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MICROFILMED

SQ-BOMB-381-A
26 Apr 1942

RESTRICTED

381st Bomb Squadron Commanding Officers

The 381st Bomb Squadron was formed at Key Field, Mississippi, on 26 April 1942. It did not have a Squadron Commander until 8 June 1942, when 2nd Lt. Charles M. Williams, an Officer Bombardier, was given the command at Columbia Army Air Base, South Carolina. He was relieved on 20 June 1942 when Major Ivan L. Ferguson (then 1st Lt.) assumed command. When the plane in which Major Ferguson was flying as an observer was forced down at sea on 23 February 1943, during a sea sweep off the Tunisian coast, the Squadron was left without a commander for a few hours. Major Alpheus W. White was almost immediately appointed Commanding Officer, and retains the command at this date.

*SC-Bomb-381-1412
April 1942 July 1942*

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381st B. G.

50-BOMB-381-HI

29 Apr 1942

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At Key Field, Mississippi, on the Twenty-ninth day of April, Nineteen hundred and forty-two, the 310th Bomb Group was organized. Then under the command of Lt. Col. Flint Garrison Jr., with 1st Lieutenant Frank H. Haynes and Harry A. Gervin as Adjutant and Assistant Adjutant, the 310th moved to Columbia Army Air base. At Columbia, its five Squadrons, the 379th, the 380th, the 381st, the 428th and Headquarters Squadron, now under the command of Lt. Col. Anthony G. Hunter, began combat training in preparation for duty over seas.

Previous to 29 April 42, there had been a 310th Bomb Group. Also, there had been a 309th Bomb Group. These two organizations, at Key Field, Mississippi, traded designations, the 309th becoming the 310th, the then 310th becoming the 309th. At the same time, the 378th Bombardment Squadron of the 309th became the 381st Bombardment Squadron of the 310th Bomb Group.

In order to get a clear picture of the 310th, it is necessary to review briefly the history of its parent organization, the 309th. General Order Number 15, published at Fort George Wright, Washington, 1 March 42, activated the 309th Bomb Group at Tuscon, Arizona. Shortly afterwards, it was transferred without personnel to Jackson Army Air Base, Jackson, Mississippi, where it was joined on 5 March 42 by its first cadre of personnel. This cadre was formed at Muroc Lake, California, 22 January, from personnel of the 22nd Bomb Group. The Cadre, traveling by train from Muroc Lake, arrived at Langley Field, Virginia, where after a few days, they re-trained for Jackson, Mississippi, arriving there 5 March 42.

On 12 March 42, Special Order #59, Jackson Army Air Base, designated thirty three men of the Cadre to be the 378th Bombardment Squadron of the 309th Bomb Group, with 2nd Lt. J. P. Walker commanding. Lt. Walker remained with the 378th for the duration of its stay at Jackson.

On 31 March 42, Pvtlcl. James C. Traywick was appointed acting 1st Sergeant of the Cadre, relieving S/Sgt. Glenn L. Ratliff. On 25 April 42, Traywick became 1st Sergeant in fact.

Time wandered on, and until 20 April 42, the Cadre disported itself in the pleasant environs of Jackson, doing the many things soldiers find to do when there is nothing else to do. Doing the high spots of Jackson, doing its citizens, or doing just nothing at all. Came the dawn of 20 April 42, and a motor convoy rumbled out of the Air Base, and wound its way through the streets of the town and down to the highway. Any citizen of Jackson awake at the time last heard it disappearing in the direction of Meridian. In it rode the Cadre, increased in number by a large shipment of rookies from Sheppard Field and burdened only with its personal

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effects, and a keen sense of the sweet sorrow of parting.

Key Field was partaking of noon chow when the Motor Convoy dumped its human cargo at the South end of the runway, and departed. Whether it was the circumstances of noon chow, or a natural mistrust of strangers which prompted their attitude, couldn't be ascertained. At any rate, the Cadre wasn't welcomed with open arms. It wasn't even invited to chow. There it sat, high and dry, hot and dusty. There it sat for the remainder of the forenoon, and all of the afternoon, amid a haze of wonderment and a superabundance of thumb-twiddling. Repeated inquiries, both official, and of a private nature, disclosed nothing but a firm conviction on the part of the Field's authorities that it did not exist.

Simultaneously with the arrival of the Evening Star in the Eastern heavens, there appeared on the field a large blue sedan, containing two officers. Possessing an outlook more realistic than that maintained by the others to whom inquiries had been addressed, these two officers readily acknowledged the Cadre's existence. Moreover, they recognized and appreciated its unfortunate predicament. Furthermore, they began doing something about it, for with lightning strokes of organized genius, the Cadre was transported to a chow of corned beef, warm ice tea, and cold mashed potatoes, from there it was ushered to an empty barracks. Light bulbs were screwed into sockets; floors were swept; and beds and blankets were hastily procured, transported and installed. Not until all but the last few rookies were comfortably in bed did the officers find time to introduce themselves. They were 1st Lieutenants Frank H. Haynes and Harry A. Gervin, who shortly thereafter became respectively, Adjutant and Assistant Adjutant of the 310th.

29 April 42, when the Cadre officially became the 310th Bombardment Group, and the 378th became the 381st, found the organization residing in a tent area just outside the gates of Key Field. Although the 381st was not, as yet, under the direct supervision of any officer, a daily routine was beginning to take shape. In the morning, calisthenics were conducted by S/Sgt. Ratliff, after he had supervised the policing of the area. Later in the morning, the rookies, armed with Soldier's Manuals, sat under the trees and snoozed while being lectured on Military Courtesy and Discipline by S/Sgt. Chester Chadwell, or by Pvt. John Post, who had been to military school, and who knew all about such things. The afternoons, up until 4:00 P.M., were devoted to hiking through the country side, in formation.

After 4:00 P.M., everyone disappeared, and the tent area was deserted. There was no K.P., and no guard duty. After all, Meridian was a town with a personality, a town not easily forgotten, a town in which there were innumerable things to do. The bulletin board named a long list of night spots

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whose excellence was confirmed by the fact that they had been placed off limits; there were three U.S.O. Clubs, complete with sub-debs and chaperons. There were Church socials, with weiner-roasts; and there was Weidemann's Restaurant, one of the most famous in the South.

Also, there was bed-check at 11:00 P.M. Until apprehended by 1st Sergeant Traywick, it was a common practice among some members of the Squadron to take advantage of the tent area being outside the gates. Returning from town in taxis, they would climb beneath their blankets until bed-check had been completed, and then be returned to town by the waiting taxis and to whatever variety of wine, women or song had been helping them whoop it up.

Late on the night of Friday, 15 May 42, after having very hurriedly packed all of their belongings, the entire Group stood on the railroad siding of Key Field, waiting to be sandwiched into a Pullman Train which was several hours late. In discussing the situation, the vocabularies of most of the more experienced Enlisted Men were not in the least altered by the fact that the new Group Chaplain, 1st Lieutenant Walter J. Poynton, was making his initial public appearance. However, when the sun arose next morning, it found the Group in Birmingham, Alabama, marching in two formations down Fifth Avenue in search of chow. One formation descended upon the Bankhead Hotel, while the other took possession of the Tutwiler Hotel. It was a darned good breakfast.

The Redlick Hotel, in Atlanta, Georgia served a lunch composed of salad, fried chicken, biscuits, honey, ice cream and excellent coffee. It also furnished a box lunch which was designed to stave off hunger until Columbia Army Air Base was reached next morning.

To say that the first view of Columbia Army Air Base precipitated a condition of severe shock among the personnel, is a gross understatement. The area which confronted them upon arrival resembled, in most respects a ghost camp left from the Civil War. Row upon row of dilapidated pyramidal tents struggled at weird angles to keep from falling into the grass which grew high between them. Across the road, a row of small and dingy mess halls were flanked by a smaller and dingier Post Exchange. To add to the confusion, it was hot. Very very hot. The future looked dull, indeed. After having taken less than two minutes to survey the situation, Lts. Haynes and Gerwin lunged into action. Within two days the scene changed completely. Tents were repaired or replaced, electricity installed, and gravel spread on the Squadrons' streets. A tent containing two Coca-Cola machines made its appearance. A larger tent furnished shelter for the kitchen, and chow was served out of doors. When, on 19 May 42, Captain James A. Plant assumed command of the Group, with 1st Lt. Maynard W. Bell for Adjutant, Lts. Haynes and Gerwin were able to turn over to them a really representative area.

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On 8 June 42, the 381st Bombardment Squadron received its first Squadron Commander, 2nd Lt. Charles M. Williams, a Bombardiering Officer. In addition to his other duties, Lt. Williams was appointed Group Transportation Officer and Group Special Service Officer.

A rapid turnover of personnel, which was to continue for several months, began to take place. New faces appeared and old ones disappeared. An epidemic of Yellow Jaundice sent many of its victims to Fort Jackson's hospital, but an influx of rookies easily replaced those lost by transfer, and the 381st, as well as the Group continued to expand. About 10 June 42, partly because of its increased size and partly because of a new Post Exchange and restaurant which were to be erected on the site, the Group moved again. In back of the row of mess halls across the street was another tent area, equally as dilapidated as the one which had greeted the organization upon arrival. During the next few days, despite a wave of intense heat, Lt. Williams devoted his energies to supervising the repair of the tents in the new Squadron Area, and the restoration of the ancient mess hall which had been assigned to the 381st.

On 18 June 42, Lt. Col. Anthony G. Hunter assumed command of the Group, relieving Captain Plant, who became Group Operations Officer.

On 20 June 42, 1st Lieutenant Ivan L. Ferguson assumed command of the 381st Bombardment Squadron. From that day on the 381st commenced to mature. During the next few weeks, things started to happen, and rapidly. Lieutenant Williams left on an X-Mission; two dozen new officers were assigned to the Squadron; Lt. Ferguson appointed 2nd Lt. Ivan R. Campbell Squadron Adjutant, and 1st Lt. William T. Alexander, Squadron Operations Officer. Early in July, 6 brand new B-25's were delivered. The 381st was beginning to resemble a combat organization.

Shortly afterwards, the Squadron was plunged into its first five weeks of O.T.U. training. This is a period which was characterized by feverish activity in all departments. Pilots worked out in Link Trainers as well as in the air; gunners practiced their art in a row of turrets set up in a building near the hangar. Bombardiers, practicing with their bombsights, rode about the hangar in tall stilt-high wagons which were designed to simulate the actual conditions experienced in bombing. Radio men concentrated on dots and dashes and the electrical mysteries peculiar to radio. Myriads of mechanics and engineers swarmed over the B-25's when they were on the ground; warming them up, cooling them off, pampering them and preening them. Daily flights to Myrtle Beach with full combat crews put to a practical test all the experience which had been gleaned on the ground.

On 1 August 42, 1st Sergeant Traywick, sporting a new pair of Master Sergeant stripes, left on a thirteen day furlough, at the conclusion of which he reported at Ordnance Officers' Candidate School, in Aberdeen, Maryland. Cpl. James E. Sorrough, a personnel clerk, then became 1st Sergeant.

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From 10 August through 13 August, the Group made another move. Daily, for four days, motor convoys deposited large detachments of the Group in Walterboro Army Air Base, 88 miles South of Columbia. This was a new base, and the 310th was the first Group to be stationed there. Stretched over a vast expanse of sandy soil, the buildings at Walterboro Army Air Base, all new, were widely dispersed among Pine and Blackjack trees. Distances were so great, that in order to save time, a taxi service was inaugurated which connected Group Headquarters and the Squadron areas with the Line.

The second five week period of O.T.U. training was now in full swing. Having dropped a large number of excess personnel before leaving Columbia, in order to bring the Squadron down to the specified Table of Organization Strength, rapid promotions now began to bring those remaining in the Squadron up to full N.C.O. rank.

On 15 August 42, the Squadron Commander, a broad smile on his face, spent most of the day passing out cigars. It was impossible not to notice brightly polished Captain's bars gleaming on each of his shoulders. That night, in celebration, the entire Squadron attended a party in the Mess Hall. Beer, lots of it, sandwiches, and music.

On 20 August 42, 1st Lt. Robert Pemberton, Squadron Intelligence Officer, with the approval of Captain Ferguson, decided to test the efficiency of the combat crews, and the astuteness of his intelligence personnel. The plan was as follows: Three planes of the Squadron were to embark on a series of bombing missions; crews were to be briefed and interrogated --- in fact, it was decided to do everything necessary to simulate actual combat conditions. Targets were selected. The first a factory in Dublin, Georgia; the second, a bridge, also in Georgia; and the third, a roundhouse, somewhere in South Carolina. After a very thorough briefing, the crews took off on the first mission. The first mission may be considered to have been a success in that the planes didn't get even near the target, thus revealing serious technical difficulties. The second mission ironed out and overcame these difficulties. After each mission, the crews were interrogated in a manner which complied with the best traditions prescribed in FM 30-5.

The fact that training had progressed to a point where such practice missions could be undertaken should have served as due notice to the rumormongers that something was about to happen. Nevertheless, they didn't get busy until about 24 August 42, when there appeared on the bulletin board three rosters, titled as follows: AIR ECHELON; FLIGHT ECHELON; GROUND ECHELON.

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THE AIR ECHELON

In the afternoon of 28 August 42, ten Officers and thirty-six Enlisted Men of the 381st, together with similar groups from the other Squadrons, stood in formation near the railroad station at Walterboro. Lt. Col. Hunter, the Group Commander, and Captain Ferguson had come down to bid them good-bye. Presently, Lt. Pemberton, who was in charge of the 381st detachment, gave the order, and they boarded the waiting train. A whistle blew, the cars jerked, and the train crept into motion. The Air Echelon was on its way.

Fort Dix is a tremendous place. The Air Echelon was certain of this next day when they arrived at their barracks, after marching many miles from the railroad station, without coming anywhere near the end of the reservation.

Aside from acquiring necessary clothing and supplies, removing cosmoline from newly issued rifles, firing the rifles, and getting shots; dry runs were the major occupation at Dix. Dry runs were a form of torture whose primary purpose seemed to be to put the Enlisted Men into a properly melancholy mood for going up the gang plank. Actually, they were practice departures. They were announced by the sound of a whistle, several seconds after which the Enlisted Men would pour from their barracks wearing overcoats and leggings, and laden with musette bags, blanket rolls, rifles, rifle belts, helmets, gas masks and barracks bags. After staggering into formation and answering a roll call, they would be dismissed until the next time. One of the dry runs, they were told, would be the real thing.

The real thing happened after dinner on the night of 4 September 42. Responding to the dry run whistle, the Echelon was hurled into trucks and rushed to the station, there to witness for several hours the arrival and departure of heavily laden trains, until theirs arrived and was loaded.

Five A.M. the morning of 5 September 42 found all of the Air Echelons of the 310th Group on a ferry in the Hudson River. While the shadowy outline of New York's skyline pinkened with the coming of dawn, the ferry tip-toed up the river, past innumerable docks and past the huge capsized hull of the French Line's Normandie. Suddenly H.M.S. Queen Mary burst into view, and the ferry headed toward her.

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About three o'clock, the Queen's giant whistle bellowed, and she slid out of her berth at Pier 90, down the river and out to sea. The Air Echelon stood on the deck of the Veranda Grill, and watched the sea and the sky close together where their last glimpse of America had been.

The original furniture of the Veranda Grill had been removed, and it had been stuffed with bunks. It had been a big day, and by blackout time at 7 o'clock, everyone was in bed. The next morning the radio reported that the Queen Mary had been sunk by enemy action off the Jersey Coast shortly after leaving the harbor. This rumor was heavily discounted by the seventeen thousand U. S. troops on board.

The voyage, made without escort, was uneventful. Plowing through the dark grey sea at an incredible speed, the ship left a zig-zag wake of green and white, as she twisted and turned, in order to make her large size a more difficult target for any submarine which might have been lurking on her course. When particularly sharp turns were made, rumors reverberated throughout the ship --- subs had been sighted, or enemy warships, or enemy planes. Actually, though, none were encountered, although several times runs were made off the course in order to avoid them. One morning, Ack-ack fire awakened everyone on board, but it was only practice, and tracers sailed into the sky like roman candles, with only puffs of smoke for targets.

Each 24 hours, the 381st and 428th Echelons traded quarters with the 379th and 380th Echelons, thus alternating between the Veranda Grill and the after Port side of the Promenade Deck. Here they slept, not in bunks, but on the hard flat deck. Candy, cigarettes, chewing-gum and boxes of cookies were generously supplied by the Officers. There were few things to do besides watching the sea, reading, or playing cards. Tours around the ship, though forbidden, became a major diversion. All units were marched down to the Dining Salon twice daily for meals. Returning was a different matter; each man by and for himself. It was easy to get lost in the vast network of corridors and decks; by getting lost purposely, a man with a mess kit as a passport could manage to see quite a bit en route to his quarters. Even conversion into the troop ship failed to disguise all of the Queen Mary's peacetime splendor.

On 11 September 42, after five and a half days at sea, the Queen Mary steamed up the Firth of Clyde and dropped anchor in the harbor of Gurock, Scotland. The Echelons of the 310th didn't disembark until Saturday, 12 September. All day Friday, small ships had come alongside, and departed heavily laden with Officers and Enlisted Men of other units. Those remaining aboard amused themselves by throwing cigarettes, soap and nickels, dimes and quarters to the seamen on the lighters below. These Scotsmen, as would be expected of them, fought wildly for the gifts.

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Saturday, the 310th was dumped on the dock of Gurock, where a train of tiny English coaches waited for them. Scotch women served tea and scones. The diminutive engine got up steam, and the train took off through the green hills of Scotland toward Glasgow and Edinburgh, and on down into England, arriving at Harleston, Norfolk early on the morning of Sunday, 13 September 42. R.A.F. Officers met the train, and escorted the group to the R.A.F. Station, Hardwick.

R.A.F. Station, Hardwick, was planted among the fields, hedge rows and wooded areas of what had once been a farm. First impressions were sketchy, as the buildings, all thoroughly camouflaged, were dispersed over a large acreage. An immaculate mess hall served a rather vague breakfast that first morning. The barracks, on investigation, proved to be comfortable, though washing facilities were available only in a central building located near the mess hall, a mile away. Further away, was a large building, which served for the Headquarters offices, and beyond it were the work-shops, the hangars and the runways.

Near the mess hall and the "Airmens' Ablutions" building stood another one, which housed the Naafi, (Navy, Army, Air Force Institute). This service organization provided for the English Seamen and Soldiers approximately the same facilities which are to be found in an American P.X. or Service Club. Another service organization, The Church Army, maintained a small truck which toured the Base daily, selling tea and assorted cakes.

At the Naafi, the Americans really moved in, and sampled the cakes and tea, beer and ale, and found them to be O.K. Here, through the Naafi girls, was made the first encounter with the American language, as employed by the English. Here the intricacies of the British monetary system were laboriously learned and thoroughly cussed and discussed. By the end of the first week, with the aid of the Station's British personnel, the neighboring villages of Bungay, Harleston and Topcroft, as well as the nearby City of Norwich had been visited and explored, and were enthusiastically pronounced a bit of the alright.

Guard duty and K.P. having already reared their ugly heads, the Air Echelon now settled down to await the arrival of the Flight Echelon. Lt. Norman E. Cawse-Morgon assumed command of the Echelon on 16 September, relieving Lt. Pemberton who left for London in order to procure initial supplies for an American P.X.

On 27 September 42, the Intelligence Officers, Lts. Pemberton, Mason and Cawse-Morgon left for the R.A.F. Station, Hethel, for instruction in Combat Intelligence. Lt. Donald D. Horrocks became Commanding Officer. Lts. Mason and Cawse-Morgon next visited the Conningsby R.A.F. station for a week, where they were able to observe and assist in the operation of the

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Intelligence section of the station during operations. In the meantime, Lt. Pemberton was attending the 3 weeks R.A.F. Aircraft Identification Course on the Isle of Man.

On 19 October 42, Hardwick experienced the dubious enjoyment of being visited by a lone Ju-88, complete with calling cards. Further, it was the first American Occupied Air Base in Great Britain to extend such forced hospitality. At 11:25, the enemy bomber dove dramatically out of an 800 foot ceiling and circled the field while dropping bombs, and spraying the hangars and ground with machine gun slugs. There were four bombs in all: the first two landed between the crew's rest room and #3 Hangar, badly damaging them both. The third was a dud, probably by courtesy of Czechoslovakia, which bounced a couple of times, and then rolled across the field to halt under the tail of a B-25. The fourth bomb exploded in the woods.

There are a multitude of stories describing the actions and reactions of the personnel. However, fully two thirds of them claim to have been participants in the most amusing incident: There was a long queue waiting in front of the Church Tea Wagon, sweating out 11 o'clock tea. When Jerry came in low over the woods with his bomb bay doors open, and machine guns blazing, the entire queue, as though one person, dove beneath the tea wagon, leaving two brave, if helpless women where they had been serving tea. From this vantage point, several witnesses claim to have seen a grin on the face of the pilot, as the Ju-88 flashed by overhead. There was also the story of the Enlisted Man who, running for a bomb shelter, forgot to duck as he went down the steps. Aside from his badly battered head, the only casualty was a civilian workman who was standing near #3 hangar when the first two bombs exploded.

And then there was the Mess Kit Incident. This incident should be told in conjunction with the visit of the Ju-88, and as its sequel, for it occurred several days later. It was noon, and lunch was being served in the Mess Hall. Suddenly a "Red" alert was sounded over the Tannoy (Loud speaker system). Everyone, including Corporal Ralph Jones, stampeded from the Mess Hall to take cover in the bomb shelters. When Corporal Jones emerged from the hall, generously laden mess gear in hand, and lines of deep concern grooving his forehead, a Beaufighter was innocently winging its way through the sky, directly above. Corporal Jones, not being a devotee of the Aircraft Recognition craze, surveyed the winged visitor, and though running rapidly, arrived at a conclusion. Or perhaps he jumped at it --- at any rate it furnished him with sufficient incentive to change his course from NNE, which would have brought him to a shelter, to due West in the direction of the woods. Giving his motive power the gun, he continued on course for several minutes before the woods began to close in. When Corporal Jones stopped, the plane was still overhead. Still ignorant of its identity, Corporal Jones surveyed the plane --- and then his mess gear --- a gleaming G.I. cup complete with tea, and a shining white plate, heaped with mutton stew. Not surrendering to consternation, as would a less sturdy soul, he carefully laid them on the thick carpet of leaves at his feet. At that precise moment an ingenious idea lit upon his

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brow, and rapidly burrowed inward: In the interest of camouflage, wouldn't it be a prudent move to cover the reflecting surfaces of the mess equipment with leaves? During the next three days, Corporal Jones vigorously continued a futile search for his camouflaged eating utensils.

About 1 November 42, there had been talk among the Enlisted Men that the personnel of all of the Echelons of the Group were to be divided into four sections, 1st, 2nd, 3rd Priorities, and those who remained behind. The purpose, it was surmised, was for moving someplace. As to where, everyone was vague. The 428th Squadron had moved to a field near Bungay the week before, but the latrine-o-grams now circulating in perfusion seemed to hint at a move which would be far more distant. When it was discovered on the morning of the 4th of November that two Officers and two Enlisted Men had left for an unannounced destination some time before dawn, curiosity effervessed like wild champagne. Evidently, it was presumed, they were the First Priority. On the morning of 6 November, the same thing happened again, when one Officer and four Enlisted Men comprising the 2nd Priority disappeared.

The 1st and 2nd Priorities, it was afterwards revealed, had both gone to Diss by motor convoy, where they had boarded trains. Both had proceeded to London, but on arrival there, the 1st Priority had left in the direction of R.A.F. Station Ibsley, near Ringwood, Sussex, while the 2nd Priority, upon arriving in London two days later, had proceeded to R.A.F. Station Mud Wallop, at Jack's Bush, Salisbury. The 2nd Priority remained at Mud Wallop until 12 November, when it joined the 1st Priority at Ibsley. Here they relaxed completely.

On the evening of 13 November 42, the 1st Priority was taken by motor convoy to nearby R.A.F. Station Hern, where they climbed into C-47's, and waited until 0220 next morning before taking off. On the night of the 15th - 16th, the same process was repeated with the 2nd Priority, which also boarded C-47's, and at 0200 taxied down the runway, where they turned around, and then thundered off into the starlit sky, destination unannounced.

It is interesting to note that current newspapers had been devoting lots of space to articles which described American troops arriving in North Africa.

At long last, on 16 November 42, Captain Ferguson arrived at Hardwick, with 19 Officers and 36 Enlisted Men of the Flight Echelon. Captain Ferguson resumed command, and Lt. Cawse-Morgon became Adjutant. The Flight Echelon, however, is another part of the history.

Because of a change in plans, the 3rd Priority had remained at Hardwick with those members of the Echelon who had not been put on priority. On 24 November, under command of Lt. Cawse-Morgon, seven Officers and twenty-seven

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Enlisted Men journeyed to Diss, and boarded a train. Their destination, however, was not London, but Liverpool, where they arrived just before dark, and were transferred directly from the train to H.M.T. Derbyshire.

By comparison with H.M.S. Queen Mary, H.M.T. Derbyshire, to the blasé eyes of the Echelon, seemed hardly larger than a medium sized life boat. At noon on 27 November 42, with an escort of 6 destroyers, H.M.T. Derbyshire and 26 other ships moved out of the port of Liverpool into the fog.

The ship was crowded to a point approaching extreme discomfort, and the sea was very rough. The beds were hammocks which swung wildly in tiers above the mess tables. The most optimistic descriptions of the food conveyed the impression that it must have been lousy. A tiny P.X. with a limited stock attempted to satisfy the multitudinous wants of the Enlisted Men. There was little to do to pass the time, save shiver while standing on the wind swept deck, watching the other ships of the convoy pitching up and down in the water, or searching the surface of the sea for U-boats. Occasionally one of the destroyer escort was seen to keel over on a new course, race to some spot and drop her "Ash-cans", circle, and return to the convoy.

On the evening of 4 December 42, the convoy headed Eastward into the Straits of Gibraltar, passing close in to Tangiers, Spanish Morocco. Tangiers was the first lighted city any member of the Echelon had seen during the three months since they had left America. Later that night, the convoy arrived in the harbor of Gibraltar where it anchored for the night near H.M.S. Nelson.

Next day, H.M.T. Derbyshire continued on into the Mediterranean as part of a convoy of 3 troop ships with 3 British destroyers as escort. The weather was warmer and the sea calm. The destroyers, like ambitious bird dogs, searched the sea for game. Alternating between each side and the rear of the convoy, they entertained their audience by dropping "Ash-cans", and by practice Ack-ack fire.

The Echelon arrived by motor convoy at Tafaraoui, a French Naval Air Base in the late afternoon of 6 December 42. They had thankfully left H.M.T. Derbyshire at Mers el Kebir near Oran that morning, and now found themselves in a sea of mud, which was brown, deep and adhesive. They had no blankets, no pup-tents and no food save emergency rations. They huddled around a fire until midnight, when an angry sky tossed a cloud burst down upon them. Soaking, they retreated to the shelter of a hangar for the rest of the night.

Next day, shelter halves were requisitioned, and a large tent was acquired. Using the walls of a plane revetment, the canvas of the tent made an excellent roof. A splendid shelter resulted, until the Billeting Officer arrived to inspect. Lt. Mason's rank, plus that of several other Lieutenants,

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not being sufficient ammunition to throw at a Major, and their combined eloquence having no discernable softening effect on the officer's heart, the canvas was taken down, rolled up and carted away. Thereupon, everyone dug in, and from the slime of Tafaraoui, created dwellings which were quite snug. Three weeks afterwards, the Billeting Officer became concerned about their comfort, and solicitously ordered that they make their beds upon the damp cement floor of a large, drafty, leaky, hangar.

The Echelon, while at Tafaraoui, was attached to a Service Group. The Enlisted Men devoted most of their time to what can be described, for want of a printable name, as "Miscellaneous" details. Ten percent of the personnel were permitted the liberty of visiting Oran daily.

On 22 December, two Enlisted Men were transported by air to join Captain Ferguson. On 27 December, Lieutenants Pemberton and Wigger were agreeably surprised to learn that Captain Allen (379th Squadron) had flown down in his B-25, in order to pick them up and take them to an advanced base.

By some miraculous accident, notice of impending departure from Tafaraoui was given three days ahead of time, and the Echelon was presented with fifty cases of British Compo, which was to have been their only food for a six day trip. No water containers were included, and no washing or cooking facilities. Lt. Mason therefore decided to do something, and do it fast. He departed in great haste for Oran, where he acquired, without benefit of requisition, the following necessities: A stove, forty 5 gallon cans for water, two G.I. cans for washing mess kits, soap and brushes, sufficient petrol for fuel, and a large quantity of rations, mostly fruit. So equipped, the Echelon boarded a train of famous French 40 and 8's, and rattled away in the direction of the combat zone.

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THE GROUND ECHELON

After the Air Echelon left Walterboro on 28 August 42, the Ground Echelon settled down to a rugged routine, calculated to condition it for overseas duty. Each day Headquarters published a program for the day: Calisthenics, athletics and both close order and extended order drill. Also, there were field exercises; practice advances on theoretical enemies using natural foliage for cover. The drill and athletics, baseball and volleyball, were competitive. The 381st won a majority of victories from the other Squadrons, and as a reward, a few holidays. Side bets were profitable, and thereby much nice folding money poured into 381st pockets.

On 6 September the Flight Echelon, under command of Captain Ferguson, left by train for Westover Field, Massachusetts. 2nd Lt. Ivan R. Campbell became Commanding Officer of the Ground Echelon, and the training program continued at Walterboro until 18 September, when the Ground Echelons of all the Squadrons departed at 0440 in a large motor convoy, bound for Greenville Army Air Base, South Carolina, 195 miles to the North.

Greenville unfolded one surprise after another. Although Headquarters continued to publish an increasingly rigid program for daily training activities, the calisthenics in particular growing more rugged, Greenville was a Garden of Eden after Columbia and Walterboro. Housed in the most modern of barracks, with hot and cold running water, the Squadron for the first time in its history was supplied with sheets and pillow cases. Previously, it had always been stationed at "nearly" complete bases, under simulated field conditions. Greenville in addition to its other advantages boasted two very well stocked P.X.'s, and a large theater, where first run pictures were shown nightly.

One Saturday night, one of Greenville's cotton mill operators invited all of the Ground Echelons of the Group to a party, which was held in Textile Hall. Here the guests found many southern belles --- Greenville's very smoothest. Refueling from time to time with Cokes, ice cream and sandwiches, they jitterbugged, waltzed or just danced to the music of a small but very good orchestra.

Greenville was a soldier's town. Columbia, perhaps because of its tremendous military population, was not. Sundays were free. It was unusual for

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any soldier to go to church on Sunday and not be Shanghaied after services by some local family, and driven off to a sumptuous dinner and a day of fun. These families usually had daughters, and the babes of Greenville were all beauteous, even unto the older generations. This, combined with Southern hospitality at its best, makes it difficult to find a man in the Ground Echelon who can boast that he didn't almost commit matrimony. In fact, a few of them did, and many others left their hearts there for safekeeping.

Complacency having set in, they began to wonder if they would stay there forever. Greenville would be an ideal spot in which to spend the duration. They began to wonder if they would ever see the Air Echelon or the Flight Echelon again, and didn't particularly care if they did. But on 17 October, the bubble burst, and Lt. Campbell, with three other Officers and 116 Enlisted Men entrained for Fort Dix, where, the Morning Report states, they "Underwent processing for over-seas". In other words, Dry Runs. Their period at Dix corresponds in most all respects to the time spent there by the Air Echelon.

A large number of Officers and Enlisted Men remained behind at Greenville, to form what became known as the Rear Detachment of the Ground Echelon. They were under the command of 2nd Lt. Oliver E. Fayard.

When the Ground Echelon's processing at Dix had been completed, they too journeyed to Staten Island, New York. At 1805 the evening of 2 November 42, they marched up the gang plank of a troop ship, the U.S.S. Monticello.

The U.S.S. Monticello had been the Conte de Savoy, an Italian luxury liner before the war. It was a large ship, and this was its maiden voyage as a troop carrier. Upon boarding, the Echelon was conducted to a large bunk-filled room --- apartment 2 on B deck. They were stationed here along with the Echelons of the 428th and Headquarters Squadrons.

Late that night, after everyone was in his bunk, the Monticello pulled out to sea. Suddenly, in the darkness of a strict blackout, the public address system thundered out "All hands prepare to abandon ship!" Besides being tired, everyone was a little on edge. They were on the Atlantic, in a troop ship, and fully realized that anything could happen. Before the last words of warning had died away, level heads began quelling the small flurries of confusion that had begun. When it was realized that the announcement was a lifeboat drill for the crew only, everyone turned over and went back to sleep. The next morning the ship was far at sea; one of a convoy of about 36 ships, which included other transports, and tankers, with an escort of cruisers, destroyers, two aircraft carriers, and the battleship Arkansas. Of all of these, the Monticello was the largest.

Not being pleased with the quality of the two daily meals in the soldier's mess, Lt. Campbell and the 1st Sergeant made arrangements for the 381st to mess

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with the crew. This worked out beautifully, as there were three good meals per day. However, after several days, word got around the ship, and the 381st annexed so many honorary members that the practice had to be stopped. Stated more succinctly, the crew kicked them out.

Each morning calisthenics, of a kind which wouldn't take up too much room, were given on one of the open decks. This was during part of the one hour per day when the Echelon was officially allowed to go on deck. Time, during the day, was spent in reading or being rushed through a "Production line" shower, or sleeping. Books were passed out, and also a daily news bulletin. In the evening, planned entertainment toured the ship. Sometimes negro quartets singing spirituals; sometimes a wandering violinist, and sometimes a small group with a harmonica orchestra.

The fourth day at sea, the men were told that they were to land in North Africa, after a nine day trip, and to expect to get off the boat fighting. Nine days came and went, and still no sight of land. When it became apparent that a slip up had been made somewhere, no explanation was obtainable. The food, of indifferent quality, continued to be served at the rate of two meals per day, which everyone found insufficient. Emergency K and C rations were issued for the eventual disembarkation, but were promptly eaten. Candy bars, now growing scarce, sold among the Enlisted Men at \$1.00 each. Finally land was sighted, but the convoy continued to cruise up and down the coast, sometimes so close in that the lights on shore could be seen at night. One day about noon a lot of C-47's flew overhead, but no one took particular notice of them.

Finally, on 18 November, the convoy docked at Casablanca, French Morocco. The reason for the delay in landing, it developed, was that the port had been too congested to let them in. At 1530 on 19 November, they disembarked in a rainstorm and proceeded by motor convoy to Mediouna Army Air Base, 24 Kilometers S.E. of Casablanca.

The outlines of the white barracks were barely discernable through a steady torrent of rain which was falling when the convoy arrived at Mediouna. Wading into a sea of mud, the Enlisted Men were herded across a large area toward a spot from which light penetrated the semi-darkness, where they found two small French field kitchens. Dinner was ready for them, and to their amazement, they found that the entire 1st Priority of the Group's Air Echelon was on K.P., Master Sergeants included. They ate, and then after being assigned to quarters, threw themselves into bed, too tired to talk.

The following morning, everyone began to talk at once, and the talk lasted all day, and the rest of the week. If the Ground Echelon spun tall tales about what took place in Greenville after the Air Echelon had left, or its trip across; taller ones were told by the Air Echelon about the wonders of England, its hospitality, its beer and dates and bombs; and about the flight down from England

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to Gazes Airport at Casablanca. Among items of conversation, it was determined that the C-47's which had brought the 1st Priority of the Air Echelon to Africa were the ones which had passed directly over the Ground Echelon's convoy, as it cruised about outside the harbor.

On 25 November, the 2nd Priority of the Air Echelon arrived at Mediouna. They had landed by mistake at Cran, and after several days were flown to Casablanca, and were then transported to Mediouna by bus.

While at Mediouna, the Squadron was engaged in its usual Squadron duties, which, insomuch as there were no planes there, amounted to little more than K.P. and guard duty. The food, though strictly G. I., was really good. On Thanksgiving Day, the Cooks outdid themselves, and served barbecued steaks. There were enough of these for even the hardened chowhounds, some of whom are rumored to have hit the line three and four times.

Because of poor transportation facilities, it was difficult to get in to Casablanca, and passes were not easily obtained. Some attempted trips to town sans passes, and got away with it. Two unfortunate Sergeants apprehended because they failed to salute a Major, didn't get away with it, and at this writing are still buck privates. For diversion in the evening, permission was granted to walk up or down the highway for a distance of one mile in either direction. The weather was warm and pleasant, despite occasional flurries of rain, but the mud was always there. Once in a while, trucks would transport the Enlisted Men to a small restaurant near the French Garrison, which was about 12 kilometers up the road. Anyone fortunate enough to crowd into its small interior was able to obtain excellent beer, and Dagwood-sized sandwiches of pate on brown French bread.

On 6 December 42, the entire Squadron, now composed of 7 Officers and 120 Enlisted Men departed from Mediouna by convoy and bus for Louis Gentil, near Saffi, 157 miles South of Casablanca. Here their duties were the security of an ammunition dump.

A week was spent at Louis Gentil. It was most pleasant. A small town, mostly residential, it was nestled in the foothills near a phosphorus mine, where most of its citizens worked. When not on guard duty, the men were allowed to go into town and relax in its one restaurant, where fried eggs were served, or at its country club where they could get wine or beer. By the end of five days the town was drunk dry of its small supply and the production capacity of its hens was strained to the breaking point.

On 15 December, after packing early in the morning and waiting most of the day, the Squadron was hustled into buses at 1600 and driven to the railroad yards at Casablanca. The rest of the Squadrons of the Group had already arrived, and were climbing on board a train of tiny box cars, the same famous

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conveyance of the last War, designed for 40 Hommes and 8 Cheveaux. Eleven men had gone ahead in government vehicles to meet a motor convoy at Casablanca, which followed the train to its destination.

It had been announced that the trip was to last six days. The cars were cold and drafty, and barracks bags didn't exactly feel like inner spring mattresses; but by the second night everyone was in the spirit of things, and as the cars rattled and jerked over the rails they made themselves fairly comfortable. The train was headed Eastward, in the direction of Algeria.

On the third morning, the train stopped at Oujda, and owing to transportation congestion, was obliged to remain there all day. The motor convoy caught up with the train here. Captain Kent Sagendorph, who was acting Group Commander, declared a holiday, and everyone disappeared into town. It was a glorious day. Oujda was small but modern, with many good shops, a few restaurants and the inevitable sidewalk cafes. The native children of that city were the most ferocious beggars that had yet been encountered. Each soldier had at least two or three of them following him down the street, demanding in stentorian tones, "Bon-bons! --- Chewing gum! --- Cigarettes!" The word "Allez" seemed to mean nothing at all to them.

One of the most distinctive features of Oujda was its taxi-cabs. Gasoline being practically nonexistent, automobiles had been converted into horse drawn vehicles. An enterprising native had acquired a convertible coupe of quite modern vintage and had thus equipped it. In addition to these, every imaginable vehicle which a horse could possibly pull had been pressed into use.

Once more the train rattled casually onward --- through mountains, where the tracks twisted and turned and went through seemingly endless tunnels --- through valleys where wheat was growing and sometimes past large orange and tangerine groves. Once in a while the train would pass flocks of sheep, and nameless soldiers would fire their rifles or tommy-guns, and make the sheep stampede. However, this practice ceased after the second or third day, as it seemed to bother the Officers.

When the train stopped, as it did at every village no matter how tiny, everyone would jump off in search of things to buy, and immediately be surrounded by natives yelling, "Bon-bons! --- Chewing-gum! --- Cigarettes!" Once in a while, Arabs were found who would trade local wine for American cigarettes, and at one rather large town, some really excellent rum was procured, but at a fabulous price. The train always stopped at chow time, and usually the line formed on the station platform, with a large audience of natives, who seemed no end intrigued with the American method of preparing and consuming food. Always though, one could hear them pleading for "Bon-bons! --- Chewing-gum! --- Cigarettes!"

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On the sixth morning of the trip, 21 December 42, the train stopped just before dawn at a small station labeled "Telergma". It was just like any other small station on any other day of the trip, except for an airfield which was located on one side of the track. When reveille came at 7 o'clock, all the Enlisted Men jumped from the cars to hit the chow line. It was a cold morning, and windy. The cooks were slow in preparing breakfast, and as the long line grew longer, it began to rain. Finally, about 0830, when a long mess kit line had backed up from the G.I. washing cans, everyone had the surprise of his life. Walking toward the group with a large grin spread across his face was Captain Ferguson, the Squadron Commander. A little later, Lt. Alexander strolled up, and following him came a group of Officers, including Lts. Eddy, Linden, Phillips, and Thorndike. While they were busy shaking hands, a lot of Enlisted Men, part of the crews of the Flight Echelon, wandered up. The whole show was like old home week. At 0900, an order was given to unload the train, as this, Telergma Army Air Base, was the Squadron's destination.

By noon, the 310th and its Squadrons had been deposited with all their possessions in a large area, some distance from the station and the field, where pup tents were pitched.

Hay stacks were plundered for stuffing mattress covers, and some wooden squares or platforms belonging to a portable French barracks were discovered and acquired. These platforms, about 3 x 4½ feet, came in very handy. Laid on the ground, they made good, solid, dry floors. Stood on edge, they formed walls, which, with shelter halves for cover, made veritable mansions. After several days, the place began to look like a real-estate development. Chateaux of various sizes and shapes sprang up. Some had bunks in them, and some even had stoves. Made of 5 gallon cans, with chimneys constructed of "Spam" cans, these stoves were the ultimate in luxury. In fact, the 310th quarters were so comfortable that the other organizations stationed there, seized with envy, began to follow suit. As a result, the portable French barracks disappeared with such rapidity that the Base Commander, Lt. Col. Jeeter, probably pursuant to a request by the French authorities, ordered that all houses be dismantled, and the material returned.

The weather at Telergma was foul. It was cold, a variety of coldness which penetrated the warmest clothing. Wind swished persistently across the valley, and low clouds shed a constant drizzle of rain. Mud was thick and deep, and no sun came out to dry it. Under these unglamorous conditions, the 310th settled down to sweat out its first combat mission. The Rear Echelon had not arrived, and part of the Flight Echelon was still in England, but the Tunisian border was close, and "Jerry" practically over the next hill.

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THE FLIGHT ECHELON

Captain Ferguson arrived at Telergma on 16 December 42, leading a flight of 6 planes which were piloted by Lts. Alexander, Eddy, Linden, Phillips and Thorndike. They landed at Telergma approximately two and a half months after leaving Westover Field, Chicopee Falls, Massachusetts. It had been a rough journey, scanning the Great Circle from the North American Continent to the British Isles; through Labrador, Greenland and Iceland; and England down past France, Spain and Portugal and on into Africa.

The 381st Flight Echelon had left Walterboro on 6 September 42, together with the Flight Echelon of the 380th Squadron, Captain Ferguson in charge. A regular Pullman diner had been attached to the train, and furnished a welcome relief from G.I. food. On the morning of 7 September the train passed thru Washington, D.C., and everyone craned his neck out the windows, looking for familiar monuments. Late that afternoon the train arrived at Westover Field.

An old permanent base, Westover was complete with every pre-war comfort. In fact, the large wooden barracks into which the 381st moved was furnished with a piano. M/Sgt. Clyde L. Arnold, who was acting 1st Sergeant of the Echelon, complains that it took him two days and nights to quiet things down after the piano was discovered. One fourth of the Echelon was allowed to go into town each night --- either to Holyoke or to Springfield, where they had a wonderful time.

During the three weeks at Westover, the Echelon requisitioned equipment; flying clothes for everyone; tools for the mechanics, etc. The pilots received their new B-25-C's, which they tested thoroughly and enthusiastically approved. On one of his test hops, Lt. Robert A. Cox distinguished himself by giving Springfield a surprise blackout. Buzzing down the Connecticut river in a burst of exuberance, he knocked out a high tension cable, which severed the lower turret and put a number of nicks and bumps in the fuselage of his new plane, "Sad Sack".

Finally, on 28 September 42, the great day arrived. Nine ships, in 3 elements of 3 ships each, took off with Captain Ferguson leading the flight in "Dis'n Did't". The other eight ships were piloted by Lts. Alexander, Coddington, Kearns, Martin, Phillips, Thorndike, Van Divort and Wert. Upon arrival at Presque Isle, Maine, they were met by Lt. Col. Hunter. The Colonel had in his possession a communication from higher command, directing the removal

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from each plane of two men and their baggage, together with certain other equipment which included all the armor plate, the lower turret guns and the nose guns. Having accomplished this by 0300 next morning, the crews retired to an overcrowded hangar to sleep for the few remaining hours of that night.

Bad weather held them up for a day, but on 30 September, they took off in individual flights. The weather still being uncertain, a large part of this trip was made on instrument. After 13½ hours of flying, they taxied in on the concrete runways of Goose Bay, Labrador, a field operated jointly by the R.A.F. and the U.S. Ferry Command. Here they were greeted by a radio message from Lt. Col. Hunter, instructing them to return to Presque Isle to pick up the men and equipment they had left. The order which he had previously given them having been rescinded.

The good weather by which they had returned to Goose Bay soon closed in again, making further flying impossible, so they now settled down to a wait which continued for several weeks before they were able to make the next hop of the trip.

Goose Bay will never be a vacation spot. Its climate being perpetually cold and foggy, and awfully damp. The crews were quartered in heated wooden barracks, which were moderately comfortable. The food was terrible and steadily grew worse. A series of ancient moving pictures were shown twice weekly, and a small Y.M.C.A., run by the Canadians provided minimum recreational facilities. However, nature did her best to provide entertainment: Mountain climbing, fishing and small game hunting during the day, and during the night the baffling and spectacular performance of the Northern Lights.

Finally, after pre-flights every second morning, the great day came again on 13 October 42, when the weather opened up sufficiently to allow them to proceed to BW-1, a station on the coast of Greenland. Landing conditions at this field were extremely difficult, as it was located at the bottom of a Fjord, whose walls were 2,000 feet high. It was therefore possible for only one plane to land or take off at any one time. Owing to the previous arrival of some A-20's, it was necessary for Captain Ferguson's flight to circle the field for a long time before the tower could signal them to come in for a landing.

Conditions at BW-1 were wonderful. The whole Echelon was moved into Barracks #B-10, a new and well built structure, comfortable in every respect. The mess was superb. The permanent party personnel proved excellent hosts. A small lake containing many large salmon trout was found about two miles from camp. When fishing was good, the cooks would clean and prepare the catch for the next meal. Caught by the ingenious use of spears or snares or by being shot with rifles, the fish lived a hectic life while they lasted. In the mountains lived an abundance of small game including Ptarmigan and large white hares. When weather permitted hunting, the catch would be brought back, and a feast prepared by the cooks.

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The weather, however, was most unsatisfactory. The ceiling and visibility remained zero for days on end, and the wind was terrific. The planes' wheels had to be blocked, and their noses tied down. Ropes were run from the barracks to the mess hall to enable the men to navigate back and forth. Finally the weather cleared again, and on the evening of 4 November it was announced that if the motors could be thawed out, a take-off would be attempted next morning. That night until midnight, the crews worked by the light of the Northern Lights, cleaning ice off the wings. Catching a few winks of sleep, they began pre-flying the engines at 0230. T/Sgt. Henry J. Rumeau proved his ability that morning; he started all the cold and stubborn motors except Lt. Van Divort's, who had to be left behind.

By 0900 they had taken off again --- eight planes this time, flying over the ice cap through perfect weather at 11,000 feet. This didn't last long, however, for about 30 minutes after leaving land behind them, the flight was enveloped by a violent storm. It became a rugged trip. Visibility was practically zero, and the wind tossed the planes through the clouds with incredible force, pushing them off their course, and causing them to miss Iceland by 100 miles. Coming into Reyjavik on the radio beam, they found a ceiling of about 200 feet, and managed somehow to slip the planes in between this ceiling and the city's roof tops, to land on a field which was almost in the center of town. Reyjavik was not a high spot in the trip --- just another stop. The station there was not bad, but not too good. The mess was fair, partially English rations. Ponsett (Niesen) huts were provided for all personnel. Iceland's climate was warmer than Greenland's but it was nevertheless cold by North American standards.

The city of Reyjavik, with a population of around 100,000 was not too friendly. Its citizens were said to be inclined toward Naziism. There was an American Red Cross there, which attempted to give dances for all the Soldiers, but they weren't successful, as only a handful of local girls could be persuaded to attend. A small shop on the edge of the field was very popular with the personnel. Here they congregated and enjoyed the excellent pastries, which they washed down with good tea, bad coffee, or weak beer. The town had several restaurants whose steaks were much enjoyed, even though it was suspected that they were Shetland Pony, rather than beef, as advertised. A few small theaters specialized in out-dated American pictures. Prices were atrocious all over town.

The weather had staged another tantrum, with ice and sleet and snow, so it was not until 12 November 42 that the flight was able to take off again, climbing into an ominous ceiling of only 300 feet. This trip, all the way from Iceland to Scotland, was through extremely rough weather. Stopping at Prestwick, in Scotland, they picked up an English navigator-radio man, and continued on next day to York, England, landing at R.A.F. Linton on Ouse. Here the flight caused a sensation, as they were the first American combat

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personnel ever to land there. They were literally welcomed with open arms, not only by the R.A.F. personnel, but by quantities of W.A.A.F.'s! The long trip virtually over, everybody relaxed and turned their undivided attention to a comprehensive survey of the W.A.A.F. situation.

Instigated by unanimous popular demand, a dance was arranged. M/Sgt. Arnold's eyes gleam like those of a theologian discoursing on Angels when he tells about that party. "It was held", he reminisces, "in the Sergeant's Mess, and besides the W.A.A.F.'s, there were bags of Scotch". From here on his narrative becomes more and more involved, and its content becomes decidedly personal. At the party, a slightly more than wonderful time was had by all. It really put some life in R.A.F. Station Linton on Ouse. So much life, in fact, that the W.A.A.F.'s were put on restriction for a period of two weeks. The charge: Not getting back to their billets until long after the Midnight dead line. In a spirit of gallantry probably inspired by a guilty conscience, Sgt. W. B. Campbell decided to do something about the situation. Donning his very best dress uniform, he took off for the office of the W.A.A.F.'s Commanding Officer (probably a spinster). Consequence: Sgt. Campbell's intercession resulted in a promise to lift the restriction after four days. Unfortunately, three days after the party found the flight in Hardwick.

Captain Ferguson's flight of 9 ships did not constitute the only flight of the 381st.'s Air Echelon. In all, 14 ships took off from Westover Field. The other 5 ships came across in flights with planes of the Group's other Squadrons. They all took the same route through Labrador, Greenland and Iceland, and they all stopped at Prestwick, Scotland, before proceeding on to Hardwick.

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THE AIR ECHELON FROM THE U.S.A. TO ICELAND

By Lt. Robert W. Thorndike

On September 5, 1942 we arrived at Westover Field, Mass., after completing a training program at Walterboro, S.C. The entire 310th Group, sans airplanes, was present. There we were to receive newly modified B-25's, run them through a 100 hour check, fully equip planes and men for the long trip to the theatre of war.

We were pretty excited at the prospect of getting new ships, after having spent three months flying some pretty shaky heaps. Have since learned that all of our Squadron training ships had crashed or been otherwise washed out. At any rate it was really a thrill to climb over the new ships and familiarize ourselves with the latest modifications --- new turrets, navigational instruments, etc., and then a test hop in which we checked the auto-pilot, radio equipment, and general performance of the ship.

Most of our time was spent on the line --- either working on the ships, flying, or attending frequent lectures on subjects alien to our work. Our day would start with a meeting for the entire Squadron personnel under our good and true C.O. Our three weeks at Westover were extremely busy --- quite a contrast from the ensuing weeks to come.

Living conditions at this field were such that had not been seen by us before or since. Our quarters were very comfortable --- double rooms in new two decker barracks --- and hot showers (I write that last phrase reverently at this time). Our food was of the best and excellently served. Cannot torture myself by dwelling upon that subject at length --- but will admit that my fondest memory of Westover is the breakfast of hot cakes and fried eggs over --- which we never missed --- despite the early rising necessitated. The enlisted men lived and ate as luxuriously --- in fact my crew chief gained 25 pounds in the three weeks we were there --- how he did it defeats me because he worked night and day --- particularly at night, in town.

The men played as hard as they worked at Westover. A last fling at the bright lights is always apropos before jumping off the spring board, and nearby cities, easily accessible, had much to offer. Nightly orgies

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were in order, "Mornings after", disregarded. Even managed to get in a hot mix-up with Colonel Roosevelt at the Roger Smith in Holyoke, after a so-called orgy.

The Officers' Club on the field was a popular spot --- would often stop in for a whiskey sour and a fling at the quarter machine. Hit a jack-pot one night for over a hundred quarters.

