	36398442
Vandre, Omar R.	Cpl	16092866
Van Hala, Victor A.	Pvt	36182752
Van Huls, Petr G.	Cpl	32140983
Vanlaningham, David C.	Pvt	6580234
Vann, Dyer C.	Cpl	34331884
Van Tassel, William D.	Sgt	32509396
Vargo, Louis (NMI), Jr.	S/Sgt	35275540
Varnell, Noel O.	Pfc	34005438
Vaughan, Edward E.	S/Sgt	38110724
Veale, Melvin E.	Sgt	39529486
Vedel, Paul S.	Pvt	36347310
Vela, Gerardo J.	Cpl	18089894
Vernon, Sidney S.	Cpl	11041880
Vernooy, Robert H.	Sgt	32341894
Verro, Vincent F.	Sgt	32340814
Verstraste, Jacob (NMI)	S/Sgt	36199749
Vest, Max J.	Sgt	13097082
Viatkus, George (NMI)	T/Sgt	35304088
Vick, Veryl E.	Sgt	39452285
Vigen, Harold D.	T/Sgt	39309105
Vileno, Joseph N.	Cpl	32354493
Villano, Joseph J.	Cpl	31079393
Vinklerek, Bernard L.	Sgt	38203183
Vittal, John (NMI)	Cpl	36350794
Voight, Robert W., Jr.	Sgt	37048973
Volonte, Dante R.	Pvt	39843899
Whitmore, Harold J.	Sgt	31101248
Williams, George N.	Sgt	37286935
White, Russell J.	Pfc	37102085
Waarala, Paul B.	Sgt	16024734
Wachal, Leroy J.	Pvt	37433540
Waffenschmidt, Lyman A.	Pvt	36245840
Wagner, Clifton D.	Pfc	36044900
Walker, Clarence A.	T/Sgt	19080466
Walker, James C.	T/Sgt	38680139
Wallace, David D.	S/Sgt	31132530
Wallis, J.A.	S/Sgt	6949178
Walton, Henry L.	Cpl	35257030
Walton, John W.	Pvt	33124359
Wancsyk, John (NMI)	Cpl	37329696
Ward, Charles R.	Cpl	37082663
Ward, Charles W.	S/Sgt	18120721
Ward, Harold B.	S/Sgt	19094675
Ward, Paul S.	Cpl	36053585
Warden, James S.	Cpl	32408822
Warheim, Phillip M.	Pvt	32257919
Warman, Curtis I.	Cpl	12129207
Warner, Benjamin F., III	S/Sgt	19084133
Warner, Alfred D.	Sgt	12012813
Warner, Joseph H.	S/Sgt	32393517

Warren, Jack H.	Pvt	18064304
Warren, Robert O.	T/Sgt	18070124
Warren, William M.	Sgt	33199719
Warring, Donald A.	Sgt	36175988
Watkins, Julius E.	Sgt	18178573
Watkins, William R.	S/Sgt	14058095
Watson, Grover T.	Pvt	38202727
Watters, Van A.	Sgt	16070138
Webb, Cecil E.	Cpl	35505334
Weber, Harry A.	S/Sgt	12058212
Weaver, Charles W.	Cpl	37084059
Wegenhoft, Joe W.	Pfc	38207940
Weimman, Milton M.	Sgt	32341432
Weiss, Alexander (NMI)	Cpl	32334924
Welsh, Charles D.	Sgt	36348119
Werderitsh, Leo R.	S/Sgt	36367562
Wertz, Alfred M.	Cpl	16045413
Wescott, James M.	Cpl	39536727
West, Forrest (NMI)	Sgt	37138904
West, Henry H.	T/Sgt	34260557
West, Norman R.	S/Sgt	13078014
Whalen, Cornelius J.	T/Sgt	12034957
Whalen, William F.	Sgt	31138878
Wheadon, Elmer D.	S/Sgt	11040542
Whipple, Dempse R.	Pfc	18165998
White, Arthur E.	Cpl	38145884
Whitebread, Lowell D.	Sgt	16037376
Whitley, William R.	Sgt	38188960
Whitlow, Lloyd E.	S/Sgt	18044595
Whitmore, Bob G.	Pfc	39310063
Whitmore, James H.	Sgt	32379062
Wiggin, John R.	Sgt	31109977
Wilburn, Reuben M.	T/Sgt	14062513
Wilde, Robert A., Jr.	Sgt	39645072
Wildes, Scott K.	S/Sgt	39388000
Wilgenbusch, Albin R.	Sgt	16049455
Wilkinson, Charles L.	Sgt	7000467
Wilkinson, Freddie D.	Cpl	37088308
Williams, David L.	Cpl	38115311
Williams, Ewart (NMI)	T/Sgt	13047871
Williams, Herbert K.	T/Sgt	39233933
Williams, Jack M.	T/Sgt	18069734
Williams, Russell J.	Cpl	16128308
Williams, Victor A.	Cpl	16061509
Williams, William D.	Cpl	39833244
Wilmer, Raymond A.	Cpl	12091930
Wiloughby, George E.	T/Sgt	32254098
Williamson, Lawrence M.	Cpl	16019031
Wilson, Adrian P.	Sgt	34287975
Wilson, Carl J.	Cpl	35259330
Wilson, Clifford W.	S/Sgt	34261919
Wilson, George R.	S/Sgt	35476716
Wilson, Jerry W.	Pfc	38199749
Wilson, William C.	Sgt	16043071
Wiseman, Floyd B.	Cpl	39826096
Wittern, Leonard D.	S/Sgt	37419392
Woehr, James R.	Sgt	13045961
Wolfe, George F.	Sgt	13041243
Wolinetz, Nathan (NMI)	Sgt	32309852
Wood, Robert F.	Cpl	11016826

Woodbury, Tom (NMI), Jr.	Cpl	36197139
Worthey, Emmett R.	S/Sgt	37188147
Worst, Clarence H.	Cpl	37123171
Yaeger, Jerome F.	Sgt	36334416
Ybarra, Luciano (NMI)	Cpl	38124695
Yarina, Michael T.	T/Sgt	13040809
York, John E.	Sgt	35350698
Young, Eugene K.	S/Sgt	15115634
Youngblood, Guy A.	S/Sgt	18039330
Youngblood, Rex G.	S/Sgt	14061073
Youngren, Wallace E.	Cpl	17051776
Yuhas, George J.	Cpl	36318784
Zachik, Anthony G.	Cpl	32276595
Zamrzla, Louis (NMI)	Cpl	36251097
Zarillo, Joseph R.	Cpl	32159145
Zawila, Edward J.	S/Sgt	36345926
Ziegler, Max A.	Cpl	17099025
Zinkofsky, Hyman (NMI)	Cpl	32318948
Zito, Salvatore G.	Pvt	32414911
Zrust, Leonard J.	Cpl	37119003
Zwillich, Charles (NMI)	S/Sgt	32325423
Zygmund, Walter J.	Pvt	32276708



WAR DIARY OF THE 416TH BOMBARDMENT SQUADRON (H)
MONTH OF JANUARY, 1945

- Jan. 1 And, we start another new year at the same old spot. In contrast to the wind and rain of last New Year's Day, we had snow all day today. Highlight of the day was the excellent turkey dinner with all the fancy trimmings.
- Jan. 2-6 The weather is very foul - lots of rain, mud and cold. There have been practically no operations, and everyone is getting in plenty of "sack time."
- Jan. 7 Lt Blue held the weekly discussion session in the mess hall, with a good attendance on hand. The discussion was followed by Bingo, and as usual, O'Shea won the case of beer.
- Jan. 8 Col Schwanbeck, our new Group C.O., was down in the squadron area today on an infernal inspection tour.
- Jan 9-15 There is absolutely nothing happening - it's very dull, and we are still getting lots of rain.
- Jan 14 The unusual thing about the weekly Bingo session tonight was that, for once, O'Shea did not win. Otherwise, it was the usual dull, non-op day.
- Jan 15 For the first time in six days, the sun shone today and we managed to get in a mission. Lt Clark and Lt Theobald returned to the squadron from Roumania, after having been missing in action for four weeks.
- Jan 16-20 The rains continue and the area is just one big lake with tents stuck out in the middle. Some of the men are having to move out of their tents to higher ground. Plans are being drawn up for operating a ferry boat from the tents to the mess hall if this keeps up much longer.
- Jan. 21 Capt McKnight and crew and Capt Hattenbach left today for a vacation in the "ice-cream front" at Cairo.
- Jan 25 All night it snowed, and the snow is about four inches deep all over the area - 'tis nice and pretty and white, and it does a good job of camouflaging the mud. Promoted: to Major, Capt O'Rourke; to Capt, Lts Cahill, Pephon, and Richter.
- Jan 24-30 A string of non-op days - we get up every morning for "H" hour, only to have the mission cancelled due to bad weather; it's getting rather monotonous, and besides that, we "ain't" getting much mail these days.
- Jan 31 The weather has cleared up a bit, and we made another mission today; which brings the total for the month up to seven - an all time low. Capt McKnight and crew returned from Cairo, and brought with them the first bananas that we've seen in years.



Dear George

I am enclosing a copy of my diary I kept of all my WW II missions. I was attached to 99th B.G. 416 Sqd at Foggia.

This reproduction I hope will be readable--and if this book I used to record the missions can be of use to some organization I will donate same.

The list I send is the names of my crew members _____ we were shipped over. I can locate only two of them--Wilbur Mootin and James Rowell.

Hope this will help you remember.

Sincerely
Lenord R. Hester

Oct 15 1942--Camp Forrest, Tenn.
Oct 16 1942--Ft. Doletorpe, Ga.
Oct 22 1942--Cochran Field, Ga.
Jan 14 1943--Gulfport, Miss.
June 12 1943--Cochran Field, Ga.
June 28 1943--Freeman Field, Ind.
Oct 14 1943--Tyndall Field, Fla.
Dec 7 1943--Avon Park Army Airfield
Feb 24 1944--Plant Park, Fla.
April 25 1944--Avon Park Army Airfield
July 16 1944--Hunter Field, Ga
July 30-Aug 13--On Way over--Syracuse N.Y.-Grenier Field N.H.-Presque Isle, Me- Gander, Newfoundland-Azores-Marrakech Morocco-Tunis, Tunisia-Gioia, Italy-Foggia, Italy.
Aug 13 1944-- 99th Bomb Gp, Foggia, Italy
Miami Beach, Fla.,
Hendricks Field, Sebring, Fla.
Sept 2-Sept 3 1945--Camp Gordan Ga.
Discharged - 10:00 AM Sept 3 1945--Camp Gordan Ga, August, Ga.