Westover offered our last opportunity for personal contact with friends and relatives. Fondly remember a swell weekend in Springfield with aunt and uncle as hosts at Mac Rosse's. Telephone calls were in order and booths were busy at all hours.

For the last few days we had been all packed and ready to go, awaiting the proper weather. Eight ships and crews including myself and the Squadron C.O. were to go together. Formations of our 310th Group B-25's had been pushing out for 10 days and were strung all along the Northern Route. A few solitary 25's were to lead formations of A-20's. Our entire group of 56 ships was slowly breaking up into little sections which were not to form in entirety for several months --- and even then there would be members who would never rejoin.

We had an anxious moment the day before we left. "Lil' Joe", (our ship) developed a leaky gas tank. Eighteen hours with a civilian ground crew in a hangar fixed it up and we just had time to warm the engines and taxi out to take off with our formation. The take-off, with our heavy load, was a shaky moment, but "Joe" performed marvelously. We circled the field once and headed North on our first leg of the "Bolero" route.

The afternoon flight from Westover to Presque Isle, Maine, was smooth and uneventful. On this, the 27th day of September, the changing seasons had marked the hills and valleys of Northern New England with an unforgettable display of foliage. We skimmed over the tops of the more towering mountains enroute, and had a bird's eye view of the waning activities at many of the popular summer resorts in New Hampshire and Maine.

The sun was low when our formation of 8 ships went through an intricate pattern over the field at Presque Isle and greased in at regularly spaced landing intervals. We taxied to our parking area --- cut motors --- and climbed out of the ships. We were immediately informed to completely unload the ships --- baggage, spare parts, armament, armor plate, etc. This operation kept us up till a rather late hour, with time out for chow.

The object of this unloading was to lighten the ship by several thousand pounds, for the long hop. The reason --- several days before a flight of our ships had left Presque --- and two planes crashed within a few minutes of take off. The weather had been soupy and the investigation brought out

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the fact that an overload may have been the cause of the accidents. Both ships were a total loss and the crews had been killed.

Two days later our flight was briefed for the next hop, but "Lil' Joe's" crew was not present --- the gas tanks continued to leak, despite efforts at Westover. So we sadly stood by on the ramp and watched the rest of our flight take off for Labrador. We never expected to see them until reunion in England. For two days and two nights crews worked on the ship, replacing an inboard bulletproof gas tank. During that time an order came through to reload the B-25's with all equipment we'd worked so hard removing a few days earlier. We decided the situation --- typical Army style, had been well mixed up --- no doubt the result of an argument between a one and a two star general.

While we were still at Presque our flight of ships returned from Labrador for the sole reason of reloading their equipment. Much time lost because of those conflicting orders. At any rate, we were reunited with our original flight.

The field at Presque Isle was really O.K. --- good grub and quarters. An Officers' Club and theatre of sorts kept us entertained on the post --- and a few of the boys went to Caribou, a small Maine town, for the night life.

It was at Presque that we drew much additional equipment from the Quartermaster --- anything we wanted, and no questions asked. Everything was expendible. So we were all pretty well stocked with all manner of G.I. clothes when we left the States.

On October 4, the weather man smiled and gave us the O.K. sign for take off --- and, after a briefing, the eight ships with eager crews of 7 men per plane were airborne. In a loose formation we passed over the international boundry leaving behind the country we were going to fight for, and with it all dear to us.

Upon crossing the line we were officially on foreign duty. We passed over a wild section of New Brunswick, Canada --- a few snow capped peaks and then the broad Gulf of St. Lawrence. North from the Gulf was a desolate stretch of hills and valleys covered with spruce trees, and with no sign of any living thing. Scattered lakes offered the only possible out in case of a forced landing. That thought did enter my mind while flying along. After a few hour's flight the field --- a triangular shaped affair at Goose Bay, Labrador, came into view. We circled once and landed.

We gathered up our musette bags, wool flying suits (it was intensely cold) and were taken to our quarters.

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At this point on the trip the weather began to be temperamental. We had three long hops over water coming up, and requirements concerning weather on these legs is exacting. We must have contact flying at the points of departure and destination, and weather enroute must be fairly clear. This late in the year these conditions do not occur very often. Several flights had taken off from Goose Bay to Greenland only to find a frontal storm or zero ceiling at the other end --- and had to return to Goose --- quite frequently with less ships than had started. Consequently we were on constant alert, waiting for the weather to break.

We spent 9 days at Goose Bay. Our stay was rather dull, for our sole recreation outside of gambling, was to take walks in the surrounding woods. The country was strictly "north woods" --- thin, wind blown spruce trees, a few white birches, and ground cover of laurel and gray moss. This combination is quite attractive but monotonous. Mountains, rivers and lakes in the vicinity were very picturesque. There were a few Indian villages near-by, rather dirty, and not particularly interesting. Did find one old fellow making a canoe --- he had built the frame work of packing boxes. The many small streams that fed Lake Melville were more or less alive with native brook trout. I had one whirl at catching them --- rather unsuccessful --- fell in the brook twice and caught one trout, not quite the legal length of 6 inches.

We had several snow flurries at Goose Bay --- a preview of the winters they enjoy in that part of the country.

We began to feel the pinch of war, that was to haunt us for some time to come. Crowded living conditions, poor food, etc. Several supply ships to Goose Bay had recently been sunk by "U" boats.

Most of the American officers, all flying and transient, were jammed together in an erstwhile recreation hall. Rough 2 x 4 double decker bunks, very crowded. The food was a sample of what we'd get for months to come --- powdered eggs, canned milk, corned beef, beans, etc. --- and 50¢ per meal to boot!

Don't know just how many aircraft were on the field when we were there. B-26's, B-25's, A-20's must have numbered well over 100 --- then there were Lockheed Hudsons, used by the Canadians and transports (DC-3) coming and going at all times. Really a large and important air base, well protected from the air by numerous anti-aircraft gun emplacements --- 40, and manned by alert Canadian soldiers.

Not much more about Goose, except I made a couple of hundred dollars in a crap game. One A-20 pilot cleaned up about \$1,500.00 while he was there. Crap and poker games going all the time. Can't blame the boys --- nothing much else to do.

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We had a "dry run" or two before we actually took off --- but were finally in the air and headed East.

On October 3 we nosed out over the rough, mountainous shores of Labrador into the cold, unfriendly waters of the North Atlantic. The first part of the trip we stayed just above the waves --- peering about for any stray periscopes --- for many "U" boats are reputed to be in those waters --- none sighted, however. We did see a lot of ice floating about and did some moody contemplating upon the temperature of the water in case of a forced landing. We got small comfort from our "Mae Wests" (life vests which were worn on all over-water flights). A person could live but a few minutes in water so cold.

A little way out we began to gradually climb above a deck of clouds. We started in at about 500 feet and several hours later we were at 9,000 feet. Finally flew beyond this wedge-shaped layer so we could see below. There, apparently only a few minutes away, was the coast of Greenland. This cold air is very deceiving as to distances, actually we were nearly an hour out. The coast was really an impressive sight. The great, barren, snow covered peaks rising abruptly from the icy sea. The field on which we were to land --- actually the only level piece of ground on the South West coast of the island, was in a glacial moraine about 50 miles up Iungdlarfik Fyord. We flew over the rough coast line at 6,000 feet which took us above and around the mountains bounding the fyord.

In the previous briefing, prior to take off, we had been shown pictures of the coast and route to the field --- so it was rather an easy matter to recognize land marks, a peculiarly shaped mountain, a sunken vessel --- and resting in a ring of mountains lay the field. Due to surrounding terrain there was only one runway; approach to and take off from the field being over the fyord. This runway was surfaced with steel matting and rose 80 feet from one end to the other.

We got all 8 ships down safely, after about half hour of circling above, waiting for the control tower to untangle the traffic snarl in the air. Many ships made that hop on the same day.

We were immediately assigned to quarters far more comfortable than I had expected to find in such an outpost. One story wooden barracks heated by large kerosene stoves, wooden cots, plenty of blankets, et al --- damn comfortable. A nearby mess hall for transient officers put out pretty good chow. In fact the Greenland boys are treated pretty well --- transport ships and planes keep a P.X. pretty well supplied with candy, cokes, smokes and beer --- and a small commissary with canned goods, nuts, fruit juices, cheese, crackers, etc.

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A library, small theatre, (with fairly up-to-date shows), and a nearby volleyball court kept us out of mischief while on the post. For the out-of-door enthusiasts, there were adjacent mountains to be scaled, and a glacial river to be explored. About ten miles up the moraine was the foot of the glacier, an inspiring sight.

The moraine which bordered the river was about a mile wide and ten miles long, composed of rocks and more rocks, really hard to walk upon. There were several stretches of dead water near the river which were alive with Atlantic Salmon. These fish would not bite on any kind of bait or lure but could be speared, shot or even caught by hand. We killed many of them and had them cooked at our mess hall --- rather tasty. They say that feeder brooks abound in a very gamey native trout in the spring.

The precipitous slopes bordering the moraine are littered with loose boulders cast from adjacent cliffs which are slowly being crumbled by the elements. A sparse growth of junipers, gray birches, and other shrubs cling to the earth in prostrate growth, beaten down by the violent winds which sweep down the valley from the ice cap. These winds come frequently and blow at tremendous velocities. We had a bit of a zephyr while we were there --- it was clocked at a top speed of 78 m.p.h. This wind lasted for several days and necessitated much work in anchoring the planes, etc.

There are no trees, but sufficient ground cover to support small game. Higher on the slopes are to be found large snow shoe rabbits. They are rather easy to bag, in fact may be killed with an automatic with ease. Some of them weigh as much as 15 or 20 pounds, and are supposed to be fair eating. Ptarmigan also abound in the region, a beautiful bird, snow white about the size and general design of a ruffled grouse.

For three weeks we awaited the weather man's O.K. --- several times, when the weather seemed to break along the route we would prepare for take-off, only to have the hop cancelled at the last minute by a late weather report which appeared gloomy. These dry runs were much trouble and quite exasperating. They necessitated getting up at 4 or 5 o'clock and preflighting the ship so take-off could be made at the crack of dawn. This was necessary because the hours of daylight are few in the Northern winter.

It was a daily habit of many of us to visit the weather room and look over the prospects for the following morning. It was with great interest that we followed the progress of each "high" and "low" pressure area on the weather map between Greenland and Iceland.

In our barracks, when the weather was poor, most of us would be found getting "sack" (Bunk fatigue) time, even as late as noon. Few of us averaged

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less than 10 or 12 hours sleep per night. Rather a leisurely existence. We spent much time lying about the barracks playing cribbage, poker, black jack, conducting "Information, Please!" programs, or just plain talking shop, commonly known as "barracks flying". We had nightly snacks of food purchased at the local commissary. All in all we had a pretty good set-up at Blue West 1 --- enjoying many luxuries I'd love to have right now. We finally left on November 5, after a three week hold up due to weather.

The day we took off for Reykjavik the weather was really good at our end. With an unlimited ceiling, we headed our formation out directly over the ice cap, where peaks get up to 7,000 - 10,000 feet. That hop over the cap was really an awe inspiring trip --- vast plains of snow and ice between towering mountains which were half hidden by blowing snow. The air was the most turbulent I've encountered --- strong up and down drafts which really played pranks with our formation. Many ships have been lost in this unexplored and unmapped section of Greenland.

As soon as we went over the cap we ran onto a layer of clouds which we dropped beneath. For the entire trip we dodged showers, a few hundred feet above the water. Some showers we couldn't dodge, and ploughed right through them. After a tiresome trip we finally sighted Iceland, flew along the coast to Reyj. We circled the field once, passing through showers over the town, peeled off and landed in a swift 90 degree cross wind. A pretty rough landing as far as I was concerned, burned and cut a tire on which I was to worry through many more landings. We were all glad to call it quits that day --- mighty tired dodging storms "on the deck."

The brief view we had of the city of Reykjavik as we circled the airport before landing disclosed a compact mass of low gray buildings snuggled about a busy harbor. Now that we were on the ground, a closer inspection of the homes adjacent to the airport proved them to be made of stone or cement, all very boxlike in shape, and a peculiar sameness about them. The air field intruded on the residential outskirts of the city, and as we were being moved to our quarters we received our first glimpses of the natives. The Icelandic race, almost without exception is fair and has the glowing complexions that result from a cool, damp, climate. Their dress was quite what we were accustomed to seeing in the States, with the exception of a few women who wore a long black dress and a small black cap with a long tassel. I would not dream of disputing the fact that Icelandic girls on the whole are the most beautiful in the world --- it's a fact as far as I've seen.

We soon arrived at the quarters for transient officers, a short distance from the field. Our new, temporary homes were to be those portable, half barrel shaped affairs long associated with Iceland through news photographs. Easily assembled, quite resistant to the gales that lash that

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country, miserably lighted and less successfully heated, these huts were still roomy and were quite welcome that night. A large number of these structures including orderly room, officers' club, mess hall, and shower room, made up the transient officers' camp. It was separated by barbed wire from the adjacent homes of the natives. The crowning glory of this organization was its mess hall, wherein were served meals non pariel. Really excellent food, the best we had received since the States, and that still goes to date. Even those men who were prone to sleep late brought about a change of habits in order to accommodate a three meal day.

Our stay, of one week, was a pleasant one --- marred only by two dry runs. These were of course caused by questionable weather and incurred early rising, checking out of the camp, attending weather and route briefings, standing by the planes, and eventually bowing to the elements, we would return to our quarters to await the meterologist's call.

We, of course, made several trips to the city which was but a ten minute walk. First we had an avid curiosity to satisfy, and spent much time looking the town over, trying to decipher the names of the various shops, and places of business, and observing the rather cool, busy natives. Naturally enough, we were eager to pick up some sort of souvenirs and browsed around many windows, occasionally entering a shop and attempting the difficult transaction that occurs when all you have to talk with is a pair of hands. Souvenirs were hard to find as most of the merchandise in the town came from England or the States. For entertainment the city had a number of theatres, all showing U. S. pictures untranslated. They were quite up-to-date and we went to them a number of times. The theatres were small but were well equipped. It was necessary to reserve seats for evening shows and in the afternoon we'd report to the box office, of the show we wanted to see, and after a certain amount of palaver collect the tickets for seats at the evening performance.

The Hotel Borg provided the only night life in Reyj. A small dance orchestra played popular music nightly and a rather informal dance would ensue. The local maidens attended these functions rather regularly and we had little difficulty in cajoling a few dances.

The girls come to these affairs stag and leave likewise. I mentioned before that Icelandic girls are quite attractive --- true enough --- but they are equally as cool. They will dance with you at the Borg --- sometimes join you at your table over a bottle of mild beer --- but few friendships result. Language is not the only barrier between the American and Icelandic girls. There are, no doubt, those that can refute these statements, if so, more power to them.

Reykjavik is as dry as a Sunday School picnic. The beer they serve is a weak cousin of old 3.2 --- and beer is all that's to be had.

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Our first experience with foreign currency occurred at this place. Before we left for town we'd stop in at the orderly room and exchange our good American dollars for "soap coupons". The unit of Icelandic money is the Kronur, worth approximately 15 cents. They have one, and two Kronur coins, and bills worth 5, 10 and there on up. The Aurur is a lesser coin worth about one one-hundredth of a Kronur.

About the time we'd mastered their monetary system we left the island.

The weather man eventually convinced us that another hop was in order and on November 12 we checked our "mags" on the downwind end of R's longest runway and took off. I had few regrets at leaving Iceland --- felt somehow that I'd seen and done everything there. The one shot of remorse was at leaving behind some of the best pastry I'd ever set my teeth in.

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LOG OF LT. THORNDIKE'S FLIGHT FROM
PORT REATH, ENGLAND TO NORTH AFRICA

Ship #41-13061

	<u>COMPASS HEADING</u>	<u>TIME</u>	
Take Off		09:10	Ceiling 1000 feet with breaks.
On Course		09:25	I.A.S. 175 M.P.H.
Lighthouse to right		09:40	Altitude 600 feet.
Change heading to	270	09:45	
Change heading to	220	09:49	
Change heading to	250	09:53	I.A.S. 185 MPH. Cloud bank to left.
Change heading to	195	10:00	
Change heading to	210	10:05	
Change heading to	265	10:17	
Change heading to	170	10:21	
Change heading to	215	10:25	
Broke into CAVU weather		11:10	
Coming into clouds and fog		12:05	
Cloud bank to right. 1,000 Feet. Broken		12:06	
End of cloud bank to right		12:22	
Two unidentified aircraft to left		12:34	
Change heading to	190	12:43	
Two unidentified ships to left		12:49	
One a freighter with one stack		12:51	
A freighter with two stacks		12:54	
Slight fog		13:10	
Climbed from 600 to 7,000 feet		13:15 - 13:35	
Three unidentified freighters to left		13:35	
Unidentified freighter to right		13:42	
Passed Cape Roca to left		14:18	
Passed Cape Espichel to left		14:25	
Unidentified freighter 5 miles to left		14:30	
Cape de Sines to left		14:35	
Cape Sao Viceate to left		14:52	
Change heading to	160	14:46	
Change heading to	130	14:54	
Cape de St. Maria to left		15:12	
Unidentified freighter 3 miles to right		15:47	
Change heading to	105	15:50	
Isla Tarifa 1 mile to left		15:52	

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	<u>COMPASS HEADING</u>	<u>TIME</u>
Gibraltar to left five miles		15:57
Two British warships three miles to left		15:57
Change course to	120	16:44
Change course to	90	16:46
Change course to	110	17:15
Change course to	45	17:27
Arrived Oran at		17:30

~~Remaining~~ Gasoline:

Aux	300	Gallons
L.F.	120	"
R.R.	80	"
L.R.	70	"
R.F.	130	"
	<u>700</u>	Gallons

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THE AIR ECHELON FROM ICELAND TO ENGLAND

FROM THE DIARY OF

1ST LT. JOSEPH SCZYGIEL

27 November 42

We went into the town of Reykjavik this evening, as we had not taken off because of bad weather. Walked all over and looked at their stores, narrow streets, narrow walks and Shetland ponies; then went to the "Borg" Hotel. There I received my biggest surprise: an orchestra playing American music, and the Icelandic girls dancing to it very well. The girls would not dance with their civilian boy friends because they said the American Officers were better dancers, had nicer personalities and were good looking. Some, or I should say most of them, spoke English, but could not be understood too well. The old folks hate Americans, and will not permit their daughters to go out with American Officers, so the girls always met the men at the dance or on streets. The reason the people are so against Americans is because the women folk here left their husbands and boy friends so that they could go out with Americans. They are all planning to go to America after the war. They say that America has very beautiful women and good looking men. I asked them where they got all this information, and they told me from the movies. All the movies here are English talkies.

Have been learning a few words in Icelandic. Have been having a picnic learning how to use the Icelandic money. Its a Court Martial offense for military personnel to spend American money in town; it must be first changed into Iceland Korona.

I also saw "Sun Valley Serenade".

28 November 42

Same thing. Went to town again and had a supper at the "Borg" Hotel which cost us 20 Koronas each, which is about \$3.20 in our money. Beer is 35 cents per bottle. Its one percent beer and tastes like dish water. Had a nice time.

29 November 42

Spent all day in the personnel office making my pay voucher and per diem papers, so that I can get paid tomorrow. This evening I went to town. Same thing again.

30 November 42

Didn't do a thing all day long. Went to town and had a nice time.

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1 December 42

Received my pay today. The finance office did not have any paper money on hand so I was paid in silver. We are taking off for Prestwick, Scotland tomorrow morning. Goodnight.

2 December 42

Left Reykjavik, Iceland at 10:00 A.M. and flew 950 miles in 5½ hours. During our trip which was at 1,500 feet we saw three large convoys on the ocean. We landed at Prestwick, Scotland and were met by young Scotch lass-
es who were driving the large trucks supplying gasoline.

Again had to learn the new monetary exchange. Had our first meal in the British Isles. We had soup that could have been called or used for gravy, some delicious fish, buns, and some awful coffee.

Have seen the narrow roads and think them very nice. Have been in my first real blackout and this is a blackout. It's so dark that you bump into trees. We are housed in private homes. The home I am in, has a fire place in every room. The beds are high, somewhat similar to hospital beds. However, be what they may, it feels good to get in a good clean bed and home. Have been having a wonderful time here. The people are very nice to us in fact they think a pilot is just worth his weight in gold. The wait-resses in the Hotel where we eat are just crazy about us because, of course, we are such heavy tippers.

As we landed here the women who work on the gasoline trucks all asked us for American candy and chewing gum, and being that I brought a lot of gum and chocolate bars I did give them some. In town the children run after American Officers and ask if they have any chewing gum.

I bought a nice pair of oxford shoes in Scotland for 23 Shillings, which is a Pound and three shillings or equivalent to four dollars and sixty cents in American money.

I have gone on a couple of "Pub crawls" as they call it here, but in plain English we went to all their beer parlors. Have been having my daily afternoon tea and tarts. I bought a bottle of rum and two bottles of scotch but it did not last long, as I had many helpers at the Hotel.

5 December 42

Went to a movie this afternoon.

People in the States just don't realize what a war or a blackout is. You must be here to gain the full effect. People here are lucky to have a few pieces of meat during the week. They are allowed two pints of milk per week and no gasoline at all. There are hardly any men left here in Scot-land. They are all in the service, only those 68 years old and up are around. They work in the factories manufacturing munitions and other war needs. But they show no defeat. They freeze in their homes because they have nothing to heat their homes with. Everything you buy you must have ration tickets for. It seems very unusual to see a food store without a long line standing in the rain and cold, waiting for their turn to buy something to eat. With all

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the discomforts that these people have they still manage to smile and laugh. They tell me that things in England are the same. Well, I expect to leave here tomorrow after breakfast and have dinner in Norwich, England, which is about 80 miles Northeast of London.

Sent home money order for \$400.00 which was my per diem for my flight from the States to Scotland via the Arctic route. I still have much more per diem coming.

Went to a dance tonight and had a wonderful time, even though all you could drink was soda.

I only hope that someday I will be able to return home to all my loved ones and be able to tell where I have been, what I have seen and things I have done. I know that this is just the beginning and that I am in store for much more.

6 December 42

Had a nice breakfast, wrote a letter to mother. Gee, but I miss her. Well, we are taking all our clothes to the plane as we are scheduled to take off soon for England. See you later.

Same Day --- but two hours later.

We just landed at our base a few miles from Norwich, England. Had a nice trip and saw most of England from the air and liked it very much. The farms all looked so neat, very much unlike ours. The buildings and canals are just as I read they would be. I will never forget these scenes and sights. Since I have left Iceland I have never seen so many ships or convoys! Only now, do I realize what a huge amount of ships are needed to supply this little island. We had to alter our course a few times to go around these convoys because they shoot and then ask questions afterwards and far be it from me to be asking for lead pellets. I'll soon be getting enough of it.

Today I have been happier than I have been throughout this trip. There were seven letters waiting for me. It has been the first time I have heard from home in 70 days. This mail has been here about five weeks waiting for me. The rest has been sent to my new base in Africa.

After dinner we went to a briefing and were told that we were to fly from England to Africa. This flight was to take place in the daytime, a distance of 1,300 miles. We are to fly just above the water along the coast of France and Spain and Portugal into the continent of Africa. The exact location I, as yet, do not know but will write down as soon as I do. I will leave here and fly somewhere to Southern England and from there to Africa. On this trip we all expect to encounter enemy fighters. Let them come, as they are due for a helluva surprise. At this briefing we were told the art of escape and where to head to. We are to be given large sums of money of all lands we are to fly over or near. We were told how to act during an escape. Very interesting.

Tonight I answered two letters, one to Mother and one to Lillian Sakul. Their letters were very cheering, a real pick me up. I would have written

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more but had no more "V" mail blanks. Hope to get some tomorrow and will write more.

When we get to Africa the "Jerries" are sure going to catch a helluva beating.

I guess I'll put some more coal in my stove so that I can keep warm all night, because it really is cold in my room.

I would give a million to have my clothes cleaned. Have been doing my own laundry, not because I wanted to, but because I had to.

This base was bombed about three weeks ago, but no damage was done. The bomb just made a crater in the ground. Guess this is all for tonight.

7 December 42.

Did not arise till 11:00 A.M. Dressed but did not wash, because there is no water except at the mess hall which is quite a way from here. So I took my bike, went to the mess hall, washed, had my dinner then took a ride to my airplane. On the way, I saw Lt. Timmerman's cracked up ship. Then went over to take a look at the ship Lt. Carver cracked up when he came in for a landing the day before yesterday. After that I returned to my room, fixed my fire and wrote a couple of letters. After this I went to the Officers' Club, and there we were told we could not go to town tonight because we are on the alert. So I returned to the room, read a little, and in the evening a few hours after supper I returned to the club for a few drinks, listened to some stories about the Nazi bombing of this base, and returned again to my room. Here we roasted canned Spam which we brought with us from the U.S. and ate it with U.S. crackers. I also drank a few Coca-Colas which we also brought with us from the States. The Spam was very good. We also had a glass of cream cheese. Then we heard some American music from the States and we all did some reminiscing of how we would like to be home with our wives or girl friends. When you hear music from home or even radio programs you always think of the loved ones back home.

Lts. Green and Schick just went down to the mess hall and swiped some cake, one gallon of hot chocolate, some cups, spoons, and a large cup of sugar and we had a wonderful time eating all this.

10:30 P.M. Just listened to Lord Haw-Haw and what a pack of lies he slings. He never talks of German reverses.

Guess I will end this writing for tonight. Good night. I'll probably freeze all night as I only have two blankets, and three cushions for a mattress.

8 December 42.

Had breakfast at 8:00 A.M. this morning. Consisted of sausages, bacon and powdered eggs. Went to the airplane after breakfast got out some more canned food that I had packed away.

If I stay here for a few more days I think I will change shirts. It's about time. I have had this one on since 2 October 42, and it stands up in a corner all by itself. My trousers are the same way. They are so damn stiff

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I almost have to use a hammer to fold them up at night.

I have done quite a bit of walking today looking for my bike; some one walked off with it during the night.

Guess I'll go into town tonight. Maybe have some English ale and scotch.

9 December 42.

Arose this morning with a big head. Guess I did too much walking in the blackout because the Scotch couldn't have been so effective. Didn't do too much today. Had some fun chasing around in a "Jeep" all afternoon. Went out and got some coal for my stove.

Dressed and at five P.M. went to Norwich. This town has had more damage done by bombing per capita than London. The town is practically levelled to the ground. We are only five hundred miles away from Berlin, so you can see the reason for it. Well, this evening I was very conservative with my drinking. I had about seven scotch and sodas, and about four beers then I went to the Sampson ballroom and did some dancing. It's funny that these English girls here cannot dance worth a damn and yet they try to tell us we cannot dance. The irony of the thing is that they play American music and try to dance American dances. To dance with most of them you need a lot of patience and a truck to push them around. One girl I danced with couldn't dance a step either of the Waltz or Fox-trot, however she said she could Jitter-Bug, so knowing a little Jitter-Bug I said, "O.K., let's change from whatever you are trying to dance to Jitterbug." Well, we started and when she started I thought she had a convulsion or St. Vitus' dance. I just could not stand it any longer. I began to laugh and walked off the floor. She asked me what was the matter and I told her that I turned my ankle.

We had quite a bit of fun last night with a few of our boys. It seems that Ken Johnson was going to stay in town with Green, Wilson and Schick and Whiteman. Well, seeing that I had to be back at the base to take over guard duties at two in the morning, I could not stay after twelve. However, Johnson and I made the rounds of the town. At the bar in the Bell Hotel, Johnson asked Whiteman what their room number was and Hank told him, #35, so Johnson assuming it was in the Bell Hotel said "O.K." I'll see you fellows there." So off we went. Well, about 10:30 Ken told me he was going to bed, so we bid each other good night.

At about 11:30 I was coming by the Bell Hotel to meet my transportation back to the base when I ran into Johnson. He said, "Boy, was I in a jam." And I said, "What happened?" "Well, its like this", Ken says, "I went up to room #35, took the twin beds and moved them together so when Green and Wilson come up they can jump right in bed, took off all my clothes and tossed them all over the room, put a pence (penny) into the gas meter, lit the gas for heat, put the lights out and went to bed. Well, about eleven o'clock or a little after, someone opens the door. Thinking it was Green or Wilson, I just lay there, but when they put the lights on, I saw that it was a man and his wife." They, of course, asked Ken what he was doing there in their room. Being very upset about it, they immediately left to see the manager. Johnson

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in the meantime dressed hurriedly and disappeared and that was when I met him on the street. We have been kidding him all day today.

Well, I returned to the Base, changed my clothes, took my revolver and went to the Mess Hall to see if I could get a bite to eat before I began my duties. Upon my arrival at the Mess Hall I found the doors open but no one around so I walked around to the stock room and no one was there. On the shelves of this stock room were packed all kinds of canned goods, so I looked it over and took a six pound can of Swift's Pork lunch meat and drove my "Jeep" back to my room and then went to the Intelligence Office to watch over all the secret data. After I was relieved at six A.M., I went to the Mess Hall again, got a loaf of bread and a plate of butter and just about half hour ago I fried some of this meat on my stove. It really was delicious.

I went up to my plane this noon and found that my left shock strut was down so I went around to one of the hangars and brought an air compressor and raised the strut, because I understood we were taking off for a new Base tomorrow. I'll be glad when we get out of this hole. In fact I'll be glad when I eventually land my plane at a field in Morocco, North Africa.

10 December 42.

Left our Base at Hardwick and landed at our new Base in England, called Hethel which is only about ten minutes flight (2300) from Hardwick. This Base, like the Base at Hardwick, has no running water in the rooms. We must go to the Mess Hall where they have about twenty wash tubs and about the same number of showers.

These English Soldiers are all rationed on food. However, when we came in they received all the food they wanted because our men are fed on food from the U.S.A., so naturally they ate with us. We don't mind that so much, but the damn fools steal our meats and everything else they can and try to feed us just as little as they can. Our Colonel Hunter raised some hell about it, so they have temporarily cut it out.

There isn't anything you can do here in town. It seems that everything closes at 9:00 P.M., so the only thing a fellow can do is drink till then and return to the Base to sleep, get up in the morning and do the same.

13 December 42.

Tonight, I have to spend the night in the Intelligence Office on guard, so that means tomorrow afternoon I'll do some sleeping. Tomorrow, since its my birthday I think I'll go to town and do some celebrating.

I guess I'll end this for tonight and go to the Officers' Club for a while. Just left the theater on the post. Saw the picture entitled the "Black Falcon". As we left, a German plane was flying overhead, but no bombs were dropped.

14 December 42.

From this date till the 19th of December there wasn't too much doing. Have been through most of the town of Norwich and have visited the old Castle

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which dates back to 1030. Also the Norwich Cathedral, which was built about the same time. This cathedral is really something to see --- it is a massive structure, with beautiful Holy figures in colored glass. All the pews are hand carved. It was originally a Norman Cathedral. Saw all the bomb ruins; these were really horrible; buildings and homes leveled to the ground. One whole street in a residential area is completely demolished. Two hundred people lost their lives in this bombing. However, outside of this bombing a fellow hardly knows that there is a war. Every now and then a German raider comes over. However, the damage usually is very slight because they are in such a hurry to get away that not much accuracy can be attained. Britain, now with the Allied planes, has air superiority.

The streets of Norwich and other towns plus their highways are very narrow. They are just wide enough for two of the little English cars to pass. There are a few highways wide enough for large trucks to pass, but very few. In the towns there are some roads so narrow that one little English car can barely pass thru. The sidewalks here are about three feet wide, the result being people walk on the streets. It is very common to be bumped and knocked down by bicycles.

The English people seem to think we Americans are backward, but if they only knew how far behind time they are, they certainly would hide their faces in shame. They think we dance very funny. Well, they themselves dance like the people in the States danced twenty years ago. Old time waltzes and such. As a rule, the people are nice to us, but every now and then you bump into some smart aleck like I did on two occasions and in both instances these certain two people almost lost their teeth. This, of course, might happen anywhere.

Many of the streets in these towns are still of cobble stones. When in town, you can always tell if you are near a butcher shop or fish store, because you can smell them miles away. As far as food, and preparing meals, the English are very unclean. They think nothing of leaving dishes for days. The Hotels are very much unlike ours. There is no central heating. Each room has a fire place and wash bowl. There is one bath-tub for every floor. They close the doors at 10:30 P.M., and those arriving after that must ring for the caretaker. You do not lock your doors, there are no phones in the rooms. Each floor has a maid so if you need anything you ring a buzzer. There are no shoe shine places, in fact they are unheard of.

Labor is very much under control by the higher class. To me it seems that the same system of serfdom still exists. From my talks with the people of England there is certainly going to be some sort of an upheaval after this war. England was not prepared to fight any type of a war when she was blitzed so terribly by the Germans. We, in Pearl Harbor, were prepared one hundred percent better than England thought of being. The English didn't even have but one or two Squadrons of airplanes. The result being the Germans did as they wanted, there was no anti-aircraft protection at all. All that there was, was a lot of boasting by the British. And yet they have nerve to talk of our Pearl Harbor incident. The English soldiers and Officers are greatly

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dissatisfied with the pay situation. The people are disgusted with the class system and I don't blame them because it is terrible. The Canadian boys and all the others are looking forward to America to give them some sort of a square deal after the war. These British Officers seem to pick a lot of holes in everything we do. We just laugh because they don't know how funny they are to us. I am writing just notes so that I can elaborate later.

20 December 42.

Lieutenant Colonel Hunter, Major Bower, Major Hoover, Major Hinman, Captain Wilder, Lieutenant Draemel and I took off from Hethel field and 2½ hours later landed at St. Eval. St. Eval is situated on the South Western point of England. From here we are to escort twelve pursuit ships apiece to Oran, French Morocco, a thirteen hundred mile trip along the coast of France, Portugal, Spain and the straits of Gibraltar.

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THE 381ST BEGINS OPERATIONS

Nine Mitchell Bombers, twenty-three Officers and one hundred forty-nine Enlisted Men had arrived at Telergma by 21 December 1942. The Squadron was now prepared to begin operations. Other Squadrons of the Group had already participated in 7 missions. On one occasion, Lts. Pickett, Myers and Gollnitz flew with them, but as yet no 381st planes had taken off. From 23 December onward, missions were scheduled for each day. Each day, the crews would be briefed and alerted. The time for the take off would be advanced hourly, and then each mission would be cancelled. Weather, again, was frustrating the efforts of the 381st. If it wasn't the weather at Telergma, which was usually foul, it would be the weather over the prospective target which would cause the cancellation of the mission. The 17th Bomb Group, which was also stationed at Telergma, was experiencing the same difficulty in getting it's B-26's off on missions. The only exception to the weather's wrath seemed to be the C-47's of the Ferry Command. These ships, bringing in food and supplies, seemed capable of navigating in any weather and of landing on any field; even Telergma's, which was slimy with mud and covered with innumerable puddles. As many as forty C-47's in one formation were seen to land one at a time, unload supplies, and take off again, while their P-40 escort circled in the skies above.

The wait was tedious for everyone. The elaborate homes which had been built on the third and fourth day after arrival had been ordered torn down on the fifth day. There was practically nothing to do but huddle around fires, drinking coffee, and cooking eggs which had been purchased from the Arabs. Climatic conditions made everyone most uncomfortable.

Christmas day arrived. It was cold and clear, and the ground and all the tents were covered with a heavy white frost. A few Christmas Carols had been sung the night before, but the spirit was not there, and the voices died away without an echo. In the morning Protestants attended Divine Services in a large tent on the Base, while the Catholics heard Mass in Telergma's tiny Church, filling it to overflowing. Unfortunately contact with mail service had not been established, so there were no letters, and no packages. There were, however, cigarettes, candy, toilet articles and tangerines to be had in the Orderly Room. A few bottles of chalkey red wine found their way into the pup tents and were passed around, but there was not enough to do much good. The Cooks are the ones who really deserve the credit for coming to the rescue of the Christmas Spirit that day. Although lacking the flavor of having been prepared by loving hands, the dinner which they served deserves the highest commendation. Working under most adverse conditions, they

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assembled a menu which included a lettuce salad; turkey, complete with stuffing and roasted to a turn; fluffy white mashed potatoes with giblet gravy; golden colored sweet potatoes; large green peas; and white French bread. For dessert, they served canned pears and Christmas candy. A Christmas tree near the mess line, decorated with bits of cellophane and tin produced the final touch.

At last, on 30 December 42, the first mission involving 381st planes was finally accomplished. The Combat Crews were briefed, as usual, but the time for the take off was not advanced, and they went to their planes at the appointed hour. Personnel of all the Group gathered on a warehouse platform beside the field, listening to the motors warming up and then watched the planes take off one by one, circle the field, gather in formation, and head toward Tunisia, rapidly growing smaller and smaller until they were tiny black dots which suddenly disappeared into the blue of the sky.

No mission was scheduled for the next day, 31 December 42. Excitement over the mission of the previous day had not as yet died down. Principal item of conversation regarding it was the flock of birds which Lt. Alexander had run into with the plane he was piloting, and that plane's resultant consignment to the "bone yard". Besides this conversation, there was considerable talk about moving, as it had been announced without previous rumor that the entire Group would move next day to a field called Berteaux, which was East of Telergma about six or eight miles.

That night, New Year's Eve, was a little more cheerful than Christmas Eve had been. Contact had been made with a wine merchant who was able to supply "vino" in sufficient quantity to cause a perceptible lifting in the holiday spirit. At Midnight, the New Year was greeted with volleys of rifle shot, and bursts of fire from Tommy Guns.

According to schedule, every man dismantled his home next morning, and stuffed it into his barracks bag along with the rest of his worldly possessions. This accomplished, everyone stood in little groups around fires and discussed the impending move. Two trucks from each Squadron shuttled back and forth between Telergma and Berteaux, delivering men and equipment. By 1700 hours, the Group was established at Berteaux.

A mission to Tunis Docks took place that day. It was the third mission for the Squadron, and the ninth for the Group. They landed after this mission at Berteaux, their new field. The rest of the planes had been flown over during the day.

In the days before the War, there had been an agricultural college near the tiny village of Berteaux. Into this the Group moved. The buildings of

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the College were arranged about two large court yards. A two story stucco administration building dominated the first court, the other three sides of which were enclosed by a long stone live stock barn, and by two large stone sheds under which agricultural machinery had once been sheltered. In the center of this court stood an elaborate rabbit hutch, which was crowned with a dove cote. The second court, the smaller of the two, was enclosed by buildings which had been a machine shop, a grain warehouse, and another building which contained several apartments which were used as living quarters.

Surrounding these buildings were groves of fir trees. Under these trees, the personnel pitched their pup-tents. The combat crews, though, had moved into one of the barns --- which still contained some of its original inhabitants --- horses, cows, sheep, goats, chickens and a few mules. These animals had been hidden in the mountains during the German occupation and had but recently been returned home.

The Officers took up quarters on the second floor of the Administration Building while the Command Section, Personnel and the Intelligence Department moved into the first floor. Lt. Col. Hunter, Chaplain Poynton and the four Squadron Commanders moved into one half of the apartment building in the small court yard, the other half being occupied by the dispensary.

The weather at Berteaux seemed better. Located in a slight depression surrounded by low rolling hills, it was not as windy as Telergma. Sometimes, when the sun was out, it became almost warm. The ground was sandy, and when it rained, there was not too much mud.

Construction of an Air Base out of an Agricultural College was not a quick task. The runways had been constructed before the Group arrived, but otherwise it was necessary to begin from scratch. Everything was there, the empty buildings and all the equipment and supplies, but assembling these things, and arranging them so as to create an operating Air Base, was to be quite a job.

The first thing to go up was a Group Mess. For dinner the first night, the Cooks served genuine fresh beef hamburgers. Things were looking up. The next day at noon, there was a tremendous mail call --- lots of Christmas boxes, and Christmas cards, but best of all, lots of letters from home.

1st Lt. Pemberton and 2nd Lt. Wigger arrived from Tafaroui on 2 January 43. They had landed at Algiers enroute, and the weather had benevolently kept them there for three days, while they had a wonderful time. During the first three weeks of January, 13 Officers and ten Enlisted Men of the Flight Echelon reported for duty.

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About the middle of January, it was announced that a certain number of Enlisted Men from each Squadron would go into town for the purpose of bathing. These trips were to be compulsory. Accordingly, next morning three G.I. trucks, loaded to the tail gates, rolled out of Berteaux toward the highway leading into Constantine. Upon reaching town, they drove thru winding and twisting streets, until they arrived in front of a building which had "Douche Municipal" written above its door. Inside, the four walls of the soldier filled room were lined with doors, and behind each door was a tiny shower room, permitting just enough space in which to undress. One's clothes had to hang on the wall, where they too, were exposed to the shower. In order to produce a flow of water, it was necessary to keep a chain pulled down. The water was extremely hot, and there was no method by which the temperature could be controlled. The privilege of using the shower incurred an obligation of 10 Francs, plus a tip for the attendant.

After the shower, the next move was to a barbershop, where the barbers usually gave a shave with cold water and a dull razor, and then made the customer wash his own face, also with cold water.

Having thus spent several hours attending to the details of cleanliness, eating became the next item on the list. Soldiers being forbidden to eat in restaurants because of the food shortage, the restaurateurs discovered a way of maintaining their new and large clientele. Almost any urchin on the street was able to lead the way to a private apartment where a dinner, prepared by a restaurant and distributed privately, could be obtained. These dinners consisted of cold roast chicken, French fried potatoes, fried eggs, French bread and wine or beer. A fabulous price was charged, usually about 200 or 300 francs, which amounted to between \$4.00 and \$6.00 per person. Later on, when the Red Cross arrived, it established a restaurant for servicemen, where an excellent, though not so abundant meal could be had for 10 francs.

Sightseeing --- inspecting Constantine's historic fragments of gaping at the tremendous canyon which slices through the city's center --- or shopping for souvenirs in it's exotic little shops usually occupied the rest of the day. At 04:00 the G.I.'s were poured into the trucks and rolled back home.

On 15 January 43, the Rear Detachment of the Air Echelon arrived, with Lts. Mason and Horrocks, and 24 Enlisted Men, Lt. Cawse-Morgon in command. Their trip to Telergma was quite similar to the trip which the Ground Echelon had made from Casablanca. It was rugged, but despite the inconveniences, it was loads of fun. The food which Lt. Mason had purloined at Oran kept all stomachs happily full, even though the menu resembled a Hollywood Diet, as most of the rations were canned fruit.

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One day while enroute, the Mess Car caught on fire. The train was in a station at the time, and the Cooks were preparing a feast of coffee and the only ration of Irish Stew. Sgt. Joseph A. Czajka was pouring petrol into the stove burner, and accidentally spilled some, which immediately ignited. The clothing of Czajka and a cook from the 379th Echelon caught fire. The 379th cook jumped off the car and Czajka, ignorant that his own clothes were burning, jumped off and started to chase him. Malloy started to chase Czajka, but was intercepted by a Frenchman, who beat out Czajka's fire while Czajka smothered the 379th Cook's flames. In the meanwhile, Lt. Mason was putting the fire out inside the car by smothering it with shelter halves. While thus engaged, another Frenchman jumped in and began pulling the shelter halves off the fire and throwing them outside just as fast as Lt. Mason could put them on, thus allowing the conflagration to start again. Lt. Mason began to cuss in pure Anglo-Saxon, as he didn't speak French, and, at the same moment, he grabbed the Frenchman by the collar and the seat of his pants, and caused him to leave the car suddenly, like a bullet in its flight. A minute later, Malloy jumped back in the car, and he and Lt. Mason began to pitch things off --- cases of rations, water cans, stoves, and petrol cans, one of which hit an Arab boy without even fazing him. About ten minutes after they finally put the fire out, the local fire department arrived. It consisted of one very excited Frenchman with a chemical fire extinguisher. Bursting into the car, he proceeded to spray everything in sight, even the Irish Stew, which so far, had not been endangered. They didn't waste much time with him --- he also went out on his derrier. The Irish Stew, now being ruined, had to be disposed of, so the personnel sat down to a dinner of canned grapefruit, while the train crew detached the smouldering Mess Car. From then on, trouble reigned in the Mess Department. The Engineer had promised 2 hour layovers for the preparation of each meal, but would immediately start the train again as soon as all of the equipment for preparing the meal had been put on the station platform, with a result that it all had to be thrown back in the cars again. It didn't matter too much, however, as there were only two more meals to be eaten aboard the train, and the only uneaten rations were canned peaches.

When they arrived at Telergma late on the afternoon of 15 January 43, they found a fleet of G. I. trucks waiting to take them to Berteaux. Not having been able to shave during the trip, everybody was wearing foliage of various sizes, shapes and dimensions. Lt. Mason's was perhaps the most picturesque. Covering his entire face, it had grown to a length of approximately 1-1/4 inches. The beard had been carefully trimmed, and the moustache was meticulously twirled on each end. Inasmuch as moustache wax was not available, it is rumored that the Lieutenant was using Kee-Wee shoe polish to keep it in shape. With a pistol belt and holster slung around his middle, he looked remarkably like a picture Bret Hart might have drawn of a California desperado when the Wild West was young.

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In January there were several Officer promotions. Captain Ferguson the Squadron Commander being promoted to Major, the Group Chaplain, Father Walter J. Poynton, O. Carm., being promoted to Captain and 2nd Lieutenants Abplanalp and Campbell being promoted to 1st Lieutenant. On the 13th and 31st of January there were also promotions for the Enlisted Men, which created 1 M/Sgt., 6 T/Sgts., 10 S/Sgts., 16 Sgts., 16 Cpls., and 2 Pfc's.

During January, the Squadron participated in 16 Combat Missions, and dropped 80,760 pounds of bombs on enemy targets. All of our planes returned to the base safely. S/Sgt. D. G. Windham, Jr., shot down 1 Me-109 and damaged another.

During the first few weeks at Berteaux the feverish work necessary to establish an Air Base had necessarily prevented the organization from any recreational facilities for either Officers or Enlisted Men. There was no Day Room, or similar place to gather, so that the men had but two choices as to how to spend their time after the sun went down; namely, stay outside and freeze, or crawl into their pup tents and go to sleep.

Behind the Dispensary stood a small and roofless Arab hut, built of loose stone slabs cemented together with mud. This, the Chaplain chose as the site for his office. Canvas was spread across the top of the walls for a roof. Boards and a few loose bricks were used by the Chaplain's assistant, Cpl. Ted Kroes, to construct a floor, and S/Sgt. Rudy Glasier, of Headquarters, typifying one of the many G.I. inventions made a really efficient stove from a 5 gallon can, using 6 or 8 "Spam" cans soldered together for a chimney. The room was furnished with an improvised altar made of boards and covered with spare shelter halves, at which Father said morning Mass. Father's field desk stood beside the stove. The rest of the room was furnished with "frag" boxes. Some of these were used as bookcases for Father's collection of books and magazines, and the rest were used as benches. One light globe furnished light. When the lack of a gathering place was brought to the Chaplain's attention, he immediately threw his office open to all who wished to congregate there. In the evenings after chow the tiny room, whose dimensions were roughly 12 x 15 feet, filled up rapidly, until every available space had been occupied. Father's portable radio provided music and the news broadcast from Algiers. Thousands of letters home were written in that room. Father usually kept a large basket filled with tangerines, ready for anyone to help himself. When the crowd thinned out around 2100 hours, those remaining would fry or scramble eggs on the little stove. The Chaplain's little office, always popular, became even more popular as the weather grew colder. Finally the Chaplain, together with the Special Service Officer, Lt. Leon Karosen, began negotiations which were to result in a recreation center, the like of which there was no duplicate in all of Algeria.

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At the beginning of February, an Officers' Club was established in two of the smaller rooms of the Headquarters Building. Facilities for serving beer and whiskey were installed. Sheet metal workers labored for several days in one of the rooms, constructing a bar from odds and ends of metal. In the other of the two rooms, chairs were improvised from the metal reinforcements used in packing the tail fins of bombs. In the evenings following the Grand Opening, the Officers gathered there in force. Usually they furnished their own amusement, but sometimes they were able to find entertainment in the person of Enlisted Men with string instruments or accordians. On these occasions, the sound of their voices rang clear and loud across the fields, wafting the melodies of such songs as "The Beer Barrel Polka", or "Sweet Adeline", as the occasion demanded.

About 5 February 43, two photographers from Life Magazine appeared at the Base, and during the next few days, proceeded to shoot everything in sight with their cameras --- the chow line; the Arabs; the Buildings; tents; and personnel. Their favorite subject was the Group's personnel, and their favorite backgrounds for these pictures were the capitals and pedestals of ancient stone columns, a collection of which stood in the courtyard in front of Headquarters Building.

Movies having become available, Lt. Gilbert Ballance, the P. X. Officer, arranged to show them in the covered area way between the two courtyards, where the Group Mess was located. The first picture to be shown was "I Married an Angel", with Jeanette McDonald and Nelson Eddy. It was a grand success. The area way was packed. All entrances had been covered with canvas to conceal light, the mess equipment had been put out of the way, and tables and benches had been moved in to be used as seats. That night, three performances in all were given to three enthusiastic and closely packed audiences and an announcement was made to the effect that henceforth pictures would be shown twice weekly.

On 10 February, two events of major importance occurred. First, the Group Commander, Lt. Col. Hunter, changed his insignia of rank for the Eagles of a Full Colonel, and second, it snowed. A few days previously, the weather had taken a turn for the worse. Each day the temperature dropped, until noon on the tenth, when fluffy white flakes of snow began to sift down from a slate gray sky. And it was cold. When the snow stopped falling a steady wind began to blow, making it seem even colder. The cooks pulled a real boner that day --- after weeks of having served hot tea for lunch, they decided, for reasons which could best be understood by an Infinite Diety, to serve cold lemonade at an hour when the storm was at it's height.

After several days the weather lifted again. Quite often on clear nights, the Air Raid Bell would sound, sending everyone scurrying for his slit trench. One night, an enemy plane dropped some flares about 10 miles to the East, in

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the vicinity of the B-17 field. It then spent quite a few minutes circling Berteaux before departing. On another night, the 428th area was buzzed by a plane which is believed to have been a German pursuit ship. No bombs were dropped during either of these alerts.

Officer promotions in February elevated 1st Lts. Alexander, Eddy, Green and Pickett to the rank of Captain, while 2nd Lts. Collins, Gollnitz, Katzenbach, Myers and Schick became 1st Lts. Promotions of Enlisted Men produced 1 M/Sgt., 7 T/Sgts., 7 S/Sgts., 9 Sgts., 8 Cpls., and 8 Pfc's.

More of the Air Echelon straggled in from England. On the 13th, Lts. Kearns and Rouch, with 4 Enlisted Men, and on the 27th, Lts. Marlow and Wert with five Enlisted Men.

The Squadron had been engaging in missions quite frequently without having had any serious accidents since the Squadron was formed. On 8 February 43, two planes, piloted by Lts. Cox and Crump were the first 381st planes to be brought down by enemy action. On that day, the mission to Gabes Airdrome, a reputedly hot target, included three 381st planes. Of these, Lt. Linden's plane was the only one of the three to return. Then, in rapid succession, the Squadron lost three more ships and crews on low Sea Sweeps. Lt. Atkinson and his crew failed to return on February 22nd and the following day Capt. Eddy, Lt. Martin and their crews crash landed into the sea. Major Ferguson flew as Observer, Lt. Katzenbach as Navigator and Capt. Pickett as Bombardier with Capt. Eddy. Thus, the 381st lost it's Squadron Commander, it's flight leader, it's Squadron Navigator and Squadron Bombardier. During the nine months while in command of the 381st, Major Ferguson had witnessed it's evolution from an unwieldy conglomeration of rookies into a fighting force strong enough to deal telling blows against a clever and vigorous enemy.

Major Ivan Leonard Ferguson was born at Merced Falls, California on 2 August 18. Facts concerning his career prior to joining the Army are not available. He was commissioned a 2nd Lt. in the Air Corps Reserve on 12 July 41. Prior to commanding the 381st, he spent two months as an Airplane Commander on submarine patrol flying out of Jacksonville and Miami Florida. He was promoted to the rank of 1st Lt. on 1 March 42, and assumed command of the 381st when he arrived at Columbia Army Air Base on 20 June 42.

Captain Alpheus Wray White was appointed Squadron Commander of the 381st on 23 February 43. Capt. White graduated from North Carolina State College in June 1937, with a degree of Bachelor of Science in Civil Engineering, and entered the United States Military Academy at West Point. He graduated in 1941 with the rank of 2nd Lieutenant. On 1 March 42, he was promoted to 1st Lieutenant. Entering the 310th as Squadron Commander of the 379th Squadron on 15 June 42, he became a Captain on 12 August 42.

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The first detachment of the Group's Rear Echelon arrived via C-47 on 28 February and additional detachments arrived on the two following days. In all, the 381st personnel numbered three Officers and seventy-five Enlisted Men who were under the command of 2nd Lt. Oliver E. Fayard, Jr. They had been having a high old time of it on the beach at Casablanca, where they had been stationed since January 26, 1943, when they disembarked from the convoy which had brought them to Africa. After the Ground Echelon's departure from Greenville, the Rear Echelon had been transferred to Camp Kilmer at New Brunswick, New Jersey, about thirty miles from New York City. Inasmuch as they were there over the holidays, and passes were liberally given, conclusions can very easily be drawn as to what kind of a time they had. Their arrival at Berteaux brought the Squadron's personnel together for the first time in six months.

Enemy planes shot down in February are as follows: S/Sgt. Donald J. Daly is credited with one Ju-52, S/Sgt. Quentin W. Thomas, one Ju-52, and Sgt. Albert Hughes, one Me-109-E. Sixteen missions by the 381st delivered 37,760 pounds of bombs to the Axis during February.

In describing the arrival of March, the proverbial axiom that it either comes in like a lion or goes out like a lamb, did not hold, as the weather continued to be cold and windy, with frequent showers which kept the ground perpetually damp and soggy. Very few missions were flown because of the weather, and also because the Combat Crews were sent away for a rest.

One morning in the second week of March a fleet of C-47's departed from Berteaux, with all of the 310th's Combat Crew members who had participated in 5 or more missions. They were bound for a rest camp high in the mountains of Morocco, near the Sultan's summer palace.

Besides the luxury of bedrooms with private baths and running water, the rest camp, which was formerly one of the best summer Hotels in North Africa, had many large public rooms, and lots of amusements. The food was strictly G.I., but a clever French cook disguised it with almost complete success. Diversions were plentiful: bicycle riding, boar hunting, trout fishing and trips into Fez and Meknes daily by bus.

In about ten days the combat crews arrived back at Berteaux much refreshed and ready to fly again.

First Lieutenants Campbell and Kindar were promoted to Captains, and Second Lieutenant Goyer was promoted to First Lieutenant. First Lieutenant Eric O. Linden was transferred to the North African Training Command of the North West African Strategic Air Force. Stated more simply, he was transferred to Casablanca for the purpose of becoming an O.T.U. Instructor. Corporal Ralph Jones was also transferred.

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Answering a call from the 47th Wing for clerks to go on temporary detail, Corporal Jones departed one morning, heavily laden in the traditional manner. That was on the twelfth of the month. Finally, after he had been gone from the Squadron for about three weeks, word was received that, having been given a choice of returning to the Squadron, or of remaining with Wing, Jones had made a lamentable choice in favor of the latter. Why, nobody knew, and everyone was tired of guessing by the time they finally found out. One day while in Constantine, several Enlisted Men met Jones. He was in an exceedingly happy frame of mind, his natural good nature obviously having been enhanced by liberal applications of good Algerian wine (he would drink nothing but the best) which must have been given him by one of his newly found companions, as the thought of parting with even one centime is a process which would have caused the good Corporal profound mental anguish. "Why", he was asked, "did you forsake the 381st?" "Because", replied Corporal Jones, munching a candied date which had been profered by one of his questioners, "because of the Cuisine."

"Because of the what?"

Jones' answer was long and enthusiastic, each point being illustrated with gestures, in the manner of an excited Frenchman. He outlined the perfections of Wing's Mess --- perfections the chief virtues of which were their ability to satiate his colossal appetite. Among other advantages which he went on to enumerate, were pyramidal tents which were furnished with real beds, and the beds were equipped with sheets. (It has since been determined that the latter was an exaggeration). Frequent passes into Constantine were mentioned, and beautiful Madamoselles hinted at. Throughout the conversation, Colonels and other high ranking Officers were referred to --- apparently the Corporal was going places.

Finally, his friends were able to inject a question into the conversation. "What kind of a job did you get, Ralph?" "Oh!" he replied, as he turned to start down the street, "I'm a permanent K.P. in the Officers' Mess."

Thus one of the Squadron's most colorful and amusing characters had been seduced by luxury, and had forsaken his friends. No longer would his strident baritone split the silence of the Algerian night with the melody of "Amapola", or the bizarre eccentricities carefully perpetrated, amuse the entire personnel for days on end.

About the middle of the month, two more Combat crews flew in from England, in ships piloted by Lt. Carver and Lt. Coddington. Also, four new Combat crews arrived to take the place of those who were missing in action.

As a result of the efforts of the Chaplain and Lt. Karosen, a new Recreation Room and bar were opened for the Enlisted Men on the 19th of March. For

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some time they had been looking at the large grain warehouse which was the residence of the Combat crews. Upon consultation with Captain Cole, the Group Weather Officer, it was determined that despite the almost constant drizzle of rain, the worst of the bad weather was over, and it would be advisable for the Combat crews to sleep out of doors, in pyramidal tents. Within a few days the two large rooms of the grain warehouse were empty. The first decorations to appear were stencils on the wall, depicting Mitchells and Spitfires. Soon a bar was installed, with facilities for handling beer kegs. Next, tables and wicker chairs were purchased, and then a piano and radio. The entire project was a grand success. Two nights per week movies were shown, and on the other nights beer was served. Each Friday evening, the 209th Coast Artillery Band came to give a concert in the court yard. Afterwards, the "Jive" experts in the band would remain for a "Jam Session." The orchestra members, professional musicians in civilian life, could really dish it out. Their swing was delivered with a smooth expertness characteristic of only a few top name organizations. The audience really went wild when they beat out "One O'clock Jump", "In the Mood" or "Basin Street Blues." At nine o'clock, exhausted, they would pack their equipment and leave.

When the Combat Crews moved in pyramidal tents, the Officers did likewise, moving out of the upstairs portion of the Headquarters building. The large room which they had occupied was transformed into a new Officers' Club. The radio and the metal bar were moved in, and in addition, some tables and wicker chairs were secured. It was a very nice set-up as far as it's facilities were concerned, but the Enlisted Men's Recreation Room and Bar had far more to offer, especially the 209th Coast Artillery Jam Sessions on Friday nights. Finally the Officers began to learn what they had been missing, and thereafter the Jam Sessions for the Enlisted Men would end at 20:30 hours, and continue in the Officers' Club until the musicians became too exhausted to blow another note.

During March, the 381st engaged in nine missions, with a loss of one plane, Lt. Schrupp's, with a total of two Officers and three Enlisted Men. 32,400 pounds of bombs were dropped, and no Enemy A/C were shot down.

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The following commendation received with enthusiasm and appreciation by every member of the Group is self explanatory.

S E C R E T

HEADQUARTERS 47TH WING
APO 520

B: JCC/kfs

12 March 1943

SUBJECT: Commendation.

TO : Commanding Officer, 310th Bomb Group, New London.
Commanding Officer, 82nd Fighter Group, New Jersey.

1. The Wing Commander and Staff of the 47th Wing are exceptionally pleased to pass on the following message and are fully cognizant of the splendid work of you and your organizations:

"Reported results against shipping seven March are most excellent. My congratulations to all who participated."
(signed) SPAATZ.

"Desire to add my congratulations and appreciation."
(signed) DOOLITTLE.

By order of Colonel RIDENOUR:

/s/ J. C. Crosthwaite
J. C. CROSTHWAITE,
Colonel, Air Corps,
Chief of Staff.

1st Ind.

AGH/wjs

HQ, 310th Bomb Gp (M), AAF, New London, 17 March 1943. TO: All Personnel of Group Headquarters, 379th, 380th, 381st and 428th Bomb Squadrons (M), AAF

1. I am happy indeed to pass on to each and every member of this Command this commendation which you so justly deserve.

2. Your job has been a tough one, under adverse conditions and trying circumstances; but all of these have been met and overcome by your will to win regardless of such conditions or circumstances. For this I am extremely proud of each and everyone of you and happy to be a member of such an organization.

/s/ Anthony G. Hunter
ANTHONY G. HUNTER,
Colonel, Air Corps,
Commanding.

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April and Spring arrived almost simultaneously. The weather turned warm and wildflowers began to appear --- blood red poppies, yellow and white daisies, and a tremendous variety of other flowers of unknown species. They were a complete surprise, as the cold and wind of winter had completely removed all thoughts relative to wildflowers from everyone's mind.

Another complete surprise was the arrival, on 10 April, of a Red Cross field unit, complete with a strawberry blond and a beautiful brunette, who proceeded to set up equipment on the round stone table in front of the Headquarters building, from which they served coffee and doughnuts to the combat crews upon their arrival home from that day's mission. And that was only the beginning. Each mission thereafter, they were faithfully waiting. They not only dispensed coffee and doughnuts, but plenty of feminine charm and personality, a pleasant experience for all. The combat crews must have learned to look forward to these welcomes with tremendous anticipation. For the Officers and Enlisted Men who came over on the Queen Mary, these girls were the first American women they had talked to for almost eight months.

Several days later, a tent was set up in the rear of the Headquarters Building for the Red Cross, with all sorts of necessities to be distributed: Pocket sized novels, tooth brushes, V-Mail forms, cards, sewing kits, pocket combs and even model airplane construction kits.

The efforts of the Red Cross, the new Day Room, the variety shows, and the 209th Coast Artillery Jam Sessions, etc., created, at Bertheaux, probably the model American Air Base in all of North Africa. The cynics among both Officers and Enlisted Men concluded that such unaccustomed luxury was too strange to the 310th, and prophesied a movement to some place whose ruggedness would be more in keeping with 310th standards. When the optimists picked up these rumblings, they were twisted around into hot rumors, which contained delicious morsels of "authoritative" tips that we were about to go home. From then on out, a rash of rumors covered all activities, and each new event, regardless of its actual importance, was not only interpreted to be a confirmation of some previous rumor, but in turn gave birth to floods of newer rumors. Things went on to such an extent that Lt. Donald D. Horrocks was unofficially appointed Group Rumor Officer, in order to facilitate circulation of new born rumors, and to prevent repetition.

But the rumor mongers forgot that there was still a campaign to be finished, and after that, a war to be won. These stern facts became highlighted from time to time, as on 5 April, when 1st Lt. W. C. Jackson and his crew, 2nd Lt. G. J. Greenberg, T/Sgt. J. B. Caron, T/Sgt. F. R. LaPorte and S/Sgt. A. Hughes went down in action on a mission to Borizzo A/D, Sicily, and again on the 19th, when 1st Lt. A. G. Kearns, F/O M. M. Stone, 2nd Lt. J.F. Crouch, Jr., and S/Sgts. D. W. Elder and E. Moberg failed to return from the raid on La Sebala L/G, Tunisia.

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On the 14th and 16th, it was officially announced that the Italian Government was holding as prisoners of war the following 381st Officers and Enlisted Men, who had been missing in action. Captains Eddy and Pickett, 1st Lt. Katzenbach, 2nd Lt. Hawkins and S/Sgts. Schave and Taylor.

On the 18th of April, Major General Doolittle arrived at Berteaux, accompanied by other high ranking Officers and followed by representatives from the press and the Saturday Evening Post. They all watched the landing of the highly successful 36 plane mission which that day had bombed Porto Torres and Fertilia A/D in Sardinia. That evening a reunion was held in the Officer's Club to commemorate the first anniversary of the General's historic Tokio raid. Gathered there were all of the Officers that are in this area who had participated in that mission.

General Doolittle conferred the Silver Star upon Lt. Col., Frank H. Hills, the Base Commander, for heroic action in rounding up Arab spies during the early days of the African Campaign.

The next morning, after the General and his party had departed in a B-26, the news broadcast from London reported an announcement by the Japanese Government that some of the prisoners taken in the Tokio raid had been executed. This caused deep indignation to spread throughout the Group, as might well be expected.

After the Tokio celebration, the Spring weather was completely ruined by the arrival of a rainstorm, which stayed for several days. It was severe and intense, and came to a climax on Good Friday, 23 April. The sky had been cloudless, and the day balmy until the middle of the afternoon, when seven large thunder heads arranged themselves like pillars around the horizon. About four o'clock all hell broke loose. First, tremendous drops of rain, then flashes of lightning followed by deafening claps of thunder, after which silence for a moment. Then the sky really let loose, pelleting everything with an uninhibited shower of hail stones. It was terrific. The larger hail stones were almost the size of golf balls, and the smallest larger than ordinary marbles. They ripped pup-tents, broke windshields and raised bumps on unhelmeted heads. And when they ceased to fall, it began to rain, and rain very hard. When it was all over, Berteaux was under water to a depth of about six inches. The water began to drain off rather rapidly, pouring into all the lower spots of ground, and all the dug outs and slit trenches. Many of the Enlisted Men were completely flooded out of their pup-tents and had to seek refuge in the Day Room, or in the Officers' Club, until their possessions dried. Several people, wading through the water, stepped into flooded slit trenches and were completely immersed.

1st Lt. Melvin R. Rouch found the silver lining in the clouds by using his high I.Q. Obtaining two buckets, he began to gather hail as fast as it fell, and that evening, produced several bottles of iced champaign for his tent-mates.

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By Easter Sunday, Spring had burst forth again in all of it's glory. The services of both denominations were held in the Enlisted Mens' Day Room, which was decorated with calla lillies, roses and stock, which the Chaplain had arranged to have brought from Constantine. Music was supplied by string instruments under the direction of 1st Lt. Malloy Miller of Headquarters Squadron, who in civilian life was a member of the Denver Symphony Orchestra.

By the end of April, the new combat men, who had arrived on 2 April, had been completely assimilated into the Squadron. They are 2nd Lt. R. J. Forbes; Flight Officers N. A. Burt and H. A. Houghtaling; S/Sgts. W. H. Budde and J. Gawron; and Sgt. J. E. White.

There were no Officer promotions in April, but promotions for Enlisted Men caused new stripes to be worn as follows: 1 M/Sgt; 10 T/Sgts; 9 S/Sgts; 11 Sgts; 13 Cpls; and 5 P.F.C.'s.

During April, the Squadron engaged in 14 missions and dropped 84,240 pounds of bombs upon enemy objectives. Five Officers and five Enlisted Men were lost in action. Six enemy aircraft were shot down, as follows: 2 ME-109's, one by S/Sgt. S. T. Bowden, and the other jointly by S/Sgt. Paul Dees and Sgt. F. E. Miller. The following Enlisted Men bagged one Ju-52 each: S/Sgt. E. Moberg, S/Sgt. R. J. Walsh, Sgt. J. E. White, and Cpl. W. C. George.

On the second day of May the Squadron Commander, Captain White, was promoted to the rank of Major.

Also, on the second of May, word was received from the German Government that 1st Lt. Elwin F. Schrupp, Pilot; 2nd Lt. William F. Wigger, Co-pilot; and Sgt. Edwin N. Nelson, Radio-Gunner were being held as prisoners of war. They had been shot down on 12 March 43 while on a Sea Search off the Tunisian Coast. The communication did not mention S/Sgt. William (NMI) Follansbee, Bombardier, or Cpl. Robert R. Koehler, Gunner, the other members of the crew.

May turned out to be a momentous month. It's important events ranged in scale from the fall of Tunis and Bizerte to the serving of chocolate ice cream in the chow line. One point stands out above all others --- namely, the part which the 310th played in bombing the enemy into submission. Although there were no more than the average number of missions for the Squadron --- 15 --- or of flying hours --- 61½ --- the 381st alone dropped a total of 280,680 pounds of bombs on enemy objectives. This weight of bombs amounted to 45,520 pounds more than the total dropped by the Squadron during all of the previous five months it had been in operation.

And all of this bombing --- all of this Flying and "Keeping 'em Flying" which the combat crews and the ground crews of the 381st, the 310th and all of the Groups of the North West African Strategic Air Force, culminated in

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an announcement which was made on the night of Friday, 14 May 43. It was stated thus --- simply and clearly: "Boys --- Tunis has fallen!" The whole Group was gathered together in the court yard at the time, listening to the weekly program of the 209th Coast Artillery Jive Band. When the wild cheering died down, the Master of Ceremonies continued, "American Troops are fighting in the streets of Bizerte, and it's surrender is imminent." The rest of the Jam Session fell flat. The Victory of Tunisia --- the success of the immediate ends for which we had all been striving, was an event which deeply touched us all. It was the culmination of all of our efforts during the long months we had been in North Africa. It was a tribute to all of our men who had been sacrificed in action, and it was the beginning of the greater days to come, the days in which we, the men of the Air Corps will take part in the invasion and total destruction of Corporal Schickelgruber's "Fortress Europe."

The following press release is typical of the men of the Air Corps, and brings out the way the combat crews work together as a team. 1st Lt. Henry (Hank) B. Wightman tells the story, but he gives all the credit for the ship's safe return to his men --- he was only the Pilot in command.

FROM: Lt. Donald T. Sheehan, PRO
Hq., 47th Wing
APO 520, N.Y.

WITH MAJOR GENERAL DOOLITTLE'S STRATEGIC AIR FORCE....(May 10)-----

The safe return of the "Lorelei", a B-25 Mitchell, to her advanced Air Base here from Palermo, provides a modern aeronautical version of the "Leak in the Dike". It differs from the traditional yarn in a couple of important respects. It's locale is high in the sky and it has two heroes whose strong hands saved the situation.

Just the moment she pulled off the target, a flak burst rocked the ship. Pilot, Lt. Henry B. Wightman, Winchester, Mass., tried to pull back on the throttles and found that the cable from the propeller governor to the right engine had been severed. He also discovered the throttle cable to the left engine was in a similar condition.

It looked like either the ocean or lagging behind the rest of the formation and leaving themselves open for any enemy fighter that might come along.

He informed S/Sgt. Richard J. Walsh, 500 W. 135th St., New York City, of their plight. S/Sgt. Walsh, bombardier and former aviation engineer, knew what to do but he didn't have the required tools. First of all, he needed a Phillips screw-driver. Where he would find one, he had no idea. Unlike plumbers, the ground crew mechanics rarely leave their tools after a job. Rummaging around he found the desired implement, the only tool in the plane; providentially left

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there, was means for removing the panel covering the cables. He went to work. The planes speed was up enough so that there would be no trouble for about fifteen minutes.

The panel opened, S/Sgt. Walsh got a firm hold on the cables and called to the Co-Pilot, F/O Walter E. Cook, Graham, Texas, for instructions. Aided by the latter via their interphone communication system, S/Sgt. Walsh worked the cables.

Turret-gunner S/Sgt. Francis J. Fox, Hamilton, Mass., stood by ready to fill in when his buddy tired. When that occurred he went to his aid, took over the manual operation of the cables, and gave S/Sgt. Walsh a much deserved rest.

S/Sgt. Lloyd G. Porter, Jr., New Iberia, La., the radio operator, was also standing by for an emergency of this kind. So he set his radio at the frequency necessary for an SOS to the Air Sea Rescue Service, should they land in the ocean, and climbed into the turret gunner's position to ward off enemy fighters.

With F/O Cook doing the directing, and S/Sgts. Walsh and Fox alternating on the cables they made home along with the rest of the formation.

Presentation of the Air Medal to Combat Crew members was made at a military ceremony on 21 May. The entire Squadron participated. Because of the heat, it was held at 7:45 A.M. The Squadron, divided into platoons, stood at attention while the Squadron Commander presented a ribbon to each man who received an award. Afterwards, the platoons passed in review before Major White and the Officers and Enlisted Men who received the awards.

A three day holiday was declared for May 15, 16 and 17. Most of the Pilots, including Lts. Marlow, Phillips, Thorndike, Van Divort and Wightman filled up their ships with ground Officers and Enlisted Men and took off for the battle grounds around Tunis and Bizerte. Thirty or more damaged enemy aircraft of all types, and three uncrated Me-109's were inspected. Numerous souvenirs were collected including an Italian motorcycle which one Lieutenant brought back in his plane's bomb bay. At the same time, flights were made over the two harbors, whose very blue waters were glutted with the remains of a great quantity of enemy shipping.

Many interesting accounts of the battle, and particularly of prisoners of war were related by those who went on these trips. German prisoners are said to have boasted, after capture, that although we may have got Tunisia, we would never take Casablanca or Oran. Italians were numerous and comically

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anxious to be captured, wandering around in groups trying to surrender to anyone who would take them.

During this three day holiday, trucks were made available for the purpose of transporting personnel to the Roman Ruins at Timgad, near Batna, about 60 miles South of Berteaux. The ruins consisted of the remains of a rather large town, complete with the ruins of an amphitheatre, a forum, two triumphal arches and an appropriate number of temples. A museum displayed fragments of exquisite statuary as well as mosaics and a good number of miscellaneous odds and ends of interest, such as household articles, carpenter's tools, and ornaments for personal adornment.

Several plane loads of personnel went to Algiers and Oran for the holidays. Among them were 1st Lt. Donald S. Wert and 2nd Lt. Melvin R. Rouch, two Officers who were extremely popular and outstandingly capable. Flying with them were T/Sgt. Charles A. Schimpf, S/Sgt. Raymond V. Fredrickson and Sgt. Lawrence F. Principe. On their return flight from Oran they met with an accident, the cause of which has never been determined. Pieces of the plane were spread over a wide area near Setif, the scene of the crash. On 18 May, a simple but impressive military funeral was held in the cemetery at Constantine. It was attended by 60 or more of their many friends in the Squadron.

There were several Officer promotions during the month of May. 1st Lts. who were promoted to Captain were Lts. Coddington, Pemberton and Supple. Three 2nd Lts. threw away their gold bars and became 1st Lts. Stecher, Wells and Shearouse. Enlisted Men's promotions created three new T/Sgts., 7 S/Sgts., 8 Sgts., 7 Cpls., and 3 P.F.C.'s.

Captain Adam Kindar transferred out of the organization on 7 May. Doctor Kindar had been with the 381st since July 42, --- almost a year. He had comforted aches and cured pains, given valuable advice and rendered all sorts of personal services to both Officers and Enlisted Men. It was difficult to see him go, even though he was on his way back home --- back to the good old North American Continent and Randolph Field, to become a Flight Surgeon. When he left, he was laden with messages which he promised to telephone to parents, girl friends, and relatives of his many friends in the Group.

2nd Lt. Norman E. Cawse-Morgon was transferred to the 47th Wing about the 20th of May. He was an integral part of the Squadron, having been with it since it's infancy. Always a member of the Intelligence Department, he had been appointed a number of duties in addition to his regular ones, and was frequently called upon to interpret both French and Arabic. Because of his hyphenated name, he had been referred to privately by the Enlisted Men as Lieutenant "C-Dash". Lt. Donald D. Horrocks was transferred from the Operations Department to S-2, to fill Lt. Cawse-Morgon's place.

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Lt. Robert W. Thorndike left on 29 May for the U. S. A. He had completed 42 Combat Missions against the enemy, 17 as Flight Leader. Pilots young in combat knew that Lt. Thorndike's advice was sound, and they sought it with the same confidence with which they followed him through the flak. He is a leader --- and his absence will be a loss to the Squadron. Having already done more than his share toward winning the war, his capabilities will undoubtedly be employed to better advantage in a non-combat area.

It is because of such leaders as Lt. Thorndike and those like him in the 381st and other Squadrons of the Group, that Mr. T. R. Henry, Washington Star Correspondent, was able to write the following press release. For reasons of security, Berteaux Agricultural College became an old French Schoolhouse, with purely imaginary algebra problems. Otherwise, the story is completely accurate.

STRATEGIC AIR BASE STATION, NORTH AFRICA, (May 25, 1943) --- Quartered in an old French schoolhouse with the algebra problems of the children still chalked on the blackboards is the B-25 Mitchell bomber group which in the past year has made one of the most thrilling records of any American unit in North Africa.

It has accounted for 128 enemy fighter planes. It has strewn the Mediterranean with wreckage of German and Italian ships. It has blasted Sicily and Sardinia and the Axis-held North African ports day after day for months. It's men have been awarded 370 decorations --- purple hearts, soldiers medals, distinguished flying crosses, silver stars. The names of 120 of them are posted on one of the blackboards, surrounded by the half erased algebra problems, as killed or missing in action. It has been on 94 missions, 1564 sorties, has spent 4830 hours in the air and has lost 22 planes and their crews.

Upon units such as this has fallen the great burden of the air war in North Africa, the maintaining of the air superiority which made possible the ultimate victory of the ground forces, the sweeping of Axis replacements and supplies. It is hard, constant, back-breaking, dangerous work, the results of which seldom get into the news in competition with the more spectacular exploits of the heavy bombers.

Yet this one Group of B-25's has dropped more than 2,000,000 pounds of bombs on Axis shipping and towns --- at least a tenth of the total destruction handed out by the American Air Force in North Africa.

This particular unit has played a big part in developing the American medium bomber tactics used in this area which played a big part in the final victory, but the nature of which cannot be described until the war is over. They represent however, something new in aerial warfare.

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It has played particular havoc with Axis shipping, including the bag of a tanker, two destroyers and a cruiser one afternoon when it was sent out over a must target: a tanker loaded with gasoline at the time of the Kasserine break-through when this was vitally essential to the Germans for maintaining air control.

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On the 26th, while on a mission to Pont Olivo, Sicily, Lt. Stecher's ship failed to return. One engine having been knocked out over the target, he quickly began to lose altitude. Hearing his call for help, Lt. Van Divort circled, but was unable to see the plane make it's landing in the water, owing to a low cloud layer.

As the result of a new Table of Organization, the following changes were made among the Officers of the Squadron. Captain Ivan R. Campbell, became Squadron Executive Officer, a new office, and 1st Lt. Robert D. Abbott took his place as Adjutant. 1st Lt. Frank Wells became Squadron Supply Officer, and Lt. Thomas U. Ramsey became Assistant Operations Officer. Captain Alexander returned to combat status, as a Squadron Flight Leader, but retained his office of Squadron S-3.

On the Squadron's 69th Mission --- to Oblia Terranova, Sardinia, S/Sgt. M. L. Bozovich and S/Sgt. J. E. White were each credited with the destruction of a Me-109.

When June arrived the poppies faded, the sun's increasing warmth began to ripen the wheat and burn the hills around Berteaux, leaving them a uniform tan in color. This was the beginning of the fifth month at Berteaux. A record breaking stay, since the 381st had never remained in one place longer than 3 months. But it didn't last long. For some time the Group had been on the alert for a move. Boxes were being made and painted and marked. Crews were trained to take down the pyramidal tents, and an order was issued directing that fox holes be filled in. Everywhere preparations were going on.

On the line, the deep holes over which the personnel had put their pup-tents were being filled in. Tents and pup-tents had been taken down, and the area policed, leaving nothing but the planes. In filling in the deeper holes, trouble was experienced with the Arabs. All waste material --- things not wanted or which couldn't be moved --- was dumped into these holes in order to make them easier to fill. The next morning, the holes would be there again, as the Arabs would sneak in during the night, uncover the holes, and carry off everything that had been buried. Then they had to be filled in again. This little game went on for several days.

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On the 5th of June, the actual moving began. The planes performed a shuttle service between Berteaux, Algeria, and King's Cross Landing Ground at Koudiat, Tunisia, near Souk el Arbra. All the personnel, except a few who had gone by convoy with the organizational equipment, moved in this manner. The move took the better part of two days.

The flying time between the two bases was an even hour. Flying over rolling, cork-tree covered hills not quite high enough to be called mountains, with Arab villages and huts sprinkled through them, brought the planes over a flat circular valley, carpeted with wheat fields. "Kouidiat" in Arabic means "low hill". In the center of the fields stood the low hill, covered with olive trees and grape vines. To the South of this hill lay a large rectangular landing ground, with B-25's dispersed around its perimeter. Between the hill and the Landing Ground, pyramidal tents and even a few slit trenches had already made their appearance.

Stepping out of the plane was like climbing into a furnace. The relatively high altitude and cool breeze at Berteaux after a very cold winter, had not conditioned the personnel to the low dry heat of Kouidiat.

Meanwhile, operations had been proceeding as usual. Focus for the bombing missions was the tiny island of Pantelleria, off Cape Bon Peninsula. The Group flew 267 sorties against this miniature Malta, until its surrender on 11 June 43. 69 of these Group sorties were flown by the 381st. They continued even though the move was taking place. They were not flown on the two moving days, but just as soon as all the personnel had arrived, the missions were resumed. It was no small task. Grooming planes for combat, loading them, and checking to see that everything is functioning properly is a big job in itself. Accomplishing this work with all equipment as yet unpacked, and in the midst of the disorder natural to moving, was a tremendous achievement. It brought forth the following commendation from General Ridenour:

"TO CO THREE TENTH GP AND CO THREE TWENTY FIRST FROM RIDENOUR SECRET WELL DONE PD AIR OPERATION SUCCESS AGAINST PANTELLERIA REFLECTS THE GREATEST CREDIT UPON THE UNITS OF YOUR COMMAND PD YOUR SPLENDID ACCOMPLISHMENT IN DOING THIS HEAVY SCHEDULE WHILE IN A CHANGE IN BASE ADDED TO YOUR DIFFICULTIES IS FULLY APPRECIATED BY ME."

After the victory of Pantelleria, there were several days on which missions were not flown, giving almost everyone an opportunity for two or three day passes. G.I. trucks were run to Bone and Tunis for sightseeing, and to a small town on the coast called Tebarka. At Tebarka, cork trees marched down the hills to the edge of a broad sandy beach which circled the tiny natural harbor. The water was warm and clear and blue; perfect for swimming. Small boats could be hired for rowing around the rocky island in the

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harbor, on whose heights was perched an old Roman fortification, now used as a lighthouse. It was at Tebarka that the 310th established a rest camp for enlisted ground personnel. Pyramidal tents were set up for living quarters, orderly room, dispensary and mess hall. Here resemblance to an Army organization ended. Complete freedom from restrictions was the order. Swimming, boating, loafing, reading or wandering along the tree bordered street of the little town provided a very restful two day change in environment for the six men from each Squadron who went there.

On or about 11 June, the Squadron Area suddenly assumed the appearance of a German Motor Pool. Personnel away in Tunis on passes had managed to acquire two German command cars and about half a dozen German and Italian motorcycles. They were a great novelty for a while. One of the command cars was assigned to the supply department, while the other was taken over by Operations for the purpose of transporting combat crews to and from the line. A great deal of difficulty was experienced in making all of these vehicles work. Operations chugged around in second gear for at least two weeks before learning how to shift into high.

There were lots of promotions in June. 1st Lts. Evans and Phillips became Captains, while the following 2nd Lts. were promoted to 1st: Denton, Fayard, Forbes, Hornung, Marlow and Therrien. Enlisted Men's promotions produced 1 M/Sgt., 4 T/Sgts., 10 S/Sgts., 12 Sgts., 22 Cpls. and 14 Pfc's.

The few June missions other than those flown on Pantelleria consisted of more or less routine bombings of airdromes and ports in Sardinia and Sicily. The one mission flown against the Island of Lampedusa provided sufficient incentive for its surrender --- our ground forces moving in with more welcome than opposition. Thus with the fall of these last tiny outposts of Axis opposition, the sea lanes of the Mediterranean came under the complete domination of American and Allied Air superiority, once more establishing Britain's lines of supply to Egypt and the East. As a further result of these victories, the last of Italy's foreign plunder with the exception of Albania and Corsica, rest in the firm grip of the United Nations, blinding forever Mussolini's visions of an Italian Empire in Africa, or anywhere else, and losing for him forever, the control of what he chose to call "Mare Nostrum."

It became apparent that the time was quickly approaching when an invasion of Europe would be the only possible move which Allied armed forces could make in order to carry the war onward toward Germany. The apparent scarcity of enemy fighters, combined with their reluctance to engage in aerial combat, plus the inadequacy and inaccuracy of enemy flak, accounts for the fact that the Squadron lost no planes during this period, and that our gunners could claim no enemy aircraft destroyed. 381st planes were able

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to drop 310,344 pounds of bombs with little or no opposition. These facts also pointed to a vague something else, a feeling that something momentous was about to happen. A tenseness spread throughout the Group --- an attitude of watchful waiting, characterized by groups of ears hovering near the radios. A quiet alertness prevailed the atmosphere, and everyone began to wonder Where? When? From pup-tent Generals to Squadron Commander, each had his answer, and facts with which to substantiate it. Although admittedly basing his conclusions on a mere hunch, 2nd Lt. Upton T. Ramsey was particularly insistent that the Allies, instead of invading Europe immediately as was generally expected, would invade Sicily. And on 10 July 43. True to Lt. Ramsey's prediction, the news came over the radio on the morning of the tenth, that American, British and Canadian invasion forces had landed on the Southern and Western shores of Sicily during the night, and that they were rapidly advancing inland.

Our missions during the next few weeks were aimed at destroying enemy landing grounds behind the fast advancing bomb line in Sicily, and airdromes and supply facilities in Southern Italy.

On 17 July 43, the marshaling yards at Naples were bombed by our ships, in conjunction with B-26's and B-17's. The resulting devastation was tremendous, demolishing not only the marshaling yards and round house, but starting fires in oil refineries on one edge of the target.

Again on the 19th of July, another spectacular raid was made on the enemy. Seventy-two of the Group's Mitchells gathered in formation above Koudiat before taking off over the rocky hills which enclosed the North-Eastern side of the valley. The briefing had been conducted in great secrecy, and it was not until some time after take-off that the target was revealed to be the Campiano Airdrome, at Rome. It was an attack coordinated with everything that the NASAF could get into the air. It started in the morning and lasted all day long. A total of more than 500 sorties were flown over the targets, which included the Rome Railroad Yards, as well as its outlying airdromes.

Peace demonstrations and sabotage activities raged up and down the length of the Italian peninsula following this bombing of the mainland. The Facist government, mighty as it had once been in Italy, now found itself too weak to cope with widespread internal disorder in addition to heavy blows being struck against her by the Allied forces. On 25 July 43, after more than two decades of absolute dictatorship, Premier Benito Mussolini sent his resignation to King Victor Emanuel III.

During July, two ships and their crews were lost in action. On the 3rd, F/O Harold A. Houghtaling's ship and on the 10th, F/O George D. Collins. F/O Houghtaling's ship made a good landing in the water off Sicily,

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and it is expected that all crew members are safe. F/O Collin's ship, however, was seen to crash into the side of a mountain, after but one 'chute had opened. Bad news was received on the 5th relative to the loss of Lt. Stecher's aircraft and crew on May 26. It was reported from Malta that a body, identified as S/Sgt. Daniel E. Palicki, Lt. Stecher's gunner, had been washed ashore.

During July, 18 Combat Officers and 17 Enlisted combat men joined the Squadron as replacements.

Statistics for July are as follows: The Squadron engaged in 15 Missions and dropped 386,920 pounds of bombs. The total number of sorties at the end of July was 666. S/Sgt. John R. Lyon was credited with the destruction of 2 Me-109's.

Despite the spectacular progress of the war, regular ground activities continued in their usual groove. Kou diat (King's Cross) promising at first, turned out to be one of the lousiest spots ever occupied by the 381st. Amusements were few. Movies semi-nightly, or swimming in the 2 by 4 pool at the monastery over the hill, provided the only recreational escapes. Climatic conditions were rugged in the extreme. It was always uncommonly hot. On more than one day the temperature reached 118 degrees and hung there while the personnel --- carrying on as usual --- sweltered without even one tree to afford shade for a few moments rest. From time to time winds of gale-like strength --- locally called "Sirocoes", swept across the valley for hours at a time --- blowing down tents and scattering everything not tied down. The Sirocoes unfailingly occurred on the hottest days and their heat and intensity withered even the sturdiest men. Even on comparatively still days, huge whirlwinds filled with dust could always be seen hurrying across the floor of the valley.

It was with considerable relief therefore, that the Squadron learned that it was to move again; this time to a place called Menzel Temime, on the tip of Cape Bon. The move was accomplished quickly. On 3 August, Lt. Abbott, the Squadron Adjutant, and nine Enlisted Men departed in an advanced echelon. When the rest of the Squadron's 67 Officers and 278 Enlisted Men arrived by plane on 5 August, most of the tents were set up, and a mess hall was ready to serve the evening meal. By sundown on the 6th, the organization was functioning.

Menzel Temime was Heaven; or so it seemed after the Hellish heat of Kou diat. The runway filled most of the distance between the sea and the town of Menzel Temime. The various Squadrons were quartered in groves of ancient olive trees which covered a long strip of land laying parallel to a wide sandy beach. The most inviting novelty was the swimming. The sand was white and warm --- and the water blue and clear. Enough said. For the first few days it looked

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like Coney Island on a Sunday in June. Finally, when all of the dust of Kou-diat had been washed off, there was another novelty --- an abundance of fresh fruit which grew on the surrounding farms --- grapes, figs, watermelons, cantaloupes and casaba melons. Moving pictures continued with their usual frequency, the quality of the local wine was good, and the food in the mess getting better; and everyone was happy again for the first time since leaving Berteaux.

One of the first innovations to be made was the construction of a combination mess hall and day room. Its frame work was built entirely out of wood salvaged from the crates in which P-38 Belly Tanks are delivered. This framework, covered with canvas, made quite a snug building about 18 by 60 feet. Inside were tables and benches for eating or playing cards, a radio and plenty of books and magazines. Another highlight was the assignment of seven Italian prisoners to the Squadron to work as K.P.'s, and for general detail work.

On the 11th of August, Major White finished his 50th mission. Three days later he was transferred to Headquarters, N.A.S.A.F. In the seven months during which Major White had been 381st Squadron Commander, he received the complete respect and confidence of each man under his command. As a pilot and as a Flight Commander, his outstanding skill more than once brought a flight of ships safely back to base after raining death and destruction upon Axis forces. Major White, in all of his actions proved himself worthy of the high standards set by the United States Military Academy and the United States Army Air Corps.

On the 14th of August, Captain Lawrence Cometh joined the Squadron and assumed command. Captain Cometh did not come to the 381st as a stranger. The Squadron knew him as a capable flight leader in the 380th Squadron from July 42 until May 43, then as 380th Operations Officer. His promotions had been rapid. He became a 1st Lieutenant on 28 September 42, and a Captain on 27 January 43. On the 30th of August 43 he was promoted to the rank of Major.

Having completed their 50th mission, Capt. Carl A. Phillips, and 1st Lts. Kenneth E. Lewis and John H. Myers took off for Officers' Rest Camp at Ifraïne, near Fez, Morocco. T/Sgts. Royal C. Nickelson and Willie A. Smith, also having completed their 50 missions, went to the Enlisted Mens' Rest Camp at Ain Tya, near Algiers. They all departed on 26 August. On 29 August, orders were received which transferred them to the "Nearest AAF Base for Port of Debarkation." They will be missed in the Squadron, for not only were they good combat men, but they were all outstanding personalities as well.

On August 17th after 38 days of fighting in Sicily, the Germans retreated across the Straits of Messina. The high altitude Heavies (B-17's, B-24's and

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Wellingtons) from other Groups made this short sea trip so hazardous that many prisoners and quantities of equipment were left behind to fall into Allied hands. Meanwhile the Mediums, (B-25's and B-26's) bombed airdromes, destroyed aircraft on the ground, and bombed road and rail junctions and bridges.

Between missions the atmosphere of the Base was more like that of a rest camp than that of a combat organization at war. Cpl. Arnold E. Bradley even built a contraption which, for lack of a better term, could be described as a sail boat. Anyway, it sailed. Securing two P-38 belly tanks, he cut cockpits in the top of each and braced them together, side by side. A slab of armor plate from one of the Afrika Korp's abandoned tanks formed a keel, while the mast and boom were made from tent poles. A large piece of white canvas was cut into a main sail and jib. It was named "Minnie the Mermaid", and was fast, maneuverable and sea worthy.

On the 25th of August, under orders from the new Squadron Commander, a meeting of all Non-commissioned Officers of the first three grades was called by Capt. Campbell. The purpose of the meeting, it was explained, was to bring into open forum discussion all criticisms, complaints and suggestions relative to the operation of the Squadron. The discussions were to be conducted in the presence of an Officer, who would take the resultant suggestions to the Commanding Officer for action. A chairman, S/Sgt. Hudson R. Turtellot was elected and the meeting got under way. Chief topic was a lengthy discussion on the mess hall and its menus. Other topics touched upon were sanitation, an athletic program, the establishment of a rifle range, and the distribution of Quartermaster supplies.

Eleven missions were flown in August, which brought the total number of Squadron sorties to 778. 326,000 pounds of bombs were dropped. Our bag of enemy fighters for the month was 11 Me-109's and a hostile P-40, all shot down on one mission. All of our aircraft returned safely.

By the end of August the Squadron had completed eight and one-half months of combat operations. 1,533,744 pounds of bombs had been dropped, and 29 enemy fighters had been shot down, and almost 200 enemy aircraft had been destroyed on the ground.

On the following page is a schedule showing the ratio of sorties to planes lost in action.

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<u>MONTH</u>	<u>SORTIES PER MONTH</u>	<u>TOTAL SORTIES</u>	<u>PLANES LOST PER MONTH</u>	<u>TOTAL PLANES LOST</u>	<u>% OF LOSS PER SORTIE PER MONTH</u>	<u>TOTAL % LOSS PER SORTIE</u>
January	76	76	0	0	0	0
February	51	127	5	5	9.8039	.0394
March	45	172	1	6	.0222	.0349
April	68	240	2	8	.0294	.0333
May	140	380	1	9	.0071	.0237
June	115	495	0	9	0	.0182
July	171	666	2	11	.1167	.0165
August	112	778	0	11	0	.0141

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KITCHEN POLICE IN THE 381ST

ANONYMOUS

After arriving late in the afternoon of 13 July 42 at the Columbia Army Air Base, about ten of us were assigned to the 381st. We immediately drew our blankets and beds, but before we could get our beds set up the duty Sergeant came to our tent and told me and my four buddies to report down to the kitchen to help clean up. There we spent about five hours washing pots and pans, scrubbing floors and walls, and peeling two GI cans of potatoes. We knocked off about midnight. That was the first K.P. we had done since we were at our reception centers getting our basic training. We had spent six months in technical schools where they told us we would not experience such duties as K.P. and guard duty.

Our morale was pretty low that night as we made up our beds to crawl into for some rest, but we consoled ourselves by saying that after they found out we had been through two technical schools, we would be doing more important work. Since then, I have done my share of K.P. in the 381st.

In the States our Squadron K.P. wasn't a picnic. The hours were long and the work was rather hard. The mess halls had to be cleaned thoroughly three times a day. There were potatoes and vegetables to be prepared before cooking. Then last, but not least, were the many pots and pans that the cooks seemed to delight in messing up. Our cooks knew how to burn things in a way that it took many times as long to clean a pot or pan. Of course, I know K.P. could have been worse, especially if we had used trays. Our Squadron always used mess kits, everyone washing his own outside the mess in G.I. cans of steaming hot water.

In Africa, Kitchen Police was quite simplified. The menus never had the variety of foods that were served in the States. The food mostly came prepared in cans. This made cooking a job of opening up cans and warming up the food. The sad part of it all, we came overseas without a can-opener, so a meat cleaver had to be used to open the cans. We were very short of pots and pans, another break for the K.P.'s. Even if they were all messed up, it took only a few minutes to clean them. We used the field type gasoline stoves. As a safety factor, the cooks were the only ones authorized to clean or work on them. The duties of a K.P. in the field were to heat the water for cleaning mess kits, clean up in the kitchen tent, wash pots and pans, and help serve. Many times we have finished our work in fifteen minutes after serving the evening meal.

I know of some non-coms in the first three grades that envied the lucky fellows that drew K.P. We lived out in the open, our appetites could hardly be satisfied with the three meals served us at the mess, so almost everyone bought eggs from the Arabs and fried them. A fellow around the kitchen had

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a chance to swipe needed supplies for snacks and meals that could be prepared in his tent. I too, was guilty. I would take anything that I could use, especially canned fruit, milk, butter, bacon, coffee, sugar, and bread or crackers. As I lived out on the line, I would have to sneak my loot to the tent of an accomplice who lived near the mess. A person becomes quite ingenious in swiping things from under the sharp eyes of the cooks. When the cooks were opening some choice fruit, I would make myself very useful by getting a box and carrying out the empties. Occasionally I would throw in an unopened can with the empties, removing it from the trash box at my earliest convenience, and adding it to my collection. I always kept the pantry well stocked in my tent. I could sleep through breakfast any morning, preparing my own anytime I cared to have it. If I had not had the opportunity to be on K.P., I could not have had those many before bedtime snacks that I enjoyed so much.

When I tell my children and grandchildren, in future years, about World War II, my adventures as a Kitchen Policeman will be well worth listening to.

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MY FIRST MISSIONBy T/Sgt. W. H. Budde, Radio Operator and
Lower Turret Gunner

Well, it so happens that this is one of those mornings when a person could easily sleep 'till noon, but, due to a motherly call from Operations, I was awakened in the wee hours of the morning and informed that briefing would take place immediately. I was excited all right, but tried not to show it.

During the briefing we learned that there was no specific target, but we were to follow a prescribed course along the Tunisian coast in search of Axis shipping. This sounded good enough for me.

After briefing was completed, we received our escape kits, containing compass, rations, file, and our per diem packet, and then boarded one of these peeps, that will carry from two to twenty men, and were dispersed to our planes. From this time until take-off the upper-turret gunner and I were busy checking our guns and ammunition, in case of emergency. The next hour included take-off, taking our position in the formation, (which was right wing ship, first element of the second flight), test firing our guns to insure perfect operation, (one item about which a gunner can never be too careful).

I was now on my first mission, a real thrill that I will never forget. Arriving at the coast, we kept a watchful eye on the horizon for Axis shipping, but it so happened that none could be found. I was beginning to think that my first mission was not going to be very important. We were now approaching the end of our course and after making the 180 degree turn on our reciprocal course, we were informed by our pilot that enemy planes were sighted at the two o'clock position. Before I could sight them, my imagination is showing me enormous flights of Me-109's, 210's and FW-190's and every type of enemy aircraft known, coming out to intercept us. Then came the pilot's voice over the interphone saying that the enemy planes were identified as Ju-52's, a tri-motored German transport plane. That was quite a relief. A few seconds later our guns were blazing away, the formation of transports had broken, some going down in flames, others crash landing in the water to escape from the deadly fire.

Our P-38 escort was having a field day; first they took care of the German fighters, shooting down 4 Me-109's and 3 Me-210's. Then they used their remaining ammunition on the Ju-52's, adding seven more planes to their score. This was the most crowded 30 seconds of action I ever hope to see in combat. Our gunners accounted for 10 Ju-52's and 2 Ju-88's. S/Sgt. Richard

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J. Walsh, S/Sgt. Wade C. George, S/Sgt. Scott D. Bowden, S/Sgt. John E. White, and S/Sgt. Edward Moberg received credit for one each.

Lt. Taylor (of the 379th) was wounded in both legs but all of our aircraft returned safely.

P.S.--S/Sgt. White was the gunner in our plane.

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THE SOUTHERN ROUTE TO AFRICA

By Captain James Hickman

Finally that great day arrived, and amid last minute packing, frantic hunting of dogs, the first replacements for the 310th Bomb Group were loaded into trucks for the first phase of their trip to combat.

Beautiful women aren't beautiful when they cry. Amid pathetic last farewells, two coaches hooked to the slowest train in the South, and we really were on our way.

Early in the morning of 29 January 43, we were told that we could enjoy the smoke filled atmosphere of Cincinnati. One would have thought Germans were expected to attack at any moment from the look of the artillery packed by the men. Maybe the good people of Cincinnati were reminded with quite a jar that a war was going on when they viewed our dirty unshaved, well armed beings.

Have you ever seen the "Purple Cow"? Have you ever relaxed in an over stuffed chair, read the smutty little quips on the wall; listened to the latest on the Juke-Box, and ordered waffles?

Runt and Deacon and Skippy, the three pint size pups of the expedition were paraded, petted, admired, and fed. Then, with minutes to spare, we boarded the train.

Somewhere on the last leg of our journey, a car was added to the train and filled with pasty faced admiring draftees. We, the nearly finished trained fighting men, and they the men looking forward to being trained. Worlds apart, and lots in common. We wondered how much they would have given to have been in our shoes, and we in turn would not have traded places with them for anything in the world.

Snow and more snow, wet feet, and cold bitten ears and faces. The remark that "If I ever get South of the Florida - Georgia line, so help me, I will never venture North again. Tales of miss-haps in crossings, and secret talks by well informed officers, these were the wonders of Kellogg Field.

Assignment of planes, frantic loading in wind and snow, finally the right moment, and each plane took off to fly its own way to Morrison Field. The Greenville Army Air Base seemed to be on the direct course between Kellogg and Morrison. Wonder how many of our planes did a final buzz-job?

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Good eats, expensive hotels and many phone calls from our loved ones greeted us in West Palm Beach.

Confusion, last minute final preparations, gathering of maps and briefing greeted our happy little group at Morrison.

Lieutenant Katz, a man of excellent leadership ability, organized us and finally on 13 February 43, our six ships were on their way across the brilliant blue water of the Gulf Stream to Boringuen Field. Long will the excellent Planter's Punches, the good food and poor milk shakes remain in our memory. Boringuen would be an excellent place to be stationed after the war is over, that is if one would have to be stationed outside of the United States.

Clear skies and miles of tropical water. The best ships in the world --- "Lottie's Goose" and her mates winged southward to cross over the eastern edge of Trinidad, and burst right into the wall like appearing mass of cumulo-nimbus clouds that formed the much dreaded "Stagnant tropical front". Detours here and there, and again we admired our leader for carefully planning our formation, with instructions for just such weather, and for his pleasant little quips over the radio, as he checked for our safety.

Further South each day, and a fleeting glimpse of Devil's Island at 10,000 feet, wonderment at the vastness of the mouth of the largest river in the world. A large island, sparsely studded with trees and thickly scattered herds of cattle. We had crossed the equator and were on our approach to Belem. Belem will remain in our memories because of the pungent smell of its newly constructed barracks, and its wide selection of tropical fruits. South American grape and tomato juice is good, and the Officers' Club was able to furnish enough, even to satisfy our terrific thirst.

Arrived at Natel amid the usual shower, and for the first time our formation was broken up when an A-20 Group made a rat race of the landing pattern.

At Natel, we checked and re-checked our ships, then waited for the go signal, and on the 19th of February, we were off across the broad Atlantic to hit that small 32 square miles of rock named the Ascension. Ascension offered turtle steak, a show and a shudder at its bleak bareness.

21 February brought Roberts Field in view and at last we landed in Africa.

Negroes, who worked for twenty cents a day shocked us by demanding a dollar for carrying our bags; we were being prepared for the crafty Arab.

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Roberts Field sent our small formation on its way with a good breakfast, and the idea that we would be the first to land at Dakar.

22 February brought Dakar. Foul smells, nasty people and brother--- you really are in Africa.

"Lottie's Goose" took her separate way, leading five A-20's across the desert. A bad scare with carbureter icing, a thrilling trip through mountain passes, a night spent in Marrakech and on the 23rd of February we arrived in Casablanca.

At La Senia they impressed us with unconcern as to our well being, our importance in this war. They stole our equipment, they froze our men, they gave us useless lectures, filled our ears full of thrilling bosh and in general made us so glad to leave on the 9th of March that Major Pell looked like an angel.

No accidents, a nice trip, an old experienced battle-wise outfit to join, and we were the first replacements to the 381st Squadron of the 310th Bombardment Group.

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"WHERE ARE THEY NOW?"

"Where are they now?" Since that fateful hour, December 7, 1941, when a peaceful sun arose from a romantic sea, looked happily down upon a slumbering Plynesian Isle, and Pearl Harbor, to be greeted shortly by that hostile Rising Sun, many millions of American citizens have asked, and wondered, about their friends, families, and loved ones..."Where are they now--and how did they get there?"

Let us pause in our daily battle for freedom, forget for a few moments the rationing of food, tires and gasoline long enough to wander behind the scenes of a famous Medium Bombardment Squadron for a bird's eye view of their many travels, from warm, lazy hills of South Carolina to the rock-bound coast of Maine, through stormy skies, infested with enemy aircraft, over vast expanses of seas, where freedom no longer exists, via Iceland and Greenland, or perhaps through the tropic heat and storms by air to South America, thence to Africa, and still others plowed through cold, sub-infested and forbidden waters of the North Atlantic. Yes, this was all one Squadron, on its way to Africa by many routes, by sea and by air, long before the initial invasion forces reached the sunny shores of French Morocco they were on their way, some nearly there, others snowed in en route, still others acquiring supplies, giving last minute checks to shortage of trained personnel to efficiently carry out the functioning of the numerous technical jobs of the various departments, all of which are highly essential to the operations of a fighting Bombardment Squadron.

Late in August, 1942, soon after completion of their initial combat training, the XXX Bombardment Squadron received orders from the War Department that the Air Echelon, consisting of 10 officers and 36 enlisted men of various departments under command of Captain Robert Pemberton (then a First Lieutenant), was to depart in 12 hours, destination unknown, for the purpose of arranging, housing, setting up offices, shops, hospitals, recreational facilities, etc., for the other members of the Squadron who were to follow shortly. For a time they were trailed in Squadron Headquarters by their correspondence that came to friends, and by official communiques. Finally, however, they passed through the staging area to be swallowed up by the night, by censorship, and by secrecy. Aboard the unescorted Queen Mary they said good-by to their beloved America, and hello to goggy England, while back in South Carolina their many Squadron comrades asked each other, "Where are they now? I wonder....."