Aug 25 1944

Mission #1 & 2: Raid on Pardubice Airdrome Czechoslovakia. "Milk run"--saw only a few fighters at a distance. Little flak at several miles distance--plenty of escorts--P-38 and P-51--Hit target and saw plenty of smoke afterwards--Being 1st mission I learned why a fellow gets 50% for flying pay--also learned what clothes to wear. I had too many to move around properly in top turret. Pilot was good, on his last mission--Gas load, 2,700 gals--10-500 lbs--time-8:05. Only 48 to go--34 sorties.

Aug 28 1944

Mission 3&4: Raid on Moosebierbaum Oil Refinery in Austria. Saw a couple of ME-210s but no action with them. Had P-51s for escorts. We hit target and all indications demolished it. Fairly heavy barrage of flak--however we drew none of it. Understand better what combat is. Had the right amount of clothing today. First time our crew went together and did O.K. Gas load 2700 gals--12 bombs, 500 lbs RDX--Time 07:15. Only 46 to go--33 sorties.

Aug 30 1944

Mission 5: Raid on Novi-Sad Railroad Bridge, Yugoslavia. Short mission. Navigator missed course at first and we failed to see target because of haze. Only squadron to drop bombs. Hit near target--only sqd to get credit for mission. Flak was moderate but very accurate. We picked up 5 holes--one in gas tank. Pilot was grounded--had a co-pilot on his 1st mission as 1st pilot. Gas load 2250 gals. 12-500 lbs RDX bombs. Time 05:38. Only 45 to go--32 sorties to go.

Sept 4 1944

Mission 6: Raid on Genoa Harbor--target submarine base. Approx 7 submarines in harbor. Field has become a regular dust bowl. Had a late H-hour and then was last sqd off. Stayed in the dust for about 2 hrs. Flew ship 023, "Flak Happy," a modified "F"--good ship--plenty of flak holes. Had a nice mission, no enemy fighters and flak was moderate. Sqd behind us really caught "Hell." One ship was on fire. Hit target well. Gas load 2240. Bomb load--12-500 lbs. Time 5:25. Only 44 to go--31 sorties.

Sept 5 1944

Mission 7: Raid on Budapest, Austria [sic]. Target, railroad bridge--preventing the retreat of Nazis. Flew ship 052--good ship--no trouble. Went over target at 28,000 ft. Our ship got in prop wash over target, after bombs away and lost second hundred feet. Lost formation for few minutes luckily as they caught lots of flak, one man getting Purple Heart. Flak was heavy and accurate. P-51s for escort. Saw a JU-88 after we were over Italy. No shots. Gas load 2400. Bomb load, 6- 1,000 lb RDX. Time 6:55. Only 43 to go. 30 sorties.

Sept 10 1944

Missions *-9: raid on Vienna, Austria. Target oil refinery. Hit target and started huge fires which could be seen for miles. Went over target at 26,500 ft. Flak was most intense i've seen yet. I call Vienna "Flak Inc." Collect about 6 holes, one that caused wing to be replaced. Lots of engines in our group shot out. P-38s and P-51s for escort, they engage enemy planes. One Sqd in another group got jumped by fighters. Gas load, 2440. Bomb load, 10-500 lbs RDX. Time 0700 hours. Only 41 to go. 29 sorties

Sept 13 1944

Missions 10-11: Raid on Blechanmer Germany. Target oil refinery. Very long mission. Couldn't tell where our bombs hit. Flak was intense but barrage type and a little tracking. Saw my 1st B-17 blow up in front of us. Saw another behind us blow up and the two wing ships go with it. About 6 chutes seen. One chute on fire, one fighter went down over target. 7 ships reported missing. I got sick after leaving target. Had P-51s for escort. No enemy planes. Gas load, 2708 gals. Bomb load, 12-500 lbs. Time 8:03. Only 39 to go. 28 sorties.

Sept 17 1944

Mission 12: Raid on Budapest, Hungary. Target railroad marshalling yards. My observation would give it a very good hit. Lots of smoke and high flames. Had a very uneventful mission, only a couple of early returns. Our sqd Tail-end Charlie burnt an eng. out and failed by about 4 minutes of making target. Came back with us O.K. P-51s for escort. Flak was heavy and tracking, but inaccurate. No holes. Gas load, 2400. Bomb load, 6-1000 lb. 7:05 hrs. Only 38 to go. 29 sorties.

Sept 18 1944

Mission 13: Raid on Yugoslavia. Target Navi-Sad railroad bridge. Short mission again. Flak over target light and inaccurate. No escorts and no enemy fighters. Target pictures show good results. No flak damage over target. Lead navigator came back over flds area and several ships were shot up badly. Several men in other sqd were injured. Our bombs were dropped too early by toggler. Gas load, 24000. Bombs, 2 2000 and 2- 1,000. Time 6:00. Only 37 to go. 28 sorties.

Sept 20 1944

Mission 14: Raid on Szob. Target railroad bridge which was almost completely destroyed by our group. Located near Budapest. Was what is known as a "Milk Run"--no flak and no fighters. Only flak seen was several miles away. Only 3 of our 6 bombs went away. Flew ship 380--had one engine smoking--all instruments O.K., no reason could be found. Seems we fly this ship regularly. Good ship and ground crew. Gas load, 2400. Bomb load, 6-500 lbs. Time 6:45. Only 36 days to go. 27 Sorties.

Sept 22 1944

Mission 15-16: Raid on Munich, Germany. Target Me 109 engine factory, another important target. Had a pilot turn back for oxygen trouble. Had several more in group. Had most escort I've seen yet--P51s and 38s. Had a poor navigator as information from him -- 15 min. late getting to target. At the target ' : flak was the worse I've seen anyplace. A blanket of flak mixed with trailing. Picked up 5 holes--togglor had his nose scratched. 015 landed at another field. Gas load, 2700. Bombs, 12- 500 lbs. Time 8:00. Only 34 to go. 25 sorties.

Oct 4 1944

Mission 17-18: Raid on Munich, Germany. Target railway marshalling yards. Couldn't see target for smoke. Saw four ships in 1st group blow up. Had several flak holes. Had to feather No. 3 engine on bomb run. Couldn't unfeather so had to come back with it feathered. Flak was heavy and accurate. No. 2 eng. used too much gas--recommended change of carburetor. Had only a few B51s for escort. Saw a few enemy fighters at a distance. GAs load, 2700 gals. Bomb load, 6- 1000 lbs. Time 7:40 Only 32 to go. 23 sorties.

Oct 10 1944

Mission 19: Raid on Mistre in northern Italy. Target, railroad marshalling yard. 416th missed target but other squadrons covered the target well. Briefed for a little flak--turned out that it was not heavy, but very, very accurate. Lots of holes but no one injured. Mestre located in _____ area. A very short mission--got back in time for dinner. Gas load, 2700 gals. Bomb load, 6- 500 lbs. Only 31 to go. 22 sorties to go

Oct 13 1944

Missions 20-21: Vienna--Florisdor oil refinery. Unable to see results because of flak. Our sq. leader carried us over target and did a 360° and back over again. No flak the first trip but caught hell on the last trip. Had my first near hit--a piece hit top turret glass dome at back of my head--no injury. No. 2 eng. hit but not serious. Several other holes. Worse formation I've seen. Flak isn't funny. Gas load, 2700. Bomb load, 6-1000 lbs. Time _____. Only 29 to go. 21 sorties.

Oct 14 1944

Missions 22-23: Raid on Blechhammer, Germany. Target oil refinery. Report shows best coverage of any target I've been over. Richter had to form sqd and as clouds closed in lost formation. Finally got together. 2nd _____ had to target. Went to 29,000 ft to get over clouds. Did 360° over target. Flak heavy and inaccurate. Gas ran low and had to land at Bis, an island off coast of Yugoslavia. Spent nite--interesting place--short runway. Gas load, 2,700. Bomb load, 12-500s. Only 27 to go. 20 sorties.

Oct 16 1944

Missions 24-25: Raid on Salzburg, Germany. Target _____. Reports are that we missed entirely, but not certain. Our primary target was Brux, Germany but weather turned us back about 45 minutes from Brux. Before reaching Salzburg our ball turret man reported oil leak on No. 1 eng. After target I went in ball to look at leak. While in turret oil pressure failed--unable to feather and prop. ran away. Eng. windmilled all way back. Gas load, 2700 topped. Bomb load, 8-500s. Time 7 hrs. Only 25 to go. 11 sorties.

Nov 3 1944

Missions 26-27: Raid on Vienna. Target, ordnance depot. My first omission s a single plane mission. Quite an experience. Had overcast all the way. No air speed ind. All 4 eng. stopped momentarily at altitude. First mission in a " _____ " Over Vienna itself and had no flak. The first time ever. Rumor at briefing is that it will be 35 sorties instead of 50 mission. Gas load, 2700. Bomb load, 10-500s. Time, 6:15. Only 23 to go. 10 sorties.

Nov 16 1944

Missions 28-29: Raid on Liz, Austria. Target, oil refinery. This was second of my single ship PFF raids. Not a bad mission. Had clouds all the way and dropped bombs on target. Alt. 27,000 - timed to let down and ran into snow and rain. Experienced carburetor icing for first time. No trouble-temperature 45° centigrade. Had no visible flak over target. However, other ships were hit. Gas load, 2700. Bombs, 10-500s--2 with delayed action fuses (6 to 8 hours). Time, 7 hrs. Only 21 to go. 19 sorties

Nov 18 1944

Missions 30-31: Raid on Vienna, Austria. Ordnance depot target. Richter led squadrons 1st time, did a nice job. Wave heated gloves and shoes and was warm for 1st time. Target area had undercast--PFF bombing. Thought we hit _____ and tonight. Flak intense but not accurate. Had flak going up over _____. 2 holes from same place. Lost no ships--P38s for escort. Gas load, 2700. Bombs, 8-500s. Time about 8 hours. Only 19 to go. 18 sorties.

Dec 28 1944

Missions 36-37: Started to _____ oil refinery at Vienna but had to hit _____, Austria marshalling yard because of overcast sky. Flew with Major Hulton and Major Seward. Had a very uneventful mission. Supercharger trouble but cleared that. Flak wasn't heavy but very accurate. Didn't hit target--started peel off the target too soon. GAs load, 2700. Bombs, 10-500s. Max oxygen. Only 13 to go. 13 sorties.

Jan 15 1945

Missions 38-39: Vienna again. Went to _____ oil refinery marshalling yard. We went after making six H-hour. Some of the worst weather in a long time has been here for a month. Flew with Lt _____. No. 2 sqd. Had undercast over target, no results. Our bombs failed to go away, dropped later. Had excellent P38 escort. Flak moderate and inaccurate. Gas load, 2700. Bomb load, 10-500s. Max oxygen. Only 11 to go. 12 sorties.