Just one week after the departure of the Air Echelon, the Flight Echelon took to the airways, circled Headquarters, wobbled wings, and disappeared over the northern horizon, leaving behind 205 officers and enlisted men with empty hearts. Not only had they watched every ship of their Squadron disappear, they also keenly felt the absence of their Squadron Commander, Captain Ivan L. Ferguson, who led the north-bound Squadron to its secret destination. They, too, passed quickly through their staging area, and, as was the Air Echelon, swallowed by secrecy. The Flight Echelon rose to a drisp cold sky, turned their noses eastward, and disappeared. The first step of the Squadron's Atlantic flight landed them in Labrador, where they waited through days that ran into weeks for possible flying weather, making the best of inadequate facilities and recreation until at last in the grey dawn a hole appeared in a cloudy sky, and again ships and men winged eastward, with but one purpose in mind...to make each step as swiftly and as safely as possible, to waste not one hour in coming to grips with the Axis enemy--on Axis soil.

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The end of their second step found them sitting impatiently in Greenland. Daily they removed ice from wings and motors long before the coming of dawn, only to find that dawn was accompanied by impossible flying weather, rain, sleet, hail, and winds that sometimes had a velocity of 130 miles per hour. So they sat and swore at the weather and their luck, and wondered where the other echelons were and how they got there.

Then on November 2, 1942, with the Air Echelon secretly tucked away in England, awaiting the Flight Echelon ice-bound in Greenland, the Ground Echelon, under command of Captain Ivan R. Campbell (then a Second Lieutenant) sailed quietly and secretly out of New York City, destination unknown, leaving behind in the hills of South Carolina the Rear Detachment--4 officers and 78 enlisted men, all wondering where the other echelons were.

November 4 found the Flight Echelon farther eastward, this time in Iceland. While the Air Echelon awaited their arrival in England, the Rear Detachment in South Carolina awaited movement orders, and the Ground Echelon plowed through the Atlantic, en route to Casablanca, North Africa.

The Ground Echelon was scheduled to dock in Casablanca hot on the heels of the initial invasion forces. However, their expectations were short-lived, due to the harbor being cluttered with sunken ships, they were forced to turn back to sea for 6 days. They now boast that they were aboard the first American troop transport to engage in submarine patrol simply because they had nothing else to do.

At long last, on 16 November, 1942, Captain Ferguson and the Flight Echelon arrived in Hardwick England, to be greeted by the Air Echelon, and two days later the Ground Echelon debarked onto African soil, Casablanca.

Here again was a period of monotony for the entire organization insofar as the war effort was concerned. While the American Army began its eastward trek through North Africa their supply lines were necessarily thinned due to the great distance over meager supply routes. It was necessary to set up depots, airdromes, railheads, supply centers and Headquarters, and then to reassemble the supply lines nearer the enemy--within striking distance.

While the gigantic job was under way, the Air Corps personnel put aside their tools of craftsmanship and became line soldiers and laborers, clerks and office personnel. They waited while they worked.

On December 6, 1942, while the Flight Echelon was tuning ships, installing guns, and teaching the Belles of the British Isles the ways of an American Airman, the Air Echelon, in part, was disembarking on African soil in the vicinity of Oran, in a vast sea of mud comparable to the cozy clay of Indiana. Some 500 miles to the west the Ground Echelon was departing from Casablanca, destination Louis Gentil, on the western coast, purpose, security detachment for fuel and ammunition dumps thereat. And the Rear Detachment sat in good old New York wondering... "Where are they now?"

One year, exact to the hour, from that eventful day at Pearl Harbor, Captain Ivan L. Ferguson arose from the airdrome at Hardwick, England, dipped his wings in farewell salute to Allied lands, circled, and headed southward, leading his Squadron

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on their first official combat flight, destination, Telergma Airbase, Algeria, North Africa. 500 miles to the west, part of Captain Ferguson's Squadron dug trenches, did kitchen police and detail work while 1,277 miles to the west another echelon of technicians, mechanics, specialists and administrative personnel walked guard duty, operated a railroad, and policed a city of refugees. Another echelon, 3,000 miles to the northwest awaited movement orders in New York, and wondered of their comrades "Where are they now?"

At long last, on 21 December, 1942, in a cold drizzly African morning, Captain Campbell found Captain Ferguson at the advanced airbase, Telergma, and reported the Ground Echelon, plus 8 members of the Flight Echelon picked up in Morocco, present for duty. After four and one half months of separation, the Squadron began its first reorganization, began shaping up for the work at hand.

This was a cold, damp, muddy field called "an advanced air base" under the command of Major General James Doolittle. The sky was never clear for more than a few moments at a time, the wind was sharp and biting; cooks waded in mud and water to prepare British rations. There was no comfort. Men watched and waited and listened as the British Eight Army drove Rommel out of the Egyptian deserts, across swamps, into mountainous Tunisia, and near their back door. Rumors--the ever-present and seemingly necessary evil--spread that they might have to evacuate Telergma, as Rommel had turned in that direction. Yet the weather continued for days, making a flight impossible. Combat crews grew tense from waiting, waiting ever waiting for the break that would allow them to take to the air with their first "souvenirs" for the Axis.

Finally, one muddy morning, on the 30th of December, 1942, the Squadron was awakened before daybreak, ships pre-flighted, bomb loads checked, and combat crews briefed. Then came the terse wait for the dawn. Dawn broke quickly that December morn, the air was clear, cold, and but little wind. This, then, was their day, their first taste of combat. Even the cooks left their posts to line up along the muddy runway to witness the attempted take off. There was doubt in the minds of many as to the capabilities of the type B-25 aircraft to lift itself, the crew, full fuel and bomb load from the tentacle-like clutches of the adhesive African mud.

With a final word to pilots, Captain Ferguson taxied to the upwind end of the runway, turned into the wind, began to roll slowly, then gaining momentum, throttles to the peg, engines roaring defiantly, props clawing frantically, biting into the crisp morning air, reaching forward for more power, trying desperately to gain sufficient speed to lift the mighty ship from mud to sky. Half the runway passed, tense spectators looked and wondered, hoarse shouts were heard along the line, "Get up, get up baby!" Then two thirds of the runway passed by, nose wheel left the mud, tail gently lowered and with every ounce of power available the Commanding Officer, crew, and ship, "DIS'N'DID'T" left their muddy berth and climbed high above rugged mountain peaks where Romans dwelled centuries ago. Four other ships followed suit that day, piloted by Captain William T. Alexander, Captain Carl A. Phillips, Captain Leonard A. Eddy, and Captain Robert W. Thorndike. Target for the day: Railroad yards, Sfax, Tunisia, a stronghold of Rommel's mighty army.

Three hours later a low hum was heard from the east, all eyes turned to see and rejoice that all ships were returning. Just above the tent tops they roared

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over the airdrome in perfect formation, circled once, and landed in their sea of mud.

The first mission was successful. The target was destroyed. Rommel's supply problem became more difficult.

Although all ships returned, one was useless. It now seems strange that an entire squadron could laugh at the loss of a precious plane, but laugh they did. Captain Alexander was leading one flight over the target. It was a tense moment for him, his first run, somewhat similar to a school boy's first date, when he steals a kiss and gets slapped but is happy.

When briefed that morning Captain Alexander was instructed to cross the target at 10,000 feet, drop his eggs and "hit the deck! So he waited, and waited, and then came the message from Bombardier Technical Sergeant James H. McHarge, cool as a veteran, "Bombs away!" Immediately Captain Alexander banked sharply to the right and dived. Yes, this was a Medium Bomber doing things it wasn't made to do, diving earthward at 420 miles per hour, while wind screamed through propellers and over wings and into gun muzzles. Then came the pull out, gradually, slowly, lazily, lest those wings take a separate course, or fuselage buckle. Easy did it, and the "Cobra" levelled out just over the top of an olive grove. The crew members relaxed somewhat as they checked their course and headed homeward. Suddenly there appeared from out of the olive trees an unexpected enemy, and a dangerous one. Where seconds before the air was empty, thousands of birds now rose directly in the path of the ship. No time to pull up to miss them, impossible to bank sharp enough to avoid them, nothing to do but plow in, and plow in he did. Glass flew from all the windows, Captain Alexander caught one piece just below the eye, and to this day whenever birds are mentioned one can see him smile and rub his right cheek. It is impossible to believe that tiny birds could do so much damage; they entered air intakes, stopped fuel and pressure pumps, broke shatter-proof plexiglass, tore holes and left dents in wings, and in general wrecked a perfectly good airplane.

That was their first loss, and their first flight. But more were to follow and not the laughing kind. Captain Alexander, too, was to experience more severe damage at another time, and still another.

New Year's Day found this gypsy Squadron on the move again, this time only six miles southward, to Berteaux, Algeria. Here the squadron remained longer than it has to date stayed in one place--five months and one day.

Although the Squadron was still scattered over some 3,000 miles, the personnel at Berteaux increased their efforts, worked night and day under difficult and trying conditions, and continued daily operations against the enemy.

In pairs, by fours, and by plane loads, the members arrived, some late comers from England, some of the flight echelon from Orah, still others sat far away and wondered, "Where are they now?"

Throughout the month of January 1943 the Squadron participated in many missions against the enemy. Docks, railheads, supply depots, troops and airdromes were blasted over the entire area held by the Axis. At times ships would come limping home, badly battered, in need of major repair by the overworked skeleton ground crews.

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"Where Are They Now?" --Page 5.

"Jerry" seemed to know that each day, some way, from somewhere out of the leaden sky, the "Wild Willie Boys" would rain bombs upon them, and from dawn to dark, each day, perhaps the Axis wondered "Where are they now?"

On January 14, 1943, after months of waiting, the Rear Detachment, cloaked in secrecy, groped through the darkness, boarded a waiting ferry that quietly tip-toed down the river, to an awaiting troop transport which grimly nosed out into the Atlantic, Casablanca-bound. There at Casablanca they were destined to wait through weeks to come. Transportation lines were jammed. Night and day trains, trucks, air transports and tanks rumbled out of Casablanca, eastward to Algeria and Tunisia, carrying precious supplies to men fighting desperately to hold the territory gained.

Through the weeks that had passed the Squadron had dealt telling blows to the enemy without experiencing a single loss. But on February 8, 1943, 3 ships departed on a coordinated raid on Gabes airdrome, deep in enemy territory. Two of those three ships failed to return; First Lieutenant Robert A. Cox and First Lieutenant Walter P. Crump were the pilots. The third ship, piloted by First Lieutenant Eric O. Linden, limped home, riddled by anti-aircraft, cannon, and machine gun fire, to crash-land on his own field. Three-ship mission, two lost, one damaged beyond repair. The loss of the two crews was keenly felt by all the Squadron. However, little talk was heard among the men, but they wondered, "Where are they now?"

The Air Echelon had arrived from Oran, greatly relieving the overworked personnel. More ships came in, replacements were arriving daily, things in general were going well. On February 22, 1943, First Lieutenant Fred M. Atkinson, accompanying ships of another squadron on a sea search, sighted a freighter off the coast of Tunis. All planes swung to the kill, to be met by intense and accurate anti-aircraft fire from a nearby barge. Ugly little puffs of smoke began to dot the sky directly in front of the driving planes. This was action, this was fighting for their own lives and at the same time determined to accomplish the assigned mission at the risk of their lives. Machine guns began spitting lead, hearts beat wildly, gunners worked furiously, bombardiers talked by innerphone to pilots, as pilots tried desperately to get "on course" of the freighter now zig-zagging and turning in an attempt to spoil the airmen's accuracy, but accurate they were. 500-pound bombs rained from the 6 plane formation onto the deck and alongside the huge ship laden with precious supplies for Hitler's hard-pressed Afrika Korps. Within three minutes there was only bubbles to tell that a ship once floated in that spot.

Lieutenant Atkinson made a heroic run on that mission, from the beginning of the dive, throughout the entire run until "bombs away" came from the nose of the plane, then he slowly pulled out of formation, turned on one wing, and crashed into the sea. Another crew, another ship lost...mission's end...comrades lost..."Where are they now?".....

Lady luck seemed to have forsaken this squadron completely, but perhaps it was the opposition. On February 23 two ships, piloted by Captain Leonard A. Eddy and First Lieutenant Robert W. Martin joined a formation composed of 3 other squadrons, and swept north, well out over the Mediterranean and enemy shipping.

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"Where Are They Now?" --Page 6

With Captain Eddy rode lead bombardier Captain Perry D. Pickett, a tall, lanky Texan who on numerous raids toggled his bombs out with his foot, and manned his machine guns with his hands. A cool character. In the Navigator's compartment, with Navigator First Lieutenant Nicholas D. Katzenbach, rode the 23-year old Squadron Commander, Major Ivan L. Ferguson, this time as observer.

Thirteen enemy barges, heavily armed, were sighted and attacked, five were left sinking, and left also were two planes eight officer, and three enlisted men. The Squadron keenly felt the loss of their courageous leader, hard-working, hard-fighting, smiling Major Ferguson, and wondered about him, as about all of those already forced down, "Where are they now?"

Then on February 28, 1943, while four planes blasted bridges, railways and other targets in front of the retreating Afrika Korps, the Rear Detachment arrived by transport plane, under command of Bombardier First Lieutenant Oliver E. Fayard, Jr. Here, at last, was the entire squadron reassembled under one command--that of Major Alpheus W. White, Jr. Major White was destined to build a crippled fighting machine into a far larger unit than ever before, even to exceed War Department authorization insofar as men and planes were concerned.

It is well to know the framework around which the squadron is formed in order to understand how that tremendous job of functioning in battle is carried out, and the difficulties experienced in forming and rebuilding a crippled fighting unit.

March 12, 1943. Time 4:30 AM. Inside a black-out tent, lit only by candle light, cooks are completing the job of preparing breakfast for 350 men. This important function being supervised by First Lieutenant Robert D. Abbott, Adjutant, in addition to his many other duties of administration and inter-department coordination. The Squadron Operations Officer, Captain William T. Alexander, goes groping through the darkness from tent to tent awakening combat crew members with the announcement: briefing. For twenty minutes there is a hustle and bustle as men roll from damp beds to find damper clothes and shoes. A healthy curse here and there, a tired yawn, and somewhere down the line a song comes through the darkness, accompanied by the patter of rain on canvas houses. Fighting airmen check pockets for cigarettes and matches, and make sure that they are carrying no letters or cards which could aid the enemy if they are captured. Then out into the night to be greeted by a sharp wind carrying stinging rain, and the sound of pulsating motors being warmed up, and they realize that the ever-loyal, trustworthy mechanics have been on the job hours before, tightening a nut here, repairing an instrument, inspecting holes patched since yesterday's encounter with the enemy. While this tremendous job of maintenance was being carried out under the supervision of First Lieutenant Roger F. Van Zytveld, Engineering Officer, and First Lieutenant Peter F. Goyer, Tech Supply Officer. The Ordnance Department, commanded by First Lieutenant Lee A. Shearouse, was loading ships with "souvenirs"--500-pound bombs, and First Lieutenant Walter J. Abplanalp and his Armament section checked guns, turrets, ammunition, bomb racks, bombsights and electrical controls, while First Lieutenant Thomas R. Knight and his communications section replaced a tube here, a connection there, gave final inspection to radios and interphones to insure contact for communication while in flight. All must be exact in every respect in order to obtain required results in combat.

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"Where Are They Now?" --Page 7.

Combat Crews trudged through driving rain and mud to pass beneath a stone archway into a cobblestone courtyard of medieval appearance, beyond ancient Roman ruins, to enter a brilliantly lighted room, walls adorned with many maps, covered with circles of brilliant red, ribbons of green, blue and pink. And photos of enemy territory. There to be instructed by Captain Robert Pemberton as to the target for the day, expected opposition, route of travel and action to take in case of capture by the enemy. Briefing over, a quick breakfast, a truck ride to dispersal points. Then planes line up at the end of the runway, engines ticking over, awaiting take off time which must be exact to the prescribed minute. Pilots nod to co-pilots, throttles forward, dull shapes in dawn's early light move swiftly and defiantly down the take off strip in flights of three, and swiftly disappear into rainy skies.

Ground personnel begin their daily routine of repairing radios, broken guns, wheeling fresh loads of bombs to dispersal points for the returning planes, censoring mail, replenishing supplies of fuel, ammunition, airplane parts, clothing, vehicles, and preparing meals for hungry men, while headquarters personnel answered letters to mothers and wives as to safety of sons and husbands, prepared payrolls and maintained records, the Squadron doctor visited men at their work, administered medicines, looked at wounds, changed bandages, noted the general health and jotted down recommendations for remedies of deficiencies, and the rain continued to fall as men worked on, thinking of comrades missing in action, and wondering, "Where are they now?"

Second Lieutenant Elwin F. Schrupp and crew, after completing the day's mission which sank 3 enemy vessels and shot down two enemy aircraft, was forced down. Lieutenant Schrupp, it was later learned, was made a prisoner of war by the Germans.

Through the months that followed, the hard-pressed German and Italian armies fought furiously to hold their African empire. The Allied Armed Forces determinedly fought to conquer, and the XXX Bombardment Squadron fell from 14 aircraft to 4 aircraft. A meager bit to carry on an offensive, but carry on they did, through days that looked dark, and wondered of promised replacements for crews and ships lost-- "where are they now?"

Finally replacements began to pour in. New planes and new crews began to arrive almost daily; officers and enlisted men with many missions and seasoned by experience were relieved from combat, sent to the rear as instructors for more replacements to come later.

The arrival of May and better weather brought the Axis Armies in Africa to their knees and surrender. The Squadron had during that campaign lost 10 aircraft, 24 officers and 20 enlisted men missing in action, and had on hand, ready for combat, 16 aircraft with complete crews, two more than they had at the beginning of the campaign.

One might surmise that the ending of such a difficult and highly important campaign would warrant a day's rest, but such was not the case. The morning after the surrender of the Axis in North Africa, the XXX Squadron took to a coppery-hued sky, headed northward, over lofty peaks and mountainous plateaus, studded

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"Where Are They Now?" --Page 8.

here and there with emerald-like lakes, shimmering in the early morning's light to cross the ribbon-like sandy beaches of North Africa, and soar high above the blue Mediterranean to drop their "eggs" on the island of Sicily. The war was being carried right into the enemy's home--thereby safeguarding yours and mine.

Days swiftly sped by, and one morning the dawn broke over little Berteaux to reveal an empty airdrome. The XXX Squadron had "flown by night" deep into Tunisia. They set up a new air base, closer to the toe of Italy, and better for the coming "hot foot" of the then wavering Mussolini. Friendly natives looked upon a deserted field and wondered of those care-free Americans who daily looked on death and laughed at fate "Where are they now?"

On July 7, 1943, a call came from a nearby Squadron asking for a ship to fill in one of their formations. Ten minutes later First Lieutenant James L. Durgin rose to the sky, joined the formation that crossed the Mediterranean, deep into enemy territory to blast installations at Scalia, Italy, and to tally up the 100th mission for his Squadron. 100 times the XXX Squadron had carried the war to the enemy in missions ranging from one lone ship to 18 ships. The Axis never knows--but always wonders "Where are they now?"

Only a short year has passed since this Squadron began its debarkation from American soil. But what a year it has been--men and officers--and planes have fought and worked. In, on and over 4 continents, 2 oceans, and 5 islands, they have lost 19 airplanes, 32 officers and 33 enlisted men, either missing in action, dead, or prisoners of war. Yet, new and improved planes and replacement crews arrived regularly, and the fall of the Fascist government in Italy saw them stronger than ever before--20 airplanes and crews located at a strategic base, well within range of the heart of Italy.

Daily they fly and fight, 24 hours each day their work goes on, and on, tomorrow and the next day, and the next, until the whole Axis machine crumbles they shall suddenly appear from out of the sun to rain death and destruction upon the enemy--and with each bomb load they shall ask of comrades lost in battles gone before, "Where are they now?"

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McHARGE POEM, "MY PILOT", SENT TO HIS MOTHER

ASHEVILLE MAN AND HIS SKIPPER MISSING IN NORTH AFRICA

A poem written by T/Sgt. James H. McHarge, reported missing in action on the North African front, was sent to his mother, Mrs. J. H. McHarge of 21 Cumberland Avenue, by Mrs. A. R. Cox of Fox, Virginia, whose son, Lieutenant Robert Cox, was reported missing at the same time as Sergeant McHarge.

Sergeant McHarge wrote the poem "My Pilot", as a tribute to Lieutenant Cox, pilot of the B-25 bomber on which Sergeant McHarge was bombardier. Their plane failed to return from a mission last February 8.

Sergeant McHarge volunteered for service in the Army on December 8, 1941 and trained at Sheppard Field, Texas; Santa Monica, California; Walterboro, South Carolina and Columbia, South Carolina before going overseas in November 1942. He was a graduate of Lee Edwards High School in 1937 and at the time he entered the Service, was employed at Harry's Motor Inn.

The poem by Sergeant McHarge, entitled "My Pilot", is as follows:

My Pilot

Yes, he's the leader of the crew
It's up to him to get us through
If all goes well, we each get back
We rush to Intelligence to joke and wisecrack.

Yet off by himself, looking very grim
Is my pilot who flew the ship they couldn't trim
He says nothing to none of the rest
If we hadn't got back, he'd still done his best.

The crew, like myself, has never realized
Or been responsible for six other lives
If Fate must have it, and one must get shot
God, let it be me, but save my Pilot.

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SCUSSSE R.R. YARDS, TUNISIA

Telergma Aircrome, 18 December 43.

Group Mission # 7

Flight 6 B-25's

Sqdrn Mission # 1

Escort 6 P-38's

Bomb Load: (6 x 500)

Bombs Dropped: 6(6 x 500), 18,000#

C R E W S

1st Lt. Pickett, P.D. N
2nd Lt. Gollnitz, F.C. N
2nd Lt. Myers, J.H. B

REMARKS: The above named 381st Officers flew in aircraft of other squadrons.

The attack was made from the deck, climbing just before the bomb run. The round house and the tracks in the marshalling yards were our target.

Photographs taken after this mission proved the excellence of our bombing.

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SFAK R.R. YARDS

30 December 42

Group Mission #8	Flight 12 B-25'S
Sqdrn Mission #2	Escort 12 P-38'S
Take Off 12:45	Bomb Load: (8 x 300)
Target 14:22	Bombs dropped: 5(8 x 300). 12000#
Down 16:00	
Total Time 3 Hrs. 15 Min.	

Weather: Scattered clouds 5500 to 6000 feet, 14 mile visibility enroute. CAVU at target.

C R E W S

41-13074 (F)

1st Lt. Phillips, C.A.	P
1st Lt. Schrupp, E.F.	CP
2nd Lt. Frost, R.	B*
S/Sgt. Nickelson, R.C.	R
S/Sgt. Kiel, G.	G

41-13084 (D)

Capt. Ferguson, I.L.	P
1st Lt. Crump, W.P.	CP
2nd Lt. Myers, J.H.	B
Pvt. Ough, J.A.	R
Sgt. Neff, R.L.	G

41-13061 (E)

1st Lt. Thorndike, R.W.	P
1st Lt. Lewis, K.E.	CP
Sgt. Miller, F.E.	R
S/Sgt. Daly, D.J.	B
S/Sgt. Molnar, W.J.	G

41-13093 (J)

1st Lt. Alexander, W.T.	P
1st Lt. Cox, R.A.	CP
2nd Lt. Gollnitz, F.C.	N
T/Sgt. McHarge, J.H.	B
S/Sgt. Windham, D.G., Jr.	G

41-13102 (G)

1st Lt. March, E.D.	P**
1st Lt. Eddy, L.A.	CP
1st Lt. Pickett, P.D.	B
1st Lt. Kennedy, E.	N***
Sgt. Taylor, M.K.	R
Sgt. Schave, H.L.	G

Remarks: 40 x 300# bombs were dropped within target area. Photos proved excellent results. Altitude 7800 feet. Flak: Heavy, accurate, slight intensity. Good evasive action. Ship #41-13084 damaged by flak holes in wing.

* 428th. Bomb Sq.
 ** 428th. Bomb Sq.
 *** 379th. Bomb Sq.

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NARRATIVE BY LT. SCHRUPP

Telergma A/D

30 December 42

After "Sweating out" several briefings and "dry runs", the 381st Squadron for the first time in its history climbed into their own planes and prepared to start on a bombing mission in North Africa. It was the Groups 8th mission and the target was the Sfax Railroad Yard and Round House.

Of course, everyone was excited and eager to deal "Jerry" his first knockout blow.

The engines were started, checked and rechecked to make sure that everything was working properly. At 12:45 the first ship rolled down the runway and the 381st was off and determined to "hit 'em a lick!" As the twelve B-25's gathered in formation and circled the field, twelve P-38's took off; our fighter escort. In another few minutes the navigator in the flight leader's ship gave us our compass heading and 24 of America's fighting planes and their crews were on a mission; a new experience for the 381st Squadron. Mountain peaks passed below and to our side during the first hours, then we dove down to the low lands which we had eagerly anticipated, for here we knew, the buzzing would begin. For about 15 minutes our planes were barely skimming the olive groves, and Arab huts. Camels, sheep, and natives ran in all directions when our thundering wings would swoop down upon them. Soon our air speed indicators were registering 240 M.P.H. This, we knew, was the signal for the start of our climb. The Flight Leader lifted his nose and the other ships followed with prop pitch and throttles well forward. Up and up, our Billy Mitchells carried their destructive loads. The target came into view and every man was patiently waiting to see that first burst of much feared Flak. At 9,000 feet we leveled out and maneuvered into position for the bombing run. Bomb bay doors opened. Puffs of smoke appeared all about us. This was it --- the Flak. Finally the bombardier's voice came over the interphone, "Bombs away, doors closed". We started for the deck, twisting, turning, diving and climbing. Still the puffs of smoke were around us. "Couldn't we go faster?" I asked. I had been too busy to notice that the air speed indicator was registering 380 M.P.H! Soon we were back on the deck and the flight assembled, heading for home. Every ship had gotten off the target safely and our spirits were high. But as we were flying along on the deck, a flock of birds decided to take wing, directly in front of Lt. Alexander's plane. Birds splattered all over, and the plane looked as if "Jerry" had really made several direct hits. The windshield was broken, navigator dome and gunner's dome were knocked off, wings were dented and engine cowlings wrinkled. All in all, the plane looked like it had been "through the mill", but the able Pilot and Co-pilot landed it safely and were none the worse for it.

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After all the planes were down and the crews had gathered for the interrogation, excitement was plentiful as each related his story of his first bombing mission. After a final inspection of the planes had been made, it was found that Lt. Phillips and Capt. Ferguson's ships had been hit by flak. But the damage was slight compared to the destruction caused by the 12,000 pounds of bombs which had been dropped. Later, aerial photos showed that the Round House was split wide open and that many bombs had made direct hits on the R.R. Yards and torn up hundreds of feet of track. So, the 381st's first mission was a success and "Jerry" knew he had an enemy that was out for business.

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THIS DOCKS

1 January 43

Group Mission #9	Flight 11 B-25's
Sqdrn Mission #3	Escort 12 P-38's
Take Off 09:45	Bomb Load: (6 x 500) Demolition
Down 13:00	Bombs Dropped: None
Total Time: 3 Hrs. 15 Min.	

Weather: Enroute and return visibility very bad, with heavy rain. Clear with scattered clouds at target.

C R E W S

41-13084 (F)

1st Lt. Crump, W.P. P
 2nd Lt. Hawkins, F.B. CP
 2nd Lt. Gollnitz, F.C.NB
 Sgt. Neff, R.L. G
 T/Sgt. Kelley, D.C. R

41-13102 (A)

1st Lt. Hellsabeck, C.J.P*
 1st Lt. Eddy, L.A. CP
 1st Lt. Colvin, J.W. M*
 1st Lt. Pickett, P.D. B
 Sgt. Schave, H.L. G
 Sgt. Taylor, M.K. R

41-13082 (E)

1st Lt. Linden, E.O. P
 1st Lt. Jackson, W.C. CP
 T/Sgt. Caron, J.B. B
 Cpl. Hughes, A. G
 S/Sgt. Krasovec, W.F. R

41-13061 (H)

1st Lt. Thorndike, R.W. P
 2nd Lt. Lewis, K.E. CP
 S/Sgt. Daly, D.J. B
 S/Sgt. Molnar, W.J. G
 S/Sgt. Miller, F.E. R

REMARKS: Heavy rain, and a navigational error (not 381st's) caused the ships to return without dropping their bombs. Flak: light, slight. No damage.

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* 428th Squadron.

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KAIROUAN R.F. YARDS

4 January 43

Group Mission #9	Flight 18 B-25'S
Sqdrn Mission # 4	Escort 5 P-40'S
Take Off 12:40	Bomb Load: (9 x 100) Demolition (3 x 100) Incendiary
Target 14:50	
Down 16:40	Bombs Dropped: None
Total Time: 4 Hrs. 0 Min.	
<u>Weather:</u> Zero visibility over target.	

C R E W S

41-13102 (K)

1st Lt. Eddy, L.A.	P
2nd Lt. Hawkins, F.B.	CP
2nd Lt. Katzenbach, N.D.N	
1st Lt. Pickett, P.D.	B
Sgt. Schave, H.L.	G
Sgt. Taylor, M.K.	R

41-13061 (O)

1st Lt. Thorndike, R.W.	P
1st Lt. Lewis, K.E.	CP
S/Sgt. Daly, D.J.	B
S/Sgt. Miller, F.E.	R
S/Sgt. Molnar, W.J.	G

41-13073 (S)

1st Lt. Cox, R.A.	P
2nd Lt. Szczygiel, J.	CP
2nd Lt. Dauley, C.G.	B
S/Sgt. Windham, D.G., Jr	G
Cpl. Brink, R.W.	R

41-13084 (U)

1st Lt. Crump, W.P.	P
2nd Lt. Froelicher, P.R.	CP
2nd Lt. Myers, J.H.	B
2nd Lt. Gollnitz, F.C.	N
Sgt. Neff, R.L.	G
Pvt. Ough, J.A.	R

41-13062 (R)

1st Lt. Linden, E.O.	P
1st Lt. Jackson, W.C.	CP
S/Sgt. Caron, J.B.	B
Cpl. Hughes, A.	G
S/Sgt. La Porte, F.R.	R

Remarks: Lt. Crump's ship returned with 21 flak holes in the wing. Target run 7,800 ft. to 9,000 ft. Zero visibility over target. Results uncertain. Flak; heavy, slight intensity but accurate. Two Officers, Lt. Holstead (379th.) and Lt. Norwell (380th.) were wounded over Telepte by 50 cal. machine gun fire.

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KAROLAN R.R. YARDS

6 January 43

Group Mission #11	Flight 18 B-25's
Sqdrn Mission # 5	Escort 18 P-38's
Take Off 12:25	Bomb Load: (8 x 300) Demolition
Target 14:07	Bombs Dropped: 4(8 x 300). 9,600#
Down 15:50	
Total Time: 3 Hrs. 35 Min.	

Weather: Scattered clouds at 5,000 to 6,000 feet en route. CAVU at target.

C R E W S

41-13052 (F)

1st Lt. Van Divort, R. P
 1st Lt. Wightman, H.B. CP
 2nd Lt. Wilson, F.E. B
 Sgt. Nelson, F.S. G
 S/Sgt. Chaffins, R. R

41-13106 (E)

1st Lt. Thorndike, R.W. P
 1st Lt. Lewis, K.E. CP
 T/Sgt. Daly, D.J. B
 S/Sgt. Molnar, W.J. G
 Sgt. Miller, F.E. R

41-13102 (F)

1st Lt. Eddy, L.A. P
 2nd Lt. Hawkins, F.B. CP
 2nd Lt. Katzenbach, M.D.N
 1st Lt. Pickett, P.D. B
 Sgt. Schave, H.L. R
 Sgt. Taylor, M.K. G

REMARKS: Bombs were dropped from 8,400 feet.
 Target well bracketed. Flak: slight, heavy
 and light. No damage. 2 2/c w/out

41-13062 (S)

1st Lt. Linden, E.O. P
 1st Lt. Jackson, W.C. CP
 S/Sgt. Caron, J.A. B
 Cpl. Hughes, A. G
 S/Sgt. La Porte, F.R. R

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GRABIA R.R. BRIDGES

8 January 43

Group Mission #13	Flight 12 B-25's
Sqdrn Mission # 6	Escort 8 P-38's
Take Off 14:30	Bomb Load: (6 x 500) Demolition
Target 15:47	Bombs Dropped: 5(6 x 500). 15,000#
Down 17:20	
Total Time: 2 Hrs. 50 Min.	

Weather: En route, 3/10 cover. Visibility good. 15,000 Foot cover at target, visibility good.

C R E W S

#1-1305Z (E)

1st Lt. Van Divort, R P
 1st Lt. Wrightman, H.R. CP
 2nd Lt. Wilson, F.E. B
 Sgt. Nelson, F.S. G
 S/Sgt. Chaffins R

#1-1306Z (D)

1st Lt. Eddy, L.A. P
 2nd Lt. Hawkins, F.B. CP
 2nd Lt. Katzenbach, H.B. N
 1st Lt. Pickett, P.D. B
 Sgt. Schave, H.L. G
 Sgt. Taylor, M.K. R

#1-1306L (E)

1st Lt. Thorndike, R.W. P
 1st Lt. Lewis, K.E. CP
 S/Sgt. Daly, D.J. B
 S/Sgt. Molnar, W.J. G
 Sgt. Miller, F.E. R

#1-1307Z (M)

1st Lt. Cox, R.A. P
 2nd Lt. Szczygiel, J. CP
 1st Lt. Green, W.B. B
 S/Sgt. Windham, D.G. G
 T/Sgt. McHarge, J.H. R

#1-1307L (L)

1st Lt. Phillips, C.A. P
 1st Lt. Schrupp, E.F. CP
 2nd Lt. Myers, J.H. B
 S/Sgt. Kiel, W.H. G
 S/Sgt. Nickelson, R.C. R

REMARKS: Bombs dropped accurately, destroying main bridge. Flak: None.
 Enemy Aircraft: None.

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SEA SEARCH

12 January 43

Group Mission #16	Flight 6 B-25's
Sqdrn Mission # 7	Escort 6 P-38's
Take Off 07:30	Bomb Load: (6 x 500)
Down 11:15	Bombs Dropped: None
Total Time: 4 Hrs. 25 Min.	

Weather: En route, scattered clouds, intermittent showers. CAVU over sea, clearing on way back.

C R E W S

1

41-13062 (C)

1st Lt. Linden, E.O. P
 1st Lt. Jackson, W.C. CP
 S/Sgt. Caron, J.B. B
 Sgt. Hughes, A. G
 S/Sgt. La Porte, F.R.R

41-13073 (E)

1st Lt. Cox R.A. P
 2nd Lt. Szczgiel, J. CP
 1st Lt. Green, W.E. B
 S/Sgt. Windham, D.G. G
 Sgt. Brink, R.W. R

41-13052 (E)

1st Lt. Van Divort, R.P
 1st Lt. Wightman, H.E. CP
 2nd Lt. Wilson, F.E. B
 S/Sgt. Nelson, F.S. G
 T/Sgt. Chaffins, R. R

41-13102 (D)

1st Lt. Eddy, L.A. P
 2nd Lt. Hawkins, F.B. CP
 1st Lt. Fickett, P.D. B
 2nd Lt. Katzenbach, H.D.N
 Sgt. Taylor, M.K. G
 Sgt. Schave, H.L. R

41-13061 (E)

1st Lt. Thorndike, R.W. P
 1st Lt. Lewis, K.E. CP
 S/Sgt. Daly, D.J. B
 T/Sgt. Sousa, A.E. R
 S/Sgt. Molnar, W.J. G

REMARKS: No shipping sighted. All bombs returned. Flak: None.
 Enemy Aircraft: None.

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SEA SEARCH

14 January 43

Group Mission #20	Flight 6 B-25's
Sqdrn Mission # 8	Escort 8 P-38's
Take Off 12:15	Bomb Load: (6 x 500)
Down 16:15	Bombs Dropped: None
Total Time: 4 Hrs.	

Weather: En route CAVU but rough. Over sea, showers with visibility two miles. CAVU to Base.

CREWS

41-13061 (B)

1st Lt. Thorndike, R.W. P
 1st Lt. Lewis, K.E. CP
 T/Sgt. Kelley, D.C. B
 S/Sgt. Molnar, W.J. G
 Sgt. Miller, F.E. R

41-13102 (A)

1st Lt. Eddy, L.A. P
 Capt. Ferguson, I.L. CP
 1st Lt. Pickett, P.D. B
 2nd Lt. Katzenback, N.D.M
 Sgt. Schave, H.L. G
 Sgt. Taylor, M.R. R

41-13052 (C)

1st Lt. Van Divort, R. P
 1st Lt. Wightman, H.B. CP
 T/Sgt. Smith, W.A. B
 Sgt. Nelson, F.S. G
 S/Sgt. Chaffins, R. R

41-13073 (F)

1st Lt. Cox, R.A. P
 2nd Lt. Szczygiel, J. CP
 1st Lt. Green, W. E. B
 S/Sgt. Windham, D.G. G
 Sgt. Brink, R.W. R

41-13062 (D)

1st Lt. Grump, W.P. P
 2nd Lt. Frollicher, P.R. CP
 2nd Lt. Wilson, F.E. B
 2nd Lt. Gollnitz, F.C. N
 Sgt. Neff, R.L. G
 T/Sgt. McHarge, J.H. R

41-13074 (E)

1st Lt. Phillips, C.A. P
 1st Lt. Schrupp, E.F. CP
 2nd Lt. Myers, J.H. B
 S/Sgt. Kiel, W.H. G
 S/Sgt. Nickelson, R.G. R

REMARKS: No ships sighted, bombs returned. Flak; None. Enemy Aircraft: None.

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SEA SEARCH AROUND CAP BON

17 January 43

Group Mission #23
Sqd'n Mission # 9Flight 6 B-25'S
Escort 15 P-38'S

Take Off 7:15

Bomb Load (6 x 500) Demolition

Down 11:15

Bombs Dropped: None

Total Time 4 Hrs. 0 Min.

Weather: Scattered clouds in two layers, 3000 and 9000 feet. Otherwise CAVU.

C R E W S

ZI-13073 (C)1st Lt. Cox, R.A. P
2nd Lt. Szczygiel, J. CP
1st Lt. Green, W.B. B
S/Sgt. Windham, D.G., Jr. G
Sgt. Brink, R.W. RZI-13082 (A)1st Lt. Crump, W.P. P
Capt. Ferguson, I.L. CP
2nd Lt. Gollnitz, F.C. N
2nd Lt. Wilson, F.E. B
Sgt. Neff, R.L. G
Sgt. Boone, E.W. RZI-13052 (B)1st Lt. Linden, E.O. P
1st Lt. Jackson, W.C. CP
S/Sgt. Caron, J.B. B
S/Sgt. Kinney, W.M. R
S/Sgt. Messengale, J.T. GZI-13052 (F)1st Lt. Van Divort, R. P
1st Lt. Wightman, H.B. CP
T/Sgt. Smith, W.A. B
Sgt. Nelson, F.S. G
S/Sgt. Chaffins, R. RZI-13102 (D)1st Lt. Eddy, L.A. P
2nd Lt. Hawkins, F.B. CP
1st Lt. Pickett, P.D. B
2nd Lt. Katzenbach, N.D. N
Sgt. Taylor, M.K. R
Sgt. Schave, H.L. GZI-13074 (E)1st Lt. Phillips, C.A. P
1st Lt. Schrupp, E.F. CP
2nd Lt. Myers, J.H. B
S/Sgt. Kiel, W.H. G
S/Sgt. Nickelson, R.C. RRemarks: No shipping sighted. Bombs returned. The escorting P-38'S shot down two JU-52'S and one JU-88.

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MEDENINE AIR DRONE

19 January 43

Group Mission #25	Flight 18 B-25's
Sqdrn Mission #10	Escort 16 P-38's
Take Off 09:08	Bomb Load (8x 300).
Target 11:10	Bombs Dropped: 3(8 x 300). 7,200#
Down 13:52	
Total Time: 3 Hrs. 52 Min.	
<u>Weather:</u> CAVU.	

CREWS

41-1305Z (S)

1st Lt. Van Divort, R. P
 1st Lt. Wightman, H.B. CP
 T/Sgt. Smith, W.A. B
 Sgt. Nelson, F.S. G
 S/Sgt. Chaffins, R. R

41-1310Z (U)

1st Lt. Eddy, L.A. P
 2nd Lt. Hawkins, F.B. CP
 2nd Lt. Katzenbach, N.D.N
 1st Lt. Pickett, P.D. B
 Sgt. Schave, H.L. G
 Sgt. Taylor, M.K. R

41-13061 (R)

1st Lt. Thorndike, R.W. P
 1st Lt. Lewis, K.E. CP
 T/Sgt. Kelley, D.C. B
 S/Sgt. Molnar, W.J. G
 Sgt. Boone, E.W. R

REMARKS: The bombs were dropped with extreme accuracy, making direct hits on a road intersection in the center of town. No damage resulted from machine gun fire sent up over the town, or from machine gun fire from Tanks which the flight passed over on the way home to the base. **No Enemy Aircraft Interception.**

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SEA SEARCH N.E. OF TUNIS

20 January 43

Group Mission #26	Flight 6 B-25'S
Sqdrn Mission #11	Escort 12 P-38'S
Take Off 12:00	Bomb Load: (6 x 500)
Down 15:15	Bombs Dropped: None.
Total Time 3 Hrs. 15 Min.	

Weather: Enroute, high scattered clouds. Rest of route CAVU.

C R E W S

41-13073 (F)

1st Lt. Cox, R.A.	P
2nd Lt. Szczygiel, J.	CP
1st Lt. Green, W.B.	N
T/Sgt. McHarge, J.H.	B
S/Sgt. Windham, D.G., Jr.	G
Sgt. Brink, R.W.	R

41-13084 (D)

1st Lt. Crump, W.P.	P
2nd Lt. Froelicher, P.R.	CP
2nd Lt. Gollnitz, F.C.	N
2nd Lt. Wilson, F.E.	B
Pvt. Ough, J.A.	R
Sgt. Neff, R.L.	G

41-13062 (T)

1st Lt. Linden, E.O.	P
1st Lt. Jackson, W.C.	CP
S/Sgt. Caron, J.B.	B
S/Sgt. La Porte, F.R.	R
Sgt. Hughes, A.	G

Remarks: Second Element of Flight. Convoy of 4 ships attacked by the First Element (no 381st. ships). One tanker left sinking. Flak: Heavy and light from escorting destroyer. No damage. No Enemy Aircraft.

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SEA SEARCH N.E. OF TUNIS

21 January 43

Group Mission #28	Flight 6 B-25'S
Sqdrn Mission #12	Escort 14 P-38'S
Take Off 14:12	Bomb Load: (4 X 500)
Down 17:45	Bombs Dropped:
Total Time 3 Hrs. 35 Min.	

Weather: No clouds, slight haze, visibility 5 miles. CAVU at sea and route back.

<u>41-13073 (C)</u>		<u>41-13087 (A)</u>		<u>41-13067 (E)</u>	
1st Lt. Cox, R.A.	P	1st Lt. Crump, W.P.	P	1st Lt. Jackson, W.C.	CP
2nd Lt. Szczygiel, J.	CP	Maj. Hoover, T.*	CP	1st Lt. Linden, E.O.	P
1st Lt. Green, W.B.	N	Capt. Pound, W.R.*	N	S/Sgt. Caron, J.B.	B
T/Sgt. McHarge, J.H.	B	2nd Lt. Wilson, F.E.	B	S/Sgt. La Porte, F.R.	R
Sgt. Brink, R.W.	R	Pvt. Ough, J.A.	R	Sgt. A. Hughes	G
S/Sgt. Windham, D.G., Jr.	G	S/Sgt. Messengale, J.T.	G		

Remarks: Two B-25'S turned back because of engine trouble and two of the P-38 escort accompanied them to the base. No shipping was sighted and the bombs were returned. 8 ME-109'S were encountered, which resulted in a running fight which lasted for 20 minutes. One ME109 was shot down into the sea by S/Sgt. D.G. Windham, Jr. Flak: Light while crossing coast, but no damage.

* 379th. Bomb. Sqd.

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PONT DU FAHS

21 January 43

Group Mission #27	Flight 18 B-25's
Squadron Mission #13	Escort 16 P-38's
Take Off 10:46	Bomb Load: (8 x 300).
Target 11:52	Bombs Dropped: 3 (8 x 300). 7,200#
Down 13:00	
Total Time: 2 Hrs. 14 Min.	

Weather: En route slight haze at 4,000 to 5,000 feet. Over target and en route back, CAVU.

C R E W S

41-13052 (J)

1st Lt. Wightman, H.A.	CP
1st Lt. Van Divort, R.	P
T/Sgt. Smith, W.A.	B
Sgt. Nelson, P.S.	G
S/Sgt. Chaffins, R.	R

41-13102 (G)

1st Lt. Eddy, L.A.	P
Capt. Ferguson, I.L.	CP
1st Lt. Pickett, P.D.	B
2nd Lt. Katzenbach, N.D.N	
Sgt. Taylor, M.K.	G
Sgt. Schave, H.L.	R

41-13061 (H)

1st Lt. Thorndike, R.W.	P
1st Lt. Lewis, K.E.	CP
T/Sgt. Kelley, D.C.	B
S/Sgt. Molnar, W.J.	G
Sgt. Boone, E.W.	R

REMARKS: Bombing fairly accurate. Lt. Pickett salvoed his bombs at the target. Little Enemy activity. One B-25 returned early because of engine trouble, and two P-38's turned back.

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EL AOUINA AIR DROME, TUNIS

22 January 43

Group Mission #29	Flight 18 B-25's
Sqdrn Mission #14	Escort 16 F-38's
Take Off 13:27	Bomb Load: (12 x 120) Frag.
Target 14:50	Bombs Dropped: 3(12 x 120). 4,320#
Down 16:00	
Total Time: 2 Hrs. 33 Min.	

Weather: CAVU all the way, except for a slight ground haze.

C R E W S

41-10352 (F)

1st Lt. Van Divort, R.	P
1st Lt. Wightman, H.B.	CP
T/Sgt. Smith, W.A.	B
S/Sgt. Nelson, F.S.	G
S/Sgt. Chaffins, R.	R

41-13102 (G)

1st Lt. Eddy, L.A.	P
2nd Lt. Hawkins, F.B.	CP
1st Lt. Pickett, P.D.	B
2nd Lt. Katzenbach, N.D.N	G
Sgt. Schave, H.L.	G
Sgt. Taylor, M.K.	R

41-13061 (R)

1st Lt. Thorndike, R.W.	P
1st Lt. Lewis, K.E.	CP
T/Sgt. Kelley, D.C.	B
S/Sgt. Molnar, W.J.	G
Sgt. Boone, E.W.	R

REMARKS: All ships reported complete coverage of the Air Drome with bombs. Many Enemy A/C which were on the ground were hit. Flak: Heavy and light barrages were intense over Tunis and the A/D. Several ships were hit. Sgt. Lockhart (379th) received a head wound and Sgt. Duncan (428th) was critically injured in Ship #41-13077. Six Me-109's and six FW-190's attacked in the vicinity of the Enemy A/D without results. Light flak from tanks (36 46 N - 09 35 E) hit ship #41-13044, which did not return. Two 'chutes were seen to open.

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TUNIS

Narrative by 1st Lt. Henry B. Wightman

January 22, 1943.

The 381st Squadron again had the "tailend Charlie" position for the raid. Its three ships were piloted by Lts. Eddy, Thorndike and Van Divort, having been assigned positions 16, 17, and 18 respectively. Lt. Eddy was the competent leader of our element and the great accuracy of our bombing can be attributed to his bombardier, Lt. Pickett. The navigator in our lead ship was Lt. Katzenbach.

Takeoff was at 13:25. After circling the field and picking up our escort of 16 P-38's, the 18 ship formation headed for Tunis. Target time was 14:45, and as we began our climb off the deck, Lt. Katzenbach saw to his satisfaction that the weather, over the city of Tunis, in the distance was excellent.

El Aouina airdrome is one mile east of Tunis on the north side of the dock area. Our axis of attack was from the north, each flight making an individual run on the target. As we turned toward the target, the city of Tunis lay bright and serene in the sunlight about ten miles to the south of us. Suddenly we saw a few bursts of Flak. Then the whole sky around us erupted in a veritable curtain of large puffs of black smoke. The barrage was so heavy that we actually flew through the puffs of black smoke from Flak bursts which had miraculously missed us.

Lt. Pickett in the lead ship had the airdrome in his sights, so Lt. Eddy stopped his evasive action and we began our bombing run. Several times Lt. Pickett's view through his bomb sights was obscured, so thick was the black smoke of the Flak bursts. Suddenly the frag clusters dropped from the lead ship's bomb bay, breaking up immediately into the individual bombs. I heard our own bombardier yell, "Bombs away", and then we were peeling off in a dive. Our nose guns chattered as bombardier T/Sgt. W. A. Smith poured round after round into the streets of the city.

Enemy fighters - Six ME-109's and six FW-190's attacked the lead flights, but were dispersed by our escort.

As our speed increased from 250 to 300 to 350, our radio man in the tail reported the sky literally erupting in a solid wall of Flak, interspersed with the red puffs the ground crews use to find the range. But they were too late,

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for even now we were leveling off on the deck, our speed reading 370 M.P.H. We breathed a sigh of relief at our miraculous escape, but all was not yet over.

As we were flying along with nothing to worry about, some 30 miles West of Tunis, I suddenly saw a light flak gun right in our path. A second later machine guns were firing at us from another direction also. Lt. Pickett fired his flexible gun and Lt. Eddy his fixed nose gun, and the flak position was silenced. If it had not been for their quickwitted action, our entire element of three planes would have been endangered as we passed within 50 feet of the gun positions.

Unfortunately one ship in the second flight, piloted by Lt. McDougal of the 379th Squadron was hit and caught fire. Gaining altitude, the courageous pilot gave his crew a chance to jump. The ship crashed in flames, and it is believed the pilot's heroic act cost him his own life as two parachutes did not have time to open.

One gunner, T/Sgt. Lockhart of the 428th was fatally wounded.

We landed at 1600, and the sorrow over the loss of our comrades was hardly nullified by the intelligence reports that our bombs had destroyed at least 20 enemy aircraft on the ground.

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MEDENINE AIR DROME

24 January 43

Group Mission #30	Flight 18 B-25's
Sqdrn Mission #15	Escort 12 P-38's
Take Off 10:30	Bomb Load: (12 x 120) Frag.
Target 12:50	Bombs Dropped: 6(12 x 120). 8,640#
Down 14:30	
Total Time: 4 Hrs. 0 Min.	

Weather: Visibility good except in scattered showers. Good at target.

C R E W S

71-13061 (U)

1st Lt. Thorndike, R.W. P
 2nd Lt. Lewis, K.E. CP
 T/Sgt. Kelley, D.C. B
 S/Sgt. Molnar, W.J. G
 Sgt. Boone, E.W. R

71-13102 (U)

1st Lt. Eddy, L.A. P
 2nd Lt. Hawkins, F.B. CP
 2nd Lt. Katzenbach, N.D. N
 1st Lt. Pickett, P.D. B
 S/Sgt. Schave, H.L. G
 Sgt. Taylor, M.K. R

71-13090 (P)

1st Lt. Martin, R.W. P
 2nd Lt. Sindelar, E.E. CP
 2nd Lt. Schick, R.E. B
 S/Sgt. Thomas, J.P. G
 Sgt. Bush, D.W. R

71-13075 (S)

1st Lt. Cox, R.A. P
 2nd Lt. Szczygiel, J. CP
 1st Lt. Green, W.B. B
 S/Sgt. Windham, D.G. G
 Sgt. Brink, R.W. R

71-13084 (U)

1st Lt. Crump, W.P. P
 2nd Lt. Froelicher, P.R. CP
 2nd Lt. Gollnitz, F.C. N
 2nd Lt. Wilson, F.E. B
 S/Sgt. Messengale, J.T. G
 Pvt. Ough, J.A. R

71-13062 (U)

1st Lt. Linden, E.O. P
 2nd Lt. Jackson, W.C. CP
 T/Sgt. Garon, J.A. B
 Sgt. Hughes, A. G
 T/Sgt. La Porte, F.R. R

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Medenine - January 24th, 1943.

Mission narrative by 2nd. Lt. Jackson

On the 24th day of January, 1943 we were briefed on the airdrome of Medenine. It was explained to us that this was the central point between Tripoli and Gabes and that our target was very important due to the fact that the airdrome was being used as a base for enemy aircraft that were strafing our troops.

At 10:30 A.M., 18 B-25's from the 310th Group took off. We were escorted by 12 P-38's. The 381st flight was the tail end flight.

We flew over the mountain range on the way down and "hit the deck" immediately upon arriving over the desert. Everyone gave a little silent prayer that he wouldn't have to walk home when the vast bareness of the desert was observed.

We arrived at our initial climb point at approximately 12:30 hours. Lt. Crump's element got behind in the climb for a short while. His left wingman, Lt. Cox, could not seem to get sufficient power to keep up in the climb.

Arriving over the target, there was some difficulty in locating the airdrome. It was finally found by the dust trail of an enemy aircraft taking off. The fragmentary bombs were dropped and very accurately. They caught an enemy aircraft taking off and he crashed. When the bombs were dropped everyone was afraid that they were going to be hit by the ones coming from above. It looked as if someone had thrown a large handful of pepper into the sky.

Enemy flak was bursting all around us but it was the most inaccurate encountered so far. The deflection was extremely poor. We hazarded the guess that the gun crews were Italian. While the formation was diving off the target at about 360 M.P.H., 18 B-26's were coming in with their bomb load. At first we thought they were ME's which scared us until we realized they were the "Flying Coffins". The B-25's flew on the deck all the way across the desert and climbed up only to get over the mountains. Everyone had a wonderful opportunity to see how low they could get as we passed over a large dry lake. Some did alright.

We arrived at Berteaux at 14:30. Another successful mission behind us. We reported at interrogation and then proceeded to take a little rest until the next day.

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SPAX R.R. YARDS

28 January 43

Group Mission #32	Flight 18 B-25's
Sqdrn Mission #16	Escort 18 P-38's
Take Off 12:45	Bomb Load: (8 x 300).
Target 14:32	Bombs Dropped: 6(8 x 300). 14,400#
Down 16:00	
Total Time: 3 Hrs. 15 Min.	

Weather: En route CAVU. Over target, 9/10 coverage at 6,000 to 7,000 feet.

C R E W S

41-13090 (C)

1st Lt. Martin, R.W.	P
2nd Lt. Sindelar, E.E.	CP
Sgt. Schave, H.L.	B
S/Sgt. Thomas, J.P.	G
Sgt. Bush, D.W.	R

41-13102 (A)

1st Lt. Eddy, L.A.	P
Capt. Ferguson, I.L.	CP
1st Lt. Pickett, P.D.	B
2nd Lt. Katzenbach, N.D.N	
Sgt. Taylor, M.K.	R
Sgt. Schave, H.L.	G

41-13072 (B)

1st Lt. Phillips, C.A.	P
2nd Lt. Schrupp, E.F.	CP
2nd Lt. Myers, J.H.	B
S/Sgt. Kiel, W.H.	G
T/Sgt. Nickelson, R.C.	R

41-13061 (F)

1st Lt. Thorndike, R.W.	P
2nd Lt. Lewis, K.E.	CP
T/Sgt. Daly, D.J.	B
S/Sgt. Molnar, W.J.	G
Sgt. Boone, E.W.	R

41-13084 (D)

1st Lt. Crump, W.P.	P
2nd Lt. Froelicher, P.R.	CP
2nd Lt. Wilson, F.E.	B
2nd Lt. Gollnitz, F.C.	N
S/Sgt. Messingale, J.T.	G
T/Sgt. Larck, B.A.	R

41-13062 (E)

1st Lt. Linden, E.O.	P
2nd Lt. Jackson, W.C.	CP
T/Sgt. Caron, J.B.	B
Sgt. Hughes, A.	G
T/Sgt. La Porte, R.	R

REMARKS: All bombs were dropped accurately on the target. Flak: Heavy, moderate. The ships flown by Lts. Linden, Martin and Thorndike received small flak holes. Four Me 109's and two FW 190's attacked. One Me 109 was destroyed, and one probably destroyed. One P-38 Pilot baled out 15 miles from the target. His 'chute opened. One B-25 made a belly landing in Enemy territory, landing at 10 02 E; 34 57 N, in a mud lake. The crew returned safely on 31 January 43.

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NOTE: Reconnaissance reports later indicated 30-50 enemy aircraft had been destroyed or damaged on the field.

Lt. Grump's aircraft was hit by one small piece of flak.

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EL AGUINA A/D-Tunis

29 January 43

Group Mission #33	Flight 12 B-25'S
Sqdrn Mission #17	Escort 12 P-38'S
Take Off 10:00	Bomb Load:
Target 11:18	Bombs Dropped:
Down 12:20	
Total Time 2 Hrs. 20 Min.	

Weather: Primary target and alternate target, Djedeida A/D obscured by clouds. Weather en route and return good.

C R E W S

41-13102 (C)

1st Lt. Van Divort, R.	P
1st Lt. Wightman, H.B.	CP
T/Sgt. Smith, W.A.	B
Sgt. Nelson, F.S.	G
S/Sgt. Chaffins, R.	R

41-13084 (K)

1st Lt. Crump, W.P.	P
2nd Lt. Froelicher, P.R.	CP
2nd Lt. Wilson, F.E.	B
2nd Lt. Gollnitz, F.C.	N
S/Sgt. Messengale, J.T.	G
Sgt. Taylor, M.K.	R

41-13074 (E)

1st Lt. Phillips, O.A.	P
2nd Lt. Schrupp, E.F.	CP
2nd Lt. Myers, J.H.	B
S/Sgt. Kiel, W.H.	G
S/Sgt. Michelson, R.C.	R

Remarks: one P-38 returned early. Target obscured by overcast. No bombs dropped. Flak: heavy and light, slight and inaccurate. No damage except a small hole in tail of Lt. Crump's ship. Ten ME-109's were intercepted by the P-38's.

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EL AOUINET R.R. SIDING

30 January 43

Group Mission #34	Mission 18 B-25's
Sqdrn Mission #18	Escort 12 P-38's
Take Off 08:55	Bomb Load: (12 x 300).
Target 10:35	Bombs Dropped: 6(8 x 300). 14,400#
Down 12:00	
Total Time: 3 Hrs. 05 Min.	

C R E W S

ZI-13052 (J)

1st Lt. Van Divort, R.	P
1st Lt. Wightman, H.B.	CP
T/Sgt. Smith, W.A.	B
Sgt. Nelson, F.S.	G
S/Sgt. Chaffins, R.	R

ZI-13102 (G)

1st Lt. Eddy, L.A.	P
2nd Lt. Hawkins, F.A.	CP
T/Sgt. Daly, D.J.	B
2nd Lt. Katzenbach, N.D.N	
Sgt. Taylor, M.K.	R
Sgt. Schave, H.I.	G

ZI-13074 (H)

1st Lt. Phillips, C.A.	P
1st Lt. Schrupp, E.F.	CP
2nd Lt. J.H. Myers	B
S/Sgt. Kiel, W.H.	G
S/Sgt. Mickelson, R.C.	R

ZI-13073 (F)

1st Lt. Cox, R.A.	P
2nd Lt. Szczygiel, J.	CP
1st Lt. Green, W.B.	B
S/Sgt. Windham, D.G.Jr.	G
Sgt. Brink, R.W.	R

ZI-13084 (M)

1st Lt. Crump, W.F.	P
2nd Lt. Froelicher, PR.	CP
2nd Lt. Gollnitz, F.C.	N
2nd Lt. Wilson, F.E.	B
S/Sgt. Messengale, J.T.G	
T/Sgt. Larck, B.A.	R

ZI-13062 (U)

1st Lt. Linden, E.O.	P
1st Lt. Jackson, W.C.	CP
S/Sgt. Caron, J.B.	B
Sgt. Hughes, A.	G
S/Sgt. La Porte, F.R.	R

REMARKS: A/A battery silenced from 9,700 ft and 8,400 feet. Tracks and trains hit. Flak: Heavy, light and accurate. The planes piloted by Lts. Crump and Linden received small flak holes. The formation was attacked by 9 Me-109's and 2 FW-190's. The two FW-109's were destroyed and two of the ME-109's were damaged by fire from out B-25's. The P-38 escort did an excellent job, shooting down five Me-109's plus 2 which were probably shot down. One P-38 returned to its base early, while four of them failed to return from the mission. S/Sgt. Windham damaged one Me-109.

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SEA SEARCH

1 February 43

Group Mission #35	Flight 6 B-25'S
Sqdrn Mission #19	Escort 12 P-38'S
Take Off 12:45	Bomb Load: (6 x 500)
Down 16:30	Bombs Dropped: None
Total Time 3 Hrs. 45 Min.	

Weather: GAVU.

C R E W S

41-13052 (C)

1st Lt. Van Divort, R.	P
1st Lt. Wightman, H.B.	CP
T/Sgt. Smith, W.A.	B
Sgt. Nelson, F.S.	G
S/Sgt. Chaffins, R.	R

41-13102 (A)

1st Lt. Eddy, L.A.	P
Maj. Ferguson, I.L.	CP
1st Lt. Pickett, P.D.	B
2nd Lt. Katzenbach, N.D.N	
S/Sgt. Taylor, M.K.	R
S/Sgt. Schave, H.L.	G

41-13061 (B)

1st Lt. Thorndike, R.W.	P
1st Lt. Lewis, K.E.	CP
S/Sgt. Daly, D.J.	B
S/Sgt. Molnar, W.J.	G
S/Sgt. Boone, E.W.	R

41-13072 (F)

1st Lt. Cox, R.A.	P
2nd Lt. Szczygiel, J.	CP
1st Lt. Green, W.B.	B
S/Sgt. Windham, D.G., Jr.	G
S/Sgt. Brink, R.W.	R

41-13084 (D)

1st Lt. Crump, W.P.	P
2nd Lt. Froelicher, F.R.	CP
2nd Lt. Gollnitz, F.C.	N
2nd Lt. Wilson, F.E.	B
S/Sgt. Messengale, J.T.G	
T/Sgt. Kelley, D.C.	R

41-13062 (E)

1st Lt. Linden, E.O.	P
1st Lt. Jackson, W.C.	CP
S/Sgt. Caron, J.B.	B
Sgt. Hughes, A.	G
S/Sgt. La Porte, F.R.	R

Remarks: No shipping or Enemy Aircraft sighted.

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EL MAOU A/D-SFAX

2 February 43

Group Mission #37	Flight 18 B-25'S
Sqdrn Mission #20	Escort 12 P-38'S
Take Off 11:15	Bomb Load: (12 x 120) Frag.
Target 12:40	Bombs Dropped: 8(12 x 120). 11520#
Down 14:05	
Total Time 2 Hrs. 50 Min.	

Weather: CAVU

C R E W S

41-13062 (M)

1st Lt. Linden, E.O.	P
1st Lt. Jackson, W.C.	CP
Sgt. Hughes, A.	G
S/Sgt. Caron, J.B.	B
S/Sgt. La Porte, F.R.	R

41-13052 (P)

1st Lt. Van Divort, R.	P
1st Lt. Wightman, H.B.	CP
T/Sgt. Smith, W.A.	B
Sgt. Nelson, F.S.	G
S/Sgt. Chaffins, R.	R

41-13073 (S)

1st Lt. Cox, R.A.	P
2nd Lt. Szczygiel, J.	CP
1st Lt. Green, W.B.	B
S/Sgt. Windham, D.G., Jr.	G
S/Sgt. Brink, R.W.	R

41-13102 (N)

1st Lt. Eddy, L.A.	P
2nd Lt. Hawkins, F.B.	CP
1st Lt. Pickett, P.D.	B
2nd Lt. Katzenbach, N.D.N	
S/Sgt. Taylor, M.K.	R
S/Sgt. Schave, H.L.	G

41-13082 (U)

1st Lt. Crumo, W.P.	P
2nd Lt. Froelicher, P.R.	CP
2nd Lt. Gollnitz, F.C.	N
2nd Lt. Wilson, F.E.	B
T/Sgt. Lareck, B.A.	R
S/Sgt. Messengale, J.T.G	

41-13074 (L)

1st Lt. Phillips, C.A.	P
1st Lt. Schrupp, E.F.	CP
2nd Lt. Myers, J.H.	B
S/Sgt. Kiel, W.H.	G
S/Sgt. Nickelson, R.C.	R

41-13061 (O)

1st Lt. Thorndike, R.W.	P
1st Lt. Lewis, K.E.	CP
S/Sgt. Daly, D.J.	B
S/Sgt. Molnar, W.J.	G
S/Sgt. Boone, E.W.	R

41-13090 (K)

1st Lt. Martin, R.W.	P
2nd Lt. Sindelar, E.E.	CP
2nd Lt. Schick, R.E.	B
S/Sgt. Thomas, J.P.	G
Sgt. Bush, D.W.	R

Remarks: No Enemy Aircraft were encountered. 8 (12x120). 11,520# Frag. Clusters covered A/D which had at least 12 Enemy A/C on it. Flak: heavy and light at target with moderate accuracy. The stern of Lt. Phillips' ship had 26 holes in it. Also, accurate Flak from Tank Battle 2/3 way to the target. One B-25 made a crash landing.

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DUED el LAHEN BRIDGES, 5 MILES
N. OF MARNASSY

3 February 43

Group Mission #38	Flight 18 B-25'S
Sqdrn Mission #21	Escort 12 P-38'S
Take Off 14:00	Bomb Load: (3 x 1000)
Target 15:15	Bombs Dropped: 2(3 x 1000). 6000#
Down 16:00	
Total Time 2 Hrs. 0 Min.	
<u>Weather:</u> CAVU at target.	

C R E W S

71-13073 [E]

1st Lt. Cox, R.A.	P
2nd Lt. Szczygiel, J.	CP
1st Lt. Green, W.B.	B
S/Sgt. Windham, D.G., Jr.	G
S/Sgt. Brink, R.W.	R

71-13084 [J]

1st Lt. Martin, R.W.	P
2nd Lt. Sindelar, E.E.	CP
2nd Lt. Schick, R.E.	B
S/Sgt. Thomas, J.P.	G
Sgt. Bush, D.W.	R

Remarks: Enemy tanks to N.E. being supplied over these roads and rail bridges.
Flak: heavy and light, slight, inaccurate, with no damage. 2 (3 x 1000), 6000#
bombs dropped near foundation of the bridges.

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BU TOUAL AIR DROME, 17 MILES SOUTH OF GARES

4 February 43

Group Mission #39

Sqdrn Mission #22

Take Off 13:10

Target 15:00

Down 16:30

Total Time: 3 Hrs. 20 Min.

Weather: Ceiling 5,000 feet to 7,000 feet. Visibility 8 to 10 miles.
Haze at the target.

CREWS

41-13073 (C)

1st Lt. Phillips, C.A. P
1st Lt. Schrupp, E.F. CP
2nd Lt. Myers, J.H. B
S/Sgt. Kiel, W.H. G
S/Sgt. Mickelson, R.C. R

41-13084 (A)

1st Lt. Crump, W.P. P
Maj. Ferguson, I.L. CP
2nd Lt. Gollnitz, F.C. N
2nd Lt. Wilson, F.E. B
S/Sgt. Messengale, J.T.G
T/Sgt. Larck, B.A. R

41-13062 (E)

1st Lt. Linden, E.O. P
1st Lt. Jackson, W.C. CP
s/Sgt. Caron, J.E. B
Sgt. Hughes, A. G
S/Sgt. La Porte, F.R. R

41-13061 (D)

1st Lt. Thorndike, R.W. P
1st Lt. Lewis, K.E. CP
2nd Lt. Schick, R.E. B
1st Lt. Green, W.B. N
S/Sgt. Molnar, F.R. G
S/Sgt. Boone, E.W. R

41-13102 (E)

1st Lt. Martin, R.W. P
2nd Lt. Sindelar, E.E. CP
S/Sgt. Daly, D.J. B
Sgt. Thomas, J.P. G
Sgt. Bush, D.W. R

REMARKS: Bombing was to have been from 9,000 to 10,000 feet. Ceiling at the target was 5,000 to 7,000 feet, with 8/10 coverage, so no bombs were dropped. No flak, and no Enemy A/C were encountered.

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GABES ~~in~~ DROME

8 February 43

Group Mission #40	Flight 18 B-25's
Sqdrn Mission #23	Escort 18 P-38's
Take Off 11:00	Bomb Load: (12 x 120) Frags.
Target 12:30	Bombs Dropped: 3(12 x 120). 4,360#
Down 14:25	
Total Time: 3 Hrs. 25 Min.	
<u>WEATHER:</u> CAVU.	

C R E W S

<u>ZI-13073 (M)</u>		<u>ZI-13084 (K)</u>		<u>ZI-13062 (L)</u>	
1st Lt. Cox, R.A.	P	1st Lt. Crump, W.P.	P	1st Lt. Linden, E.O.	P
2nd Lt. Szczygiel, J.	CP	2nd Lt. Froelicher, F.R.	CP	1st Lt. Jackson, W.C.	CP
T/Sgt. McHarge, J.H.	B	1st Lt. Gollnitz, F.C.	N	S/Sgt. Caron, J.B.	B
S/Sgt. Windham, D.G. Jr.	G	2nd Lt. Wilson, F.E.	B	Sgt. Hughes, A.	G
S/Sgt. Hrink, R.W.	R	S/Sgt. Messengale, J.T.	G	S/Sgt. La Porte, F.R.	R
		T/Sgt. Larch, B.A.	R		

REMARKS: Approximately (204 x 120), or 24,480# of frag bombs were dropped in the target area by the flight, causing fires and much destruction. Seven or more Me-109-E's and F's were shot down, one by Sgt. Hughes. Lt. Jackson observed this Me-109-E go down and crash N.W. of the target.

Flak: Heavy and light, very intense and accurate was encountered in the target area. It caused much damage to our aircraft. 25-30 Enemy A/C attacked, diving and climbing through our formations.

The mission was coordinated with 16 B-26's. Lt. Linden's ship was riddled with machine gun, cannon and flak holes. He made an excellent crash landing at Berteaux. Four of our A/C, including those of Lt. Crump and Lt. Cox, failed to return.

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"GABES"

Mission Narrative by Lt. Eric O. Linden - Pilot

The "Gabes Mission" proved to be the first major set-back for the 381st Squadron and our Group. It was the Squadron's 23rd mission and the Group's 40th.

We, being briefed on the Gabes airdrome, set out to add another "Sunday punch" to the Jerries. Prior to this raid we had lost no men and only one ship. Consequently this was just another raid to us.

This Gabes mission was different to all of us in that we were to use "B-26" tactics instead of our own "hit and run" method.

Eighteen B-25's took off at 11:00 hours escorted by 18 P-38's. This being a coordinating attack with B-26's we followed them to the target. En-route 4 P-38's and 3 B-26's returned to their base due to mechanical difficulties. Our approach to the target was made at 11,000 feet. A full 20 minutes before we were over the target we could see Rommel's fighters; of the famous "Yellow-Nose Squadron", we found out later; stirring up streaks of dust on the desert as they took off to meet our attack. There were between 30 and 50 Jerries to greet us and they were quite unwelcome. Considering that we had only 14 P-38's as escort for our 33 bombers, we had little defense except our own guns. From this point I will relate my own personal experience. We were flying in "POTCH-A-GALOO" on the right wing of "DIS'N DID'T" piloted by Lt. "Bitsy" Crump and "Bitsy's" left wingman was Lt. Cox in "VAR ARIAN". Over the target we ran into a great amount of flak and "POTCH-A-GALOO" received a direct hit in the bomb bay. Because of this we had to salvo the 12 racks of our fragmentation bombs. We also lost our hydraulic system due to this hit. As we left the target Lt. Crump's ship was also badly hit. He made a steep right bank and "pelled off" from the formation with Lt. Cox going along with him. At this time I was above "Bitsy" and he and Lt. Cox passed under our ship. It was the last time I saw either ship. I held my position on Capt. Allen's flight and turned out to be "tail end Charlie". All hell broke loose as one fighter after another made passes at "POTCH-A-GALOO". During these attacks we lost our air speed indicators, emergency landing mechanism, and the lower turret was put out of commission. One Jerry paid the price for this damage by coming within range of S/Sgt. Hughes' guns. A few seconds later these guns became inoperative too.

One scare and close call was when, on the way home, a flak fragment shattered my left window but failed to penetrate the glass. By now we knew we had lost two of our other planes, piloted by our friends in the 380th Squadron, Lt. Lacy and Lt. Barnwell.

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"GABES" - (continued)

Upon reaching the field, we radioed our difficulties to Capt. Allan, in the lead ship. He acted as our air speed indicator while we attempted to lower our landing gear manually--but our wheels just wouldn't lock down --and again as we made our approach. At about 20 feet we leveled out and cut all switches. The next I knew we were out of our ships and away in a hell of a hurry, fearing the ship might catch fire. The most pleasing news was that none of the crew had been hurt at all. That mission was our 14th and "POTCH-A-GALOOPI'S" last.

Much credit for the ship's safe return is due T/Sgt. Porter and his maintenance crew.

A last note in honor of the first Officers and Enlisted Men of the Squadron to be reported as missing in action:

C R E W S

Capt. Grump, W.P.	P	1st Lt. Cox, R.A.	P
1st Lt. Froelicher, P.R.	CP	1st Lt. Szczygiel, J.	CP
1st Lt. Gollnitz, F.C.	N	T/Sgt. McHarge, J.H.	B
1st Lt. Wilson, F.E.	B	S/Sgt. Windham, D.G., Jr.	G
S/Sgt. Massengale, J.T.	G	S/Sgt. Brink, R.W.	R
T/Sgt. Larck, B.A.	R		

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OPR. SEARCH

10 February 43

Group Mission #41	Flight 9 B-25'S
Sqdrm Mission #24	Escort P-38'S
Take Off 10:35	Bomb Load: (6 x 500)
Down 15:30	Bombs dropped: 2(6 x 500). 6000#
Total Time 2 Hrs. 55 Min.	

Weather: Enroute and over water, visibility 8 to 15 miles. Enroute back, weather very poor, with rain and snow flurries.

C R E W S

41-13102 (D)

1st Lt. Martin, R.W.	P
2nd Lt. Sindelar, E.E.	CP
S/Sgt. Thomas, J.P.	G
Sgt. Bush, D.W.	R
S/Sgt. Daly, D.J.	B

41-13074 (E)

1st Lt. Phillips, C.A.	P
1st Lt. Schrupp, E.F.	CP
1st Lt. Myers, J.H.	B
S/Sgt. Kiel, W.H.	G
T/Sgt. Nickelson, R.C.	R

Remarks: 2(6 x 500) bombs were dropped on four large barges carrying men and equipment from Sicily. Three sank, one probably sank. Lt. Phillips made two runs, making five near misses and one direct hit. Lt. Martin's ship made six near misses, and strafed crew.

Light flak and machine gun fire from these barges damaged some of our other ships. No enemy aircraft encountered.

Maj. Gen. James H. Doolittle flew as Co-Pilot of Capt. Allan's ship(379th. Bomb Sq.)

The Flight landed at Biskra because of unfavorable weather conditions.

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SEA SEARCH

13 February 43

Group Mission 42	Flight 4 B-25's
Sqdrn Mission 25	Escort 18 P-38's
Take Off 12:35	Bombs Dropped: None
Down 17:45	
Total Time: 5 Hrs. 10 Min.	

Weather: Enroute CAVU. Over sea, visibility 3 miles, with haze and fog.

C R E W S

71-13074 (U)

1st Lt. Phillips, C.A.	P
1st Lt. Schrupp, E.F.	CP
1st Lt. Myers, J.H.	B
S/Sgt. Kiel, W.H.	G
S/Sgt. Nickelson, R.C.	R

71-13102 (U)

1st Lt. Martin, R.W.	P
2nd Lt. Sindelar, E.E.	CP
S/Sgt. Thomas, J.P.	G
Sgt. Bush, D.W.	R
S/Sgt. Daly, D.J.	B

REMARKS: 30-50 Ju-52's and Me-323's were encountered off Tunis at 14:20. Three were shot down, one Ju-52 by S/Sgt. Daly, and another by S/Sgt. Thomas. Many other Enemy A/C were damaged, one of them by Lt. Phillips. This was confirmed by Lt. Martin and Sgt. Bush. 2(6 x 500) bombs were returned to the base. Machine gun fire from the Enemy A/C did no damage to our A/C.

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SEA SEARCH

14 February 43

Group Mission #43	Flight 6 B-25'S
Sqdrn Mission #26	Escort 24 P-38'S
Take Off 13:00	Bombs Dropped: None
Down 17:00	
Total Time 4 Hrs. 0 Min.	
<u>Weather:</u> Visibility 4 miles enroute. CAVU at target.	

41-13074 (C)

1st Lt. Van Divort, R.	P
1st Lt. Wightman, H.B.	CP
T/Sgt. Smith, W.A.	B
Sgt. Nelson, F.S.	G
S/Sgt. Chaffins, R.	R

41-13102 (E)

1st Lt. Thorndike, R.W.	P
1st Lt. Lewis, K.E.	CF
S/Sgt. Daly, D.J.	B
S/Sgt. Molnar, W.J.	G
S/Sgt. Boone, E.W.	R

Remarks: Saw nothing----did nothing.

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SEA SEARCH

16 February 43

Group Mission #44	Flight 6 B-25's
Sqdrn Mission #27	Escort 15 P-38's
Take Off 10:00	Bombs Dropped: None
Down 12:05	
Total Time: 2 Hrs. 05 Min.	

Weather: Very poor visibility, scattered showers.

C R E W S

41-13073 (C)

1st Lt. Atkinson, F.M.	P
2nd Lt. Hartley, J.R.	CP
Capt. Green, W.B.	B
S/Sgt. Elashko, L.J.	R
Sgt. Smith, J.F.	G

41-13052 (F)

1st Lt. Van Divort, R.	P
1st Lt. Wightman, H.B.	CP
T/Sgt. Smith, W.A.	B
Sgt. Nelson, F.S.	G
S/Sgt. Chaffins, R.	R

41-13102 (D)

Capt. Eddy, L.A.	P
2nd Lt. Hawkins, F.R.	CP
1st Lt. Katzenbach, N.D.	B
Capt. Pickett, P.D.	B
S/Sgt. Schave, H.L.	G
S/Sgt. Taylor, M.K.	R

41-13061 (E)

1st Lt. Thorndike, R.W.	P
1st Lt. Lewis, K.E.	CP
S/Sgt. Daly, D.J.	B
S/Sgt. Molnar, W.J.	G
S/Sgt. Boone, E.W.	R

REMARKS: No flak, no Huns, no bombs. A/C did not make entire sweep because of bad weather.

Maj. Gen. James H. Doolittle flew in the lead ship.

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VILLA UIDRO A/D. SARDINIA

17 February 43

Group Mission #45	Flight 12 B-25'S
Sqdrn Mission #28	Escort 15 P-38'S
Take Off 13:10	Bomb Load: (72 x 20) Frag.
Target 14:45	Bombs Dropped: 2(72 x 20). 2880#
Down 16:15	
Total Time: 3 Hrs. 5 Min.	

Weather: Enroute, visibility 7 miles. Zero at target. Visibility at opportunity target better.

C R E W S

71-13086 (J)

1st Lt. Kearns, A.G.	P
1st Lt. Rouch, M.R.	CP
S/Sgt. Grossi, F.L.	B
S/Sgt. Moberg, G.	G
Cpl. Elder, D.W.	R

71-13090 (M)

1st Lt. Martin, R.W.	P
2nd Lt. Sindelar, E.E.	CP
1st Lt. Schick, R.E.	B
Sgt. Thomas, J.P.	G
Sgt. Bush, D.W.	R
M/Sgt. McClurg, M.C.	Photo.

Remarks: Frag. bombs were dropped on an opportunity target, believed to be Decemomannu A/D. They were well placed among the planes on the field, blowing up a building which must have contained explosives.
Flak: Only distant barrage over Cagliari. No enemy fighters. First photo taken by group turned out beautifully.

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SEA SEARCH

22 February 43

Group Mission #48	Flight 6 B-25'S
Sqdrn Mission #30	Escort P-38'S
Take Off 10:10	Bomb Load (6 x 500)
Target 11:48	Bombs Dropped: 1 (6 x 500). 3000#
Down 13:50	
Total Time 3 Hrs. 40 Min.	

Weather: Visibility 10 miles overland, CAVU over sea.

C R E W S

71-13075 (C)

1st Lt. Atkinson, F.R. P
 2nd Lt. Hartley, J.R. CP
 Capt. Green, W.B. B
 Sgt. Smith, J.F. G
 S/Sgt. Blaschko, L.J. R
 M/Sgt. McClurg, M.C. Photo.

Remarks: Six 500# bombs dropped on large freighter, which sank within three minutes. This vessel was one of two of a convoy off Tunis, which was escorted by a flak barge and two destroyers together with 10 JU-88'S, 6 ME-210'S and 1 FW-190.

The flak was intense and the enemy fighters flew thru their own flak, from the escort vessels. One ME-210 and one FW-190 were shot down by our planes.

1st Lt. F. R. Atkinson's ship failed to return.

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ROAD-JUNCTION N.W. OF KASSERINE

22 February 43

Group Mission # 49	Flight 9 B-25'S
Sqdrn Mission # 31	Escort 4 Spitfires
Take Off 16:00	Bomb Load: 6 x 500
Down 18:00	Bombs Dropped: None
Total Time 2 Hrs. 0 Min.	

Weather: Visibility 1 to 5 miles. Zero at target.

C R E W S

ZI-13090 (E)

1st Lt. Martin, R.W.	P
2nd Lt. Sindelar, E.E.	CP
1st Lt. Schick, R.E.	B
S/Sgt. Thomas, J.P.	G
Sgt. Bush, D.W.	R

ZI-13061 (J)

1st Lt. Thorndike, R.W.	P
1st Lt. Lewis, K.E.	CP
T/Sgt. Daly, D.J.	B
S/Sgt. Molnar, W.F.	G
T/Sgt. Nickelson, R.C.	R

ZI-13102 (G)

Capt. Eddy, L.A.	P
2nd Lt. Hawkins, F.B.	CP
1st Lt. Katzenbach, N.D.N	B
Capt. Pickett, P.D.	B
S/Sgt. Taylor, M.K.	R
S/Sgt. Schave, H.L.	G

ZI-13052 (H)

1st Lt. Van Divort, R.	P
1st Lt. Wightman, H.B.	CP
1st Lt. Myers, J.H.	B
Cpl. Elder, D.W.	R
S/Sgt. Nelson, F.S.	G

Remarks: 500# bombs carried. None dropped, due to solid overcast obscuring target area. No enemy fighters. No flak.

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SEA SEARCH

23 February 43

Group Mission #50	Flight 6 B-25'S
Sqdrn Mission #32	Escort 15 P-38'S
Take Off 10:15	Bomb Load: (5 x 300)
Down 14:00	Bombs Dropped: None
Total Time 3 Hrs. 05 Min.	
<u>Weather:</u> Visibility 6 to 8 miles.	

C R E W S

41-13052 (F)

1st Lt. Phillips, C.A.	P
1st Lt. Schrupp, E.F.	CP
1st Lt. Myers, J.H.	B
S/Sgt. Kiel, W.H.	G
T/Sgt. Nickelson, R.C.	R

41-13061 (E)

1st Lt. Linden, E.O.	P
1st Lt. Jackson, W.C.	CP
T/Sgt. Garon, J.B.	B
S/Sgt. Hughes, A.	G
T/Sgt. La Porte, F.E.	R

REMARKS: No shipping sighted. No enemy fighters. No flak. All Bombs returned. One P-38 went down at sea; The formation circled and saw pilot safely aboard life raft which was dropped from one of the Bombers. They also notified the British Air-Sea Rescue Service of his position.

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SEA SEARCH

23 February 43

Group Mission #51	Flight 6 B-25'S
Sqdrn Mission #33	Escort 18 P-38'S
Take Off 14:00	Bomb Load: (6 x 500)
Target 15:15	Bombs Dropped: 2 (4 x 500). 4000#
Down 17:45	
Total Time 3 Hrs. 45 Min.	

Weather: Visibility 6 to 10 miles.

C R E W S

ZI-13090 (C)

1st Lt. Martin, R.W.	P
2nd Lt. Sindelar, E.E.	CP
1st Lt. Schick, R.E.	B
Sgt. Bush, D.W.	R
Sgt. Thomas, J.P.	G

ZI-13102 (A)

Capt. Eddy, L.A.	P
2nd Lt. Hawkins, F.B.	CP
Capt. Pickett, P.D.	B
1st Lt. Katzenbach, N.D.	N
Sgt. Taylor, M.K.	R
S/Sgt. Schave, H.L.	G
Maj. Ferguson, I.L.	O

Remarks: Thirteen Seibel Ferries loaded with trucks, boxes and barrels were attacked at 37D 42' N-33D 00' E. These large barges are well armed with machine guns and A/A. Five were sunk and several others damaged. They were escorted by two ME-109'S and two Macchi 200'S.

The flak from all 13 barges was concentrated upon our first element; which included the 2 381st A/C, and all three B-25'S crash landed into the sea.

One crew was observed to have succeeded in climbing out on the wing.

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LA HENCHA R.R. AND ROAD BRIDGES.

28 February 43

Group Mission #52	Flight 15 B-25'S
Sqdrn Mission #34	Escort 16P-38'S
Take Off 13:20	Bomb Load: (3 x 1000) and (72 x 20)
Target 14:50	Bombs Dropped: 3(3 x 1000) and (72 x 20)
Down 16:15	
Total Time 2 Hrs. 55 Min.	

Weather: Visibility 8 to 10 miles.

C R E W S

100th Bomb Formation-6 B-25'S41-13086 (C)

1st Lt. Kearns, A.G.	P
1st Lt. Rouch, M.R.	CP
S/Sgt. Grossi, F.L.	B
Cpl. Elder, D.W.	R
S/Sgt. Moberg, E.	G

41-13061 (F)

1st Lt. Thorndike, R.W.F	
1st Lt. Lewis, K.E.	CP
T/Sgt. Daly, D.J.	B
S/Sgt. Molnar, W.J.	G
S/Sgt. Krasovec, W.F.	R

41-13094 (E)

1st Lt. Jackson, W.C.	CP
1st Lt. Linden, E.O.	P
T/Sgt. Caron, J.B.	B
S/Sgt. Hughes, A.	G
T/Sgt. La Forte, F.P.	R

500th Bomb Formation-6 A/C-No 381st. A/CReg Bomb Formation-3 B-25'S41-13052 (C)

1st Lt. Van Divort, R.	P
1st Lt. Wightman, H.B.	CP
1st Lt. Myers, J.H.	B
S/Sgt. Nelson, F.S.	G
T/Sgt. Chaffins, R.	R

Remarks: Heavy bombs had 4 second delayed fuses, so results were uncertain, though believed good. Eight ME-109'S attacked, but the P-38'S drove them off. Flak: Light, intense, accurate, also M/G. One ship's engine was set on fire, but it returned safely.

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SEA SEARCH

1 March 43

Group Mission #53	Flight 9 B-25'S
Sqdrn Mission # 35	Escort 16 P-38'S
Take Off 15:00	Bomb Load: (6 x 500)
Down 18:10	Bombs Dropped: None
Total Time 3 Hrs. 10 Min.	

Weather: Visibility unlimited.

C R E W S

ZI-13086 (C)

1st Lt. Kearns, A.G.	P
1st Lt. Rouch, M.R.	CP
S/Sgt. Grossi, F.L.	B
S/Sgt. Moberg, E.	G
Cpl. Elder, D.W.	R

ZI-13074 (E)

1st Lt. Phillips, C.A.	P
2nd. Lt. Wigger, W.F.	CP
T/Sgt. Kelley, D.C.	B
S/Sgt. Kiel, W.H.	G
T/Sgt. Nickelson, R.C.	R

Remarks: No enemy aircraft or flak observed. A short mission, on which no shipping save two enemy destroyers were sighted. They were not attacked.

2nd. Lt. W.F. Wigger's first mission after waiting most impatiently for over 6 months.

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LANDING GROUND N.W. OF GABES

3 March 43

Group Mission #54	Flight 16 B-25'S
Sqdrn Mission #36	Escort 26 P-38'S
Take Off 13:00	Bomb Load: (72 x 20) Frag.
Target 14:45	Bombs Dropped: 5 (72 x 20). 7200#
Down 16:10	
Total Time 3 Hrs. 10 Min.	
<u>Weather:</u> Visibility unlimited.	

C R E W S

41-13052 (F)

1st Lt. Van Divort, R.	P	1st Lt. Thorndike, R.W.	P
2nd Lt. Stecher, R.W.	CP	1st Lt. Lewis, K.E.	CP
T/Sgt. Smith, W.A.	B	1st Lt. Myers, J.H.	B
S/Sgt. Nelson, F.S.	G	T/Sgt. Daly, D.J.	G
T/Sgt. Chaffins, R.	R	S/Sgt. Boone, E.W.	R
		Capt. White, A.W., Jr.	C

41-13065 (E)

1st Lt. Wert, D.S.	P
2nd Lt. Marlow, J.F.	CP
Cpl. Rogers, L.C.	B
S/Sgt. Bowden, S.T.	G
Sgt. Dittmar, F.A.	R

Remarks: No enemy aircraft got through the large fighter screen, so the many Spits, Hurricanes and P-40'S which were waiting upstairs weren't needed. Flak: Heavy, moderate, accurate; coming close, in fact hitting a P-38 which, as a result, was forced down, landing in friendly territory.

This was the first flight made by Capt. White since he became the Squadron C.O. on Feb. 23, 1943. This was also the first mission for the crew of 41-13065, and for 2nd. Lt. R.W. Stecher.

41-13086 (L)

1st Lt. Kearns, A.G.	P
1st Lt. Rouch, M.R.	CP
S/Sgt. Grossi, F.L.	B
Cpl. Elder, D.W.	R
S/Sgt. Moberg, E.	G

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SEA SEARCH

4 March 43

Group Mission #55	Flight 15 B-25'S
Sqdrn Mission #37	Escort 20 P-38'S
Take Off 07:00	Bombs dropped: None
Down 11:00	
Total Time 4 Hrs. 0 Min.	

Weather: Visibility from unlimited to 6 to 7 miles.

C R E W S

41-13052 (G)

1st Lt. Van Divort, R.	P
1st Lt. Wightman, H.B.	CP
T/Sgt. Smith, W.A.	B
S/Sgt. Nelson, F.S.	G
T/Sgt. Chaffins, R.	R

41-13065(B)

1st Lt. Thorndike, R.W.	P
1st Lt. Lewis, K.E.	CP
T/Sgt. Daly, D.J.	B
S/Sgt. Molnar, W.J.	G
S/Sgt. Boone, E.W.	R

41-13086 (L)

1st Lt. Kearns, A.G.	P
1st Lt. Rouch, M.R.	CP
S/Sgt. Grossi, F.L.	B
Cpl. Elder, D.W.	R
S/Sgt. Moberg, E.	G

41-13074 (P)

1st Lt. Phillips, C.A.	P
1st Lt. Schrupp, E.F.	CP
T/Sgt. Kelley, D.C.	B
Cpl. Koehler, R.R.	G
T/Sgt. Nickelson, R.C.	R

Remarks: Despite an early start the convoy of 4 ships which were to have been the target for this flight had reached Biaerta harbor by the time the group's aircraft arrived. No other shipping was sighted. No flak or enemy aircraft.

1st. Lt. Eric O. Linden left for O.T.U. at Casablanca this A.M.

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ENGLAND-NORTH AFRICA

Group Mission #59

Sqdrn Mission #38

The following Combat Crews were given credit for one complete Combat Mission, representing their flight from England to North Africa. These flights took place between 27 December 1942 and 28 February 1943.

CREWS

41-13084-12/7/42

Maj. Ferguson, I.L. P
1st Lt. Grump, W.F. CP
1st Lt. Gollnitz, F.C. N
T/Sgt. Kelley, D.C. B
S/Sgt. Ough, J.S. R
Sgt. Neff, R.L. G
M/Sgt. Arnold, C.L. CC

41-13092-12/7/42

Capt. Alexander, W.T. P
1st Lt. Cox, R.A. CP
Capt. Pickett, P.D. B
T/Sgt. Mc Harge, J.H. B
Sgt. Brink, R.W. R
S/Sgt. Windham, D.G. G
M/Sgt. Hartsock, J.W. CC

41-13062-12/7/42

1st Lt. Linden, E.O. P
2nd Lt. Jackson, W.C. CP
S/Sgt. Caron, J.B. B
S/Sgt. Hughes, A. G
S/Sgt. Krasovec, W.F. R
T/Sgt. Porter, E.L. CC
S/Sgt. Kinney, W.H. AE

41-13061-12/7/42

1st Lt. Thorndike, R.W. P
2nd Lt. Lewis, K.E. CP
T/Sgt. Daly, D.J. B
S/Sgt. Molnar, W.J. G
Sgt. Boone, E.W. R
S/Sgt. Miller, R.E. AE
T/Sgt. Sousa, A.E. CC

41-13074-12/7/42

1st Lt. Phillips, G.A. P
2nd Lt. Schrupp, E.F. CP
1st Lt. Myers, J.H. B
T/Sgt. Nickelson, R.C. R
S/Sgt. Kiel, W.H. G
S/Sgt. O'Brien, P.W. AE
S/Sgt. Snyder, E.L. CC

41-13102-12/7/42

Capt. Eddy, L.A. P
2nd Lt. Hawkins, F.B. CP
1st Lt. Katzenbach, N.D. N
S/Sgt. Schave, H.L. G
Sgt. Taylor, M.K. R
T/Sgt. Schukesting, E.H. CC
T/Sgt. Johnson, F.L. AE

41-13073-12/23/42

Maj. Hinman, H.H. P*
2nd Lt. Szczygiel, J.F. CP
Capt. Green, W.B. N
S/Sgt. Messengale, J.T. G
T/Sgt. La Porte, F.R. R
S/Sgt. Michel, N.R. AE
M/Sgt. Daniels, S. CC*

41-13052-12/30/42

1st Lt. Van Divort, R. P
2nd Lt. Wightman, H.B. CP
2nd Lt. Wilson, F.E. B
T/Sgt. Smith, W.A. B
S/Sgt. Nelson, F.E. G
S/Sgt. Chaffins, R. R
M/Sgt. McGary, J.E. CC

41-13096-1/15/43

1st Lt. Martin, R.W. P
2nd Lt. Sindelar, E.E. CP
1st Lt. Schick, R.E. NB
Sgt. Thomas, J.P. G
Sgt. Bush, D.W. R
S/Sgt. Mohr, R.C. AE
Cpl. Stanron, R.J. CC

* Not 381st. Squadron

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Page 2 Squadron Mission #3871-13086-1/16/43

1st Lt. Kearns, A.G.	P
2nd Lt. Rouch, M.R.	CP
S/Sgt. Grossi, F.L.	B
S/Sgt. Moberg, E.	G
Cpl. Elder, D.W.	R
S/Sgt. Magourik, T.R.	CC
S/Sgt. Campbell, W.B.	AE

71-13075-2/5/43

1st Lt. Atkinson, F.M.	P
2nd Lt. Hartley, J.R.	CP
T/Sgt. Blaschko, L.J.	R
Sgt. Smith, J.F.	G
S/Sgt. Sandstead, E.S.	CC
S/Sgt. Nelson, F.U.	AE

71-13065-2/8/43

1st Lt. Wert, D.S.	P
2nd Lt. Marlow, J.F.	CP
S/Sgt. Bowden, S.T.	G
S/Sgt. Frederickson, R.V.	AE
Sgt. Dittmar, F.A.	R
Cpl. Rogers, L.C.	B
M/Sgt. Rumeau, H.J.	CC

71-13092-2/15/43

1st Lt. Carver, J.H.	P
2nd Lt. Therrien, R.W.	CP
S/Sgt. Bartlett, R.E.	AE
S/Sgt. Kin, D.	G
S/Sgt. Dombkowski, S.E.	B
Pvt. Szynek, E.	R
T/Sgt. Dawson, W.D.	CC

71-13085-2/28/43

1st Lt. Goddington, W.	P
2nd Lt. Ramsey, T.U.	CP
S/Sgt. Thomas, Q.W.	R
S/Sgt. Hartzell, J.J.	B
Sgt. Moxey, O.E.	G
M/Sgt. Rennicks, G.E.	CC

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SEA SEARCH

6 March 43

Group Mission #56

Flight 15 B-25'S

Sqdrn Mission #39

Escort 24 P-38'S

Take Off 7:10

Bombs Dropped: None

Down 10:25

Total Time: 3 Hrs. 10 Min.

Weather: Extremely poor visibility.

C R E W S

71-13072 (U)

1st Lt. Van Divort, R.	P
1st Lt. Wightman, H.B.	CP
T/Sgt. Smith, W.A.	B
S/Sgt. Nelson, F.S.	G
T/Sgt. Chaffins, R.	R

71-13065 (B)

1st Lt. Thorndike, R.W.	P
1st Lt. Lewis, K.E.	CP
T/Sgt. Daly, D.J.	B
S/Sgt. Boone, E.W.	R
S/Sgt. Bowden, S.T.	G
*1st Lt. Brinkley, M.W.	O

71-13074 (P)

1st Lt. Phillips, C.A.	P
1st Lt. Schrupp, E.F.	CP
T/Sgt. Kelley, D.C.	B
T/Sgt. Nickelson, R.G.	R
Cpl. Koehler, R.R.	G

71-13086 (U)

1st Lt. Kearns, A.G.	P
1st Lt. Rouch, M.R.	CP
S/Sgt. Grossi, F.L.	B
Cpl. Elder, D.W.	R
S/Sgt. Moberg, E.	G

Remarks: Zero visibility 20 minutes after reaching initial point necessitated return of the flight. No enemy aircraft or shipping sighted, and no flak.

* 447th. Sqd., 321st Group.

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SEA SEARCH

7 March 43

Group Mission #57	Flight 6 B-25's
Sqdrn Mission #40	Escort 17 P-38's
Take Off 07:30	Bomb Load: (6 x 500).
Target 09:20	Bombs Dropped: 3(6 x 500). 9,000#
Down 11:08	
Total Time: 3 Hrs. 38 Min.	
<u>Weather:</u> Visibility 8 to 10 miles.	

C R E W S

41-13056 (C)

1st Lt. Kearns, A.G.	P
1st Lt. Rouch, M.R.	CP
S/Sgt. Grossi, F.L.	B
S/Sgt. Moberg, E.	G
Cpl. Elder, D.W.	R

41-13061 (K)

1st Lt. Thorndike, R.W.	P
2nd Lt. Durgin, J.L.	CP
1st Lt. Sessler, H.A.*	N
1st Lt. Myers, J.H.	B
S/Sgt. Molnar, W.J.	G
S/Sgt. Boone, E.W.	R
Capt. White, A.W.	Q

41-13065 (E)

1st Lt. Wert, D.S.	P
2nd Lt. Marlow, J.F.	CP
Cpl. Rogers, L.C.	B
S/Sgt. Bowden, S.D.	G
Sgt. Dittmar, F.A.	R

REMARKS: From an altitude of 200 feet, all A/C attacked a convoy of merchant vessels, three in number, with an escort of one cruiser, two destroyers, and five smaller naval craft. In spite of heavy, intense flak causing hundreds of holes in our A/C, and personal injury to two Officers and three Enlisted Men, all of our A/C returned safely after a running fight with three Me-109's, one ME-110, and one Ju-88. One merchant vessel was sunk and the other two left sinking and on fire.

Despite the fact that three P-38's had returned early, the escort shot down one Me-109 and strafed the Enemy naval vessels. All bombs were dropped with extreme accuracy.

* 380th Squadron

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THE 40TH MISSION OF THE 381ST

By Lt. Jack F. Marlow

Do you remember the Sunday you started out for a nice quiet drive and ran into a big fire, a train wreck, an old "friend" whom you owed a punch in the nose and you gave it to him, marking one of the most eventful days of your life?

Well that just about described the 57th mission of our Group and the 40th of our Squadron.

In the wee hours of the morning, the Colonel called six crews into the briefing room for this "nice quiet drive" which was one of our routine sea searches. He told us that during the past week or so, several 18 plane formations had been out and that nothing had been sighted, so they were only sending six today, and he was "pretty darned sure we wouldn't see anything." However, he was sending along a good escort of P-38's in case of interception, so we had nothing to worry about.

Lt. Thorndike, who was on this day marking his 25th mission, lead the flight. Our ship was on the right wing and Lt. Kearns, pilot, and Lt. Rouch, co-pilot, were on the other. We were rather new at the game with two missions under our belt and Kearns and Rouch had about eight. The second element also had one comparatively green crew.

We took off a little after daybreak and headed for the coast. There was a comparatively low ceiling, along with some ground fog and a lot of low scattered scud. By the time we put out to sea, the low stuff was gone, but the ceiling was still about 1500 feet. Fourteen escort ships were with us. We cruised along for about an hour over enemy waters, and finally turned on a new heading toward Sicily, when right on the horizon in front of us sat a nice juicy convoy. It looked as if there was one merchant vessel with an escort vessel on each side. I really didn't know what to expect from the looks of it, because to me, who had never seen anything larger than a 7,000 ton freighter at close range, this thing looked like the Queen Mary.

There is no thrill in the world to compare with piling into a bunch of ships at sea. When the leader gives the signal of attack, all the motors start to roar in an effort to gain speed and the fighters get excited and start bobbing in and out like a bunch of chicks around an old hen, every-

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thing gets pretty good. Then when you get about 250 m. p. h. and all the ships start bearing down on the kill at 200 feet altitude and the escort vessels spot you and start throwin' those big five inches out in the water to make spouts in an effort to clip someone's wing and throw out heavy flak, and your gunners start answering back with .50's, there is a lot of lead flyin' and things are pretty hot in general. Just about that time, some enemy fighters popped down out of the sky and some of our boys in the P-38's spot 'em and start up after 'em.

In our ship I called the bombardier as we started on our run and told him to get set and then called the gunners and gave them their target position. I wanted them to take everything they could find at the right of us. Just when getting within what I thought was range, I hollered, "Let 'er go, and damnit, melt those guns right off the turrets." Boy, they did. The gunners both fired ahead of the plane but everything fell short at first and the bombardier let go with his gun and a lot of lead started to fly. I fired a few bursts out of the pilots gun just before we got to the target and broke the damned thing and he was really "brownd off." The gunners never let up, and the lower turret (which everyone had said was no good), manned in our ship by Sgt Frank A. Dittmar, put more lead on the decks of those two leading escort vessels than Carter has pills, knocking out two gun positions.

Just as we approach our target with everybody throwin' lead, those bastards threw up two barrage balloons on the large merchant vessel but not one ship gave way. Everyone bore right on down and all bombs hit on the bow, breaking the ship in half. We drove right on over and dodged and ducked for a long time until out of range.

Here is a good place to mention the work of the first pilot of our ship, Lt. D. S. Wert. Being on the side of the formation opposite the balloons, and as the lead ship headed for the bow of the ship, he would have been forced entirely off the boat, if he hadn't done some cool, quick thinking. He raised about 40 feet higher than the formation, fell directly in trail of the leader until the bombardier dumped his load. This forced him a little out of formation, he avoided giving Jerry a belly shot by going right down to the deck and intercepting the formation a few seconds later.

Also, I think Lt. Thorndike deserves much credit for leading his first attack on shipping so successfully.

As we left the target I looked around for the other element and one ship was dragging behind. His bombay doors were open and his lower turret was extended. He looked to be in bad shape, so we took it easy on the way back. When we got over land, he fell far behind and we thought he was going into another airport. He came home shortly after we did and crashlanded on

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the field. Both pilots, and all the crew were injured, but they were home alive and safe. The plane had over 150 holes in it.

What had happened to him was this. He had been unable to get in between the balloon cables and the plane next to him so he went to the left of the balloons and dropped his eggs on another ship, which sank. But when he broke formation, a couple of enemy fighters spotted him and dove right through their own flak and shot him up pretty badly.

Some of the bombs overshot the big merchant ship we were on and hit a smaller merchant vessel on the other side, setting it on fire. So the report brought back was that 6 B-25's sank two merchant vessels and left one burning. The report read that our ships hit a convoy of three merchant vessels with an escort of one cruiser, two destroyers, and five smaller naval craft from 200 feet. In spite of intense flak causing hundreds of holes in our aircraft, and personal injury to two officers and three enlisted men, all our aircraft returned safely after a running fight with three ME 109's, one ME 110 and one JU 88. Our fighter escort shot down one ME 109 and strafed the escort vessels.

All of our planes brought back battle scars.

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SEA SEARCH

11 March 43

Group Mission #58	Flight 14 B-25's
Sqdrn Mission #41	Escort 18 F-38's
Take Off 07:15	Bombs Dropped: None
Down 11:00	
Total Time: 3 Hrs. 45 Min.	

Weather: Visibility good. Slight ground haze. Showers at sea.