Jan 20 1945

Missions 40-41: Raid on Regensburg, Germany marshalling yard. Flew with Lt Craft and crew. Wiener was to fly ball turret but failed to perform as he had said he wouldn't fly the position. Had P51s for escort. The top turret was covered with ice; the 1st time it's happened. Target had a dense smoke screen over it. Poor formation by the sqd. Going to Cairo tomorrow. Gas load, 2700. Max oxygen. 36-100s. Only 9 to go. 11 sorties.

Feb 7 1945

Missions 42-43: Raid on Vienna, Austria oil storage depot. Flew with Lt _____ and _____ -- a swell fellow. Failed to drop bombs on target--air force divided--no enemy fighters. Very little flak. Had to crank doors open and closed at 28,000 ft. Almost passed out. Had a radar sight on turret--rather nice. Since I've flown have been charged to 35 sorties. P.O. now. _____ . Gas load 2700. Bomb load, 12-500s. Max oxygen. Time, 8:05. Only 7 to go. Only 10 sorties.

Feb 13 1945

Missions 44-45: Raid on Vienna marshalling yards. Flew with my crew--at least pilot and what is left. Rowell has gone down near Austria in a crack-up of two ships on Feb 8. We flew No. 2 position and 99th _____ Air Force. Not much flak. Saw 5 fighters and gave them plenty of ammo. _____ covered target. Someone hit it. Gas load 2700. Bomb load, 8-500s. Max oxygen. Only 9 to go. Have 45 missions.

Feb 14 1945

Missions 46-47: Raid on Vienna oil storage yards.. Did a 360° over the target and had "beaucoup" of flak both times. Flew with Lt Templeton, a good pilot and a Lt _____ (his 1st). Flew No. 7 position--had 51s for escort. No enemy fighters seen. Would have been a good mission but for the 360° over the target. Gas load, 2700. Bomb load, 12-500s. Max oxygen. Only 8 sorties to go.

Feb 15 1945

Missions 48-49: Raid on Vienna South marshalling yard. Flew with Lt Croft, Maj Seward the Gp lead failed to get off. Had P38s for escort but didn't see any of them. Not much flak but it was very accurate. Several ships lost engines. We had two small holes--had flak on the way back. The fourth straight to Vienna area. Gas load, 2700. Bombs, 10-500s. Max oxygen. Only 7 sorties to go.

Feb 16 1945

Missions 50-51: Raid on Munich, Germany. Lachfald Airdrome, a field for get-propelled planes. Took off in murky weather. Finally got together. Had a nice mission, missed target because of an overcast. No flak for some reason. A 347th ship had to ditch. Flew with Lt Templeton, Lt _____. A fine "milk run." Alt. 24,000. Gas load, 2700. Bombs, 12-500s. max oxygen. Only 6 sorties to go.

Feb 17 1945

Missions 52-53: Raid on Linz, Austria marshalling yard. Had trouble getting together over the field. Flew with Lt Clark and crew--swell fellows. Has a nice mission--good formation. Had prop-wash over target. Had to change an amplifier at 1.P. Hit target well I think. Wiemer finished on this mission and leaves soon. Gas load, 2700. Bomb load, 12-500s. Alt. 2500. Only 5 sorties to go.

Feb 18 1945

Missions 54-55: Raid on Linz Austria marshalling yard. Flew with Lt Code, the "Rough eng. kid." Had gen. trouble and an oil leak plus a gas shortage. Had "soup" all the way to target--came back at 28,000 ft and in 1 3/4 hours. 5 hrs to get there--very little flak, none in squadron. Had P38s for escort. Gas load, 2700. 12-500s. Max oxygen. Alt. 27,500. Only 4 sorties to go.

Feb 19 1945

Missions 56-57: Raid on Klagenfurt Austria marshalling yard. Started for Vienna but had too high a head-wind--150 knots. Flew with Lt Paul again. Our squadron never got with group. Finally flew with the 2nd bomb gp. An easy "milk" run, no flak. Hartly finished with us. We hit target well. This makes 7 in a row. I'm fagged out now. Gas load, 2700. Bombs, 12-500s. Max oxygen. Alt., 15,000. Only 3 sorties to go.

Feb 20 1945

Missions 58-59: Raid on Vienna. Target _____ oil refinery. Flew with Lt. _____ and Capt Richter. Joe Black finished today. Had a nice mission. Did a 360° at 1.P. as we were early. [Was] a visual run and seemed to hit target. Very little flak and no holes. Gas load, 2700. Bomb load, 10-500s. Alt. 24,000. Only 2 sorties to go.

Feb 21 1945

Missions 60-61: Raid on Vienna, Austria marshalling yard. A mission of the old days. We went down "Flak Alley" and really got it. Had over a doz. holes, and an oil leak in No. 1. Pilot of 015 got hit. Flew with Lt Gregory--an O.K. pilot. Really sweat this mission out--ran into another flak area on rally and got more holes. Had P38s for escort. Bomb load, 12-500s. Gas load, 2700. Max oxygen. Time 7:15. Only 1 to go.

Feb 21 1945

Missions 62-63: Raid on N. Italy communications. Started on low level, 14,000 ft, to Munich area. Loudreau marshalling yds. Ran into weather and came back to Udine but clouds again so dropped on railroad bridge. Hit one end of it. 4 bomb runs to sweat out on last sortie. Flew another radar turret. Gas load, 2700. Bomb load, 12-500s. Max oxygen. Time, 8:00.

End

Thank you, Lenord. We figure that these details will be helpful to authors and historians of the far future who wonder just what it was really like!
geo.



This revised list has Walter Butler's name right there where it ought to be. No excuse, Sir. *George*

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This piece is from IMPACT, a civilian publication which is no longer listed in the index of current publications.

OUR ONLY ENLISTED MAN TO BECOME AN AIR ACE



Officers said 6-6, 275-pound gunner Ben Warmer was too big to fly. But his nine confirmed kills put him in the record book with Rickenbacker, Boyington and Foss

By Edward Hymoff

THE SKY was alive with German fighters attacking the flight of lumbering B-17s which were rapidly approaching the point of no return. The black-crossed Messerschmitts would break off suddenly, drift and climb in and out of the range of the .50-caliber guns aboard the big American bombers.

The huge man at the right waist gunport of one B-17 swung his heavy machine gun toward an approaching Nazi fighter. He gripped the gun handles in his big fists, led the enemy plane in his sights and opened fire.

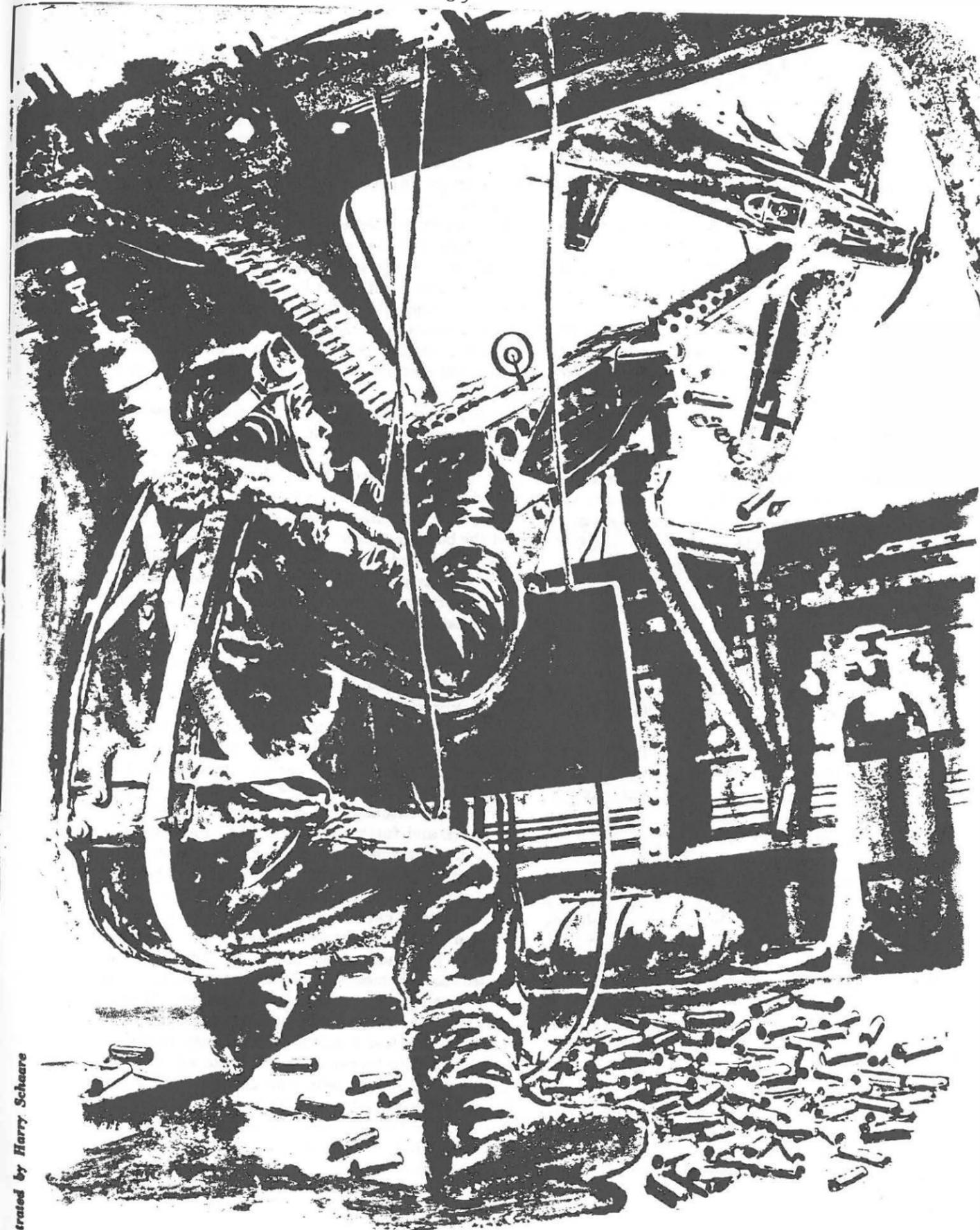
"One coming in at three o'clock," he shouted into his intercom over the hammering of his gun. The top turret and belly turret gunners swung their guns toward the Messerschmitt-109. If it broke above or below the B-17, in a dive or a climb, they'd be ready to pick it up. But this time the Messerschmitt blew apart in the air where tracers from the bomber's right waist gun port had blazed into its wingroot gas tank. "Yahoooooo!" the gunner shouted, "I got one."