C R E W S

41-13065 (F)

1st Lt. Wert, D.S.	P
2nd Lt. Marlow, J.F.	CP
Cpl. Rogers, L.C.	B
S/Sgt. Bowden S.D.	G
Sgt. Dittmar, F.A.	R

41-13061 (D)

1st Lt. Thorndike, R.W.	P
2nd Lt. Durgin, J.L.	CP
1st Lt. Myers, J.H.	B
1st Lt. Hickman, J.G.	N
S/Sgt. Molnar, W.J.	G
S/Sgt. Boome, E.W.	R

41-13066 (E)

1st Lt. Schrupp, E.F.	P
2nd Lt. Wigger, W.P.	CP
S/Sgt. Folansbee, W.	B
Cpl. Koehler, R.R.	G
T/Sgt. La Porte, F.R.	R

REMARKS: No bombs were dropped, as only 3 small corvettes, and no Enemy A/C were sighted.

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SEA SEARCH

12 March 43

Group Mission #60	Flight 15 B-25's
Sqdrn Mission #42	Escort 32 P-38's
Take Off 11:50	Bomb Load: (6 x 500)
Target 14:30	Bombs Dropped: 3(6 x 500). 9,000#
Down 16:00	
Total Time: 4 Hrs. 10 Min.	
<u>Weather:</u> Visibility Unlimited.	

C R E W S

LOW ELEMENT

71-13052 (F)

1st Lt. Rouch, M.R. P
 F/O. Wirth, T.F., Jr. CP
 2nd Lt. Crouch, J.F. Jr. B
 S/Sgt. Rogers, M.D. R
 Sgt. Dees, P. G

71-17086 (G)

1st Lt. Schrupp, E.F. P
 1st Lt. Wigger, W.F. CP
 S/Sgt. Follansbee, W. B
 Cpl. Koehler, R.R. G
 S/Sgt. Nelson, E.N. R

72-57225 (H)

1st Lt. Lewis, K.E. P
 2nd Lt. Stecher, R.W. CP
 T/Sgt. Smith, W.A. B
 T/Sgt. La Porte, F.R. R
 Cpl. George, W.C. G

REMARKS: Eleven Siebel Ferries were sighted. Each of our A/C dropped (6 x 500#) bombs, the high elements using instantaneous fuses and the low elements using 4-5 second fuses. Three or more of the Ferries were sunk.

Flak from the Ferries wounded one Co-pilot in the shoulder. P-38's chased and shot down 2 Enemy A/C 5 or 10 miles away.

Lt. Schrupp's ship failed to return.

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GROHEALLA SUPPLY DEPOT AND TANK FARM

26 March 43

Group Mission #61	Flight 12 B-25's
Sqdra Mission #43	Escort 43 Spitfires
Take Off 12:30	Bomb Load: (8 x 300)
Target 14:12	Bombs Dropped: 3(8 x 300). 7,200#
Down 15:20	
Total Time: 2 Hrs. 20 Min.	

Weather: Visibility 3 to 5 miles. Very hazy.

C R E W S

41-13061 (J)

1st Lt. Thorndike, R.W. P
 Capt. White, A.W. Jr. CP
 1st Lt. Hickman, J.G. N
 1st Lt. Myers, J.H. B
 S/Sgt. Boone, E.W. R
 T/Sgt. Daly, D.J. G

41-29961 (L)

1st Lt. Jackson, W.C. P
 2nd Lt. Greenberg, G.J. CP
 T/Sgt. Caron, J.B. B
 S/Sgt. Hughes, A. G
 T/Sgt. La Porte, F.R. R

42-57444 (D)

1st Lt. Rouch, M.R. P
 P/O. Stagner, H.C. CP
 S/Sgt. Douglas, E. B
 S/Sgt. Swanson, W.M. R
 Sgt. Pontet, E.A., Jr. G

REMARKS: Poor visibility over target caused doubtful results. Photos showed two hits in town. The 43 Spitfires provided high, medium and low cover. No Enemy A/C. Flak:- None.

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BO RIZZO A/D - SICILY

5 April 43

Group Mission #64	Flight 35 B-25'S
Sqdrn Mission #45	Escort 15 P-38'S
Take Off 9:15	Bomb Load: (72 x 20) Frag.
Target 11:40	Bombs Dropped: 8(72 x 20). 11520#
Down 13:45	
Total Time 4 Hrs 15 Min.	

Weather: CAVU

C R E W S

ZI-13065 (F)

1st Lt. Wert, D.S.	P
2nd Lt. Marlow, J.F.	CP
Cpl. Rogers, L.C.	B
Sgt. Dittmar, F.A.	R
S/Sgt. Bowden, S.T.	G

ZI-13061 (G)

1st Lt. Thorndike, R.W.	P
2nd Lt. Durgin, J.L.	CP
1st Lt. Hickman, J.D.	N
1st Lt. Supple, G.J.	B
S/Sgt. Boone, E.W.	R
T/Sgt. Daly, D.M.	G

ZI-29961 (E)

1st Lt. Jackson, W.C.	P
2nd Lt. Greenberg, G.J.	CP
T/Sgt. Caron, J.B.	B
S/Sgt. Hughes, A.	G
T/Sgt. La Porte, F.R.	R

ZI-53444 (J)

1st Lt. Rouch, M.R.	P
F/O. Stagner, H.G.	CP
S/Sgt. Grossi, F.L.	B
S/Sgt. Swanson, W.M.	R
Sgt. Pentet, E.A., Jr.	G

ZI-13439 (H)

1st Lt. Kearns, A.G.	P
F/O. Stone, M.M.	CP
S/Sgt. Gullio, J.T.	B
Cpl. Elder, D.W.	R
S/Sgt. Moberg, E.	G

ZI-13074 (M)

1st Lt. Phillips, C.A.	P
2nd Lt. Dauley, C.G.	CP
T/Sgt. Kelley, D.C.	B
T/Sgt. Nickelson, R.D.	R
S/Sgt. Kiel, W.H.	G

ZI-13052 (K)

1st Lt. Van Divort, R.	P
1st Lt. Wightman, H.B.	CP
1st Lt. Myers, J.H.	B
T/Sgt. Chaffins, R.	R
Sgt. Nelson, F.S.	G
2nd Lt. Forbes, R.L.	N

ZI-13085 (L)

1st Lt. Coddington, W.L.	P
2nd Lt. Ramsey, T.V.	CP
S/Sgt. Hartzell, J.J.	B
S/Sgt. Thomas, Q.W.	R
Sgt. Moxey, O.E.	G

Remarks: One B-25 returned early. Altitude 8000 to 10000 feet. 8(72 x 20). 11520#
Frag. well dispersed over A/D on which, photos showed, were 80 Enemy Aircraft, mostly transports. Flak: Heavy, moderate, accurate from vicinity of the target. Light, moderate, inaccurate from coast, and from Enemy Vessels along coast by Egadi Islands.

Our planes were attacked by 12 ME-109'S. Five were shot down; one by

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Page 2, Squadron Mission # 45

fighter escort and one by S/Sgt. S.T. Bowden.

Lt. W.C. Jackson's aircraft and Capt. Aldridge's (428th. Bomb. Sq.)
ship made forced landings just off the target.

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SEA SEARCH

6 April 43

Group Mission #65	Flight 18 B-25'S
Sqdrn Mission #46	Escort 24 P-38'S
Take Off 6:30	Bomb Load: (6 x 500)
Target 8:30	Bombs Dropped: 5(6 x 500), 15,000#
Down 13:45	
Total Time 3 Hrs 30 Min.	

Weather: CAVU

C R E W S

41-13474 (J)

1st Lt. Rouch, M.R.	P
F/O. Stagner, H.C.	CP
S/Sgt. Grossi, G.L.	B
S/Sgt. Swanson, W.M.	R
Sgt. Pontet, E.A.	G

41-13061 (G)

1st Lt. Thorndike, R.W.	P
2nd Lt. Durgin, J.L.	CP
1st Lt. Hickman, J.D.	N
1st Lt. Supple, G.J.	B
S/Sgt. Boone, E.W.	R
T/Sgt. Daly, D.J.	G

41-13445 (H)

1st Lt. Lewis, K.E.	P
2nd Lt. Stecher, R.W.	CP
T/Sgt. Smith, W.A.	B
Cpl. George, W.C.	G
S/Sgt. Starnes, D.W.	R

41-13065 (M)

1st Lt. Wert, D.S.	P
2nd Lt. Marlow, J.F.	CP
Cpl. Rogers, L.C.	B
Sgt. Dittmar, F.A.	R
S/Sgt. Bowden, S.T.	G

41-13052 (K)

1st Lt. Van Divort, R.	P
1st Lt. Wightman, H.B.	CP
2nd Lt. Crouch, J.	B
2nd Lt. Forbes, R.L.	N
T/Sgt. Chaffins, R.	R
Sgt. Nelson, F.S.	G

41-13074 (L)

1st Lt. Phillips, C.A.	P
2nd Lt. Dauley, C.G.	CP
T/Sgt. Kelley, D.C.	B
T/Sgt. Nickelson, R.C.	R
S/Sgt. Kiel, W.H.	G

Remarks: 5(6 x 500), 15,000# Demolition bombs were dropped from 7,000-9,000 feet on convoy of two 10,000 ton transports, one cruiser and three destroyers. One destroyer probably sunk and one transport probably damaged. Six ME-109'S were driven off. No claims.

Flak: Heavy, moderate, quite accurate, but no damage. Light, extremely intense, but mostly falling short.

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SEA SEARCH

10 April 43

Group Mission #66	Flight 18 B-25'S
Sqdrn Mission #47	Escort 24 P-38'S
Take Off 10:45	Bomb Load: (6 x 500)
Down 15:05	Bombs Dropped: None
Total Time 3 Hrs. 35 Min.	

Weather: CAVU at sea, 5000 solid overcast near coast.

C R E W S

E-5744 (C)

1st Lt. Rouch, W.R.	P
F/O. Stagner, F.C.	CP
S/Sgt. Swanson, W.M.	R
Sgt. Pontet, E.A.Jr.,	G
S/Sgt. Grossi, F.L.	B

41-13061 (A)

1st Lt. Thorndike, R.W.	P
2nd Lt. Durgin, J.L.	CP
1st Lt. Hickman, J.D.	N
1st Lt. Supple, C.J.	B
S/Sgt. Boone, E.W.	R
S/Sgt. Walsh, R.J.	G
Capt. White, A.W., Jr.	O

41-13425 (B)

1st Lt. Lewis, K.E.	P
2nd Lt. Stecher, R.W.	CP
2nd Lt. Hornung, W.R.	B
Cpl. George, W.C.	G
Pvt. Ough, J.A.	R

41-13065 (F)

1st Lt. Wert, D.S.	P
F/O. Houhgaling, H.A.	CP
Cpl. Rogers, L.C.	B
Sgt. Dittmar, F.A.	R
S/Sgt. Bowden, S.T.	G

41-13426 (D)

1st Lt. Kearns, A.G.	P
F/O. Stone, M.M.	CP
2nd Lt. Crouch, J.F.	B
Cpl. Elder, D.W.	R
S/Sgt. Moberg, E.	G

41-29957 (E)

2nd Lt. Marlow, J.F.	P
F/O. Burt, N.A.	CP
S/Sgt. Douglas, E.	B
Sgt. White, J.E.	G
S/Sgt. Budde, W.H.	R

Remarks: Three of the escorting P-38's turned back. Our Aircraft failed to find any shipping but ran across 20 JU-52'S, escorted by 3 ME-210'S and 1 JU-88. Our escort drove off the fighters, shot one down and destroyed 7 JU-52'S, but not before Lt. Taylor (379th) was wounded in both legs.

A shooting spree followed, during which 4 of the 381st. Sqd. gunners claim victories.; S/Sgt. E. Moberg, Cpl. W.C. George, Sgt. J.E. White and S/Sgt. R.J. Walsh.

No flak.

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ST. MARIE du ZEP AIRDROME

11 April 1943

Group Mission #67	Flight 18 B-25's
Sqdrn Mission #48	Escort 28 Spitfires
Take Off 15:35	Bomb Load: (12 x 100)
Target 17:10	Bombs Dropped: 2(12 x 100). 2,400#
Down 18:25	
Total Time 2 hrs. 45 Min.	
<u>Weather:</u> CAVU	

C R E W S

41-29962 (F)

2nd Lt. Denton, R.D.	P
2nd Lt. Donovan, G.M.	CP
S/Sgt. Hartzell, J.J.	B
S/Sgt. Potolsky, G.	R
Sgt. Miller, F.E.	G

41-29957 (E)

F/O Collins, G.D.	P
F/O Wirth, T.F. Jr.	CP
T/Sgt. Daly, D.J.	B
S/Sgt. Rogers, M.D.	R
Sgt. Dees, F	G

Remarks: 2(12 x 100). 2,400 bombs were dropped on the Enemy Airdrome. Damage was slight as planes were well dispersed, approximately 20 of them being in blast shelters.

Two Enemy Aircraft were observed taking off from the field during the bombing, but none attacked our Aircraft.

Flak: Heavy, slight, not too accurate. Light, falling short, as our bombing altitude was 9,700 feet.

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DUINA LANDING GROUND
11 1/2 MI. S. OF TUNIS

12 April 1943

Group Mission #69	Flight 18 B-25'S
Sqdrn Mission #49	Escort 24 Spitfires
Take Off 10:50	Bomb Load: (12 x 100)
Target 12:18	Bombs Dropped: 10(12 x 100), 12,000#
Down 13:20	
Total Time 2 Hrs. 30 Min.	

Weather: CAVU

CREWS

41-13074 (H)

1st Lt. Phillips, C.A.	P
2nd Lt. Therrien, R.W.	CP
T/Sgt. Kelley, D.G.	B
T/Sgt. Mickelson, R.C.	R
Sgt. Bozevich, M.L.	G

41-29962 (M)

2nd Lt. Denton, R.L.	P
2nd Lt. Donnovan, G.M.	CP
S/Sgt. Dombkowski, S.E.D.	B
S/Sgt. Potolsky, G.	R
Sgt. Miller, F.E.	G

41-13085 (G)

1st Lt. Coddington, W.E.	P
2nd Lt. Ramsey, T.U.	CP
2nd Lt. Hornung	B
S/Sgt. Moxey, J.E.	G
T/Sgt. Thomas, Q.W.	R

41-29957 (L)

F/O. Collins, G.D.	P
F/O. Wirth, T.F. Jr.	CP
T/Sgt. Daly, D.J.	B
Sgt. Dees, P.	G
S/Sgt. Rogers, M.D.	R

42-53444 (F)

1st Lt. Rouch, M.R.	P
F/O. Stagner, H.C.	CP
S/Sgt. Swanson, W.M.	R
Sgt. Pontet, E.A. Jr.	G
S/Sgt. Grossi, F.L.	B

41-13061 (N)

1st Lt. Thorndike, R.W.	P
2nd Lt. Dargin, J.L.	CP
1st Lt. Hickman, J.G.	N
1st Lt. Supple, G.J.	B
T/Sgt. Boone, E.W.	R
S/Sgt. Walsh, R.J.	G

42-53445 (O)

1st Lt. Lewis, K.E.	P
2nd Lt. Stecher, R.W.	CP
T/Sgt. Smith, W.A.	B
Sgt. George, W.C.	G
Pvt. Ough, J.A.	R

41-13065 (S)

1st Lt. Wert, D.S.	P
F/O. Houghtaling, H.A.P.	CP
Sgt. Rogers, L.G.	B
S/Sgt. Dittmar, F.A.	R
S/Sgt. Bowden, S.T.	G

42-57426 (Q)

1st Lt. Kearns, A.G.	P
F/O. Stone, W.M.	CP
2nd Lt. Crouch, J.F. Jr.	B
Sgt. Elder, D.W.	R
S/Sgt. Moberg, E.	G

42-52353 (R)

1st Lt. Wightman, H.B.	P
F/O. Cook, W.E.	CP
S/Sgt. Gallic, J.F.	B
S/Sgt. Porter, L.G. Jr.	R
S/Sgt. Fox, F.J.	G

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Page 2 Squadron Mission # 27

Remarks: 10(12 x 100). 12,000# bombs scattered in Landing Ground area, but no Enemy Aircraft were visible. No Enemy Aircraft attacked.

Flak: Heavy and light, moderate and inaccurate.

After the interrogation, Coffee and doughnuts were served the combat crews by two charming Red Cross girls.

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CONFIDENTIALPORTO TORRES, SARDINIA

18 April 43

Group Mission #71	Flight 18 B-25's
Sqdrn Mission #50	Escort 28 P-38's
Take Off 11:40	Bomb Load: (6 x 500)
Down 15:55	Bombs Dropped: 5(6 x 500) 15,000#
Total Time 4 Hrs. 15 Min.	

Weather: Hazy at sea, CAVU at target.

C R E W S42-5364-F

1st Lt. Rouch, M.R. P
 F/O. Stagner, H. C. CP
 S/Sgt. Grossi, F.L. B
 T/Sgt. Swanson, W.M. R
 S/Sgt. Pontet, E.A., Jr. G

41-13061-N

1st Lt. Thorndike, R.W. P
 2nd Lt. Durgin, J.L. CP
 1st Lt. Hickman, J.G. N
 1st Lt. Supple, G.J. B
 T/Sgt. Boone, E.W. R
 S/Sgt. Molnar, W.J. G
 Capt. White, A.W. O

2nd Lt. Dauley, C.G.
 Co-Pilot on a 428th plane.

41-13074-S

1st Lt. Phillips, C.A. P
 2nd Lt. Therrien, R.W. CP
 T/Sgt. Kelley, D.C. B
 T/Sgt. Michelson, R.C. R
 Sgt. Bozovitch, M.L. G

41-13052-W

1st Lt. Van Divort, R. P
 F/O. Campbell, M.H. CP
 1st Lt. Myers, J.H. B
 T/Sgt. Chaffins, R. R
 S/Sgt. Nelson, F.S. G

42-32333-R

1st Lt. Wightman, H.B. P
 F/O. Cook, W.E. CP
 S/Sgt. Gullie, J.F. B
 S/Sgt. Porter, L.G., Jr. R
 S/Sgt. Fox, F.J. G

REMARKS: Direct hits were made on two large Motor Vessels in the harbor, probably destroying both.

The raid was most likely a complete surprise to the Enemy, as there was no opposition, either flak or Enemy fighters.

The raid was carried out in conjunction with Squadron Mission #51.

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FERTILIA A/D, SARDINIA

18 April 43

Group Mission #72	Flight 18 B-25's
Sqdrn Mission #51	Escort 28 P-38's
Take Off 11:40	Bomb Load: (72 x 20) Frags.
Down 16:05	Bombs Dropped: 3(72 x 20) 4,320#
Total Time 4 Hrs. 25 Min.	

Weather: Hazy at sea, CAVU at target.

C R E W S41-13065-M

1st Lt. Wert, D.S.	P
F/O. Houghtaling, HA	CP
S/Sgt. Rogers, L.C.	B
T/Sgt. Dittmar, F.A.	R
S/Sgt. Bowden, S.D.	G

42-53426-K

1st Lt. Kearns, A.G.	P
F/O. Stone, M.M.	CP
2nd Lt. Crouch, J.F., Jr.	B
S/Sgt. Elder, D.W.	R
S/Sgt. Moberg, E.	G

41-29980-I

2nd Lt. Marlow, J.F.	P
F/O. Burt, N.A.	CP
S/Sgt. Douglas, E.	B
Sgt. White, J.E.	G
S/Sgt. Budde, W.H.	R

REMARKS: Frag Clusters were well dispersed over the field, landing on at least twelve Enemy transports. Photos showed direct hits on hangars.

As in the other flight to Porto Torres, (Squadron Mission #50), no Enemy aircraft or flak were encountered. The combined raids were a great success, and Maj. Gen. Doolittle was here to welcome the missions home, bringing with him correspondents from the Saturday Evening Post and from the press.

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IA SEBALA L/G

19 April 43

Group Mission #73	Flight 12 B-25's
Sqdrn Mission #52	Escort 60 P-40's and Spitfires
Take Off 15:45	Bomb Load (10 x 100)
Down 18:20	Bombs Dropped 12 (10 x 100) 12,000#
Total Time 2 Hrs. 35 Min.	

Weather: Haze en route, visibility 6 to 8 miles. CAVU at target.

C R E W S

42-53474-C

1st Lt. Rouch, M.R.	P
F/O. Stagner, H.C.	CP
S/Sgt. Grossi, F.L.	B
T/Sgt. Swanson, W.M.	R
S/Sgt. Pontet, E.A. Jr.	G

41-13061-A

1st Lt. Thorndike, R.W.	P
2nd Lt. Durgin, J.L.	CP
1st Lt. Hickman, J.G.	N
1st Lt. Supple, G.J.	B
T/Sgt. Boone, E.W.	R
S/Sgt. Molnar, W.J.	G
Capt. White, A.W.	O

41-29969-B

1st Lt. Lewis, K.E.	P
2nd Lt. Stecher, R.W.	CP
T/Sgt. Smith, W.A.	B
S/Sgt. George, W.C.	R
Pfc. Rea, W.L.	G

41-13065-F

1st Lt. Wert, D.S.	P
F/O. Houghtaling, H.A.	CP
S/Sgt. Rogers, L.C.	B
T/Sgt. Dittmar, F.A.	R
S/Sgt. Bowden, S.D.	G

42-323426-D

1st Lt. Kearns, A.G.	P
F/O. Stone, M.M.	CP
2nd Lt. Crouch, J.F. Jr.	B
S/Sgt. Elder, D.W.	R
S/Sgt. Moberg, E.	G

41-29980-E

2nd Lt. Marlow, J.F.	P
F/O. Burt, N.A.	CP
S/Sgt. Douglas, E.	B
Sgt. White, J.E.	G
S/Sgt. Budde, W.H.	R

41-13074-J

1st Lt. Phillips, C.A.	P
2nd Lt. Dauley, C.G.	CP
T/Sgt. Kelley, D.C.	B
T/Sgt. Nicholson, R.C.	R
Sgt. Bozovich, M.L.	G

41-13052-G

1st Lt. Van Divort, R.	P
F/O. Campbell, M.H.	CP
Coffey (379th)	
1st Lt. Myers, J.H.	B
T/Sgt. Chaffins, R.	R
S/Sgt. Nelson, F.S.	G

42-32333-H

1st Lt. Wightman, H.B.	P
F/O. Cook, W.E.	CP
S/Sgt. Gullie, J.F.	B
S/Sgt. Porter, L.G. Jr.	R
S/Sgt. Fox, F.J.	G

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Page 2, Squadron Mission #5241-29957-M

F/O. Collins, G.D.	P
F/O. Wirth, T.F. Jr.	CP
T/Sgt. Daly, D.J.	B
S/Sgt. Dees, P.	G
T/Sgt. Rogers, M.D.	R

41-13085-K

1st Lt. Coddington, W.E.P	
2nd Lt. Ramsey, T.U.	CP
2nd Lt. Hornung, W.R.	B
S/Sgt. Moxey, O.E.	G
T/Sgt. Thomas, Q.W.	R

41-29962-L

2nd Lt. Denton, R.D.	P
2nd Lt. Donovan, G.M.	CP
S/Sgt. Dombkowski, S.E.B	
S/Sgt. Potolsky, G.	R
Sgt. Miller, F.E.	G

REMARKS: All planes in this mission were 381st planes.

The escort gave excellent cover. No Enemy aircraft were encountered. Flak was extremely heavy at the target and for thirty miles while circling and en route home.

Lt. Kearns' ship was hit and he was forced to land in Enemy territory.

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LA SERATA L/G

20 April 43

Group Mission #74

Flight 12 B-25's

Sqdrn. Mission #53

Escort 30 P-38's and Spitfires

Take Off 08:20

Bomb Load: (12 x 100)

Down 11:10

Bombs Dropped: (12 x 100) 1,200#

Total Time 2 Hrs. 50 Min.

Weather: Hazy. Visibility 7 to 8 miles.

C R E W S

Sgt. Marrall, R.M. R

REMARKS: Sgt. Marrall flew as a radio gunner in a 379th ship. 100# bombs were dropped from 9,400 feet on the L/G, where no planes were visible. No activity was observed. Flak: Heavy, moderate, with fair accuracy.

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J-9283 LANDING GROUND

20 April 43

Group Mission #75	Flight 12 B-25's
Sqdrn Mission #54	Escort 30 P-40's and Spits.
Take Off 08:20	Bomb Load: (12 x 100)
Target 10:03	Bombs Dropped: 1(12 x 100), 1,200#
Down 11:20	
Total Time 2 Hrs. 50 Min.	

Weather: Hazy. Visibility 7 to 8 miles.

C R E W S

41-29957 (L)
 F/O. Collins, G.D. P
 F/O. Wirth, T.F., Jr. CP
 T/Sgt. Daly, D.J. B
 S/Sgt. Dees, P. G
 T/Sgt. Rogers, M.D. R

REMARKS: Bombs were dropped on the landing ground from 8,800 feet. No planes or activity were observed on the field.

Flak: Heavy, moderate, with fair accuracy. No Enemy aircraft.

This Mission was combined with Squadron Mission #53.

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GRENEVILLE L/G --- (K-2338)

20 April 43

Group Mission #76	Flight 12 B-25's
Sqdrn Mission #55	Escort 24 Spits, 6 P-40's
Take Off 15:30	Bomb Load: (12 x 100)
Target 16:50	Bombs Dropped: 2(12 x 100), 2,400#
Down 18:00	
Total Time 2 Hrs. 30 Min.	

Weather: High overcast, rain and showers. Visibility 6 to 7 miles.

C R E W S

41-13065 (F)

1st Lt. Wert, D.S.	P
F/O. Houghtaling, H.A.	CP
S/Sgt. Rogers, L.C.	B
T/Sgt. Dittmar, F.A.	R
S/Sgt. Bowden, S.D.	G

41-29980 (E)

2nd Lt. Marlow, J.F.	P
F/O. Burt, N.A.	CP
S/Sgt. Douglas, E.	B
Sgt. White, J.E.	G
S/Sgt. Budde, W.H.	R

REMARKS: 2,400# bombs were dropped on the landing ground, or "wheat field".

Flak: Heavy, moderate, and inaccurate, except for one small piece which broke a window in Lt. Marlow's ship.

No Enemy aircraft.

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TEBOURBA ROAD JUNCTION, TUNISIA

26 April 43

Group Mission #78	Flight 12 B-25's
Sqdrn Mission #56	Escort 14 Spits, 23 P-40's
Take Off 14:15	Bomb Load: (12 x 100)
Target 16:20	Bombs Dropped: 5(12 x 100); 6,000#
Down 17:20	
Total Time: 3 Hrs. 05 Min.	

Weather: Visibility 6 to 8 miles, ceiling 12,000 Ft. at Target. Scattered showers en route home.

C R E W S

<u>41-13065 (C)</u>		<u>41-13074 (A)</u>		<u>41-29980 (B)</u>	
1st Lt. Wert, D.S.	P	Capt. White, A.W.	O	2nd Lt. Marlow, J.F.	P
F/O. Houghtelling, H.A.	CP	1st Lt. Thorndike, R.W.	P	F/O. Burt, N.A.	CP
S/Sgt. Rogers, L.C.	B	2nd Lt. Durgin, J.L.	CP	S/Sgt. Douglas, E.	B
Sgt. Marrall, R.M.	R	1st Lt. Hickman, J.G.	N	S/Sgt. White, J.E.	G
S/Sgt. Bowden, S.D.	G	1st Lt. Supple, G.J.	B	T/Sgt. Budde, W.H.	R
		T/Sgt. Boone, E.W.	R		
		S/Sgt. Molnar, W.J.	G		
<u>41-29957 (F)</u>		<u>41-13085 (D)</u>		<u>41-29962 (E)</u>	
F/O. Collins, G.D.	P	1st Lt. Coddington, W.E.	P	2nd Lt. Denton, R.D.	P
F/O. Wirth, T.F., Jr.	CP	2nd Lt. Ramsey, T.U.	CP	2nd Lt. Donovan, G.M.	CP
T/Sgt. Kelley, D.C.	B	2nd Lt. Hornung, W.R.	B	S/Sgt. Hartzell, J.J.	B
T/Sgt. Rogers, M.D.	R	T/Sgt. Thomas, Q.W.	R	T/Sgt. Potolsky, G.	R
S/Sgt. Dees, P.	G	S/Sgt. Moxey, O.E.	G	S/Sgt. Miller, F.E.	G

REMARKS: Unimpressive target. Most of the bombs hit across the highway and railroad to the East of the actual target, while a few landed in the town. Moderately heavy flak from four positions en route, from which no damage resulted. No Enemy aircraft were seen.

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SEA SEARCH

29 April 43

Group Mission #80	Flight 15 B-25's
Sqdrn Mission #57	Escort 24 P-38's, 4 with bombs.
Take Off 07:10	Bomb Load: (6 x 500)
Down 11:10	Bombs Dropped: None
Total Time 4 Hrs.	

Weather: Over sea, 5,000 ft. overcast, with visibility 5 to 10 miles.

C R E W S

(Low Flight)

<u>72-53444 (M)</u>		<u>41-13061 (K)</u>		<u>42-53445 (L)</u>	
1st Lt. Rouch, M.R.	P	Capt. White, A.W.	O	1st Lt. Lewis, K.E.	P
F/O. Stagner, H.C.	CP	1st Lt. Thorndike, R.W.	P	2nd Lt. Stecher, R.W.	CP
S/Sgt. Grossi, F.L.	B	2nd Lt. Durgin, J.L.	CP	T/Sgt. Smith, W.A.	B
T/Sgt. Swanson, W.M.	R	1st Lt. Hickman, J.G.	N	S/Sgt. Starnes, C.B.	R
S/Sgt. Pontet, E.A., Jr.	G	1st Lt. Supple, G.J.	B	S/Sgt. George, W.C.	G
		T/Sgt. Boone, E.W.	R		
		S/Sgt. Molnar, W.J.	G		
<u>41-29962 (O)</u>		<u>41-13085 (N)</u>		<u>41-29957 (P)</u>	
2nd Lt. Denton, R.D.	P	1st Lt. Coddington, W.E.P.		F/O. Collins, G.D.	P
2nd Lt. Donovan, G.M.	CP	2nd Lt. Ramsey, T.U.	CP	F/O. Wirth, T.F., Jr.	CP
S/Sgt. Hartzell, J.J.	B	2nd Lt. Hornung, W.R.	B	T/Sgt. Kelley, D.C.	B
T/Sgt. Potolsky, G.	R	T/Sgt. Thomas, W.Q.	R	T/Sgt. Rogers, M.D.	R
S/Sgt. Miller, F.E.	G	S/Sgt. Moxey, O.E.	G	S/Sgt. Dees, P.	G

REMARKS: Six ME-109's attacked the formation, four of which were shot down by the P-38' escort. Another was shot down jointly by S/Sgt. Paul Dees and Sgt. F. E. Miller.

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ST. CYPRIEN LANDING GROUND, TUNISIA

30 April 43

Group Mission #81	Flight 18 B-25's
Sqdrn Mission #58	Escort 14 Spits, 18 P-40's
Take Off 12:30	Bomb Load: (12 x 100)
Target 14:10	Bombs Dropped: 1(12 x 100); 1,200#
Down 15:20	
Total Time 2 Hrs. 50 Min.	
<u>Weather:</u> Visibility six miles. Haze. 9,000 ft. ceiling.	

C R E W S

42-3233 (C)

1st Lt. Wightman, H.B.	P
F/O. Cook, W.E.	CP
S/Sgt. Gullie, J.F.	B
S/Sgt. Porter, L.G., Jr.	R
S/Sgt. Fox, F.J.	G

REMARKS: Flak: Heavy, accurate, extremely intense. Every one of our 18 air craft were hit, one of them more than 50 times. Three men received slight injuries. Lt. R.M. Hamilton's aircraft (379th) made a landing at the Spit field in order to inspect flak damage before returning to the Base. Lt. Sullivan's aircraft (379th) failed to return. Two 'chutes were seen to open.

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MABTOUHA L/G, TUNISIA

3 May 43

Group Mission #82	Flight 18 B-25's
Sqdrn Mission #59	Escort 24 Spits and P-40's
Take Off 12:35	Bomb Load: (12 x 100)
Target 14:00	Bombs Dropped: None
Down 15:20	
Total Time: 2 Hrs. 45 Min.	

Weather: Very hazy en route to and from the target. CAVU at target.

C R E W S

42-32333 (P)

1st Lt. Wightman, H.B.	P
F/O. Cook, W.E.	CP
S/Sgt. Gullie, J.F.	B
T/Sgt. Porter, L.G., Jr.	R
S/Sgt. Fox, F.J.	G

41-13052 (N)

1st Lt. Van Divort, R.J.	P
F/O. Campbell, M.H.	CP
1st Lt. Hickman, J.G.	N
1st Lt. Myers, J.H.	B
T/Sgt. Chaffins, R.	R
S/Sgt. Nelson, F.S.	G

41-13065 (S)

1st Lt. Wert, D.S.	P
F/O. Houghtelling	CP
S/Sgt. Rogers, L.C.	B
T/Sgt. Dittmar, F.A.	R
S/Sgt. Bowden, S.D.	G

41-13074 (Q)

1st Lt. Phillips, C.A.	P
2nd Lt. Dauley, C.G.	CP
T/Sgt. Daly, D.J.	B
T/Sgt. Nicholson, R.C.	R
S/Sgt. Bozovich, M.L.	G

41-29980 (R)

2nd Lt. Marlow, J.F.	P
F/O. Burt, N.A.	CP
S/Sgt. Douglas, E.	B
T/Sgt. Budde, W.H.	R
S/Sgt. White, J.E.	G

REMARKS: No bombs were dropped by this flight. No Enemy air craft were encountered. S/Sgt. S. J. Kida (379th Gunner) was killed by flak, and three other men were slightly injured.

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PROFVILLE (K-0076 L/G), TUNISIA

5 May 43

Group Mission #83	Flight 18 B-25's
Sqdrn Mission #60	Escort 26 P-40's
Take Off 13:50	Bomb Load: (12 x 100)
Target 15:40	Bombs Dropped: 11(12 x 100); 13,200#
Down 17:10	
Total Time 3 Hrs. 20 Min.	

Weather: Visibility 6 to 8 miles at target. CAWU en route.

C R E W S

42-53444 (C)

1st Lt. Rouch, M.R.	P
F/O. Stagner, H.C.	CP
S/Sgt. Grossi, F.L.	B
T/Sgt. Swanson, W.M.	R
S/Sgt. Pontet, E.A., Jr.	G

41-13061 (A)

Col. Ridenour, C.H.	O
Maj. White, A.W.	P
1st Lt. Thorndike, R.W.	CP
1st Lt. Hickman, J.G.	N
1st Lt. Supple, G.J.	B
S/Sgt. Molnar, W.J.	G
T/Sgt. Boone, E.W.	R

42-53445 (B)

1st Lt. Lewis, K.E.	P
2nd Lt. Stecher, R.W.	CP
T/Sgt. Smith, W.A.	B
S/Sgt. George, W.C.	G
S/Sgt. Starnes, C.B.	R

41-29957 (F)

F/O. Collins, C.D.	P
F/O. Wirth, T.F. Jr.	CP
T/Sgt. Kelley, D.C.	B
T/Sgt. Rogers, M.D.	R
S/Sgt. Dees, P.	G

41-13085 (D)

1st Lt. Coddington, W.E.	P
2nd Lt. Ramsey, T.U.	CP
2nd Lt. Hornung, W.R.	B
T/Sgt. Thomas, Q.W.	R
S/Sgt. Moxey, O.E.	G

41-29962 (E)

2nd Lt. Denton, R.D.	P
2nd Lt. Donnovan, G.M.	CP
S/Sgt. Hartzell, J.J.	B
S/Sgt. Miller, F.E.	G
T/Sgt. Potolsky, G.	R

42-32333 (J)

1st Lt. Wightman, H.B.	P
F/O. Cook, W.E.	CP
S/Sgt. Walsh, R.J.	B
S/Sgt. Fox, F.J.	G
T/Sgt. Porter, L.G., Jr.	R

41-13052 (G)

Lt. Lt. Van Divort, R.	P
F/O. Campbell, M.H., Jr.	CP
2nd Lt. Forbes, R.L.	N
1st Lt. Myers, J.H.	B
T/Sgt. Chaffins, R.	R
S/Sgt. Nelson, F.S.	G

41-13092 (H)

2nd Lt. Therrien, R.W.	P
2nd Lt. Durgin, J.L.	CP
S/Sgt. Dombkowski, S.E.	B
S/Sgt. Szymik, E.	R
S/Sgt. Kim, D.	G

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Page 2, Squadron Mission #60.41-13065 (M)

1st Lt. Wert, D.S.	P
F/O. Houghtelling, H.A.	CP
S/Sgt. Rogers, L.C.	B
T/Sgt. Dittmar, F.A.	R
S/Sgt. Bowden, S.D.	G

41-13074 (K)

1st Lt. Phillips, C.A.	P
2nd Lt. Dauley, C.G.	CP
T/Sgt. Daly, D.J.	B
T/Sgt. Nicholson, R.C.	R
S/Sgt. Bozovich, M.L.	G

41-29980 (L)

2nd Lt. Marlow, J.F.	P
F/O. Burt, N.A.	CP
S/Sgt. Douglas, E.	B
T/Sgt. Budde, W.H.	R
S/Sgt. White, J.E.	G

REMARKS: 25 to 35 Enemy air craft were well dispersed over the landing ground, and several were hit. No flak or Enemy fighters were encountered.

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FAVIGNANA, SICILY

6 May 43

Group Mission #85	2 Flights 18 B-25's each
Sqdrn Mission #61	Escort 16 P-38's
Take Off 08:30	Bomb Load: (8 x 300)
Target Time 10:50	Bombs Dropped: 12 (8 x 300), 28,800#
Down 13:00	
Total Time 4 Hrs. 30 Min.	

Weather: CAVU en route and over Target. Closed in on return.

C R E W S

1st Flight

<u>42-32333</u> (P)		<u>41-13052</u> (N)		<u>41-13092</u> (O)	
1st Lt. Wightman, H.B.	P	1st Lt. Van Divort, R.	P	2nd Lt. Therrien, R.W.	P
F/O. Cook, W.E.	CP	F/O. Campbell, M.H.	CP	F/O. Houghtelling, H.A.	CP
S/Sgt. Walsh, R.J.	B	2nd Lt. Forbes, R.L.	N	S/Sgt. Dombkowski, S.E.	B
T/Sgt. Porter, L.G. Jr.	R	1st Lt. Myers, J.H.	B	S/Sgt. Szymik, E.	R
S/Sgt. Fox, F.J.	G	T/Sgt. Chaffins, R.	R	S/Sgt. Kim, D.	G
		S/Sgt. Nelson, F.S.	G		
<u>41-13065</u> (S)		<u>41-13074</u> (Q)		<u>41-29930</u> (R)	
1st Lt. Wert, D.S.	P	1st Lt. Phillips, C.A.	P	2nd Lt. Marlow, J.F.	P
2nd Lt. Durgin, J.L.	CP	2nd Lt. Dauley, C.G.	CP	F/O. Burt, N.A.	CP
S/Sgt. Rogers, L.C.	B	T/Sgt. Daly, D.J.	B	S/Sgt. Douglas, E.	B
T/Sgt. Dittmar, F.A.	R	T/Sgt. Nickelson, R.C.	R	T/Sgt. Budde, W.H.	R
S/Sgt. Bowden, S.D.	G	S/Sgt. Bozovich, M.L.	G	S/Sgt. White, J.E.	G

2nd Flight

<u>42-53444</u> (C)		<u>41-13061</u> (A)		<u>42-53445</u> (B)	
1st Lt. Rouch, M.R.	P	Major White, A.W.	CP	1st Lt. Lewis, K.E.	P
F/O. Stagner, H.C.	CP	1st Lt. Thorndike	P	2nd Lt. Stecher, R.W.	CP
S/Sgt. Grossi, F.L.	B	1st Lt. Hickman, J.G.	N	T/Sgt. Smith, W.A.	B
T/Sgt. Swanson, W.M.	R	1st Lt. Supple, G.J.	B	S/Sgt. Starnes, C.B.	R
S/Sgt. Pontet, E.A., Jr.	G	T/Sgt. Boone, E.W.	R	S/Sgt. George, W.C.	G
		S/Sgt. Molnar, W.J.	G		

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Page 2, Squadron Mission #61.41-29957 (F)

F/O. Collins, G.D.	P
F/O. Wirth, T.F. Jr.	CP
T/Sgt. Kelley, D.C.	B
T/Sgt. Rogers, M.D.	R
S/Sgt. Dees, P.	G

41-13035 (D)

1st Lt. Coddington, W.E.P	
2nd Lt. Ramsey, T.U.	CP
2nd Lt. Hornung, W.R.	B
T/Sgt. Thomas, Q.W.	R
S/Sgt. Moxey, O.E.	G

41-29952 (E)

2nd Lt. Denton, R.D.	P
2nd Lt. Donnovan, G.M.	CP
Cpl. Smith, M.F.	B
T/Sgt. Potolsky, G.	R
S/Sgt. Miller, F.E.	G

REMARKS: The docks were well covered with bombs. Many near misses on two merchant vessels in the harbor. Several strings of bombs landed in the town and on the hills surrounding it.

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HIGHWAY AND R.R. CROSSING (K-4545)
CAP BON, TUNISIA

8 May 43

Group Mission #86	Flight 18 B-25's
Sqdrn Mission #62	Escort 19 P-40's
Take Off 13:15	Bomb Load: (8 x 300)
Target Time 15:05	Bombs Dropped: 1 (8 x 300), 2,400#
Down 16:40	
Total Time 3 Hrs. 25 Min.	
<u>Weather:</u> CAVU	

C R E W S

42-53444 (L)

1st Lt. Rouch, M.R.	P
F/O. Stagner, H.C.	CP
S/Sgt. Grossi, F.L.	B
T/Sgt. Swanson, W.M.	R
S/Sgt. Pontet, E.A. Jr.	G

REMARKS: Results were uncertain. A road was bombed which probably hindered Enemy traffic. No Enemy aircraft were seen. Flak: Heavy, accurate, intensive from one small area. Lt. Rouch's ship received a hit in the port engine nacelle.

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PALERMO, SICILY

9 May 43

Group Mission #87	2 Flights 18 B-25's each
Sqdrn Mission #63	Escort 60 P-38's
Take Off 09:10	Bomb Load: (3 x 1,000)
Target Time 12:15	Bombs Dropped: 10(3 x 1,000), 30,000#
Down 15:25	
Total Time 6 Hrs, 15 Min	
<u>Weather:</u> CAVU	

C R E W S
1st Flight41-29957 (M)

F/O. Collins, G.D.	P
F/O. Wirth, T.F. Jr.	CP
T/Sgt. Kelley, D.C.	B
T/Sgt. Rogers, M.D.	R
S/Sgt. Dees, P	G.

41-13085 (K)

1st Lt. Coddington, W.E.P	
2nd Lt. Ransey, T.U.	CP
2nd Lt. Hornung, W.R.	B
T/Sgt. Thomas, Q.W.	R
S/Sgt. Moxey, O.E.	G

41-29962 (L)

2nd Lt. Denton, R.D.	P
2nd Lt. Donnovan, G.M.	CP
S/Sgt. Miller, F.C.	B
T/Sgt. Potolsky, G.	R
S/Sgt. Miller, F.E.	G

42-72333 (P)

1st Lt. Wightman, H.B.	P
F/O. Cook, W.E.	CP
S/Sgt. Walsh, R.J.	B
T/Sgt. Porter, L.G. Jr.	R
S/Sgt. Fox, F.J.	G

41-13052 (N)

1st Lt. Van Divort, R.	P
F/O. Campbell, M.H.	CP
2nd Lt. Forbes, R.L.	N
1st Lt. Myers, J.H.	B
T/Sgt. Chaffins, R.	R
S/Sgt. Nelson, F.S.	G

41-13092 (O)

2nd Lt. Therrien, R.W.	P
2nd Lt. Durgin, J.L.	CP
S/Sgt. Dombkowski, S.E.B	
S/Sgt. Szymik, E.	R
S/Sgt. Kim, D.	G

41-13065 (S)

1st Lt. Wert, D.S.	P
F/O. Houghtelling, H.A.	CP
S/Sgt. Rogers, L.C.	B
T/Sgt. Dittmar, F.A.	R
S/Sgt. Bowden, S.D.	G

41-13074 (Q)

1st Lt. Phillips, C.A.	P
2nd Lt. Dauley, C.G.	CP
T/Sgt. Daly, D.J.	B
T/Sgt. Nickelson, R.C.	R
S/Sgt. Bozovich, M.L.	G

41-29980 (R)

2nd Lt. Marlow, J.F.	P
F/O. Burt, N.A.	CP
S/Sgt. Douglas, E.	B
T/Sgt. Budde, W.H.	R
S/Sgt. White, J.E.	G

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Page 2, Squadron Mission #63.2nd Flight42-53444 (L)

1st Lt. Rouch, M.R.	P
F/O. Stagner, H.C.	CP
S/Sgt. Grossi, F.L.	B
T/Sgt. Swanson, W.M.	R
S/Sgt. Pontet, E.A. Jr.	G

REMARKS: All of our bombs landed within the target area, which was the entire Northern part of the city. Smoke rose to a height of 8,200 feet. A large explosion was seen through the smoke, which was probably the effect of hitting ammunition stores or oil stores. Two ships were hit in the harbor.

The entire round trip was 950 miles. Lt. Wightman's ship was hit ten times by flak. One burst severed the control cables which regulate the starboard throttle and port prop pitch. S/Sgt. R. J. Walsh, Bombardier, opened an inspection plate in the navigator's compartment. Sgt Walsh and S/Sgt. F. J. Fox, gunner, then pulled the cables, when necessary as directed by Lt. Wightman.

Other Squadron aircraft were hit by flak as follows:

Lt. Marlow	10
Lt. Wert	5
Lt. Van Divort	6
Lt. Therrien	7
Lt. Collins	6
Lt. Denton	3

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11 May 43

Group Mission #88	2 Flights 18 B-25's
Sqdrn Mission #64	Escort 60 P-38's
Take Off 09:15	Bomb Load: (3 x 1,000)
Target Time 11:28	Bombs Dropped: 12 (3 x 1,000), 36,000#
Down 13:35	
Total Time 4 Hrs 20 Min,	

Weather: CAVU. Visibility 60 miles. Slight haze over target.

C R E W S

2nd Flight

<u>42-53444 (C)</u>		<u>41-13061 (A)</u>		<u>42-53445 (B)</u>	
1st Lt. Rouch, M.R.	P	1st Lt. Thorndike, R.W.	P	1st Lt. Lewis, K.E.	P
F/O. Stagner, H.C.	CP	Major White, A.W.	CP	1st Lt. Stecher, R.W.	CP
S/Sgt. Grossi, F.L.	B	1st Lt. Hickman, J.G.	N	T/Sgt. Smith, W.A.	B
S/Sgt. Pontet, E.A. Jr.	G	1st Lt. Supple, G.J.	B	S/Sgt. George, W.C.	G
T/Sgt. Swanson, W.M.	R	T/Sgt. Boone, E.W.	R	S/Sgt. Starnes, C.B.	R
1st Lt. Pemberton, R.	O	S/Sgt. Molnar, W.J.	G		
<u>41-29957 (F)</u>		<u>41-13085 (D)</u>		<u>41-29962 (E)</u>	
F/O. Collins, G.D.	P	1st Lt. Coddington, W.E.	P	2nd Lt. Denton, R.D.	P
F/O. Wirth, T.F. Jr.	CP	2nd Lt. Ramsey, T.U.	CP	2nd Lt. Donovan, G.M.	CP
T/Sgt. Kelley, D.C.	B	2nd Lt. Hornung, W.R.	B	S/Sgt. Miller, F.C.	B
S/Sgt. Dees, P.	G	S/Sgt. Moxey, O.E.	G	T/Sgt. Potolsky, G.	R
T/Sgt. Rogers, M.D.	R	T/Sgt. Thomas, Q.W.	R	S/Sgt. Miller, F.E.	G
<u>42-32333 (J)</u>		<u>41-13052 (G)</u>		<u>41-13092 (H)</u>	
1st Lt. Wightman, H.B.	P	1st Lt. Van Divort, R.	P	2nd Lt. Therrien, R.W.	P
F/O. Cook, W.E.	CP	F/O. Campbell, M.H.	CP	2nd Lt. Durgin, J.L.	CP
S/Sgt. Walsh, R.J.	B	2nd Lt. Forbes, R.L.	N	S/Sgt. Dombkowski, S.E.	B
T/Sgt. Porter, L.G. Jr.	R	1st Lt. Myers, J.H.	B	S/Sgt. Szymik, E.	R
S/Sgt. Fox, F.J.	G	T/Sgt. Chaffins, R.	R	S/Sgt. Kim, D.	G
		S/Sgt. Nelson, F.S.	G		

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Page 2, Squadron Mission #64

<u>41-13065 (M)</u>		<u>41-13074 (K)</u>		<u>41-29980 (L)</u>	
1st Lt. Wert, D.S.	P	1st Lt. Phillips, C.A.	P	2nd Lt. Marlow, J.F.	P
F/O. Houghtelling, H.A.	CP	2nd Lt. Dauley, C.G.	CP	F/O. Burt, N.A.	CP
S/Sgt. Rogers, L.C.	B	T/Sgt. Daly, D.J.	B	S/Sgt. Douglas, E.	B
S/Sgt. Bowden, S.D.	G	S/Sgt. Bozovich, M.L.	G	S/Sgt. White, J.E.	G
T/Sgt. Dittmar, F.A.	R	T/Sgt. Nickelson, R.C.	R	T/Sgt. Budde, W.H.	R

RESULTS, AS OBSERVED BY 1ST LT. ROBERT PEMBERTON:

11 May '43

Col. Hunter advised us that Intelligence Officers would be allowed to go along on missions occasionally as observers, so when Lt. Rouch asked me to go in "Punjab" with him today, I accepted; and after a 06:45 breakfast we met in the briefing room to learn all of the up to the minute facts about the Enemy flak and aircraft situation, plus the usual and important details about bombing, radio, formation and weather (by the best damn weather man in North Africa, Captain Cole).

This was to be another coordinated attack with 98 B-17's, 38 B-26's, with their escorts, and our escort of 24 P-38's.

It was a beautiful morning, just cool enough for a leather jacket, with the visibility over 50 miles, and only an occasional small cloud well to the North.

Melvin Rouch made one of his typical, smooth, in formation take-offs, with Lt. Thorndike our Flight Leader, and after a few minutes climbing and circling, the 36 Mitchells crossed the field, on course, in two nice 18 ship formations. On our way to the coast the mountains, valleys, lakes, villages and live stock seemed to creep by, although we were indicating 200 miles per hour at 7,000 feet altitude.

The first sight of Bone and the Mediterranean didn't show any activity, but soon we were able to see the port crowded with all kinds of shipping and the air fields where our P-38's and P-40's and Spits are based.

By this time, 10:45, we were over the sea and a nervous convoy of 6 freighters, one with balloons flying, and an escort of 5 small naval craft put on speed and zig-zagged as they saw us approaching. However, as we held to a steady course to one side of them, no recognition signals were fired.

At least 60 vessels were seen in all; many in and around Tunis and Bizerte harbors, three other Allied convoys and many destroyers patrolling between Sicily and Cap Bon where the last of the battle for control of the continent was being fought --- we could see two large columns of smoke well to the South --- probably burning tanks.

Our target was now only 40 miles to the North-East, and although we couldn't see them, we knew the B-17's were turning off their bombing run because smoke and dust was billowing up from the harbor area.

I had just returned from the bombardier's compartment in the nose, when Rouch called my attention to the flak bursting in front of us. He was enjoying himself immensely and I began to understand why he complained so when he wasn't scheduled for one of these missions. He wanted to be in on every one of them.

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Page 3, Squadron Mission #64.

Now things began to happen so rapidly that one man just couldn't see all of it. Exploding bombs were throwing up smoke that covered large sections of the city, guns were flashing along the beach road, black smoke in round puffs would suddenly appear on all sides, above and below us, there were Enemy sea planes to count in the cove just North of our target; Thorndike's bombs were on their way down, and at that point Punjab gave three jolts as our 1,000 pounders were released by S/Sgt. Grossi, from an altitude of 10,400 feet at 11:29 Hours.

Rough said, "Bob, do you see those two 109's just ahead?" I did, and the ship shook as Grossi opened up with his flexible 50 in the nose. His shots fell short, for the 109's were diving at the flight ahead of us and doing four or five hundred miles an hour. However, we saw one of three go down smoking and later learned that S/Sgt. Bozovich and S/Sgt. Fox, gunners in Lt. Phillips' and Lt. Wightman's ships, were each officially credited with the destruction of an Enemy aircraft. In the meantime --- this all happened in a matter of seconds as we were diving off the target --- three more Me's attacked the rear of our formation but were driven off by our gunners and the splendid chaps in the Lightning "Pea-shooters".