"Confirmed," the top turret gunner barked. "Two coming in at six o'clock high..." The waist gunner swung as far to the right as the machine

gun would point, to pick up the enemy planes if they should sweep by his position. There were German planes darting all over the sky. "God, there must be a hundred of them," he said to himself.

"Ben, one coming your way," the belly gunner's high-pitched voice crackled through the earphones. Immediately he squinted in the bright daylight, looking for the attacking plane. He picked it up and it grew larger in his sights. . . .

One day early in August of 1943, Staff Sergeant Benjamin F. Warmer III, Army Serial Number 19084133, stood stiffly at attention, his 275-pound six-foot-six-inch body casting a massive shadow on the sun-washed airstrip of the 99th Bomb Group's base east of Algiers. Behind Warmer stood the officers and enlisted men of his unit, the 348th Bombardment Squadron (Heavy), also lined up at attention to honor him. Lieutenant General Carl A. Spaatz, commander of the Northwest African Air Force, fingered the Distinguished Service Cross that he held in one hand while an aide read from General Orders #69. Nearby, visiting Major General Jimmy Doolittle stood at attention.



Illustrated by Harry Schaefer

Ben caught the Me-109 in his sights and fired his .50s. Flame leaped from the German fighter.

OUR ONLY ENLISTED MAN TO BECOME AN AIR ACE

Ben Warmer was nervous. Two generals were there to honor him. His squadron and considerable headquarters brass were standing in formation in his honor. They were present to decorate him for shooting down seven Nazi fighter planes on one mission. Moreover, General Spaatz had earlier conferred on Big Ben Warmer the title of "Ace"—making him the only enlisted-man ace to come out of World War II!

"For extraordinary heroism in connection with military operations against an armed enemy . . ." The captain read the citation to the assembled formation. To Ben Warmer it seemed like yesterday . . .

On July 5, 1943, he had rolled out of his sack in the tent area about a mile from the airstrip. It was 0300 hours and the roar of cold engines being turned over by the ground crews shattered the silence. Ben's crew was scheduled to fly a mission later that day. At the time he awoke, he had no idea where his squadron would drop its bombs, other than that it would be somewhere in Sicily. For days, this Mediterranean island just south of Italy had been undergoing a pounding from the air and from the sea in a prelude to invasion by the U.S. Army. Sometimes the missions to Sicily were hazardous; sometimes they were milk runs.

At the pre-flight briefing, the officers and enlisted men mingled and sat together, each crew sitting in its own tight little knot. The group's commanding officer, Colonel Fay. R. Uptegrove, strode onto the jerry-built stage, but nobody shouted at the men to rise to attention. The 99th was not a chicken outfit. The briefing was routine, but the announcement of the target caused a stir: Gerbini!

Gerbini was a Sicilian hornet's nest—headquarters of Luftwaffe Air Division III, one of the top Nazi fighter commands in all of Europe. The Gerbini complex of fighter airstrips was filled with sleek Me-109s and -110s that guarded the approaches to Italy. Its planes had always been effective against Allied marauders. Gerbini had to be knocked out; the 99th was given the mission.

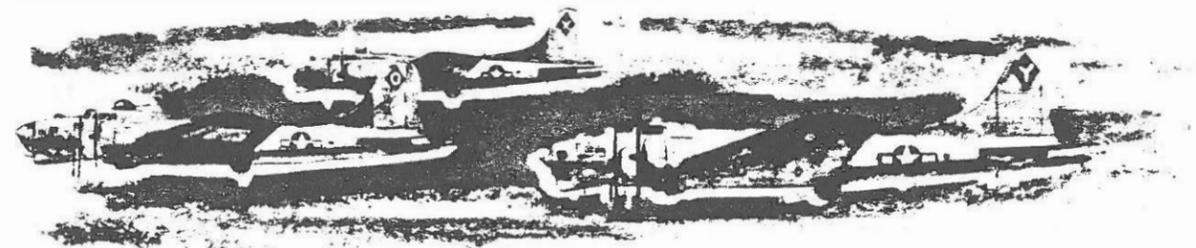
It was still cold and dark when the 99th officers completed their briefing and were driven to their aircraft. Within hours the hardstands on the air base would be cruelly hot, but now the men shivered in the sub-freezing temperatures.

Their electrically heated flying suits would remain unplugged until the engines were turning over and could provide the necessary power to heat the suits.

Ben Warmer checked his side of the B-17 from the outside. His field of fire was clear. He hunched down beneath the low-slung belly of the Flying Fortress, reached for the handles on each side of the hatch and pulled himself up into the plane. Usually there were jokes when Warmer pulled himself aboard. Today there were none. The men knew that Gerbini was going to be a tough run.

Each gunner methodically checked his position and his gun or his gun turret. At his right waist position, Warmer switched on the small overhead light and went through his check list, mentally checking off the items that could spell the difference between life and death for him, the crew and the bomber: oxygen mask; radio headphones; the electric leads of his flying suit. He looked like a giant grizzly and moved slowly in the confining flight clothing. But without the heavy and uncomfortable flying suits men could not live in the rarified atmosphere on high altitude bombing runs, where the temperature was 72° below zero and lack of oxygen could cause a blackout in seconds. On more than one occasion a careless gunner had removed one of his gloves and had touched the aluminum rim of the open gunport with a bare hand, only to pull it back as the searing cold turned his flesh to a white, dead chunk of ice.

Warmer checked his gun. He slammed the bolt back and forth a few times and its well oiled track and easy movement sounded satisfying as his gun swiveled easily on its mount. Then he carefully checked the ammo boxes and the neatly folded belts of cartridges that snuggled inside the wooden boxes. By the time the ground crew and gunners had checked out their end of the already gassed and bombed-up Fort, the officers were piling out of jeeps and weapons carriers. Within minutes they were aboard and the B-17 was buttoned up for the mission. The engines began to cough and then turned over. The pilot and co-pilot each went through their long checklist while the heavily loaded bomber rumbled along the taxi line to the strip itself. It was still an hour and a half before daylight, when the green flare was fired from the control tower. The B-17s revved their



engines and moved down the field. Ponderously, they lifted off the metal frames of the landing strip set in the desert sand and were airborne. Wheels were retracted, and the planes started the long, slow climb toward the assembly point over the Mediterranean.

Sergeant Ed Worthy sat hunched on the jump seat next to the port gun directly across from Warmer. "I hear that the Krauts will be waiting for us on this one," he said to nobody in particular.

Ben hardly heard Worthy. His thoughts had turned to home and to the past. He was a giant of a man who had never worried about his great size until he was warned by an officer that it might keep him out of combat. At UCLA, Ben had played varsity football. After he was graduated from college in 1937, Ben was at loose ends. The world was in a turmoil, and Ben, rejecting his father's advice to become a lawyer, instead became a Secret Service agent. His father, a Superior Court judge in Los Angeles, helped Ben get his assignment: bodyguard to Secretary of the Treasury Henry Morgenthau.

Five years later, America went to war. Ben enlisted in April, 1942. He had always been interested in flying, but there were no cockpits that could hold his 275 pounds. Assignment officers in what was then the U.S. Army Air Corps marveled at his physique and planned to make him a physical education instructor. But Ben Warmer wanted to fight. "Too tall," one personnel captain told him. "Too heavy," said another officer. Ben was downcast. Most of his friends were in combat units, but all he had to show for his time in the service was a Good Conduct Medal and letters of commendation telling him what a great physical ed instructor he was.

One day Ben wandered onto the weapons range. Fledgling gunners were receiving an introduction to the .50-caliber machine gun when one of the instructors called Ben over to heft the 65-pound weapon. "How about letting me fire it?" Ben asked. The gunnery sergeant said all right. Ben swung the gun on its mount and sighted at the target. He held the handles tightly and squeezed the trigger. The men on the firing line

stood awed as Warmer scored hit after hit. Veteran gunnery instructors knew that too often "the gun fires the man rather than the man fires the gun." However, in the massive fists of Ben Warmer, the .50-caliber machine gun was as docile as a .22 rifle. Seeing the crowd of enlisted men standing on the rifle range an officer came over to see what was up. When he saw Warmer's mastery of the machine gun, he was overwhelmed. "You're a natural as an instructor," he said.

"But I want to fight," Warmer replied. Another job as an instructor, even as a gunnery instructor, would be too much to take, but he took it. He



Warmer, a former Secret Service bodyguard, won the DSC for downing seven planes on one mission.

OUR ONLY ENLISTED MAN TO BECOME AN AIR ACE

went through gunnery school, hoping against hope that he'd be shipped out to a bomber unit rather than to a training command. It was early March, 1943, when Ben won a reprieve from a Stateside assignment. The battle for North Africa was in full swing at the time, and the Germans were rolling up victory after victory, while their Luftwaffe used its air superiority to stop U.S. bombers. More planes and crews were rushed to the war zone. Among the reinforcements was Ben Warmer.

By the time the North African campaign had ended, with the destruction of Rommel's Afrika Korps, Ben Warmer was a veteran of 12 combat missions. The 12th Air Force then turned its attention across the Mediterranean to Sicily and Italy.

Warmer remembered this first mission well—Pantelleria, a 32-square-mile island off the Italian boot. It housed an important Luftwaffe fighter base and nearly 15,000 heavily armed Axis troops. In early May, 1943, the 12th and 9th Air Forces began the task of reducing the island to rubble. For ten days and nights, B-17s, A-26s, U.S. Navy dive bombers and Royal Air Force bombers pounded the island with high explosives. But during the first four days, the island's air defense force mauled the lumbering Flying Forts. Five Me-109s cut Ben's plane out of the formation and proceeded to chop it up.

After two passes, two of the B-17's fans were idly spinning and oily black smoke gushed from one of the shot-up engines. A third pass by the Nazi fighters severed the control cables to the rudder and it began flapping in the windstream. Enemy machine guns raked the wounded bomber fore and aft. Luckily nobody was killed. They managed to fight off the Nazi fighters and limped back to North Africa. But the plane was too badly damaged to land. "Let's bail out," the pilot snapped into the intercom mike. "Jump clear as soon as you can." Like a good captain, the pilot stayed until last. The bail-out sequence called for Warmer to jump just before the pilot. The pilot counted each member of the crew whose chute he saw crack open. But he actually felt Warmer leave the ship. The huge gunner reacted on the bomber like a load of high explosives leaving the bomb bay. Only then did the pilot abandon the

burning B-17 and parachute to safety. . . .

The voice reading the citation brought Ben Warmer back to the present. ". . . while on a bombing mission over Sicily," the captain intoned, "his bomber was attacked by a large number of enemy aircraft."

"When *wasn't* there a large number of enemy aircraft?" Ben thought. The missions were all the same—the same sights, the same sounds, the same smells and the same tight feeling. Like that memorable mission over Naples. He remembered leaning against the machine gun jutting from the bomber's right waist gun port. The Flying Fortress had been airborne for five hours and Ben had left his bucket seat to stretch his legs.