One of our ships was losing altitude rapidly and was soon lost to our view, but we did have time to see the P-38's circling around him and weaving that beautiful pattern of lazy eights which offered the best possible protection for the crippled Mitchell. A hasty look back at the target showed us that the pilot-bombardier teams had really "hit the Wop a wallop".

During all this our ship and Lt. Lewis', on Bob Thorndike's right wing, had never moved, relatively, from their snug "V" formation, which offers such destructive fire power against any unwelcome visitor.

The return journey was uneventful; everything was calm and so peaceful that F/O. Stagner moved out of the Co-Pilot's seat and I flew (with assistance from Rough) for a while, which was quite a thrill after a year's lay off --- previously I had flown small grasshoppers with Horsepower ranging from 55 to 220--- while 3,500H.P. responded to these throttles.

Shortly after landing, Lt. Therrien slid in for a crash landing on one wheel --- his hydraulic system, radio and fuselage having been shot up by explosive 20 M/M shells from one of the Enemy fighters. Parts of two of these shells are now souvenirs which Therrien will take home at some future date. His ship also caught fire --- twice --- but the crew took care of that as smoothly as they performed their other duties.

After the interrogation forms had been filled out --- each man having reported to the S-2 Officers what he saw, where he saw it, and when he saw it --- we all gathered in the court yard for the good hot coffee and delicious doughnuts which the Red Cross girls serve after each mission. It was then that word was received that Lt. Timmerman and his crew had crash landed at Bone (This was the Mitchell that we had seen losing altitude). Each of the 5 was badly shot up by flak and Jerry's machine gun bullets, but they were all safe.

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CAGLIARI R.R. YARDS

13 May 43

Group Mission #89	2 Flights 18 B-25's each.
Sqdrn Mission #65	1 Group P-40's
Take Off 11:20	Escort: 1 Sqdrn P-38's
Target Time 13:28	Bomb Load: (3 x 1,000)
Down 14:45	Bombs Dropped: 11(3 x 1,000), 33,000#
Total Time: 3 Hrs. 30 Min.	
Weather: CAVU over target and en route, with slight haze.	

C R E W S

1st Flight

42-53444 (M)

1st Lt. Rouch, M.R.	P
F/O. Stagner, H.C.	CP
S/Sgt. Grossi, F.L.	B
T/Sgt. Swanson, W.M.	R
S/Sgt. Pontet, E.A. Jr.	G

42-53445 (S)

1st Lt. Lewis, E.K.	P
2nd Lt. Wolfe, W.M.	CP
T/Sgt. Smith, W.A.	B
S/Sgt. Starnes, C.B.	R
S/Sgt. George, W.C.	G

42-32333 (J)

1st Lt. Wightman, H.P.	P
F/O. Cook, W.E.	CP
S/Sgt. Walsh, R.J.	B
T/Sgt. Porter, L.G. Jr.	G

41-13052 (G)

Major White, A.W. Jr.	O
1st Lt. Van Divort, R.	P
F/O. Campbell, M.H.	CP
1st Lt. Myers, J.H.	B
2nd Lt. Forbes, R.L.	N
T/Sgt. Chaffins, R.	R
S/Sgt. Nelson, F.S.	G

41-29969-(H)

2nd Lt. Therrien, R.W.	P
2nd Lt. Durgin, J.L.	CP
S/Sgt. Dombkowski, S.E.B.	
Pfc. Sentlingar, C.W.G.	
S/Sgt. Szymik, E.	R

41-13065 (M)

1st Lt. Wert, D.S.	P
F/O. Houghtelling, H.A.	CP
S/Sgt. Rogers, L.C.	B
T/Sgt. Dittmar, F.A.	R
S/Sgt. Bowden, S.D.	G

41-13074 (K)

1st Lt. Phillips, C.A.	P
2nd Lt. Dauley, C.G.	CP
T/Sgt. Daly, D.J.	B
T/Sgt. Nickelson, R.C.	R
S/Sgt. Bozovich, M.L.	G

41-29980 (L)

2nd Lt. Marlow, J.F.	P
F/O. Burt, N.A.	CP
S/Sgt. Douglas, E.	B
T/Sgt. Budde, W.H.	R
S/Sgt. White, J.E.	G

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Page 2, Squadron Mission #65.41-29957 (S)

F/O. Collins, G.D. P
 F/O. Wirth, T.F. Jr. GP
 T/Sgt. Kelley, D.C. B
 T/Sgt. Rogers, M.D. R
 S/Sgt. Dees, P. G

41-13085 (Q)

1st Lt. Coddington, W.E.P
 2nd Lt. Ramsey, T.U. CP
 1st Lt. Hickman, J.D. N
 2nd Lt. Hornung, W.R. B
 T/Sgt. Thomas, Q.W. R
 S/Sgt. Palicki, D.E. G

41-29962 (R)

2nd Lt. Denton, R.D. P
 2nd Lt. Donovan, G.M. CP
 S/Sgt. Miller, F.C. B
 T/Sgt. Potolski, G. R
 S/Sgt. Miller, F.E. G

REMARKS: The marshalling and freight yards and adjacent installations at Cagliari were completely covered by our bombs. Direct hits were reported on a chemical plant, causing an explosion, which produced a huge column of smoke.

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TERRANOVA HARBOR, SARDINIA

14 May 43

Group Mission #90	2 Flights 18 B-25's
Sqdrn Mission #66	Escort 100 P-38's, 18 with bombs.
Take Off 10:10	Bomb Load: (6 x 500)
Target 13:13	Bombs Dropped: 9 (6 x 500), 27,000#
Down 15:25	
Total Time 5 Hrs. 15 Min.	

CREWS

1st FLIGHT

<u>41-29957</u> (P)		<u>41-13035</u> (N)		<u>41-29962</u> (O)	
F/O. Collins, G.D.	P	Capt. Coddington	P	2nd Lt. Denton, R.D.	P
F/O. Wirth, T.F. Jr.	CP	2nd Lt. Ramsey, T.U.	CP	2nd Lt. Donovan, G.M.	CP
T/Sgt. Kelley, D.C.	B	2nd Lt. Hornung, W.R.	B	S/Sgt. Miller, F.C.	B
T/Sgt. Rogers, M.D.	R	2nd Lt. Forbes, R.L.	N	T/Sgt. Potolsky, G.	R
S/Sgt. Dees, P.	G	T/Sgt. Thomas, Q.W.	R	S/Sgt. Miller, F.E.	G
		Pfc. Sentlingar, C.W.G			
<u>42-32333</u> (S)		<u>41-13052</u> (Q)		<u>41-29969</u> (R)	
1st Lt. Wightman, H.B.	P	1st Lt. Van Divort, R.	P	1st Lt. Therrien, R.W.	P
F/O. Cook, W.E.	CP	F/O. Campbell, M.H.	CP	2nd Lt. Cox, H.E.	CP
S/Sgt. Walsh, R.J.	B	1st Lt. Myers, J.H.	B	S/Sgt. Bombkowski, S.E.B	B
T/Sgt. Porter, L.G. Jr.	R	T/Sgt. Chaffins, R.	R	S/Sgt. Szymik	R
S/Sgt. Fox, F.J.	G	S/Sgt. Nelson, F.S.	G	S/Sgt. Kim, D.	G
<u>41-13065</u> (M)		<u>41-13074</u> (K)		<u>41-29980</u> (L)	
1st Lt. Wert, D.S.	P	1st Lt. Phillips, C.A.	P	2nd Lt. Marlow, J.F.	P
F/O. Houghtelling, H.A.	CP	2nd Lt. Dauley, C.G.	CP	F/O. Burt, N.A.	CP
S/Sgt. Rogers, L.C.	B	T/Sgt. Daly, D.J.	B	S/Sgt. Douglas, E.	B
T/Sgt. Dittmar, F.A.	R	T/Sgt. Nickelson, R.C.	R	T/Sgt. Budde, W.H.	R
S/Sgt. Bowden, S.T.	G	S/Sgt. Bozovich, M.L.	G	S/Sgt. White, J.E.	G

REMARKS: The harbor area and town were well covered with bombs. Much smoke was observed to be rising from the target area.

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PANTELERIA

18 May 43

Group Mission #91	2 Flights 18 B-25's each
Sqdrn Mission #67	Escort 18 P-38's
Take Off 09:25	Bomb Load: (6 x 500)
Target 11:28	Bombs Dropped: 12 (6 x 500), 36,000#
Down 13:10	
Total Time 3 Hrs. 45 Min.	

Weather: CAVU over target, but instrument weather en route.

C R E W S

2nd Flight

<u>42-53774</u> (C)		<u>41-13061</u> (A)		<u>42-53745</u> (B)	
1st Lt. Stecher, R.W.	P	1st Lt. Thorndike, R.W.	P	1st Lt. Lewis, K.E.	P
2nd Lt. Cox, H.E.	CP	1st Lt. Evans, G.N.	CP	2nd Lt. Wolfe, W.M.	CP
S/Sgt. Gawron, J.	B	Capt. Supple, G.J.	B	T/Sgt. Smith, W.A.	B
Sgt. Marrall, R.M.	R	1st Lt. Hickman, J.D.	N	S/Sgt. Starnes, C.E.	R
S/Sgt. Palicki, D.E.	G	T/Sgt. Boone, E.W.	R	S/Sgt. George, W.C.	G
1st Lt. Masson, J.J. Jr.	O	S/Sgt. Molnar, W.J.	G		
		Capt. Alexander, W.T.	O		
<u>41-29957</u> (F)		<u>41-13085</u> (D)		<u>41-29952</u> (E)	
F/O. Collins, G.D.	P	Capt. Coddington, W.E.	P	2nd Lt. Denton, R.D.	P
F/O. Wirth, T.F. Jr.	CP	2nd Lt. Ramsey, T.U.	CP	2nd Lt. Donovan, G.M.	CP
T/Sgt. Kelley, D.C.	B	2nd Lt. Hornung, W.R.	B	S/Sgt. Miller, F.C.	B
T/Sgt. Rogers, M.D.	R	T/Sgt. Thomas, Q.W.	R	T/Sgt. Potolsky, G.	R
S/Sgt. Dees, P.	G	S/Sgt. Moxey, O.E.	G	S/Sgt. Miller, F.E.	G
<u>42-32333</u> (J)		<u>41-13052</u> (G)		<u>41-29969</u> (H)	
1st Lt. Wightman, H.B.	P	1st Lt. Van Divort, R.	P	F/O. Houghtelling, H.A.	P
F/O. Cook W.E.	CP	1st Lt. Bitter, I.S.	CP	F/O. Stagner, H.C.	CP
S/Sgt. Walsh, R.J.	B	1st Lt. Myers, J.H.	B	S/Sgt. Rogers, L.C.	B
T/Sgt. Porter, L.G. Jr.	R	2nd Lt. Forbes, R.L.	N	T/Sgt. Dittmar, F.A.	R
S/Sgt. Fox, F.J.	G	T/Sgt. Chaffins, R.	R	S/Sgt. Bowden, S.D.	G
*Sgt. Hutchenrider, W.E.	AP	S/Sgt. Nelson, F.S.	G		

* 380th Squadron.

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Page 2, Squadron Mission #67.41-29980 (M)

2nd Lt. Marlow, J.F.	P
F/O. Burt, N.A.	CP
S/Sgt. Douglas, E.	B
T/Sgt. Budde, W.H.	R
S/Sgt. White, J.E.	G

41-13074 (K)

1st Lt. Phillips, C.A.	P
2nd Lt. Dauley, C.G.	CP
T/Sgt. Daly, D.J.	B
T/Sgt. Nickelson, R.C.	R
S/Sgt. Bozovich, M.L.	G

42-53446 (L)

F/O. Campbell, M.H.	P
2nd Lt. Hanna, M.C.	CP
S/Sgt. Grossi, F.L.	B
T/Sgt. Swanson, W.M.	R
S/Sgt. Pontet, E.A. Jr.	G

REMARKS: The target area was well covered, both by our bombers and by those of the 321st Bomb Group. Flak positions were well covered by dive bombing P-38's. No enemy aircraft were encountered.

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AIGHERO L/G, SARDINIA

20 May 43

Group Mission #93	Flight 24	E-25's
Sqdrn Mission #68	Escort	P-38's
Take Off 09:25	Bomb Load:	(72 x 20) Frags
Target 11:33	Bombs Dropped:	12 (72 x 20), 17,280#
Down 13:30		
Total Time	3 Hrs. 5 Min.	

C R E W S

42-53444 (B)

1st Lt. Stecher, R.W.	P
2nd Lt. Cox, H.E.	CP
S/Sgt. Guyer, S.P.	B
Sgt. Marral, R.M.	R
S/Sgt. Palicki, D.E.	G

41-13061 (A)

Major White, A.W. Jr.	O
1st Lt. Thorndike, R.W.	P
Capt. Supple, G.J.	B
1st Lt. Hickman, J.D.	N
T/Sgt. Boone, E.W.	R
S/Sgt. Molnar, W.J.	G

42-52445 (C)

1st Lt. Lewis, K.E.	P
2nd Lt. Wolfe, W.M.	CP
T/Sgt. Smith, W.A.	B
S/Sgt. Starnes, C.B.	R
S/Sgt. George, W.C.	G
1st Lt. Mason, J.J. Jr.	O

41-29957 (F)

F/O. Collins, G.D.	P
F/O. Wirth, T.F. Jr.	CP
T/Sgt. Kelley, D.C.	B
T/Sgt. Rogers, M.D.	R
S/Sgt. Dees, P.	G

41-13085 (D)

Capt. Coddington, W.E.P	P
2nd Lt. Ramsey, T.U.	CP
2nd Lt. Hornung, W.R.	B
T/Sgt. Thomas, Q.W.	R
S/Sgt. Moxey, O.E.	G

41-29962 (E)

2nd Lt. Denton, R.D.	P
2nd Lt. Donnovan, G.M.	CP
S/Sgt. Miller, F.C.	B
T/Sgt. Potolsky G.	R
S/Sgt. Miller, F.E.	G

42-32333 (J)

1st Lt. Wightman, H.E.	P
F/O. Cook, W.E.	CP
S/Sgt. Walsh, R.J.	B
T/Sgt. Porter, L.G. Jr.	R
S/Sgt. Fox, F.J.	G
Pfc. Lundsten, G.A.	AP

41-13052 (G)

1st Lt. Van Divort, R.	P
1st Lt. Bitter, I.S.	CP
1st Lt. Myers, J.H.	B
2nd Lt. Forbes, R.L.	N
T/Sgt. Chaffins, R.	R
S/Sgt. Nelson, F.S.	G
Capt. Alexander, W.T.	O

41-29969 (H)

2nd Lt. Therrien, R.W.	P
2nd Lt. Durgin, J.L.	CP
S/Sgt. Gawron, J.	B
S/Sgt. Szynik, E.	R
S/Sgt. Kim, D.	G

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Page 2, ~~Secret~~ Mission #68.41-29980 (M)

2nd Lt. Marlow, J.F.	P
F/O. Burt, N.A.	CP
S/Sgt. Douglas, E.	B
T/Sgt. Budde, W.H.	R
S/Sgt. White, J.E.	G

41-17074 (K)

1st Lt. Phillips, C.A.	P
2nd Lt. Dauley, C.G.	CP
T/Sgt. Daly, D.J.	B
T/Sgt. Nickelson, R.C.	R
S/Sgt. Bozovich, M.L.	G

42-32438 (L)

F/O. Campbell, M.H.	P
2nd Lt. Hanna, M.C.	CP
S/Sgt. Grossi, F.L.	B
T/Sgt. Swanson, W.M.	R
S/Sgt. Pontet, E.A. Jr.	G

REMARKS: Airdrome and revetment area were covered with frags. Partial photographic interpretation revealed 13 enemy aircraft and several industrial buildings hit.

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OLBIA-VERNATIURITA A/D, SARDINIA

24 May 43

Group Mission #95	4 Flights 6 B-25's each
Sqdrn Mission #69	Escort 18 P-38's
Take Off 11:45	Bomb Load: (72 x 20) Frags
Target 14:13	Bombs Dropped: 11 (72 x 20), 7,920#
Down 16:30	Average Altitude: 9,800 feet.
Total Time 4 Hrs 45 Min.	

Weather: CAVU, haze over water, high thin cirrus.

C R E W S

2nd Flight

<u>41-29985 (C)</u>	<u>42-13061 (A)</u>	<u>42-53444 (B)</u>
F/O. Houghtelling, H.A. P	1st Lt. Thorndike, R.W. P	1st Lt. Stecher, R.W. P
1st Lt. Anderson, G. CP	1st Lt. Evans, G.N. CP	2nd Lt. Cox, H.E. CP
S/Sgt. Gawron, J. B	1st Lt. Hickman, J.D. N	S/Sgt. Guyer, S.P. B
S/Sgt. Van Kosky, W.J. R	Capt. Supple, G.J. B	Sgt. Marrall, R.M. R
Sgt. Turville, R.L. G	T/Sgt. Boone, E.W. R	S/Sgt. Palicki, D.E. G
	S/Sgt. Molnar, W.J. G	

<u>42-32333 (F)</u>	<u>41-13052 (D)</u>	<u>41-29955 (E)</u>
1st Lt. Wightman, H.B. P	1st Lt. Van Divort, R. P	2nd Lt. Therrien, R.W. P
2nd Lt. Dauley, C.G. CP	1st Lt. Bitter, I.S. CP	2nd Lt. Durgin, J.L. CP
S/Sgt. Walsh, R.J. B	2nd Lt. Forbes, R.L. N	S/Sgt. Rogers, L.C. B
T/Sgt. Porter, L.G. R	1st Lt. Myers, J.H. B	S/Sgt. Szymik, E. R
S/Sgt. Fox, F.J. G	T/Sgt. Chaffins, R. R	S/Sgt. Kim, D. G
	S/Sgt. Nelson, F.S. G	

4th Flight

<u>41-13085 (D)</u>	<u>41-29962 (E)</u>
Capt. Coddington, W.E. P	2nd Lt. Denton, R.D. P
2nd Lt. Ramsey, T.U. CP	2nd Lt. Hanna, M.C. CP
2nd Lt. Renton, W.C. N	S/Sgt. Miller, F.C. B
2nd Lt. Hornung, W.R. B	T/Sgt. Potolsky, G. R
T/Sgt. Thomas, Q.W. R	S/Sgt. Miller, F.E. G
S/Sgt. Moxey, O.E. G	

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Page 2, Squadron Mission #6942-53445 (J)

F/O. Campbell, M.H.	P
2nd Lt. Baisch, J.M.	CP
S/Sgt. Grossi, F.L.	B
S/Sgt. Standish, B.R.	R
Sgt. Sigafos, J.F.	G
Cpl. Rea, W.L.	AP

41-13074 (G)

1st Lt. Phillips, C.A.	P
F/O. Cook, W.E.	CP
T/Sgt. Daly, D.J.	B
T/Sgt. Swanson, W.M.	R
S/Sgt. Bozovich, M.L.	G

41-29980 (H)

2nd Lt. Marlow, J.F.	P
F/O. Burt, N.A.	CP
S/Sgt. Douglas, E.	B
T/Sgt. Budde, W.H.	R
S/Sgt. White, J.E.	G

REMARKS: The target area was well covered. Three aircraft were visible on the field, two of which burst into flame. Flak was moderate and in general inaccurate, although there were several near bursts.

Six to eight enemy aircraft, Re-2001's and Me-109's attacked the formation, filling Lt. Denton's aircraft with twenty holes. Capt. Coddington's aircraft received one hole. S/Sgt. J. E. White destroyed one Me-109. S/Sgt. F. E. Miller probably destroyed one Re-2001 and one Me-109. S/Sgt. M. L. Bozovich was credited with one Me-109.

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GELA / PONT OLIVO A/D, SICILY

26 May 43

Group Mission #96	2 Flights 12 B-25's each
Sqdrn Mission #70	Escort 24 P-38's
Take Off 09:30	Bomb Load: (12 x 72) Frags
Target 11:55	Bombs Dropped: 11 (12 x 72), 9,504#
Down 14:40	Average Altitude: 9,200 Ft.
Total Time 5 Hrs. 10 Min.	

Weather: CAVU. Three cloud layers observed en route and on return.

C R E W S

2nd Flight

<u>41-13061 (C)</u>		<u>41-13052 (A)</u>		<u>41-29969 (B)</u>	
2nd Lt. Donovan, G.M.	P	1st Lt. Van Divort, R.	P	2nd Lt. Therrien, R.W.	P
2nd Lt. Flake, R.M.	CP	1st Lt. Bitter, I.S.	CP	2nd Lt. Durgin, J.L.	CP
S/Sgt. Rogers, L.C.	B	2nd Lt. Forbes, R.L.	N	S/Sgt. Dombkowski, S.E.B	
T/Sgt. Dittmar, F.A.	R	1st Lt. Myers, J.H.	B	S/Sgt. Szymik, E.	R
S/Sgt. Bowden, S.T.	G	T/Sgt. Chaffins, R.	R	S/Sgt. Kim, D.	G
		S/Sgt. Nelson, F.S.	G		
<u>41-29980 (F)</u>		<u>41-13074 (D)</u>		<u>41-29982 (E)</u>	
2nd Lt. Marlow, J.F.	P	1st Lt. Phillips, G.A.	P	F/O. Campbell, M.H.	P
F/O. Burt, N.A.	CP	F/O. Cook, W.E.	CP	2nd Lt. Baisch, J.M.	CP
S/Sgt. Douglas, E.	B	T/Sgt. Daly, D.J.	B	S/Sgt. Grossi, F.L.	B
T/Sgt. Budde, W.H.	R	T/Sgt. Nickelson, R.C.	R	S/Sgt. Standish, E.R.	R
S/Sgt. White, J.E.	G	S/Sgt. Bozovich, W.L.	G	Sgt. Sigafos, J.F.	G
S/Sgt. White, J.E.	G				
<u>42-53451 (J)</u>		<u>41-13070 (G)</u>		<u>42-53446 (H)</u>	
F/O. Houghtelling, H.A.F		Capt. Coddington, W.E.P		2nd Lt. Denton, R.D.	P
1st Lt. Anderson, G.	CP	2nd Lt. Ramsey, T.U.	CP	2nd Lt. Hanna, M.C.	CP
S/Sgt. Gawron, J.	B	2nd Lt. Rantow, W.C.	N	S/Sgt. Miller, F.C.	B
S/Sgt. Van Kosky, W.J.	R	2nd Lt. Hornung, W.R.	B	T/Sgt. Potolsky, G.	R
Sgt. Turville, R.L.	G	T/Sgt. Thomas, Q.W.	R	S/Sgt. Miller, F.E.	G
		S/Sgt. Moxey, O.E.	G		

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Page 2, Squadron Mission #70

<u>42-32333 (K)</u>		<u>52-3444 (L)</u>	
1st Lt. Wightman, H.B.	P	1st Lt. Stecher, R.W.	P
2nd Lt. Dauley, C.G.	CP	2nd Lt. Cox, H.E.	CP
S/Sgt. Walsh, R.J.	B	S/Sgt. Guyer, S.P.	B
T/Sgt. Porter, L.G.	R	Sgt. Marrall, R.M.	R
S/Sgt. Fox, F.J.	G	S/Sgt. Palicki, D.E.	G

RESULTS: Eight to ten fires were started among the aircraft parked on the airdrome. No enemy aircraft were observed in the air. Flak was heavy and light, with only slight accuracy.

After leaving the target, Lt. Stecher called for assistance from the Air-Sea Rescue Service, saying that his aircraft, with one engine out, was losing altitude. Hearing his call, Lt. Van Divort circled, but a low cloud layer prevented him from sighting Lt. Stecher's ship. The P-38's gave their usual good protection, which they offer to anyone falling behind, but their pilots afterwards gave conflicting reports as to the number of men seen in the water.

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SCIACCO AIRDROME, SARDINIA

28 May 43

Group Mission #97	3 Flights 12 B-25's each
Sqdrn Mission #71	Escort 36 P-38's
Take OFF 15:25	Bomb Load: (72 x 20) Frags
Target 18:01	Bombs Dropped: 10 (72 x 20), 14,400#
Down 20:15	Average Altitude: 9,800 Ft.
Total Time - 4 Hrs. 50 Min.	

Weather: CAVU.

C R E W S

2nd Flight

<u>42-32333 (C)</u>		<u>41-13052 (A)</u>		<u>41-27759 (B)</u>	
1st Lt. Nighthan, H.B.	P	1st Lt. Van Divort, R.	P	2nd Lt. Therrien, R.W.	P
2nd Lt. Sampson, G.O.	CP	Major White, A.W. Jr.	CP	2nd Lt. Durgin, J.L.	CP
S/Sgt. Walsh, R.J.	B	2nd Lt. Forbes, R.L.	N	S/Sgt. Dombkowski, S.E.B	
T/Sgt. Porter, L.G.	R	1st Lt. Myers, J.H.	B	S/Sgt. Szymik, E.	R
S/Sgt. Fox, F.J.	G	T/Sgt. Chaffins, R.	R	S/Sgt. Kim, D.	G
		S/Sgt. Nelson, F.S.	G		
<u>41-29957 (F)</u>		<u>41-13085 (D)</u>			
F/O. Collins, G.D.	P	Capt. Coddington, W.E.	P		
F/O. Stagner, H.C.	CP	2nd Lt. Flake, R.M.	CP		
T/Sgt. Kelley, D.C.	B	2nd Lt. Renton, W.C.	N		
T/Sgt. Rogers, M.D.	R	2nd Lt. Hornung, W.R.	B		
S/Sgt. Dees, P.	G	T/Sgt. Thomas, Q.W.	R		
		S/Sgt. Moxey, O.E.	G		
<u>41-29980 (J)</u>		<u>41-13074 (G)</u>		<u>42-32428 (H)</u>	
2nd Lt. Marlow, J.F.	P	1st Lt. Phillips, C.A.	P	F/O. Campbell, M.H.	P
F/O. Burt, N.A.	CP	1st Lt. Evans, G.N.	CP	2nd Lt. Ealsch, J.M.	CP
S/Sgt. Douglas, E.	B	T/Sgt. Daly, D.J.	B	S/Sgt. Grossi, F.L.	B
T/Sgt. Budde, W.H.	R	2nd Lt. Opeka, J. Jr.	N	S/Sgt. Standish, E.R.	R
S/Sgt. White, J.E.	G	T/Sgt. Nickelson, R.C.	R	Sgt. Sigafos, J.F.	G
		S/Sgt. Bozovich, M.L.	G		

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Page 2, Squadron Mission #71

<u>42-53445</u> (K)		<u>41-13061</u> (L)	
1st Lt. Lewis, E.E.	P	F/O. Wirth, T.F.	P
2nd Lt. Wolfe, W.M.	CP	F/O. Jones, W.E.	CP
1st Lt. Hickman, J.D.	N	T/Sgt. Smith, W.A.	B
2nd Lt. Withrow, J.E.	B	T/Sgt. Swanson, W.M.	R
S/Sgt. Starnes, C.B.	R	S/Sgt. Pontet, E.A. Jr.	G
S/Sgt. George, W.C.	G		

REMARKS: The bombs were dropped ten miles East of the target. Results unknown.

F/O. Campbell's aircraft left the formation during the climb going into the target --- one engine was back-firing. The following morning word was received that he had landed safely at Malta.

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PANTELLERIA

29 May 43

Group Mission #98	4 Flights 6 B-25's each
Sqdrn Mission #72	Escort 8 P-38's
Take Off 10:15	Bomb Load: (3 x 1,000)
Target 12:00	Bombs Dropped 6 (3 x 1,000), 18,000#
Down 13:40	Average Altitude: 10,200 Ft.
Total Time 3 Hrs. 25 Min.	
<u>Weather:</u> CAVU	

C R E W S

3rd Flight

<u>41-29957</u> (G)		<u>41-13085</u> (A)		<u>42-32333</u> (B)	
F/O. Collins, G.D.	P	Capt. Goddington, W.E.	P	2nd Lt. Denton, R.D.	P
F/O. Stagner, H.C.	CP	2nd Lt. Flake, R.M.	CP	2nd Lt. Hanna, M.C.	CP
T/Sgt. Kelley, D.C.	B	2nd Lt. Renton, W.C.	N	S/Sgt. Miller, F.C.	B
T/Sgt. Rogers, M.D.	R	2nd Lt. Hornung, W.R.	B	T/Sgt. Potolsky, G.	R
S/Sgt. Dees, P.	G	T/Sgt. Thomas, Q.W.	R	S/Sgt. Miller, F.E.	G
		S/Sgt. Moxey, O.E.	G	Pfc. Lundsten, G.A.	AP
<u>41-29980</u> (F)		<u>42-64524</u> (D)		<u>42-32422</u> (E)	
2nd Lt. Marlow, J.F.	P	Capt. Alexander, W.T.	P	F/O. Houghtelling, H.A.	P
F/O. Burt, N.A.	CP	1st Lt. Evans, G.M.	CP	1st Lt. Anderson, G.	CP
S/Sgt. Douglas, E.	B	1st Lt. Hickman, J.D.	N	S/Sgt. Gawron, J.	B
T/Sgt. Budde, W.H.	R	Capt. Supple, G.	B	S/Sgt. Van Kosky, W.J.	R
S/Sgt. White, J.E.	G	T/Sgt. Porter, L.G.	R	Sgt. Turville, R.L.	G
		Sgt. Mayronne, C.A.	G		

REMARKS: The 3rd Flight's target was the R.D.F. Station and shore gun emplacements at Pantelleria Harbor. Besides the 8 P-38's which accompanied the formation, other P-38's were met at the target, where they dropped bombs from their wing racks, as well as strafing.

Lt. J. J. Mason, Jr. flew as an observer in Lt. Leask's ship (379th).

Results were damn good. Smoke restricted observation, but photographs proved this to be one of our most successful raids.

Flak was heavy and light, quite intense, but with poor deflection. No enemy aircraft were observed.

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PANTELIJERIA HARBOR

31 May 43

Group Mission #99	3 Flights	6 B-25's each
Sqdrn Mission #73	Escort	12 P-38's
Take Off 12:45	Bomb Load:	(3 x 1,000)
Target 14:27	Bombs Dropped:	6 (3 x 1,000), 18,000#
Down 16:00	Average Altitude:	9,000 Ft.
Total Time: 3 Hrs. 15 Min.		

Weather: CAVU, with slight low haze. 2/10's cumulus building up.

CREWS3rd Flight

1st Lt. Wightman, H.B.	P	<u>41-13052 (A)</u>		<u>41-29969 (B)</u>	
2nd Lt. Sampson, G.O.	CP	1st Lt. Van Divort, R.	P	2nd Lt. Therrien, R.W.	P
S/Sgt. Walsh, R.J.	B	Major White, A.W. Jr.	CP	2nd Lt. Durgin, J.L.	CP
T/Sgt. Porter, L.G.	R	2nd Lt. Forbes, R.L.	N	S/Sgt. Dombkowski, S.E.	B
S/Sgt. Fox, F.J.	G	1st Lt. Myers, J.H.	B	S/Sgt. Szymik, E.	R
Pfc. Lundsten, G.A.	AP	T/Sgt. Chaffins, R.	R	S/Sgt. Kim, D.	G
		S/Sgt. Nelson, F.S.	G		
		Col. Hunter, A.G.	O		
<u>41-29980 (F)</u>		<u>41-13074 (D)</u>		<u>42-32422 (E)</u>	
2nd Lt. Marlow, J.F.	P	1st Lt. Phillips, G.A.	P	F/O. Houghtelling, H.A.	P
F/O. Burt, N.A.	CP	F/O. Cook, W.E.	CP	1st Lt. Anderson, G.	CP
S/Sgt. Douglas, E.	B	2nd Lt. Withrow, J.B.	B	S/Sgt. Gawron, J.	B
T/Sgt. Budde, W.H.	R	2nd Lt. Opeka, J.	N	S/Sgt. Van Kosky, W.J.	R
S/Sgt. White, J.E.	G	T/Sgt. Dittmar, F.A.	R	Sgt. Turville, R.L.	G
		S/Sgt. Bozovich, M.L.	G		

REMARKS: Each flight of 6 ships had its assigned target. The 381st target area --- gun emplacements near the harbor --- was well covered with bombs.

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OSLIA HARBOR, SARDINIA

1 June 43

Group Mission # 100	13 B-25's
Sqdm Mission # 74	Escort 24 P-38's
Take Off 14:05	Bomb Load: (3 x 1,000)
Target 16:24	Bombs Dropped: 6 (3 x 1,000), 18,000#
Down 19:00	Average Altitude: 10,450
Total Time: 4 Hrs. 55 Min.	

Weather: OAVU with scattered cumulus at the target.

C R E W S

41-29957 (P)

F/O Collins, G.D.	P
F/O Stagner, H.C.	CP
T/Sgt. Kelley, D.C.	B
T/Sgt. Rogers, M.D.	R
S/Sgt. Dees, P	G

41-13085 (N)

Capt. Coddington, W.E.P	
2nd Lt. Flake, R.M.	CP
2nd Lt. Renton, W.O.	N
2nd Lt. Hornung, W.R.	B
T/Sgt. Thomas, Q.W.	R
S/Sgt. Moxey, O.E.	G
Major White, A.W.	O

41-29980 (O)

2nd Lt. Denton, R.D.	P
2nd Lt. Hanna, M.C.	CP
S/Sgt. Miller, F.C.	B
T/Sgt. Potolsky, G.	R
S/Sgt. Miller, F.E.	G
Pvt. Sibailia	Photo

42-32422 (S)

F/O Houghtaling, H.A.P	
1st Lt. Anderson, G.	CP
S/Sgt. Gawron, J.	B
S/Sgt. Van Kosky, W.J.	R
Sgt. Turville, R.L.	G

42-64522 (O)

Capt. Alexander, W.T.	P
1st Lt. Evans, G.N.	CP
1st Lt. Hickman, J.D.	N
2nd Lt. Withrow, J.J.	B
S/Sgt. Foderaro, A.	R
Sgt. Mayronne, C.A.	G

41-13061 (R)

F/O Wirth, T.F.	P
F/O Jones, W.E.	CP
T/Sgt. Smith, W.A.	B
T/Sgt. Swanson, W.M.	R
S/Sgt. Fontet, E.A.	G

REMARKS: A probable hit and several near misses were made on one 435 foot M/V anchored SW of the pier. One direct hit and several near misses on another 410 foot M/V NE of pier.

Moderate to intense heavy accurate flak at the target. Four B-25's were hit, resulting in slight damage.

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PANAMA AREA

4 June 43

Group Mission # 102	Flight 18 B-25's
Sqdrn Mission # 75	Escort 12 P-38's
Take Off 14:00	Bomb Load (3 x 1,000)
Target 15:39	Bombs Dropped 9(3 x 1,000), 27,000#
Down 17:15	Average Altitude: 9,500
Total Time: 3 Hrs. 15 Min.	

Weather: Visibility two miles over mountains. CAVU over water and at target.

C R E W S

<u>41-13099 - F</u>		<u>41-29960 - D</u>		<u>41-13103 - E</u>	
F/O Collins, G.D.	P	Capt. Coddington, W.E.	P	2nd Lt. Denton, R.D.	P
F/O Stagner, H.C.	CP	2nd Lt. Flake, R.M.	CP	2nd Lt. Hanna, M.C.	CP
T/Sgt. Kelley, D.C.	B	2nd Lt. Renton, W.C.	N	S/Sgt. Miller, F.C.	B
T/Sgt. Rogers, M.D.	R	2nd Lt. Hornung, W.R.	B	T/Sgt. Potolsky, G.	R
S/Sgt. Dees, P	G	T/Sgt. Thomas, Q.W.	R	S/Sgt. Miller, F.E.	G
		S/Sgt. Moxey, O.E.	G		
<u>42-32333 - J</u>		<u>41-13052 - G</u>		<u>41-29969 - H</u>	
1st Lt. Wightman, H.B.	P	Major White, W.A.	O	2nd Lt. Therrien, R.W.	P
2nd Lt. Samson, G.D.	CP	F/O Cook, W.E.	CP	2nd Lt. Durgin, J.U.	CP
S/Sgt. Walsh, R.J.	B	1st Lt. Myers, J.H.	B	S/Sgt. Dombkowski, S.E.	B
T/Sgt. Porter, L.G.	R	1st Lt. Hickman	N	S/Sgt. Szymik, E.	R
S/Sgt. Fox, F.J.	G	T/Sgt. Nickelson, R.C.	R	S/Sgt. Kim, D.	G
		S/Sgt. Bozovich, M.L.	G	Col. Ridenour, G.H.	O
<u>42-32500 - S</u>		<u>42-53445 - Q</u>		<u>42-32422 - R</u>	
2nd Lt. Dauley, C.G.	P	1st Lt. Lewis, K.E.	P	2nd Lt. Donovan, G.M.	P
1st Lt. Bitter, I.S.	CP	2nd Lt. Wolfe, W.M.	CP	1st Lt. Anderson, G.	CP
S/Sgt. Campbell, W.B.	B	2nd Lt. Opeka, J. Jr.	N	S/Sgt. Rogers, L.C.	B
Cpl. Rea, W.L.	R	2nd Lt. Withrow, J.J.	B	T/Sgt. Dittmar, F.A.	R
Pfc. Sentlingar, C.W.	G	S/Sgt. Starnes, C.B.	R	S/Sgt. Bowden, S.T.	G
		S/Sgt. George, W.G.	G	Cpl. Lundsten, A.	Photo

REMARKS: No direct hits on either gun position 6 or 7. Slight inaccurate flak, and no enemy aircraft.

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PANAMA

8 June 43

Group Mission # 108	Flight 18 B-25's
Sqdrn Mission # 76	Escort 12 Spits and 12 P-40's
Take Off 17:40	Bomb Load: (3 x 1,000)
Target 18:55	Bombs Dropped: 9(3 x 1,000), 27,000#
Down 20:00	Average Altitude: 8,900
Total Time 2 Hrs. 20 Min.	
Weather: CAVU	

C R E W S

42-32422 - M

F/O Houghtaling, H.A.	P
1st Lt. Anderson, G.	CP
S/Sgt. Gawron, J.	B
S/Sgt. Van Kosky, W.J.	R
Sgt. Turville, R.L.	G

41-13052 - K

Capt. Alexander, W.T.	P
1st Lt. Evans, G.N.	CP
1st Lt. Hickman, J.D.	N
2nd Lt. Withrow, J.B.	B
S/Sgt. Foderaro, D.	R
Sgt. Mayronne, C.A.	G
Major White, A.W.	O

41-13061 - L

F/O Wirth, T.F.	P
F/O Jones, W.E.	CP
T/Sgt. Smith, W.A.	B
T/Sgt. Swanson, W.W.	R
S/Sgt. Pontet, E.A.	G

41-29957 - P

F/O Collins, G.D.	P
F/O Stagner, H.C.	CP
T/Sgt. Kelley, D.C.	B
T/Sgt. Rogers, M.D.	R
S/Sgt. Dees, P.	G

41-13085 - N

Capt. Coddington, W.E.	P
2nd Lt. Flake, R.M.	CP
2nd Lt. Renton, W.C.	N
2nd Lt. Hornung, W.R.	B
T/Sgt. Thomas, Q.W.	R
S/Sgt. Moxey, O.E.	G

41-29962 - O

2nd Lt. Denton, R.D.	P
2nd Lt. Hanna, M.C.	CP
S/Sgt. Miller, F.C.	B
T/Sgt. Potolsky, G.	R
S/Sgt. Miller, F.E.	G

42-64594 - S

2nd Lt. Donovan, G.M.	P
1st Lt. Bitter, T.S.	CP
S/Sgt. Rogers, L.C.	B
T/Sgt. Dittmar, F.A.	R
S/Sgt. Bowden, S.T.	G

42-53445 - Q

1st Lt. Lewis, K.E.	P
2nd Lt. Wolfe, W.M.	CP
2nd Lt. Forbes, P.L.	N
1st Lt. Myers, J.H.	B
T/Sgt. Starnes, C.B.	R
S/Sgt. George, W.C.	G

42-32500 - R

2nd Lt. Dauley, C.G.	P
F/O Cook, W.E.	CP
S/Sgt. Campbell, W.R.	P
Sgt. Rea, W.I.	R
Cpl. Sentlinger, C.W.	G
Pfc. Lundsten, G.A.	Photo

REMARKS: Gun positions 6 and 7 are thought to have been hit by at least one bomb.
Flak: Heavy and light, slight and inaccurate. No Enemy A/C were encountered.

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PARTELUMIA

9 June 43

Group Mission # 109

Flight 36 B-25's

Scorn Mission # 77

Escort 18 P-38's

Take Off 16:55

Bomb Load: (3 x 1,000)

Target 18:55

Bombs Dropped: 9(3 x 1,000), 27,000 #

Down 19:35

Average Altitude 8,250

Total Time 2 Hrs. 40 Min.

Weather: CAVU with haze.

CREWS

41-29969 - C

2nd Lt. Therrien R.W. P
 2nd Lt. Durgin, J.L. CP
 S/Sgt. Dombkowski, S.F. B
 T/Sgt. Szymik, E. R
 S/Sgt. Kim, D. G

41-13074 - A

1st Lt. Phillips, C.A. P
 F/O Cook, W.E. CP
 2nd Lt. Opeka, J. Jr., N
 T/Sgt. Daly, D.J. B
 T/Sgt. Nickelson, R.C. R
 S/Sgt. Bozovich, M.L. G
 Major White, A.W. O

41-29980 - B

2nd Lt. Marlow, J.F. P
 F/O Burt, N.A. CP
 S/Sgt. Douglas, E. B
 T/Sgt. Budde, W.H. R
 S/Sgt. White, J.E. G

41-29957 - F

F/O Collins, G.D. P
 F/O Stagner, H.C. CP
 T/Sgt. Kelley, D.C. B
 T/Sgt. Rogers, M.D. R
 S/Sgt. Dees, P. G

41-13085 - D

Capt. Coddington, W.E.P
 2nd Lt. Flake, R.M. CP
 2nd Lt. Renton, W.C. N
 2nd Lt. Hornung, W.R. B
 T/Sgt. Thomas, Q.W. R
 S/Sgt. Moxey, O.E. G

41-29952 - E

2nd Lt. Denton, R.D. P
 2nd Lt. Hanna, M.C. CP
 S/Sgt. Miller, W.C. B
 T/Sgt. Potolsky, G. R
 S/Sgt. Miller, T.E. G

42-32422 - J

F/O Houghtaling, H.A.P
 1st Lt. Anderson, G. CP
 S/Sgt. Cawron, J. B
 S/Sgt. Van Kosky, W.J. R
 Sgt. Turville, R.L. G

41-13052 - G

Capt. Alexander, W.T. P
 1st Lt. Evans, G.N. CP
 1st Lt. Hickman, J.D. N
 2nd Lt. Withrow, J.B. B
 S/Sgt. Foderaro, A. R
 Sgt. Mayronne, C.A. G

41-13061 - H

F/O Wirth, T.F. P
 F/O Jones, W.E. CP
 T/Sgt. Smith, W.A. B
 T/Sgt. Swanson, W.M. R
 S/Sgt. Pontet, E.A. G

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Page 2, Squadron Mission # 77.

72-62954 - M

2nd Lt. Donovan, G.M.	P
1st Lt. Bitter, I.S.	CP
S/Sgt. Rogers, L.C.	B
T/Sgt. Dittmar, F.A.	R
S/Sgt. Bowden, S.T.	G

REMARKS: 36 ships bombed gun position #11 on the island. The crews were instructed at the briefing to look for white crosses on the airdrome and shore --- an indication that the enemy had surrendered --- none were observed.

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PARTELLERTA

10 June 43

Group Mission # 110	Flight 42 B-25's
Sqdrn Mission # 78	Escort 16 P-38's
Take Off 09:40	Bomb Load: (3 x 1,000)
Target 11:02	Bombs Dropped: 11(3 x 1,000), 33,000#
Down 12:20	Average Altitude: 10,250
Total Time 2 Hrs. 40 Min.	

Weather: CAVU with slight haze

CREWS

<u>41-29957 - C</u>		<u>41-13085 - A</u>		<u>41-29962 - B</u>	
F/O Collins, G.D.	P	Capt. Coddington, W.E.	P	1st Lt. Denton, R.D.	P
F/O Stagner, H.C.	CP	Major White, A.W.	CP	2nd Lt. Hanna, M.C.	CP
T/Sgt. Kelley, D.C.	B	2nd Lt. Renton, W.C.	N	S/Sgt. Miller, F.C.	B
T/Sgt. Rogers, M.D.	R	2nd Lt. Hormung, W.B.	B	T/Sgt. Potolsky, G.	R
S/Sgt. Dees, P.	G	T/Sgt. Thomas, C.W.	R	S/Sgt. Miller, F.E.	G
		S/Sgt. Moxey, O.E.	G		
<u>41-29969 - F</u>		<u>41-13074 - D</u>		<u>41-29980 - E</u>	
2nd Lt. Therrien, R.W.	P	1st Lt. Phillips, C.A.	P	2nd Lt. Marlow, J.F.	P
2nd Lt. Durgin, J.L.	CP	F/O Cook, W.E.	CP	F/O Burt, N.A.	CP
S/Sgt. Dombkowski, S.F.	B	2nd Lt. Opeka, J.	N	S/Sgt. Douglas, F.	B
T/Sgt. Szymik, E.	R	T/Sgt. Daly, D.J.	B	T/Set. Budde, W.H.	R
S/Sgt. Kim, D	G	T/Sgt. Nickelson, P.C.	R	S/Sgt. White, J.F.	G
		S/Sgt. Bozovich, M.I.	G	1st Lt. Ramsev, U.T.	O
<u>42-64954 - J</u>		<u>42-53445 - G</u>		<u>42-32500 - H</u>	
2nd Lt. Donovan, G.M.	P	1st Lt. Lewis, K.E.	P	2nd Lt. Dauley, C.G.	P
2nd Lt. Flake, R.M.	CP	2nd Lt. Wolfe, W.M.	CP	2nd Lt. Samson, C.D.	CP
S/Sgt. Rogers, L.C.	B	2nd Lt. Forbes, P.L.	N	S/Set. Campbell, W.R.	B
T/Sgt. Dittmar, F.A.	R	1st Lt. Myers, J.H.	B	Sgt. Pea, W.L.	R
S/Sgt. Bowden, S.T.	G	T/Sgt. Starnes, C.B.	R	Cpl. Sentlingar, C.W.	G
		S/Sgt. George, W.G.	G	Cpl. Pummill, F.	Photo

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Page 2, Squadron Mission # 78.41-13061 - M

F/O Wirth, T.F.	P
F/O Jones, W.E.	CP
T/Sgt. Smith, W.A.	B
T/Sgt. Swanson, W.M.	R
S/Sgt. Pontet, E.A.	G

41-13052- K

Capt. Alexander, W.T.	P
1st Lt. Evans, G.M.	CP
1st Lt. Hickman, J.D.	N
2nd Lt. Withrow, J.B.	B
S/Sgt. Foderaro, A.	R
Sgt. Mayronne, C.A.	G

REMARKS: The target, a gun position, was pinpointed between two houses. Both of these houses were blown up, and the area completely covered.

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PANTELEPIA

11 June 43

Group Mission # 111	Flight 48 B-25's
Sqdrn Mission # 79	Escort 36 P-40's
Take Off 12:45	Bomb Load: (72 x 20) Frags.
Target 14:11	Bombs Dropped: 12(72 x 20), 17,280#
Down 15:20	Average Altitude: 9,000
Total Time: 2 Hrs. 35 Min.	

Weather: At target, 8/10 coverage at 14,000 ft. Scattered showers over water, with visibility 8-10 miles.

C R E W S

3rd Flight

41-29962 - C

2nd Lt. Denton, R.D.
2nd Lt. Hanna, M.C.
S/Sgt. Miller, F.C.
T/Sgt. Potolsky, G.
S/Sgt. Miller, F.E.
Pfc. Lundsten, G.E.

P
CP
B
R
G
Photo

41-13085 - A
Capt. Coddington, W.E.P
Major White, A.W. CP
2nd Lt. Renton, W.C. N
2nd Lt. Hornung, W.R. B
T/Sgt. Thomas, Q.W. R
S/Sgt. Moxey, O.E. G

41-29957 - B

F/O Collins, G.D. P
F/O Stagner, H.C. CP
S/Sgt. Micks, H.B. B
T/Sgt. Rogers, W.D. R
S/Sgt. Dees, P. G

41-13061 - F

F/O Wirth, T.F.
F/O Jones, W.E.
T/Sgt. Smith, W.A.
T/Sgt. Swanson, W.M.
S/Sgt. Pontet, E.A.

P
CP
B
R
G

42-64996 - D
Capt. Alexander, W.T. P
1st Lt. Evans, G.N. CP
1st Lt. Hickman, J.D. N
2nd Lt. Foyard, O.E. B
S/Sgt. Foderaro, A. R
Sgt. Mayronne, C.A. G

42-32422 - E

F/O Houghtaling, H.A.P
1st Lt. Anderson, G. CP
S/Sgt. Gawron, J. B
S/Sgt. Van Kosky, W.J. R
Sgt. Turville, R.L. G

41-29969 - J

2nd Lt. Therrien, R.W. P
2nd Lt. Durgin, J.L. CP
S/Sgt. Dombkowski, S.E. B
T/Sgt. Szymik, E. R
S/Sgt. Kim, D. G

41-13074 - G

1st Lt. Phillips, C.A. P
F/O Cook, W.E. CP
2nd Lt. Opeka, J. N
T/Sgt. Daly, D.J. B
T/Sgt. Nickelson, R.C. R
S/Sgt. Rozovich, M.L. G

41-29980 - H

2nd Lt. Marlow, J.F. P
F/O Burt, N.A. CP
S/Sgt. Douglas, E. B
T/Sgt. Budde, W.H. R
S/Sgt. White, J.E. G

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Page 2, Squadron Mission # 79.42-64954 - M

2nd Lt. Donovan, G.M.	P
1st Lt. Bitter, I.S.	CP
S/Sgt. Rogers, I.C.	B
T/Sgt. Dittmar, F.A.	R
S/Sgt. Bowden, S.T.	G

42-53445 - K

1st Lt. Lewis, K.E.	P
2nd Lt. Wolfe, W.M.	CP
2nd Lt. Forbes, R.L.	N
1st Lt. Myers, J.H.	B
T/Sgt. Starnes, C.E.	R
S/Sgt. George, W.C.	G

42-32500 - L

2nd Lt. Dauley, C.G.	P
2nd Lt. Flake, R.M.	CP
S/Sgt. Campbell, W.B.	B
Sgt. Rea, W.L.	R
Cpl. Sentlinger, C.W.G.	
Cpl. Pummill, E.	Photo

REMARKS: The island surrendered just as our planes were diving off the target. A terrific explosion covering several miles was seen and even felt, as an ammunition dump hit by our bombs, went up.

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LAMPEDUSA ISLAND

12 June 43

Group Mission # 112	Flight 24 B-25's
Sqdrn Mission # 80	Escort 24 P-38's
Take Off 10:55	Bomb Load: (6 x 500)
Target 12:20	Bombs Dropped: 12(6 x 500), 36,000#
Down 13:40	Average Altitude: 9,200
Total Time 2 Hrs. 45 Min.	

Weather: 6/10 cover at 4-5,000 ft. en route. Scattered clouds at 12,000 ft. over target. Visibility 10 miles.

CREWS
2nd Flight

<u>41-29957</u> - C		<u>41-13085</u> - A		<u>41-29962</u> - B	
F/O Collins, G.D.	P	Capt. Coddington, W.E.P		2nd Lt. Denton, P.D.	P
2nd Lt. Stagner, H.C.	CP	Major White, A.W.	CP	2nd Lt. Hanna, W.C.	CP
T/Sgt. Micks, H.B.	B	2nd Lt. Benton, W.C.	N	S/Sgt. Miller, F.C.	B
T/Sgt. Rogers, M.D.	R	2nd Lt. Hornung, W.R.	B	T/Sgt. Potolsky, G.	R
S/Sgt. Dees, P.	G	T/Sgt. Thomas, Q.W.	R	S/Sgt. Miller, P.E.	G
		S/Sgt. Moxey, O.E.	G		
<u>41-13061</u> - F		<u>42-64596</u> - D		<u>42-32422</u> - E	
F/O Wirth, T.F.	P	Capt. Alexander, W.E.P	P	F/O Houghtaling, H.A.P	
F/O Jones, W.E.	CP	1st Lt. Evans, G.M.	CP	1st Lt. Anderson, G.	CP
T/Sgt. Smith, W.A.	B	1st Lt. Hickman, J.D.	N	S/Sgt. Gawron, J.	B
T/Sgt. Swanson, W.M.	R	2nd Lt. Withrow, J.B.	B	S/Sgt. Van Kosky, W.J.	R
S/Sgt. Pontet, E.A.	G	T/Sgt. Dittmar, F.A.	R	Sgt. Turville, R.L.	G
		Sgt. Mayronne, G.A.	G		
<u>41-29959</u> - J		<u>41-13074</u> - G		<u>41-29977</u> - H	
2nd Lt. Therrien, R.W.	P	1st Lt. Phillips, C.A.	P	F/O Campbell, M.H.	P
2nd Lt. Durgin, J.L.	CP	F/O Cook, W.E.	CP	2nd Lt. Baisch, J.M.	CP
S/Sgt. Dombkowski, S.E.	B	T/Sgt. Daly, D.J.	B	S/Sgt. Grossi, F.L.	B
T/Sgt. Szymik, E.	R	1st Lt. Opeka, J.	N	S/Sgt. Standish, B.R.	R
S/Sgt. Kim, D.	G	T/Sgt. Nickelson, R.C.	R	Sgt. Sigafos, J.F.	G
		S/Sgt. Bowden, S.T.	G		

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Page 2, Squadron Mission # 80.