The Naples mission had taken place on May 27, 1943—and it had been damned cold at 25,000 feet. The warning came unexpectedly: "Bandits at twelve o'clock high!" Another voice warned that others were sighted at 3 o'clock low.

"Here they come," the aircraft commander shouted. Like a swarm of bees attacking an intruder, the tiny specks in the distance grew bigger. They quickly materialized into Me-109 fighters. The Luftwaffe was up.

"Tighten up the formation," ordered the 99th Bomb Group's CO, Colonel Upthegrove, using the command channel that linked the pilots of the 348th and 349th Bomb Squadrons. From the target below, flak rose into the formation of B-17s. Occasionally, the hot, jagged metal would rip through the leather flight suits of American airmen aboard the bombers, killing, wounding and maiming.

"Bandits coming in at nine o'clock high," the top turret gunner of the lead bomber shouted. The B-17 shook from the rapid fire of the twin .50s in the top turret and the single machine gun in the right side waist gunport.

"Ben, passing under at three o'clock low," the topside gunner shouted. Warmer, bundled up in leather and fleece, grabbed the handles of his machine gun and pushed the muzzle down. A plane flashed out from beneath the B-17 and rolled into his sights. He squeezed the trigger and the gun shook in its mount. The enemy fighter seemed to stall in the sky, then it faltered and nosed down, streaming smoke and flame.

Warmer scanned the (Continued on page 77)

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continued from page 26

skies for more enemy fighters. They were swarming all over the formation, but those which flashed across his sights were too far out of range. From his vantage point in the waist gun port, he could see the battle unfold. Thirty of the four-engine bombers had taken off from the 99th's base outside Algiers. Twenty-four were destined to return from that raid on Naples. Warmer was to see two of the bombers go down in flames. No parachutes blossomed. He cursed bitterly. He had friends in those planes.

"Bandit coming in at six o'clock low," the tail gunner called out. "Breaking left in your direction, Ben." Warmer waited. The Messerschmitt flew right before Warmer's machine-gun muzzle. He squeezed the trigger. Tracers streaked after the climbing German plane, etching a trail of bullet holes that crept to the plexiglas cockpit shield, shattering it into pieces and hitting the pilot. The Messerschmitt, out of control, slid into its death dive. Warmer gleefully shouted again. Two kills in one day!

As the B-17s moved into their bomb run, the bombardiers took control from the pilots. Each plane unloaded its cargo on the harbor complex below, then it seemed to bounce 30 feet higher, relieved of its bomb burden. The formation of B-17s then turned south and headed out to sea—scurrying for North Africa and home. The German fighters chased the bombers for 100 miles, then broke off contact rather than risk running out of fuel.

Warmer felt the sweat start to drip into his eyes as he stood listening to his citation.

"Although most of the attack was directed against his part of the bomber, Sergeant Warmer remained by his guns and with great accuracy brought down five of the enemy aircraft."

Ben thought that nobody could write about what it really had been like up there on July 5, 1943. . . .

As they approached the target the routine checkout started for the gunners.

"Pilot to crew," the aircraft commander called. "Check your suits, oxygen and guns." Warmer made another quick check, making sure that the electric heating leads of his suit were plugged in, with enough wire loose to give him freedom of movement. His oxygen tank pressure read normal and he proceeded to load his machine gun.

"Starboard gun clear," Warmer reported.

"Port gun clear," Worthy followed. "Ball turret gun clear," the gunner below sounded off.

"Tail gun clear," drawled the Texan in the rear.

"Topside guns clear," the turret gunner above checked in.

"Nose guns clear," the forward gunner chimed in.

The pilot nodded to the co-pilot. The B-17 was ready for action.

There was no fighter escort on this one. It was too long a hop for our single-engine P-40s and P-38s. The 99th was on its own. At Luftwaffe headquarters in Gerbini, radar and sensitive microphones had spotted the B-17s. On the landing strips in the nearby valleys, grey-uniformed flight officers acknowledged the orders to scramble. In pairs and in groups of three and four, the black-crossed Me-109s and Me-110s revved up and then took off, turning south toward the approaching B-17s. Luftwaffe Division III was out to smash the 99th.

The clouds lay far below the bombers, and the pilots on Warmer's plane soon spotted the glob of brown that slowly enlarged into Sicily.

"Test fire guns!" the pilot ordered. Warmer tilted the nose of his machine gun at the pale blue water below and fired. "Starboard gun okay," he sang out. The other gunners also opened up and the sound of machine-gun fire thundered above the steady rumble of the engines.

"Now keep alert," the pilot warned. "We can expect bandits at any time." The coast of Sicily came beneath them. Someone in the flight of bombers had spotted the enemy fighters and relayed the news to his pilot who in turn broke radio silence over the command channel, to warn the flight of the oncoming Germans. Warmer's pilot relayed the information to his crew. "We've got 'em at two o'clock high and nine o'clock low," he warned. A moment later he broke in with a warning that "we've now got 'em at six o'clock high."

"Any of you guys spot 'em yet?" he asked his crew. Warmer strained and squinted in the bright sunlight. "I can see 'em now at three o'clock high from starboard," he sounded off.

There was no flak yet. The enemy interceptors would first have their crack at the formation and then pull away over the target. There was no sense in being shot down by one's own flak.

"One coming in at three o'clock!" Warmer shouted and began tracking the fast-moving fighter. The top turret and belly turret gunners swung their guns starboard, toward the Me-109 coming in. If it broke above or below the B-17 in a dive or climb, they'd be ready.

BEN squeezed the trigger. The Messerschmitt blew apart in the air. It was Warmer's first kill of the day.

Then the top turret guns opened up. "One coming your way, Ben!" shouted the gunner above. Warmer dropped to his knees and deflected his gun upward, waiting for the German to flash overhead. But it had gone into a steep climb instead, and when he heard the guns above continue firing he knew that the enemy fighter wasn't about to pass in his direction. "I've got it," the top turret gunner shouted. "Confirmed," the co-pilot shouted back as he looked up through the plexiglas roof and watched the Me-109 stall and flash downward, straight into the ground.

A gaggle of ten Me-110s suddenly appeared off to the right. "A bunch of 'em at two o'clock high!" Ben shouted.

"I see 'em," the top turret gunner answered. He swung his turret guns in the direction of the attacking flight.

One Me-109 flashed in front of Warmer's gun, too fast for him to snap off a burst. Another bore in behind it, machine guns blinking. Ben sighted down his barrel and tracked it for a moment before opening up. His tracers slammed into the engine housing and the propeller suddenly began to spin slowly. He had knocked out the engine. The enemy fighter slowed to a glide and Warmer was all set to rake it again when the cockpit hatch was pulled back and the pilot clambered out. "I got number four!" Ben hollered. He watched the German bail out.

"Ben, one coming your way," Worthy shouted from behind. Two fighters flashed overhead, one trailing smoke from Worthy's gun. Warmer stitched a bullet pattern through the German's tail section, chopping the elevator and rudder into pieces. The plane quickly nosed down.

The inside of the B-17 was littered with empty shells that rolled across the floor. Warmer took a deep breath. Another German fighter came in, and he felt the pounding of bullets. Instinctively, he pulled back and from the corner of his eye saw sunlight pouring in through the jagged holes that appeared beside him.

"Close," he muttered.

Two more planes attacked and he swung the machine gun to meet the threat from 2 o'clock. The lead plane seemed to be plunging right at him, spitting fire from the leading edge of its thin wings. The tracers reached out for him and he tensed, awaiting the pounding that would hit the B-17's thin aluminum skin and braces. But the tracers fell short. The German loomed in his sight. He squeezed the trigger and the fighter broke left and down, trailing oily black smoke and fire. "I've got another," Warmer called out.

Another fighter came at his gun port and he led it for a brief second before opening fire. But the pilot was gun shy.

He broke off and slid out of sight.

Ben's B-17 was under attack from all sides now. The voices on the intercom were blurred and confusing.

"Watch that baby at nine high!" the pilot shouted.

"Two bandits at two o'clock," the co-pilot shouted. "Watch 'em, Ben."

"Got 'em," Warmer replied.

"Four coming in at six o'clock low," the belly gunner said.

"Two coming in at six o'clock straight," the pilot shouted after spotting the attacking pair in his rear view window. "C'mon, what the hell's the matter with that tail gun!" The accordion sleeve that joined Warmer's gun to the plexiglas covering his gun port suddenly whipped away and sub zero wind from the slip stream slashed through the gap and hit Ben's face. His goggles clouded up and he ripped them off. Behind him he heard Worthy call for help. "Something wrong with my oxygen," Warmer's partner gasped. "C'mon, Ben," he coughed.

Warmer quickly played out his own oxygen line and disconnected his electric heating lead and intercom. He tripped and fell on the loose shell casings that rolled along the floor like marbles, but made it across to Worthy. It took him just a moment to see that enemy bullets had hit Worthy's oxygen bottle. There was a spare nearby. He ripped it off the wall and plugged in Worthy's hose. It took just a moment for the oxygen to take effect. Worthy nodded that he was okay.

IMPACT

"Wrapping a belt of bullets around his neck and shoulders in order to feed his guns, he continued his deadly fire and accounted for two more enemy aircraft." The captain looked up.

The B-17 banked sharply and headed south in the direction of home. The formation of bombers tightened up again. The fight wasn't over. Enemy fighters were certain to be waiting for them. "Here they come," Warmer's pilot called out. "Watch it, Ben," the top turret gunner warned. "Three o'clock high." The Messerschmitt drove in hard. The steep angle of his dive caused the Nazi pilot to undershoot his target, however. His tracers arched beneath the belly of the Fort. The enemy pilot jerked his nose up and the tracers lifted toward the B-17 and Warmer's amidships position. Ben returned fire from what seemed like point-blank range.

BUT before he had finished firing at the enemy plane, his machine gun clicked empty for the third time that morning. The nearest box of ammunition belts was stacked ten feet away. The bombers were now at 10,000 feet and Ben had no need of his oxygen mask or his heating unit. He ripped off his mask and yanked the oxygen hose coupling and the heating lead wire from their plugs on the fuselage wall. Stumbling across the shell-littered floor, he made it to the ammo boxes, grabbed some, and returned to his position. There was no time to clamp the ammo box in place. Instead, he jerked the ammo belt out of the box and loaded his gun with it. Then he draped the belt across his shoulders—just in time to receive a warning that more planes were boring in toward his right waist gun.

"What's the matter with the starboard gun?" the pilot called. Worthy explained what had happened and reported that Ben was hooking up again back at his starboard gun position. The Luftwaffe had sent 100 fighters against the 99th. In a matter of minutes, 22 had been knocked down or damaged. But there was still the bomb run and ten minutes to go before the target appeared. Meanwhile, two of the B-17s had been shot down.

ENEMY fighters were circling around the tight formation of B-17s like Indians attacking a wagon train. The object was to break up the formation of bombers, each of whose guns protected the next B-17 in the flight. A gaggle of 110s came out of the sun, and as soon as they came within sighting distance, Worthy opened up. "I've got one," he shouted, "and they're coming your way, Ben!"

One by one the enemy fight passed overhead, within range of Warmer's gun. He squeezed the trigger and his tracer chased from the tail along the fuselage, hammering into the cockpit of a German fighter. It peeled over, the pilot dead or severely wounded, and dived straight down, out of control. "Another one," Warmer shouted again.

"Confirmed," the top turret gunner snapped before warning that more bandits were coming in from six o'clock high. Ben Warmer had shot down five German planes in one day—and the bombers were just reaching the target! "Bomb bay doors open," the navigator said.

"Bombs away," the bombardier announced as the plane lifted markedly. "Now let's go home!"

The citation began to sound like a parody of a wartime movie, the hero grabbing a machine gun and firing it cradled in his arms. Ben blushed as the captain read on:



Two Me-109s shied off and passed overhead so that the top turret gunner was able to finish off one. A third German passed over the bomber and into Warmer's sights. He opened up and his bullets struck the Messerschmitt before it passed out of range. The enemy fighter suddenly erupted into a fireball. Number six that day for Ben Warmer.

"Coming at you, Ben," the belly gunner shouted from below. The giant figure with the ammo belt draped across his right shoulder swung the .50-caliber gun easily, waiting for the enemy fighter. There it was. The Messerschmitt veered off and sailed across his line of vision. He swung the machine gun along the line of flight of the Nazi plane, like a duck hunter leading his quarry. He had a bull's eye on the cockpit. A bit of pressure on the trigger and the tracers led into the cockpit of the 109. It winged over and fell, with a dead pilot at the controls.

By this time the Germans had lost half of their fighters. Five of the B-17s were down, and three others were losing altitude.

"His aggressiveness, coolness and courage under fire reflect the highest traditions of the Army Air Force," the citation concluded.

The last enemy plane shot down was number 9 of the day for Warmer and victory number 13 for his crew. Of the 100 enemy fighters that tried to stop the 99th, 42 had been shot down. Ben's record, which led to his DSC and later a lieutenant's commission, still stands. It was the greatest single feat by any U.S. aerial gunner in World War II.

Nine confirmed kills raised him to a place among America's eagles. His name now appears alongside those of the great aces—Captain Eddie Rickenbacker, Captain Joe Foss, Captain Bob Johnson and Major "Pappy" Boyington. He had proved that you don't have to have "brass" to be an ace. *** THE END**

PLEASE MAKE A CONTRIBUTION TO TRAVIS AFB HISTORICAL SOCIETY TO RECOVER AND REBUILD A B-17 E. THIS IS THE ONLY B-17E LEFT IN THE WORLD IN IT'S WW II CONFIGERATION!!!!

Fred C. Eaton is a member of our 99th BGHS but in 1942 he was in Australia flying combat missions against the Japs.. Fred said "I was on the first bombing mission. From Townsville, Australia to attack the Japs at Rabaul Harbor on Feb. 22, 1942. After bombing the target, we were shot full of holes by at least 8 Jap Zeroes causing us to lose much of our fuel. We were unable to return to an airfield in New Guinea so I crash landed on the coast with wheels up. It took us six weeks to get back to civilization" (That must be another story in it's self)

B-17
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The last of May we honored our men who fell in battle and those who have passed from us since on that very special date known as "Memorial Day." Each of us searches his heart as we contemplate what happened to them and to us during those dark days. It is clear to us that a "Just War" fought nobly by a Believer is not condemned by God. As we celebrate "Independance Day" the Fourth of July, let's remember those who were and those who are, willing to stand and fight for those Judeo-Christian precepts which are a very major part of our Nation's Heritage. George Washington was a man who prayed on his knees for one hour every day without fail is one example. When a man is willing to stand and fight for his country, this is known as Patriotism. Patriotism is not a bad word as some would have you believe today. To be a Patriot does not indicate a narrowness of belief or hostility toward other people. For an individual to love and protect his family doesn't mean he's not a good neighbor. Likewise, to love and protect one's Country is not inconsistant with a love and concern for fellow Christians or fellow Countrymen. Patriotism is an appreciation for the past and a concern for the future. Our future at this time is in returning this Country to our basic Judeo-Christian concepts of our founding fathers of this Country. In First Peter, Chapter 2; Verse 17 we read: "HONOR ALL MEN, LOVE THE BROTHERHOOD, FEAR GOD! HONOR THE KING."

John R. ... Chaplain

Japan's New Jets

Sen. Pete Domenici, R-N.M., probably voiced the anger and frustration of many Americans when he spoke out last week against joint U.S.-Japanese development of a new FSX warplane for Japan.

"We have provided a safe world, and an economic climate, that has allowed Japan to flourish beyond its wildest dreams," Domenici told the Senate, as he broke ranks with President Bush's administration and voted against the FSX agreement. He argued that Japan, which enjoyed a \$55 billion profit on trade with the United States in 1988, should be willing to spend \$3 billion to buy American-made F-16s

"For Japan to begin its own aerospace industry is not the way for a friend to treat a friend," Domenici said.

True — but not persuasive, either to the Senate, which voted 52-47 to approve the FSX agreement, or to Japan, which is clearly more interested in being America's competitor than its friend.

The reality is that the United States had little choice about entering the FSX agreement. New Mexico Sen. Jeff Bingaman, a Democrat, sided with

President Bush on the FSX because he saw no option. "The alternative to the FSX agreement is not Japan purchasing American F-16s," he told the Senate. "The real alternative is Japanese indigenous production, probably with European assistance."

The FSX agreement was simply the best deal the United States could make, guaranteeing American companies 40 percent of the action — about \$2.5 billion — on design and production of a new generation of the F-16. The agreement is supposed to protect secret U.S. technology, such as the F-16's digital flight-control system, but Americans can be forgiven if they are skeptical about that.

Coming on the heels of a U.S. trade report that accused the Japanese of cheating on international trade, the FSX looks suspiciously like the start of another Japanese industry in which American markets will be exploited by competitors who can't always be trusted to play fair.

Is it any wonder, then, that the FSX has become a symbol of frustration to many Americans?

If we are to expand the arenas in which we are competitors with the Japanese, we should at least demand fair play. Japan must work to end the protectionist policies that restrict the access of U.S. goods and services to its markets.

S.L.L.

SMALLWOOD, JR.
HARTLAND ROAD
P.O. BOX 177
BROWNSVILLE, VT 05037

April 20, 1989

Dear George:

As you may know I am writing a book about my experiences in WWII, including a section on Foggia and the 99th. The work proceeds in an uneven path, especially when one is vacationing in Florida close to the Atlantic Ocean. May 1st we start driving home, with a stop at Maxwell Field, Alabama, where I hope to find information in the historical library. Also, we will make a stop in Huntsville, where I plan to get together with "Chris" to discuss the 1990 reunion.

In order to give a fairly accurate description of the 99th in Italy I wonder if someone has certain data available. Chiefly, it would be about the size of our unit when it arrived at Tortorilla, I suppose, broken down as far as possible into the various components: combat flyers (officers and enlisted men); headquarters; ground crew, engineering and armament and medical, plus whatever I have left out.

I have been able to obtain photos of the "Headquarters" buildings, plus drawings of the Tortorella airfield (sketches). But, I don't have anything yet on the tent area, mess tents etc. Perhaps you know someone in our Society who has taken the trouble to compile details about our outfit while in Italy.

John Steinbeck wrote "Bombs Away" during the early part of the war and I have obtained a copy of this book. It describes the duties of each man on a bomber crew. However, I'm hoping to bring in the duties of the crew chief, armorer, etc. as well.

Enough for now, George, as I suspect you are always receiving letters requesting information about something.

Keep well and say hello to Bernie, Walter and the others for me.

Best Regards

S.L.L.

Flying a B-24 in WWII Was Half the Battle

The March 7 General Dynamics advertisement asking for donations "to help restore a B-24 to its original condition" just happens to strike this particular former B-24 pilot as a piece of supreme irony and unmitigated chutzpah.

True, "forty-five years ago, our freedom was on the line" and on the night of Nov. 14, 1944 (at the ripe old age of 22), I flew a B-24 and a crew of 11 out of Fairfield-Suisun (later renamed Travis Air Force Base) in California, to join the 868th Bomb Squadron ("The Snoopers") of the 13th Air Force, for combat in the South Pacific: Noemphor, Morotai and Okinawa.

NEWS, DUES & VIEWS

We called Jim Flex at Dickinson. Jim had already left for work, but Mary assures us that Jim is feeling well after his close call of last February. Our best wishes go to all of the FAMILY. GEO

Fellows, we are writing a story about PATCHES (both 1 and 2) and would like to hear any stories you have about the Big Iron Bird.

TIME-LIFE used the old bird in their advertising. In 1974 FLYING MODELS printed an article about the construction of a scale model, whereupon Walter Moody wrote to the Editor and furnished pictures of the original bird in action.

George Frame and Andy Marcantonio contributed some pictures and stories. My story will have to be checked with a number of these eye-witnesses before it is published, but some time next year (ATRIO) we should have it ready for copy.

For starters, would anybody who remembers 238201, alias PATCHES 2, please write whatever they recall.

Next, we solicit stories about the original PATCHES, which probably ended up in some belly-landing on 3 May 1943.

We plan to check first of all with Dick Drain for guidance in sherlocking this set of stories. geo

I am pleased and proud that we got Pete Bezek's story in this publication in time for him to read it. geo

Aside from being variously called (with no affection), "the flying prostitute" (no visible means of support) "the prop hanger," "the flying brick"—and enjoying its own notorious version of the Air Corps song: "Off we go, into the wild, blue, yonder—CRASH!"—it was the worst, misbegotten, wrongly conceived, improperly designed and negligently slapped together piece of junk ever to needlessly take the lives of American flyers.

I flew and survived 35 missions. But seven out of my original 11 crew members died—not from enemy action, but from mechanical failures of the B-24! If they restore a B-24 "to its original condition," then God help and have mercy on whoever has to fly it again.

If they really want to symbolize "the American Spirit," that honor belongs to the brave crews of the B-24, who fully knew it was a horrible deathtrap but went up in it anyway, because "forty-five years ago, our freedom was on the line."

MURRAY GRAINGER

South Orange, N.J. File of Joe Kenney

This office has recently become aware of criticism of the US Air Force for not bombing the German crematoria at Auschwitz. It has taken a year or two to bring together the trains of thought which result in the charge that we flyboys callously ignored a chance to perform a humanitarian work which would help in the defeat of the Axis.

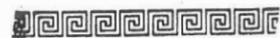
The charge results from two well-known facts. First, the British were able to demolish a corner of a Gestapo building with pinpoint bombing. Second, the Air Force had planes which could reach Auschwitz. So why did not the Air Force knock off a corner of the crematoria?

My gentle readers are well aware of the difference between the highly trained crews of the Mosquito bombers who massaged the Shell Oil Building and the crews of the Flying Fortresses which bombed the hydrocarbon plant at Auschwitz from an altitude of five miles. The record shows that we could indeed have obliterated any part of the huge Auschwitz complex which we chose. The record also shows that we would have churned up the environs no end. I find from THE PASSWORD IS COURAGE that while most of our overs at Auschwitz went into a Schutzstaffel barracks, we also hit the British POWs whom the Krauts had moved into the target area.

It appears that our reputation for putting bombs into the mythical pickle-barrel has worked against us.



QUOTES



A MAN CALLED LUCY

Accoce & Quet 1966

Our investigations concluded and the activities of the Lucy Ring revealed at last, we realized that we could not disclose the names of Roessler's sources to the public: Germany had lost millions of soldiers on the Eastern Front, and vengeance-crazed men are still to be feared.

p. 12

By the winter of 1941-2, it had become obvious that Germany, a prisoner to Hitler, would be unable to extricate itself from the situation into which the Fuhrer had plunged it.

p. 96

Colonel Jaquillard, head of Swiss counterespionage, was to count with amazement 350 known German spies on the nights of May 14 and 15, 1940, alone. They were sitting quietly, on the German side of the border, awaiting the best time to slip into Switzerland.

p. 108

By the middle of 1942, the number of Germans living in Switzerland had assumed the proportions of a state within a state. . . . the Swiss replied by increasing the severity of their penalties. Espionage had not previously been treated very harshly by the Federal Courts; they had often been content to expel the "undesirables." Now the courts were ordered by the Federal Council to act ruthlessly. More than 1,500 spies, including 50 women, were charged with activities against the security of the Swiss state: 202 were given sentences of between five and fifteen years - among them were 64 Germans, 16 citizens of Liechtenstein and 164 Swiss. Thirty-three spies were given life sentences and 19 were condemned to death, 16 of these being executed.

p. 10

The Germans had no way of knowing how Timoshenko was able to keep fully informed as to their doubts, expectations and troop movements.

In fact, during this period, which lasted for more than a month scarcely ten hours elapsed between the making of a decision by the OKW and its reception by Moscow. On one occasion, the interval was even reduced to six hours.

p. 117

SS-Reichsfuhrer Heinrich Himmler, for example, had been known to shout ". . . I have no enemies. If I do make any, then I liquidate them." p. 123

Swiss public opinion was now violently anti-German. . . . What is more, . . . the German-speaking Swiss were the fiercest opponents of Nazism. For them it was a betrayal, the very negation of the German culture that many of them had absorbed in German universities. p. 13

As the year 1942 was coming to an end, Switzerland could not neglect anything that would increase her chances of survival. In general, the situation was not very promising. Switzerland had shown many signs of Allied sympathy. Its anti-aircraft defense, even its fighters, which had been so effective in preventing the Luftwaffe from flying over its territory in 1940, somehow never managed to intercept the thick waves of British bombers that violated Swiss air space on their way to the destruction in Germany and northern Italy. It was also a common occurrence, despite blackout orders from the Army High Command, for Swiss towns to light up "accidentally" when Allied planes were passing overhead, thus "unwittingly" acting as guidelights. p.137

If the game he played with Gisevius seems somewhat naive, Dulles himself was not. He had a difficult task in persuading the plotting generals around Beck and Canaris - all of whom wanted a separate peace and sometimes suggested the most bizarre plans for disposing of Hitler - that Britain and the United States would never turn on the Soviet Union, so long as the war continued. For example, Beck suggested the following plan, which he had communicated to Dulles through Gisevius:

"The British and Americans land in western Europe. The German generals then send all their troops west to meet the attack. The western Allies then send three divisions of paratroopers to land on Berlin, to help the plotters hold the capital. Meanwhile, dependable anti-Nazi troops are sent to seize Hitler in his mountain hideout on the Obersalzberg. The war then continues against the Russians."

Dulles had the greatest difficulty bringing the conspirators down to earth. p. 146

He had no regrets. What he had done, he had done in full awareness of the outcome. He knew that if Nazism had triumphed, the world would have known considerably more than 36 million dead - not to mention the dark night into which it would have been plunged. p. 180



Lucy

INTREPID, psh. 3

The day after the OVERLORD landings, a single German SS Armored Division was directed to counterattack in Normandy. Twenty-three days later, that same division finally extricated itself from savage ambushes by DAVID, the network led by Claude de Baissac, who with his sister Lise had been parachuted into the region. Their particular contribution was noted eventually in a London Times obituary when Claude died in 1975. As the thirty-year ban on wartime secrecy ran out, the obituary columns became a major source of these new revelations. . . .

"The secret war was fought by amateurs," said Stephenson. "And the amateurs were being replaced with careerists with a vested interest in secrecy. . . They found security could be used to withhold information from the public." p. 508

QUOTES

As Historian I am finding some priceless accounts of the events which led us to Navarin and other garden spots. The story begins with concerted efforts to prevent the building of heavy bombers. Once the bombers were built, the Army and the Navy wanted first priority on the Big Iron Birds, to the exclusion of the air war. Further drains for tactical warfare placed the strategic warfare in the future.

Many of you kiddies who have not yet reached 70 years of age may not know that the 99th was sent to England. Our foot-lockers made the journey, but we were diverted to Tunisia as a result of high-level decisions which are best reported in FORTRESS WITHOUT A ROOF. On balance a majority of our raids in the Mediterranean must have been tactical, giving the Germans time to prepare for the long-delayed strategic campaign. One hopes that the younger generations will be able to read and heed!

from FORTRESS WITHOUT A ROOF by Wilbur H. Morrison

At the time [May 1940], Harris's 5 Group had the Hampden bomber, inadequately armed with only a single gun on top of its fuselage, another underneath, and a third gun in a fixed forward position. Harris knew it would take months to work his way through bureaucratic red tape to give the Hampden effective firepower, so he went to Alfred Rose and Sons, a small family firm, and sought their help in designing and making gun mounts for the bomber to double its effective firepower. He knew that if he purchased just a few of these mounts without authorization he would be personally charged for them. Therefore, he ordered two thousand knowing that he couldn't possibly pay for that many, and that the Air Ministry could do little but chastise him. His scheme worked. He was soundly condemned for violation of the rules, but he got the mounts he wanted in time to make his bombers more effective against the enemy. p. 16

The heavy raid on Dusseldorf September 10/11 was especially noteworthy because it caused about the same amount of destruction as the one on Cologne.

This city had an unusually large number of corporate headquarters. Albert Speer, who later ran Hitler's armaments program, told German officials at the time that he had hoped the loss of records would lead to a temporary loosening of the ties of bureaucracy. He told investigators after the war, "We often received a message that the administrative building had been burned out on a raid, but that production continued at full pressure."

p. 31



FROM "P-38 LIGHTNING
in action
By Gene B. Stafford
Squadron/Signal Publications
AIRCRAFT NO. 25, pp. 35-37

Between 18 August and early November, the Fifteenth Air Force flew more than 35 tactical missions in Yugoslavia and Hungary in support of the Russian advance. The requests [that] came through Balkan Air Force were based on the needs for air effort to trap and destroy the enemy forces in the area. The results were good and resulted in the destruction of some 621 enemy planes, quite a bit of railroad rolling stock, motor vehicles and German soldiers during the period. The mission of 7 November was, however, quite a different story altogether. The mission was flown by the 82nd Fighter Group under the leadership of Colonel C.T. Edwinson, but there is

nothing on the official group records about it. The only record located was a highly classified (since declassified) series of messages at high levels. The "Official Position" of the events is contained in one of these: "Early this month, a squadron of 15th AAF Lightnings flying less than 50 feet from the ground through mountain passes of Yugoslavia at more than 200 miles per hour, often under sharp attack from light flak, missed their assigned target through navigational error and strafed a column of Red Army troops. Russian YAK fighters, protecting the column, attacked the US Lightnings and shot down two of them.

"Before the leaders of the groups of Allied fighters could establish recognition, two YAKS were shot down by US Lightnings. The Russian leader then courageously closed with the American leader and flew formation until identities were clearly confirmed and all fighters immediately broke off combat. Among those killed by the strafing was Russian Lt. General Kotov."

Lee K. Carr was on this mission and his is a slightly different version. "As we reached the valleys of mountainous Yugoslavia, Col. Edwinson sent the 97th Squadron down to strafe between Nic and Aleksinac. The remainder of the group continued on until we reached our target area. The 95th was on the deck with the 96th flying top cover. As we approached a small village we were certain we were where we were supposed to be. The 96th also confirmed this as we were on the deck while they were high enough to be able to see certain checkpoints. Right after we had hit a small train we spotted a troop column approaching the village. The column included troops and vehicles [which] definitely looked to me like a retreating German column rather than an advancing Russian one. We did not see any markings of identification and there was no liaison between air and ground forces. Therefore we took for granted that this was the enemy. We had a field day in which a terrific amount of destruction was done. Many of the troops on the ground were killed including the Russian general.

"As we started to pull up, a call came in that a bogie had shot down a P-38. A pilot from the 96th, without hesitation, jumped this bogie and blasted him from the sky. The rat race was on. Those who had just come up from strafing either were out of ammo or very low on it and I feel this saved many of the YAKS. The aerial combat continued with between five and seven of them going down in flames. Suddenly a call came over the radio: 'I'm on the tail of one of the fighters. I'll check his tail markings. It's a red star!' At this point Col Edwinson's voice came through: 'It's the Russians--let's get the hell out of here!'

"Of the two P-38s lost in the action, one was shot down by the YAKS, but we really didn't know whether the other was lost to aircraft or ground fire. Lt. George Bowers got on the tail of one YAK during the fight and the Russian did his best to shake the Lightning. He did slow rolls, and Bowers fired every time the Russian was at the bottom of the roll. Finally the YAK hit the deck and flew across a Russian airfield in the hope of having the Russian anti-aircraft shoot the P-38 off his tail. Bowers, seeing the planes on the ground beneath him dropped his nose and strafed the field. From what I saw that day, the YAK was no match at all for the Lightning."

After the 82nd landed back at Foggia, all hell broke loose. The brass came down to take each pilot's statement individually. The Russians wanted Curly Edwinson's scalp. In fact they wanted him shot. The Americans got him back to the States in a hurry to try and cool their Ally down. As a post script, it appears the 82nd did hit the right place after all. The Russians had made a major advance and had neglected to tell the Americans about it.



The British tended to view anti-Nazi generals and people like Gisevius merely as rivals of Hitler in a German power struggle. If successful they would only substitute the belligerence of the German officer class for that of the Nazi and the war would go on. p. 64

The Germans had been operating a secret radio station out of Ireland to report on Allied shipmovements. The Irish government had finally yielded to repeated protests by the U.S. State Department and silenced the station by removing an indispensable component. p. 87

Fortunately for the overwhelmed (Dulles') staff, relief fell literally from the skies. Several U. S. fliers had brought their damaged aircraft to forced landings in Switzerland. The Swiss allowed some of them to be transferred to the staff of the American legation. OSS soon had the fliers trained and working around the clock. . p. 88

During the time in which the Russians were linked in unholy alliance with the Nazis, they had waged a strenuous propaganda campaign against Great Britain. The Russians preached that the war was an imperialistic con game, and that no honest workingman should be sucked up in a struggle to save capitalism. The British, the Russians charged, were cruelly prolonging the war by spurning Hitler's honest overtures for peace. p. 129

He found them (the SHD) tough, smart, realistic men, except on one score: they were willing to swallow anything he told them of the flowering of communism in France now that the protecting bulwark of Nazism had been removed. p. 135

Another OSS officer who had briefly known Taylor was John Hamilton, who ran guns across the Adriatic to Yugoslav partisans. Hamilton, better known in peacetime as the actor Sterling Hayden . . . p. 156

At their host's house they met his son, a wounded veteran, who now worked as a guard at the huge Blumau ammunition works nearby. What the guard told them baffled Taylor. Blumau was operating near full capacity with about ten thousand workers. Just before leaving Bari, Fifteenth Air Force officers had briefed Taylor and showed him photographic proof that the Blumau plant had been completely destroyed. p. 165

In spite of relentless bombing, he knew that the locomotive works in Wiener Neustadt was still producing one new locomotive a day. p. 168

Captain Ebbing proved a mine of intelligence. Allied bombers, he said, had thus far spared targets in Upper Silesia, a heavily industrial area and a hotbed of Nazi fanaticism. He mentioned Gleiwitz, Oppeln, Breslau, and other industrial centers virtually untouched by bombs. p. 170

Lieutenant General Ira C. Eaker had taken command of Mediterranean Allied Air Forces in January 1944. Eaker, possibly with one eye on the post-war world, wanted Americans "to get some credit in delivering knives, guns, and explosives to the Balkan partiotis with which to kill Germans." Out of Eaker's objective was born the American 885th Heavy Bomber Squadron, a special unit of the Fifteenth Air Force commanded by Colonel Monroe MacCloskey, which arrived on October 2, 1944, to share the airfield with the RAF at Brindisi. The 885th comprised eight black aircraft and was soon engaged in dropping agents and supplies into the Balkans and northern Italy, but not into the Reich. p. 185

from THUNDERBOLT by Robert Johnson

We were waiting for Sadie Hawkins' Day; we'd promised that by this memorable occasion the 56th would have at least one hundred German fighters tallied. November sixth was the day of promise, and by the morning of the fifth we still lacked the required number. I didn't make the mission, but the boys flew a Ramrod to Munster. Six enemy fighters went down, and George Hall of the 63rd received the honors - he flamed a Messerschmitt Me-210 for the Group's one hundredth kill. All of our people came home. That night we celebrated in royal fashion, for tomorrow was a holiday. Sadie Hawkins Day, naturally! p. 166

Bill had a hairy time of it. He parachuted into Belgium, and friendly natives hid him from the searching German troops. For nearly a week a woman kept him secreted within a cave beneath a barn. With the search called off the underground shipped him to Brussels, where he and a bomber pilot huddled in an old woman's apartment. Only, the bomber crewman was a nitwit; he just had to visit a friend on the other side of town. German troops picked them up and threw them into prison; they also found the old woman.

For several weeks they tortured her, trying to force from her the location of other American fliers secreted within Brussels. She never revealed any information, but the underground reported that the Germans left her in hideous condition. p. 169

. . .the Messerschmitt splattered along the ground for several hundred yards in a shower of flame.

Mike throttled back and circled the burning fighter; he wanted to be sure that the pilot was dead. Had that German survived the crash and run from his plane, Mike was prepared to cut him down with his propellor or wingtip...his gun switch was broken. p. 184

the Focke-Wulfs scattering their formations and turning to hunt down the strays and cripples, to pick off each bomber sagging away from the thick defensive formations. They had other targets as well; the helpless man descending within his parachute straps, jerking frantically on shroud lines, trying to lift himself up or to slide down faster through space. Staring in horror as the German fighters clawed around, turned head-on, the wings and nose sparkling. p. 190

The Focke-Wulf snapped over in a steep turn and ran for the coastline.

I didn't want this boy to reach home. The canopy leaped into the air as the pilot jerked the release; I pulled around tight to get my bullets into him before he could get out of the airplane. He had one leg outside the cockpit when the slugs smashed him back inside. That's one man who would never sight again on our planes; if I hadn't gotten him, then he certainly would have shot down several of our fighters or bombers. He was as good as I'd ever met.

Number Twenty-three!

p. 204

. . Arnold refused to consider the Lancaster, knowing it was inadequately armed to withstand German fighter attacks in daytime. He reaffirmed his intention that the United States would pursue daylight precision bombing.

Harris, meanwhile, intensified his campaign to convince Eaker that the Eighth should join the RAF at night.

Eaker finally said, "If you fellows keep this up, we Americans will all be in the Pacific." p. 40

The delay in the start of operations by the Eighth Air Force can be directly traced to events dating back to the 1930s. The worst setback to American strategic airpower came when the secretary of war issued a memorandum to the chief of the Army Air Corps, Major General Oscar Westover, that experimentation and development for the fiscal years of 1939-1940 would be restricted to aviation designed for the close support of ground troops, and for the production of that type of aircraft such as pursuit, and light and medium bombers.

Westover had been appalled by the order because it spelled the death knell of the heavy bombardment program, and the B-17 Flying Fortress in particular. The memorandum threatened to kill the B-29 Superfortress program also. It said "No military requirement exists for the procurement of experimental pressure bombers in the fiscal year 1939 or 1940 of the size and type described.

Fortunately for the free world, men like General Arnold, with the backing of General Marshall, got such orders rescinded prior to the outbreak of the war. If he had not been successful, Nazi Germany could well have won the air war that was about to be unleashed. The fact that she did not is due primarily to the caliber of men in the Allied Strategic Air Forces and not to the outmoded airplanes that their shortsighted countrymen had given them. The margin of victory proved to be too thin for comfort.

Ironically, Eaker's virtues as a strategic air commander made him suspect to Eisenhower, who had named him as typical of officers who always wanted to go off somewhere and bomb distant industrial targets when the decisive contest was being fought out on the battlefield. Eisenhower saw himself as a great supporter of aviation - and constantly sought to use it in support of land battles. p. 174

From the newsletter of the 319th Bomb Group.

WARTIME INCIDENT, By Ed Carberry, 438th

Attending the reunion in Washington last fall has caused my mind to dredge up old experiences while flying in Europe. This one is hard to believe, but here goes.

Toward the end of our stay in Europe, our outfit changed over to B-25 Mitchell bombers. After flying eight missions in the B-25, bringing my total to 61, I accepted an offer too good to refuse. The deal was to fly our old B-26s from Italy to France, and when we finished we would go home and not have to fly any more combat.

While flying the B-26s to France we would buzz the fields in Corsica to give the ground crews a thrill. We would land once in awhile to pick up our mail, and this really pleased the men, both ground and aircrews.

One day we landed to pick up our mail, not knowing that the entire outfit was in Naples awaiting a ship to go home! When we landed, it was a habit of mine to jump out the escape hatch and sit with my legs dangling inside. Before I sat outside the plane I first turned off the generator switches.

The pilot, thinking he had landed on the wrong runway because there were no buildings or tents around, kept going down the runway and took off with me sitting outside the plane! I was flat on my back and was trying to pull myself back into the cabin with my heels. The copilot saw my plight and pulled me in. Although I was shaken up, all I could think of was that the generator switches were off, and I pushed them up (on) before falling down completely exhausted.

The only good thing that came out of this experience of flying the Marauders to France was that we sailed home from Naples with the 319th on the USS. West Point and didn't have to do KP or guard duty, as we were on detached service from the outfit.

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* * * * *

REUNIONS

3 Aug 1989 - 19 BGA Dayton OH
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Phone (513) 839-4441 or Robert E. Ley, 3574 Wellston Ct.,
Simi Valley CA 93063 - Phone (818) 703-7717.

13 Aug 1989 15AFA, Las Vegas NV.
P.O.Box 6325, March Air Force Base, CA 92518

19 Aug 1989 National Warplane Museum, Geneseo NY
P.O.Box 159, Geneseo NY 14454, Ph. 716/243-0690

4 Oct 1989 8 AFHS, Denver CO
P.O.Box 727 Oldsmar FL 34677

Spring 1990 99th Bomb Group, Huntsville AL
H.E.Christiansen, 4520 Panorama Dr., Huntsville AL 35801.

1991 99th Bomb Group, Albuquerque NM
Bernice Barr, 7413 Vista del Arroyo, Albuquerque NM 87109

TAPS

GEORGE WOLFE

May 8, 1989

Recently I had occasion to stay in Greensburg Penna. I remembered that George Wolfe, who was a crew chief in the 346th Squadron, was from Greensburg. I found his number in the phone book and did get to talk to his widow. He died in 1982 of cancer she informed me. . . . Her address is:

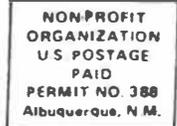
Elizabeth S. Wolfe 529 Weaver St., Greensburg PA 15601.
She would be interested in getting some news about the 99BGHS.
Al Wertz P.O.Box 313 Trenton MI 48183

LEE M. COOK

Lee M. Cook, Sergeant, 99th Bomb Group was an aircraft mechanic in the 430th AAF Bu. He passed away in the Selma, California Hospital on April 25th 1989, due to a ruptured spleen in an automobile accident. He was interred in the Kingsburg Cemetary on April 28th. Lee had lived in Kingsburg for almost 60 years. He owned and operated his own auto repair business for many years. He is survived by his wife, Carolie, four children and five grandchildren.

Mrs. Lee M. Cook 40561 Rd. 46 Dinuba CA 93618

99th Bomb Gp Historical Society
 Walter H. Butler - Treasurer
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