<u>42-32500 - M</u>		<u>42-32333 - K</u>		<u>41-29980 - L</u>	
2nd Lt. Dauley, C.G.	P	1st Lt. Wightman, H.B.	P	2nd Lt. Marlow, J.F.	P
2nd Lt. Flake, R.M.	CP	2nd Lt. Samson, G.D.	CP	F/O Burt, T.A.	CP
S/Sgt. Campbell, W.B.	B	2nd Lt. Colleton, J.C.	B	S/Sgt. Douglas, F.	B
Sgt. Rea, W.L.	R	T/Sgt. Porter, I.C.	R	T/Sgt. Rudde, W.H.	R
Cpl. Sentlingar, C.W.	G	S/Sgt. Fox, F.J.	G	S/Sgt. White, J.E.	G
Cpl. Pummill, E.	Photo				

REMARKS: Another good day's bombing. First attack on the gun positions of this 2 x 6 mile island. The Navy and landing barges were moving in as our aircraft withdrew.

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GOLEO ARANSI, SARDINIA

18 June 43

Group Mission # 115	Flight 36 B-25's
Sqdrn Mission # 81	Escort 36 P-38's
Take Off 07:45	Bomb Load: (6 x 500)
Target 10:00	Bombs Dropped: 11(6 x 500), 33,000#
Down 11:55	Average Altitude: 9,500
Total Time: 4 Hrs. 10 Min.	

Weather: En route 4/10 at 7-8,000 ft. Scattered clouds with slight haze at target. Visibility 10-12 miles.

C R E W S

41-29957 - C

F/O Collins, G.D.	P
F/O Stagner, H.C.	CP
T/Sgt. Kelley, D.C.	B
T/Sgt. Rogers, M.D.	R
T/Sgt. Walsh, R.J.	G

41-13085 - A

Capt. Coddington, W.E.	P
2nd Lt. Flake, R.M.	CP
2nd Lt. Renton, W.C.	N
2nd Lt. Hormung, W.R.	B
T/Sgt. Thomas, Q.W.	R
S/Sgt. Moxey, O.E.	G

41-29962 - B

2nd Lt. Denton, F.D.	P
2nd Lt. Hanna, M.C.	CP
S/Sgt. Miller, F.C.	B
T/Sgt. Potolsky, C.	R
S/Sgt. Miller, F.C.	G
Cpl. Lundsten, G.A.	Photo

42-32422 - F

F/O Houghtaling, H.A.	P
1st Lt. Anderson, G.	CP
S/Sgt. Gawron, J.	B
S/Sgt. Van Kosky, W.J.	R
Sgt. Turville, R.L.	G

41-13052 - D

Capt. Alexander, W.T.	P
1st Lt. Evans, G.N.	CP
1st Lt. Hickman, J.D.	N
2nd Lt. Withrow, J.J.	B
S/Sgt. Foderaro, A.	R
Sgt. Mayronne, C.A.	G

41-31061 - E

F/O Wirth, T.F.	P
F/O Jones, W.E.	CP
T/Sgt. Smith, W.A.	B
T/Sgt. Swanson, W.M.	R
S/Sgt. Pontet, E.A.	G

41-29980 - J

2nd Lt. Marlow, J.F.	P
F/O Burt, N.A.	CP
S/Sgt. Douglas, E.	B
T/Sgt. Budde, W.H.	R
S/Sgt. White, J.E.	G
Cpl. Pummill, E.	Photo

41-13074 - G

Capt. Phillips, C.A.	P
F/O Cook, W.E.	CP
2nd Lt. Opeka, J.	N
2nd Lt. Colleton, J.C.	B
T/Sgt. Nickelson, R.C.	R
S/Sgt. Bozovich, M.L.	G

41-29969 - H

2nd Lt. Therrien, F.W.	P
2nd Lt. Durgin, J.I.	CP
S/Sgt. Dombkowski, S.F.	B
T/Sgt. Szymik, E.	R
S/Sgt. Kim, D.	G

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Page 2, Squadron Mission # 81.72-64594 - M

2nd Lt. Donovan, G.M.	P
1st Lt. Bitter, I.S.	CP
S/Sgt. Rogers, L.C.	B
T/Sgt. Dittmar, F.A.	R
S/Sgt. Bowden, S.T.	G

42-32500 - L

2nd Lt. Dauley, C.G.	P
2nd Lt. Samson, G.D.	CP
S/Sgt. Campbell, W.B.	B
Sgt. Rea, W.I.	R
PFC. Sentlinger, C.W.G	

REMARKS: The 381st was in the lead, meeting little opposition from the enemy. However, Lt. Denton's aircraft was hit by a fragment from an aerial bomb --- dropped by a FW-190 --- which shattered the upper turret plexiglass.

Flak: Heavy, moderate and fairly accurate, as 5 aircraft were hit.

Approximately 40 enemy aircraft attacked the 2nd formation, but without personal injury to our men.

Losses: One P-38 for us, and 21 Me-109's, MA-200's and FW-190's for the enemy. Sixteen of these were claimed by the fighter escort.

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SALERNO, ITALY

21 June 43

Group Mission # 116	Flight 36 B-25's
Sqdrn Mission # 82	Escort 24 P-38's
Take Off 11:10	Bomb Load: (8 x 300) and (6 x 500)
Target 13:50	Bombs Dropped: 5(8 x 300) and 6(6 x 500)
Down 16:10	Average Altitude: 10,000 ^{30,000#}
Total Time 5 Hrs. 00 Min.	

Weather: CAVU en route and at target.C R E W S
1st Flight41-29962 - J

1st Lt. Denton, R.D.
2nd Lt. Samson, G.D.
S/Sgt. Miller, F.C.
T/Sgt. Potolsky, G
S/Sgt. Miller, F.E.
Cpl. Lunsten, G.A.

41-13085 - G
Major White, A.W. O
Capt. Coddington, W.E.P
2nd Lt. Flake, R.M. CP
2nd Lt. Renton, W.G. N
1st Lt. Hormung, W.R. B
T/Sgt. Thomas, G.W. R
S/Sgt. Moxey, O.E. G

41-13061 - M

F/O Wirth, T.F.
F/O Jones, W.E.
T/Sgt. Smith, W.A.
T/Sgt. Swanson, W.M.
S/Sgt. Pontet, E.A.

42-64596 - K
Capt. Alexander, W.T. P
Capt. Evans, G.N. CP
1st Lt. Hickman, J.G. N
2nd Lt. Withrow, J.B. B
S/Sgt. Foderaro, A. R
Sgt. Mayronne, C.A. G

41-29977 - L

F/O Houghtaling, H.A.P
1st Lt. Anderson, G. CP
S/Sgt. Cawron, J. B
S/Sgt. Van Kosky, W.J. R
Sgt. Turville, R.L. G

42-32500 - P

2nd Lt. Dauley, C.G. P
2nd Lt. Kreuzkamp, P.J. CP
S/Sgt. Campbell, W.B. B
Sgt. Rea, W.L. R
Cpl. Sentlingar, C.W. G

42-53445 - N

1st Lt. Lewis, K.E. P
2nd Lt. Wolfe, W.M. CP
1st Lt. Forbes, R.L. N
1st Lt. Myers, R.L. B
T/Sgt. Starnes, C.B. R
S/Sgt. George, W.C. G

42-64594 - O

2nd Lt. Donovan, G.M. P
1st Lt. Bitter, I.S. CP
S/Sgt. Rogers, I.C. B
T/Sgt. Dittmar, F.A. R
S/Sgt. Bowden, S.D. G

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Page 2, Squadron Mission # 82.41-29969 - S

1st Lt. Therrien, R.W. P
 2nd Lt. Durgin, J.I. CP
 S/Sgt. Dombkowski, S.E. B
 T/Sgt. Szymik, E. R
 S/Sgt. Kim, D. G

42-32333 - Q

2nd Lt. Marlow, J.F. P
 F/O Burt, N.A. CP
 2nd Lt. Opeka, J., Jr. N
 2nd Lt. Colleton, J.C. B
 T/Sgt. Budde, W.H. R
 S/Sgt. White, J.E. G

42-32428 - R

F/O Campbell, W.H. P
 2nd Lt. Baisch, J.W. CP
 S/Sgt. Grossi, F.L. B
 S/Sgt. Standish, B.F. R
 Sgt. Sigafos, J.F. G
 Cpl. Pummill, E. Photo

REMARKS: This important rail junction and bottle neck to Southern Italy was well covered with bombs. No flak or enemy aircraft were observed. Three of our aircraft landed at Bizerte.

Brig. Gen. Ridenour flew as an observer in a 428th ship.

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GOLFO ARANCI, SARDINIA

24 June 43

Group Mission # 117	Flight 36 B-25's
Sqdrn Mission # 83	Escort 36 P-38's
Take Off 08:20	Bomb Load: (6 x 500)
Target 10:32	Bombs Dropped: 12(6 x 500), 36,000#
Down 12:35	Average Altitude 9,000
Total Time: 4 Hrs. 15 Min.	

Weather: Visibility 12-15 miles to coast. Slight haze over water. At target 7/10 at 9,000 ft.

C R E W S

<u>41-29969 - C</u>		<u>41-13074 - A</u>		<u>42-32128 - B</u>	
1st Lt. Therrien, R.W.	P	Capt. Phillips, C.A.	P	F/O Campbell, M.H.	P
2nd Lt. Durgin, J.L.	CP	F/O Cook, W.E.	CP	2nd Lt. Paisch, J.M.	CP
S/Sgt. Dombkowski, S.E.	B	2nd Lt. Opeka, J., Jr.	N	S/Sgt. Grossi, F.L.	B
T/Sgt. Szymik, E.	R	T/Sgt. Daly, D.J.	B	S/Sgt. Standish, B.R.	R
S/Sgt. Kim, D.	G	T/Sgt. Mickelson, R.C.	R	Sgt. Sigafos, J.F.	G
		S/Sgt. Bozovich, M.L.	G	Cpl. Pummill, E.	Photo
<u>42-32333 - F</u>		<u>42-32122 - D</u>		<u>41-13061 - E</u>	
F/O Wirth, T.F.	P	1st Lt. Wightman, H.B.	P	F/O Houghtaling, H.A.	P
F/O Jones, W.E.	CP	2nd Lt. Samson, C.D.	CP	1st Lt. Anderson, G.	CP
T/Sgt. Smith, W.A.	B	2nd Lt. Renton, W.C.	N	S/Sgt. Gawron, J.	B
T/Sgt. Swanson, W.M.	R	2nd Lt. Colleton, J.C.	B	S/Sgt. Van Kosky, W.J.	R
S/Sgt. Pontet, E.A.	G	T/Sgt. Porter, L.G., Jr.	R	Sgt. Turville, R.L.	G
		Sgt. Collom, F.C.	G		
<u>42-53445 - J</u>		<u>41-29977 - G</u>		<u>42-32500 - H</u>	
1st Lt. Lewis, K.E.	P	2nd Lt. Donovan, G.M.	P	2nd Lt. Dauley, C.G.	P
2nd Lt. Wolfe, W.M.	CP	1st Lt. Bitter, I.S.	CP	2nd Lt. Kreuzkamp, P.J.	CP
1st Lt. Hickman, J.G.	N	S/Sgt. Rogers, L.C.	B	S/Sgt. Campbell, W.B.	B
1st Lt. Myers, R.L.	B	T/Sgt. Dittmar, F.A.	R	Sgt. Rea, W.J.	R
T/Sgt. Starnes, C.B.	R	S/Sgt. Bowden, S.D.	G	Cpl. Sentlingar, C.W.	G

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Page 2, Squadron Mission # 83.

<u>41-29957 - M</u>		<u>41-29980 - K</u>		<u>41-29962 - L</u>	
F/O Collins, G.D.	P	2nd Lt. Marlow, J.F.	P	1st Lt. Denton, R.D.	P
F/O Stagner, H.C.	CP	F/O Burt, N.A.	CP	2nd Lt. Hanna, N.C.	CP
T/Sgt. Kelley, D.C.	B	1st Lt. Collins, V.A.	N	S/Sgt. Miller, F.C.	B
T/Sgt. Rogers, M.D.	R	2nd Lt. Ewalt, W.F.	B	T/Sgt. Potolsky, C.	R
S/Sgt. Walsh, R.J.	G	T/Sgt. Budde, W.H.	R	S/Sgt. Miller, F.E.	G
		S/Sgt. White, J.E.	G	Cpl. Lunsten, G.A.	Photo

REMARKS: One ship was set on fire by a direct hit. Many bombs were seen to land in the town. Although the wireless installation was missed, the raid was considered very successful.

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OLEIA VENAFIORITA A/D, SARDINIA

28 June 43

Group Mission # 118	Flight 36 B-25's
Sqdrn Mission # 84	Escort 36 P-38's
Take Off 10:00	Bomb Load: (12 x 72) Frags
Target 12:20	Bombs Dropped: (12 x 72), 864#
Down 14:20	Average Altitude 10,200
Total Time 4 Hrs. 20 Min.	

Weather: En route and return, low scattered clouds at 1-2,000 ft. At the target, CAVU with haze.

C R E W S

72-64596

2nd Lt. Flake, R.M.	P
2nd Lt. Knecum, W.A.	CP
2nd Lt. Feinglass, P	B
S/Sgt. Fieumecal, A.F.	R
Sgt. Marvin, L.R.	G

REMARKS: Several fires and black smoke arose from 15-20 aircraft which were dispersed on the field.

Flak was heavy, moderate in intensity and inaccurate.

That the surprise element was present is confirmed by the fact that three enemy aircraft were seen taking off when our formation at the target.

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SCIACCA A/D, SICILY

30 June 43

Group Mission # 119	Flight 36 B-25's
Sqdrn Mission # 85	Escort 24 P-38's
Take Off 09:50	Bomb Load: (8 x 300)
Target 11:35	Bombs Dropped: 10(8 x 300), 25,200# 4 Salvoed
Down 13:15	Average Altitude: 9,850
Total Time 3 Hrs. 25 Min.	

Weather: At target, visibility 6-8 miles. En route and return, CAVU.

C R E W S

<u>41-29957 - C</u>		<u>41-13085 - A</u>		<u>41-29962 - B</u>	
F/O Collins, G.D.	P	Capt. Coddington, W.E.P.		1st Lt. Denton, P.D.	P
F/O Stagner, H.C.	CP	2nd Lt. Ramsey, T.U.	CP	2nd Lt. Hanna, M.C.	CP
T/Sgt. Kelley, D.C.	B	2nd Lt. Renton, W.G.	N	S/Sgt. Miller, F.C.	B
T/Sgt. Rogers, M.D.	R	1st Lt. Hormung, W.R.	B	T/Sgt. Potolsky, G.	R
S/Sgt. Walsh, R.J.	G	T/Sgt. Thomas, O.W.	R	S/Sgt. Miller, F.E.	G
		S/Sgt. Moxey, O.E.	G	Cpl. Lunsten, G.A.	Photo
<u>42-32422 - F</u>		<u>41-13052 - D</u>		<u>42-61522 - E</u>	
F/O Houghtaling, H.A.P.		Capt. Alexander, W.T.	P	F/O Wirth, T.F.	P
1st Lt. Anderson, G.	CP	2nd Lt. Sautter, C.U.	CP	F/O Jones, W.E.	CP
S/Sgt. Van Kosky, W.J.	R	1st Lt. Hickman, J.G.	N	T/Sgt. Smith, W.A.	B
S/Sgt. Gawron, J.	B	2nd Lt. Withrow, J.B.	B	T/Sgt. Swanson, W.M.	B
Sgt. Turville, R.L.	G	S/Sgt. Foderaro, A.	R	S/Sgt. Pontet, F.A.	G
		Sgt. Mayronne, C.A.	G		
<u>42-32428 - J</u>		<u>41-13074 - G</u>			
F/O Campbell, M.H.	P	Capt. Phillips, C.A.	P		
2nd Lt. Baisch, J.M.	CP	F/O Cook, W.E.	CP		
S/Sgt. Grossi, F.L.	B	T/Sgt. Baly, D.J.	B		
S/Sgt. Standish, B.R.	R	2nd Lt. Cpeka, J. Jr.	N		
Sgt. Sigafos, J.F.	G	T/Sgt. Nickelson, R.C.	R		
CPL. Pummill, E.	Photo	S/Sgt. Bozovich, M.L.	G		

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Page 2, Squadron Mission # 85.42-64594 - M

2nd Lt. Donovan, G.M. P
 1st Lt. Bitter, I.S. CP
 S/Sgt. Rogers, L.C. B
 T/Sgt. Dittmar, F.A. R
 S/Sgt. Bowden, S.D. G

42-64596 - K

1st Lt. Wightman, H.B. P
 2nd Lt. Samson, G.D. CP
 2nd Lt. Colleton, J.C. B
 1st Lt. Collins, V.A. N
 T/Sgt. Porter, L.G. R
 Sgt. Collom, F.C. G

42-32500 - I

2nd Lt. Dauley, C.G. P
 2nd Lt. Kreuzkamp, P.J. CP
 S/Sgt. Campbell, W.B. B
 Sgt. Rea, W.L. R
 Cpl. Sentlingar, C.W.G

REMARKS: Enemy Aircraft attacked some of the elements in the formation without results. The P-38 escort gave excellent cover, shooting down one Me-109.

Flak was heavy, moderate to intense and very accurate. The ships flown by F/O's Collins and Wirth were hit several times. Lt. Dauley's radio-gunner, Sgt. W.L. Rea, was hit by flak but not injured.

Results of bombing --- very satisfactory coverage of the landing ground.

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MILIS AIRDROME, SARDINIA

3 July 43

Group Mission # 120	2 Flights 18 B-25's
Sqdrn Mission # 86	Escort 36 P-38's
Take Off 10:40	Bomb Load: 1st Flight 6(6 x 500) 2nd Flight 6(8 x 300)
Target 12:53	Bombs Dropped: All. 32,400#
Down 14:45	Average Altitude: 10,000
Total time 4 Hrs. 5 Min.	

C R E W S

1st Flight

<u>41-31061</u> - P		<u>41-13052</u> - N		<u>72-32122</u> - O	
F/O Wirth, T.F.	P	Capt. Alexander, W.T.	P	F/O Houghtaling, H.A.	P
F/O Jones, C.	CP	2nd Lt. Sautter, C.U.	CP	1st Lt. Anderson, G.	CP
T/Sgt. Smith, W.A.	B	2nd Lt. Withrow, J.B.	B	S/Sgt. Gawron, J.	B
T/Sgt. Swanson, W.M.	R	1st Lt. Hickman, J.G.	N	S/Sgt. Van Kosky, W.J.	R
S/Sgt. Pontet, E.A.	G	S/Sgt. Foderaro, A.	R	Sgt. Turville, R.L.	G
		Sgt. Mayronne, C.A.	G		
<u>42-32500</u> - S		<u>72-53445</u> - Q		<u>42-64594</u> - R	
2nd Lt. Dauley, C.G.	P	1st Lt. Lewis, K.E.	P	2nd Lt. Donovan, G.M.	P
2nd Lt. Kreuzkamp, P.J.	CP	2nd Lt. Wolfe, W.M.	CP	1st Lt. Bitter, I.S.	CP
S/Sgt. Campbell, W.B.	B	1st Lt. Myers, J.H.	B	S/Sgt. Rogers, L.C.	B
Sgt. Rea, W.L.	R	1st Lt. Forbes, R.L.	N	T/Sgt. Dittmer, F.A.	R
Cpl. Sentlinger, C.W.	G	T/Sgt. Starnes, C.B.	R	S/Sgt. Bowden, S.D.	G
		S/Sgt. George, W.C.	G		

2nd Flight

<u>42-32428</u> - P		<u>41-31074</u> - N		<u>71-29969</u> - O	
F/O Campbell, M.H.	P	Capt. Phillips, C.A.	P	1st Lt. Therrien, R.W.	P
2nd Lt. Baisch, J.M.	CP	2nd Lt. Durgin, J.L.	CP	2nd Lt. Dusek, E.P.	CP
S/Sgt. Grossi, F.L.	B	2nd Lt. Colleton, J.C.	B	S/Sgt. Dombkowski, S.E.	B
S/Sgt. Standish, B.R.	R	2nd Lt. Opeka, J.	N	T/Sgt. Szymik, E.	R
Sgt. Sigafos, J.F.	G	T/Sgt. Nickelson, R.C.	R	S/Sgt. Kim, D.	G
Cpl. Pummill, E.	AP	S/Sgt. Bozovich, M.L.	G		
		Capt. Holmes	O		

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Page 2, Squadron Mission # 86.72-64596 - S

2nd Lt. Flake, R.M.	P
2nd Lt. Kneecum, W.A.	CP
Sgt. Doty, J.K.	B
S/Sgt. Fieumecel, A.F.	R
Sgt. Marvin, L.R.	G
Cpl. Lunsten, G.A.	AP

41-29980 - Q

2nd Lt. Marlow, J.F.	P
2nd Lt. Myers, G.H.	CP
2nd Lt. Ewalt, W.F.	B
2nd Lt. Heitman, O.C.	N
T/Sgt. Budde, W.H.	R
S/Sgt. White, J.E.	G

41-29962 - R

F/O Burt, N.A.	P
2nd Lt. Kurtz, J.A.	CP
S/Sgt. Douglas, E.	B
S/Sgt. Shapiro, M.L.	R
S/Sgt. Blackshire, J.R.	G

REMARKS: No enemy aircraft were encountered, but heavy flak over the target moderate to intense and extremely accurate. Most of our aircraft were hit, and F/O Houghtaling's Mitchell caught on fire in its port engine, causing him to make a landing in the sea 15 minutes off the target. Two of the flight's navigators pinpointed the location, and the Air-Sea Rescue Service was notified promptly.

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GERBINI SAFELITE # 1

5 July 43

Group Mission # 122	Flight 36 B-25's
Sqdrn Mission # 87	Escort 36 P-38's
Take Off 11:20	Bomb Load: 12(72 x 20) Frags.
Target 13:30	Bombs Dropped: All. 17,280
Down 15:30	Average Altitude: 9,750
Total Time 4 Hrs. 10 Min.	
Weather: CAVU with haze over sea.	

C R E W S

41-29969 - C

1st Lt. Therrien, R.W. P
 F/O Williamson, L.V. CP
 S/Sgt. Dombkowski, S.E. B
 T/Sgt. Szymak, E. R
 S/Sgt. Kim, D. G

41-13085 - A

Capt. Phillips, C.A. P
 2nd Lt. Durgin, J.L. CP
 2nd Lt. Opska, J. N
 2nd Lt. Colleton, J.G. B
 T/Sgt. Nickelson, R.C. R
 S/Sgt. Bozovich, M.L. G
 Capt. Holmes O

41-32428 - B

F/O Campbell, W.H. P
 2nd Lt. Baisch, J.W. CP
 S/Sgt. Grossi, P.L. B
 S/Sgt. Standish, B.R. R
 Sgt. Sigafos, J.F. G
 Cpl. Pummill, E. AP

41-13061 - F

F/O Wirth, T.F. P
 F/O Mitchell, L.C. CP
 T/Sgt. Smith, W.A. B
 T/Sgt. Swanson, W.M. R
 S/Sgt. Pontet, E.A. G

41-13052 - D

Major White, A.W. P
 2nd Lt. Sautter, C. U. CP
 1st Lt. Hickman, J.G. N
 2nd Lt. Withrow, J.E. B
 S/Sgt. Foderaro, A. R
 Sgt. Mayronne, C.A. G

41-30364 - E

F/O Cook, W.E. P
 2nd Lt. Weaver, C.H. CP
 S/Sgt. Micks, H.B. B
 Sgt. Powell, C.P. G
 S/Sgt. Lichtenstein, N.R.

42-32500 - J

2nd Lt. Dauley, C.G. P
 2nd Lt. Kreuzkamp, P.J. CP
 S/Sgt. Campbell, W.B. B
 Sgt. Rea, W.L. R
 Cpl. Sentlingar, C.W. G

42-53445 - G

1st Lt. Lewis, K.E. P
 2nd Lt. Dusek, E.P. CP
 1st Lt. Forbes, R.L. N
 1st Lt. Myers, J.H. B
 T/Sgt. Starnes, C.B. R
 S/Sgt. George, W.C. G

42-64594 - H

2nd Lt. Donovan, G.M. P
 2nd Lt. Wolfe, W.M. CP
 S/Sgt. Rogers, I.C. B
 T/Sgt. Dittmer, F.A. R
 S/Sgt. Bowden, S.D. G

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Page 2, Squadron Mission # 87.

<u>42-32522</u> - M		<u>42-32333</u> - K		<u>42-32454</u> - L	
F/O Jones, W.E.	P	1st Lt. Wightman, H.B.	P	1st Lt. Bitter, I.S.	P
F/O Hudson, C.	CP	2nd Lt. Samson, G.D.	CP	2nd Lt. Arnolt, H.B.	CP
S/Sgt. Smith, P.F.	B	1st Lt. Collins, V.A.	N	S/Sgt. Malone, D.E.	B
T/Sgt. Clark, T.F.	R	2nd Lt. Feinglass, P.	B	S/Sgt. Shapiro, H.L.	R
Sgt. Ramon, R.P.	G	T/Sgt. Porter, L.C.	R	Sgt. Bruhlman, O.C.	G
Cpl. Lunsten, G.T.	AP	Sgt. Collom, F.C.	G		

REMARKS: The landing ground, on which were dispersed many enemy aircraft, was well covered with bombs. One large and several small fires were started.

6 - 8 Me-109's and Ma-200's attacked the formation just after it left the target. No ships were damaged. None of these enemy aircraft were shot down. Heavy flak, which was moderate to intense and accurate, was experienced over the target.

One element of 3 planes did not see the primary target, and bombed Ponte Olivo A/D on the way back. A direct hit was made on one parked plane, and several others are believed to have been damaged.

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BISCARI, SICILY

6 July 43

Squadron Mission # 88	Group Mission # 123
Take Off 08:20	Flight 36 B-25's
Target 10:28	Escort 24 P-38's
Down 12:20	Bomb Load: (8 x 300)
Total Time 4 Hrs. 0 Min.	Bombs Dropped: 11(8 x 300), 26,400#
Total Sorties: 530	Average Altitude: 10,400.

Weather: At target, CAVU with haze. En route and return, 6 - 8 miles visibility with low layer of cumulous over water.

C R E W S

42-32428 - C

F/O Campbell, M.H. P
2nd Lt. Baisch, J.M. CP
S/Sgt. Grossi, F.L. B
S/Sgt. Standish, B.R. R
Sgt. Sigafos, J.F. G

41-13085 - A

Capt. Phillips, C.A. P
2nd Lt. Durgin, J.L. CP
2nd Lt. Opoka, J. N
2nd Lt. Colleton, J.C. B
T/Sgt. Nickelson, R.C. R
S/Sgt. Bozovich, M.L. G

41-29969 - B

1st Lt. Therrien, R.W. P
F/O Williamson, L.V. CP
S/Sgt. Dombkowski, S.E. B
T/Sgt. Szymik, E. R
S/Sgt. Kim, D. G

41-13052 - D

Capt. Alexander, W.T. P
2nd Lt. Sautter, C.U. CP
2nd Lt. Heitman, O.C. N
2nd Lt. Withrow, J.B. B
S/Sgt. Foderaro, A. R
Sgt. Mayronne, C.A. G

41-30364 - E

F/O Cook, W.E. P
2nd Lt. Weaver, C.H. CP
S/Sgt. Micks, H.B. B
S/Sgt. Lichtenstein, N.R.
Sgt. Powell, C.P. G

42-32500 - J

2nd Lt. Dauley, C.G. P
2nd Lt. Kreuzekamp, P.J. CP
S/Sgt. Campbell, W.B. B
Sgt. Rea, W.L. R
Cpl. Sentlingar, C.W.G

42-53445 - G

1st Lt. Lewis, K.E. P
2nd Lt. Dusek, E.P. CP
1st Lt. Forbes, R.L. N
1st Lt. Myer, J.H. B
S/Sgt. George, W.C. G
T/Sgt. Starnes, C.B. R

42-64594 - H

2nd Lt. Donovan, G.M. P
2nd Lt. Wolfe, W.M. CP
S/Sgt. Rogers, L.C. B
T/Sgt. Dittmar, F.A. R
S/Sgt. Bowden, S.D. G

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Page 2, Squadron Mission # 88.42-64596 - M

2nd Lt. Flake, R.M. P
 2nd Lt. Kneecum, W.A. CP
 Sgt. Doty, J.K. B
 S/Sgt. Fieumecel, A.F. R
 Sgt. Marvin, L.R. G

42-32333 - K

1st Lt. Wightman, H.B. P
 2nd Lt. Samson, G.D. CP
 1st Lt. Collins, V.A. N
 2nd Lt. Feinglass, P. B
 T/Sgt. Porter, L.G. R
 Sgt. Collom, F.C. G

42-64574 - L

Capt. Evans, G.N. P
 2nd Lt. Kurtz, J.A. CP
 S/Sgt. Malone, D.B. B
 S/Sgt. Shapiro, M.L. R
 S/Sgt. Blackshire, J.R.G

REMARKS: A "Milk Run" --- No flak, no fighters.

Our aircraft followed the 321st Group's Mitchells over the target. The entire area was covered with dust and smoke. Several accomodation buildings were demolished, and it is believed that half a dozen enemy aircraft were destroyed on the ground.

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GERBINI SATELLITE # 7, SICILY

7 July 43

Squadron Mission # 89	Group Mission # 124
Take Off 08:24	Flight 36 B-25's
Target 10:51	Escort 18 P-38's
Down 13:32	Bomb Load: (8 x 300)
Total Time: 5 Hrs. 8 Min.	Bombs Dropped: 11(8 x 300), 26,400#
Total Sorties: 541	Average Altitude: 11,150

C R E W S

42-32428 - P

F/O Campbell, M.H.	P
2nd Lt. Baisch, J.M.	CP
S/Sgt. Grossi, F.L.	B
S/Sgt. Standish, B.R.	R
Sgt. Sigafos, J.F.	G
Cpl. Pummill, E.	AP

41-13074 - N

Capt. Phillips, C.A.	P
2nd Lt. Durgin, J.L.	CP
2nd Lt. Opeka, J.	N
2nd Lt. Colleton, J.C.	B
T/Sgt. Nickelson, R.C.	R
S/Sgt. Bozovich, M.L.	G

41-29969 - O

1st Lt. Therrien, R.W.	P
F/O Williamson, L.V.	CP
S/Sgt. Dombkowski, S.E.	B
T/Sgt. Szymik, E.	R
S/Sgt. Kim, D.	G

41-13052 - Q

Major White, A.W.	P
2nd Lt. Sautter, C.U.	CP
2nd Lt. Heitman, O.C.	N
2nd Lt. Withrow, J.B.	B
S/Sgt. Foderaro, A.	R
Sgt. Mayronne, C.A.	G

41-30364 - R

F/O Cook, W.E.	P
2nd Lt. Weaver, C.H.	CP
S/Sgt. Micks, H.B.	B
S/Sgt. Litchenstien, H.	R
Sgt. Powell, C.P.	G

2522 - P

F/O Jones, W.E.	P
F/O Hudson, G.	CP
S/Sgt. Smith, P.F.	B
T/Sgt. Clark, T.F.	R
Sgt. Hannon, R.P.	G

42-53445 - N

1st Lt. Lewis, K.E.	P
2nd Lt. Dusek, E.P.	CP
1st Lt. Forbes, R.L.	N
1st Lt. Myers, J.H.	B
T/Sgt. Starnes, C.B.	R
S/Sgt. George, W.C.	G

42-32454 - O

2nd Lt. Bitter, G.M.	P
2nd Lt. Arnoult, H.B.	CP
S/Sgt. Malone, D.B.	B
Sgt. Bruhlman, O.C.	G
Sgt. Schmidt, H.E.	R

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Page 2, Squadron Mission # 89.42-64574 - S

Capt. Evans, G.N.	P
2nd Lt. Kurtz, J.A.	CP
S/Sgt. Trevethan, G.R.	B
S/Sgt. Shapiro, M.L.	R
S/Sgt. Blackshire, J.R.	G

42-32333 - Q

1st Lt. Wightman, H.B.	P
2nd Lt. Samson, G.D.	CP
1st Lt. Collins, V.A.	N
2nd Lt. Feinglass, P.	B
T/Sgt. Porter, L.G.	R
Sgt. Collom, F.C.	G

42-64596 - R

2nd Lt. Flake, R.M.	P
2nd Lt. Knecum, W.A.	CP
Sgt. Doty, J.K.	B
S/Sgt. Fieumecel, A.F.	R
Sgt. Marvin, L.R.	G
Cpl. Lunsten, G.A.	AP

REMARKS: Due to the low visibility and a terrain difficult for the navigators, the bombs of this mission struck all over the country-side.

Flak: At the target, moderate and heavy, with little accuracy. Also, flak of the same description along the coast of Sicily, south of Catania.

No enemy fighter interception.

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SCIACCA AIRDROME, SICILY

10 July 43

Squadron Mission # 90

Group Mission # 126

Take Off 07:19

Flight 36 B-25's

Target 09:05

Escort 42 P-40's

Down 10:40

Bomb Load: (6 x 500)

Total Time: 3 Hrs. 21 Min.

Bombs Dropped: 12(6 x 500), 36,000#

Total Sorties: 553

Average Altitude: 9,150

Weather: 5/10 cloud cover at 5,000 feet on way out. GAVU over target.

C R E W S

522 - C

F/O Collins, G.D.	P
2nd Lt. Myers, G.H.	CP
T/Sgt. Kelley, D.C.	B
T/Sgt. Rogers, M.D.	R
S/Sgt. Walsh, R.J.	G
Cpl. Lunsten, G.A.	AP

71-13085 - A

Capt. Coddington, W.E.P	
2nd Lt. Ramsey, T.U.	CP
2nd Lt. Renton, W.G.	N
2st Lt. Hornung, W.R.	B
T/Sgt. Thomas, Q.W.	R
S/Sgt. Moxey, O.E.	G

71-29962 - B

1st Lt. Denton, R.J.	P
2nd Lt. Boston, J.W.	CP
S/Sgt. Miller, F.C.	B
T/Sgt. Potolsky, G.	R
S/Sgt. Miller, F.E.	G

41-30386 - F

2nd Lt. Donovan, G.M.	P
2nd Lt. Wolfe, W.M.	CP
S/Sgt. Rogers, L.C.	B
T/Sgt. Dittmar, F.A.	R
S/Sgt. Bowden, S.D.	G

72-32333 - D

1st Lt. Wightman, H.B.	P
2nd Lt. Samson, G.D.	CP
1st Lt. Collins, V.A.	N
2nd Lt. Feinglass, P.	B
T/Sgt. Porter, L.G.	R
Sgt. Collom, F.C.	G

42-32500 - E

2nd Lt. Dauley, C.G.	P
2nd Lt. Kreuzkamp, P.J.	CP
S/Sgt. Campbell, W.B.	B
Sgt. Rea, W.L.	R
Cpl. Sentlingar, C.W.G	

42-64574 - J

F/O Cook, W.E.	P
2nd Lt. Weaver, C.H.	CP
S/Sgt. Micks, H.B.	B
S/Sgt. Lichtenstein, N.	R
Sgt. Powell, C.P.	G

41-31052 - G

Capt. Alexander, W.T.	P
2nd Lt. Sautter, C.U.	CP
1st Lt. Forbes, R.L.	N
2nd Lt. Withrow, J.B.	B
S/Sgt. Foderaro, A.	R
Sgt. Mayronne, C.A.	G

41-13061 - H

F/O Wirth, T.F.	P
F/O Mitchell, L.C.	CP
T/Sgt. Smith, W.A.	B
T/Sgt. Swanson, W.M.	R
S/Sgt. Pontet, E.A.	G

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Page 2, Squadron Mission # 90.

42-32428 - M

F/O Campbell, M.H.	P
2nd Lt. Baisch, J.M.	CP
S/Sgt. Grossi, F.L.	B
S/Sgt. Standish, B.R.	R
Sgt. Sigafos, J.F.	G

42-32454 - K

1st Lt. Ritter, I.S.	P
Major White, A.W.	CP
2nd Lt. Opeka, J.	N
1st Lt. Fayard, O.E.	B
Sgt. Schmidt, H.E.	R
Sgt. Bruhlman, O.C.	G

42-32596 - L

2nd Lt. Flake, R.M.	P
2nd Lt. Kneecum, W.A.	CP
Sgt. Doty, J.K.	B
S/Sgt. Fiumecel, A.F.	R
Sgt. Marvin, L.R.	G
Cpl. Pummill, E.	AP

REMARKS: The first day of the invasion of Sicily. The mission made an excellent job of bombing the landing area, even though one element accidentally dropped its bombs 3 miles short of the target. Photo interpretation afterwards revealed that 39 enemy aircraft were destroyed on the ground.

The P-40 escort drove off 3 enemy fighters. One P-40 pilot bailed out over the target.

Flak was heavy, intense and very accurate over the target. Lt. Opeka described the flak bursts following Capt. Coddington's aircraft as appearing like a black three lane highway. Lt. Boston made this statement --- "I've been initiated into lots of clubs, but Sciacca is the roughest one I've ever joined". Lt. Boston and T/Sgt. Q. W. Thomas were hit by flak and slightly injured. S/Sgt. O.E. Moxey and Cpl. C. W. Sentlinger were also hit, sustaining severe leg injuries, which required hospitalization.

Aircraft were damaged as follows: Lt. Coddington's aircraft, both tires blown out; Lt. Denton's aircraft, hydraulic system shot out, necessitating a forced landing at the 12th Bomb Group's field; Lt. Wightman's aircraft, windshield demolished; the life raft on Lt. Donovan's aircraft was shot clear out of the plane.

Lt. Collin's aircraft failed to return. After leaving the target, he lagged behind the formation, obviously crippled. One 'chute was seen to open before the plane crashed into a mountain.

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SCIACCA AIRDROME, SICILY

11 July 43

Squadron Mission # 91	Group Mission # 127
Take Off 14:20	Flight 36 B-25's
Target 16:13	Escort 16 P-38's
Down 17:55	Bomb Load: (8 x 300)
Total Time: 3 Hrs. 35 Min.	Bombs Dropped: 12(8 x 300), 28,800
Total Sorties: 565	Average Altitude: 9,150
<u>Weather:</u> CAVU.	

C R E W S

2nd Flight

42-32428 - C

F/O Campbell, M.H.	P
2nd Lt. Baisch, J.M.	CP
S/Sgt. Grossi, F.L.	B
S/Sgt. Standish, B.R.	R
Sgt. Sigafos, J.F.	G
Cpl. Pummill, E.	AP

41-13074 - A

Capt. Phillips, C.A.	P
2nd Lt. Durgin, J.L.	CP
2nd Lt. Opeka, J.	N
2nd Lt. Colleton, J.C.	B
T/Sgt. Nickelson, R.C.	R
S/Sgt. Bozovich, M.L.	G

41-29969 - B

1st Lt. Therrien, R.W.	P
F/O Williamson, L.V.	CP
S/Sgt. Dombkowski, S.E.B.	R
T/Sgt. Szymik, E.	R
S/Sgt. Kim, D.	G

42-64592 - F

F/O Cook, W.E.	P
2nd Lt. Weaver, C.H.	CP
S/Sgt. Micks, H.B.	B
S/Sgt. Lichtenstein, N.	R
Sgt. Powell, C.P.	G

41-13052 - D

Capt. Evans, G.N.	P
2nd Lt. Sautter, C.U.	CP
2nd Lt. Heitman, O.C.	N
2nd Lt. Ewalt, W.F.	B
S/Sgt. Foderaro, A.	R
Sgt. Mayronne, C.A.	G

41-13061 - E

F/O Wirth, T.F.	P
F/O Mitchell, L.C.	CP
T/Sgt. Smith, W.A.	B
T/Sgt. Swanson, W.M.	R
S/Sgt. Blackshire, J.R.G.	G

41-29957 - J

2nd Lt. Dauley, C.G.	P
2nd Lt. Young, C.A.	CP
S/Sgt. Campbell, W.B.	B
Sgt. Rea, W.L.	R
S/Sgt. Camagna, C.F.	G

42-53475 - G

1st Lt. Lewis, K.E.	P
2nd Lt. Dusek, E.P.	CP
1st Lt. Forbes, R.L.	N
1st Lt. Myers, J.H.	B
T/Sgt. Starnes, C.B.	R
S/Sgt. George, W.C.	G

42-64594 - H

2nd Lt. Donovan, G.M.	P
2nd Lt. Warren, W.M.	CP
S/Sgt. Rogers, L.C.	B
T/Sgt. Dittmar, F.A.	R
S/Sgt. Bowden, S.D.	G

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Page 2, Squadron Mission # 91.

42-64596 - M

2nd Lt. Flake, R.M.	P
2nd Lt. Knecum, W.A.	CP
Sgt. Doty, J.K.	B
S/Sgt. Fiumecel, A.F.	R
Sgt. Marvin, L.R.	G

72-32454 - K

2nd Lt. Bitter, G.M.	P
2nd Lt. Arnoult, H.B.	CP
2nd Lt. Victor, J.G.	N
1st Lt. Fayard, O.E.	B
Sgt. Schmidt, H.E.	R
Sgt. Bruhlman, O.C.	G

42-64574 - L

2nd Lt. Hanna, M.C.	P
2nd Lt. Sheets, R.L.	CP
S/Sgt. Trevethan, G.R.	B
S/Sgt. Pelkey, J.R.	R
T/Sgt. Rounis, G.T.	G

REMARKS: The landing area, runways and dispersal areas of the airdrome were hit. Numerous bomb hits were observed among 20 - 25 enemy aircraft dispersed on the ground and among nearby buildings.

Intense, very accurate heavy flak encountered over the target. Much flak of the same description experienced all the way out to the coast. Twenty-one of our aircraft were hit, resulting in very slight damage.

No encounters with enemy aircraft.

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GERBINI SATELLITE # 10, SICILY

12 July 43

Squadron Mission # 92

Group Mission # 125

Take Off 09:15

Flight 36 B-25's

Target 11:43

Escort Spits from Malta

Down 14:00

Bomb Load: (8 x 300)

Total Time: 4 Hrs. 45 Min.

Bombs Dropped: 12(8 x 300), 28,800#

Total Sorties: 577

Average Altitude: 9,000

Weather: CAVU.

C R E W S

1st Flight

42-54594 - N

Capt. Phillips, C.A.	P
2nd Lt. Durgin, J.L.	CP
2nd Lt. Opeka, J.	N
2nd Lt. Colleton, J.C.	B
T/Sgt. Nickelson, R.C.	R
S/Sgt. Bozovich, M.L.	G

ZI-29969 @ O

1st Lt. Therrien, R.W.	P
F/O Williamson, L.V.	CP
S/Sgt. Dombkowski, S.F.	B
T/Sgt. Szymik, E.	R
T/Sgt. Rounis, T.J.	G

42-32428 - P

F/O Campbell, M.H.	P
2nd Lt. Baisch, L.M.	CP
S/Sgt. Grossi, F.L.	B
S/Sgt. Standish, B.R.	R
Sgt. Sigafos, J.F.	G
Cpl. Pummill, E.	AP

42-64574 - S

F/O Cook, W.E.	P
2nd Lt. Weaver, C.H.	CP
S/Sgt. Micks, H.B.	B
S/Sgt. Lichtenstein, N	R
Sgt. Powell, C.P.	G

42-32454 - Q

1st Lt. Bitter, I.S.	P
2nd Lt. Arnault, H.B.	CP
2nd Lt. Victor, J.G.	N
1st Lt. Fayard, O.E.	B
Sgt. Schmidt, H.E.	R
Sgt. Bruhlman, O.C.	G

41-30386 - R

2nd Lt. Wolfe, W.M.	P
2nd Lt. Cruise, W.H.	CP
S/Sgt. Malone, D.B.	B
Sgt. Marshburn, J.T.	R
Sgt. Lyon, J.R.	G

2nd Flight

41-31961 - P

F/O Wirth, T.F.	P
F/O Mitchell, L.C.	CP
T/Sgt. Smith, W.A.	B
T/Sgt. Swanson, W.M.	R
S/Sgt. Pontet, E.A.	G

42-53445 - N

1st Lt. Lewis, K.E.	P
2nd Lt. Dusek, E.P.	CP
1st Lt. Forbes, R.L.	N
1st Lt. Myers, J.H.	B
T/Sgt. Starnes, C.B.	R
S/Sgt. George, W.C.	G

42-64596 - O

2nd Lt. Flake, R.M.	P
2nd Lt. Knecum, W.A.	CP
Sgt. Doty, J.K.	B
S/Sgt. Fiumecel, A.F.	R
Sgt. Marvin, L.R.	G

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Page 2, Squadron Mission # 92.41-13052 - S

2nd Lt. Kreuzkamp, P.J. P
 2nd Lt. Stoeber, L.R. CP
 S/Sgt. Miller, F.C. B
 S/Sgt. Shoemaker, C.D. R
 Sgt. Mayronne, W.B. G

41-30333 - Q

1st Lt. Wightman, H.B. P
 2nd Lt. Samson, G.D. CP
 1st Lt. Collins, V.A. N
 2nd Lt. Feinglass, P. B
 T/Sgt. Porter, L.G. R
 Sgt. Collom, F.C. G

41-29957 - R

F/O Jones, W.E. P
 F/O Hudson, C. CP
 S/Sgt. Smith, P.F. B
 T/Sgt. Clark, T.F. R
 Sgt. Hannon, R.P. G

REMARKS: Bombs scattered over and around the target.

F/O Cook's aircraft was so badly damaged by enemy fighters and flak that S/Sgt. Lichtenstein and Sgt. Powell, radio-gunner and upper turret gunner, bailed out near our lines.

Two Me-109's were destroyed by our bombers; one by Sgt. Lyon, gunner in F/O Wolfe's ship. Sgt. Collom claims one Me-109 probably destroyed.

S/Sgt. Lichtenstein and Sgt. Powell returned to the Squadron at 15:30 on 15 July 43 with the following story:

The flak had punched a big hole in the fuselage, the lower turret was knocked out by an explosive shell, part of the tail was missing, and Sgt. Powell had been thrown out of the turret with a piece of flak in his heel and another just below the knee, plus about 30 cuts and scratches on his legs. S/Sgt. Lichtenstein received three minor flak cuts and hurt his knee. Powell was momentarily dazed, so Lichtenstein helped him on with his 'chute and then bailed out. Looking around, Powell saw the open hatch and no radio operator, and decided he would hit the silk too. (F/O Cook had not sounded the alarm nor ordered them to jump.)

On the way down a Me-109 banked over towards Lichtenstein, but a Spit took care of the situation --- decisively!

Lichtenstein landed three miles north of Florida near some Irish soldiers in the front lines, who gave him food and first aid, and later sent him down the mountain in a Bren Carrier to Siracusa.

Powell landed in a chicken yard three miles south of Florida. British soldiers took him to a field hospital and thence to Brigade Headquarters at Siracusa, where he met Lichtenstein.

The Germans bombed the town all that night --- one plane every 10 or 15 minutes. The next morning both men were sent to the hospital four miles to the N.W. towards Augusta. Later they returned to Siracusa and boarded U.S. Transport # 248 at 18:00 hours. That evening they sailed for Sousse. The next day they boarded a 321st Mitchell at the 12th Bomb Group's Airdrome which took them to their home base.

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ENNA RAILROAD JUNCTION, SICILY

14 July 43

Squadron Mission # 93

Group Mission # 127

Take Off 07:15

Flight 36 B-25's

Target 09:10

Escort 24 P-38's

Down 10:40

Bomb Load: (6 x 500)

Total Time: 3 Hrs. 25 Min.

Bombs Dropped: 11(6 x 500), 31,000#
4 Bombs returned

Total Sorties: 588

Average Altitude: 10,050

Weather: CAVU

C R E W S

1st Flight

42-32428 - C

F/O Campbell, M.H.	P
2nd Lt. Baisch, J.M.	CP
S/Sgt. Grossi, F.L.	B
S/Sgt. Standish, B.R.	R
Sgt. Sigafos, J.F.	G

41-13074 - A

Capt. Coddington, W.E.	P
2nd Lt. Ramsey, T.U.	CP
2nd Lt. Renton, W.C.	N
1st Lt. Hornung, W.R.	B
T/Sgt. Thomas, Q.W.	R
S/Sgt. Bozovich, M.L.	G

41-79969 - B

1st Lt. Therrien, R.W.	P
F/O Williamson, L.V.	CP
S/Sgt. Dombkowski, S.F.	B
T/Sgt. Szymik, E.	R
T/Sgt. Rounis, T.J.	G

42-32333 - D

1st Lt. Wightman, H.B.	P
2nd Lt. Samson, G.D.	CP
1st Lt. Collins, V.A.	N
2nd Lt. Feinglass, P.	B
T/Sgt. Porter, L.G.	R
Sgt. Collo, F.C.	G

42-54596 - E

2nd Lt. Flake, R.M.	P
2nd Lt. Knecum, W.A.	CP
Sgt. Doty, J.E.	B
S/Sgt. Fiumecel, A.F.	R
Sgt. Marvin, L.R.	G
Cpl. Pummill, E.	AP

41-10386 - I

F/O Cook, W.E.	P
2nd Lt. Weaver, C.H.	CP
S/Sgt. Micks, H.B.	B
S/Sgt. Jereb, V.	R
S/Sgt. Schoen, E. G.	G

41-13052 - G

Capt. Alexander, W.T.	P
2nd Lt. Sautter, G.U.	CP
1st Lt. Forbes, R.L.	N
2nd Lt. Withrow, J.B.	B
S/Sgt. Foderaro, A.	R
Sgt. Mayronne, C.A.	G

41-13061 - H

F/O Wirth, T.F.	P
F/O Mitchell, L.C.	CP
T/Sgt. Smith, W.A.	B
T/Sgt. Swanson, W.M.	R
S/Sgt. Pontet, E.A.	G

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Page 2, Squadron Mission # 93.42-64592 - M

2nd Lt. Kreuzkamp, P.J. P
 2nd Lt. Stoeber, L.R. CP
 S/Sgt. Miller, F.C. B
 S/Sgt. Shoemaker, C.D. R
 Sgt. Mayhew, W. G

41-29980 - K

1st Lt. Denton, R.D. P
 Major White, A.W. CP
 2nd Lt. Schutte, W.G. N
 2nd Lt. Leasure, O.B. B
 T/Sgt. Potolsky, G. R
 S/Sgt. Miller, F.E. G

42-64594 - L

2nd Lt. Wolfe, W.M. P
 2nd Lt. Cruise, W.H. CP
 S/Sgt. Malone, D.B. B
 Sgt. Marshburn, J.T. R
 Sgt. Lyon, J.R. G

REMARKS: Bombs landed in the target area, and also in the town of Enna and in its northern outskirts.

Flak was slight, light and inaccurate.

No enemy aircraft were encountered.

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VIBO VALENTIA AIRDROME, ITALY

16 July 43

Squadron Mission # 94	Group Mission # 128
Take Off 07:40	Flight 36 B-25's
Target 11:01	Escort 24 P-38's
Down 13:58	Bomb Load: (6 x 500)
Total Time: 5 Hrs. 18 Min.	Bombs Dropped: 10(6 x 500), 30,000#
Total Sorties: 599	Average Altitude: 11,400

C R E W S

2nd Flight

41-29969 - C

1st Lt. Therrien, R.W. P
 F/O Williamson, L.V. CP
 S/Sgt. Dombkowski, S.F. B
 T/Sgt. Szymik, E. R
 S/Sgt. Kim, D. G

41-13074 - A

Capt. Phillips, C.A. P
 2nd Lt. Warren, D.B. CP
 2nd Lt. Opeka, J. N
 2nd Lt. Colleton, J.G. B
 T/Sgt. Nickelson, R.G. R
 S/Sgt. Bozovich, M.L. G

42-32428 - B

F/O Campbell, M.H. P
 2nd Lt. Baisch, J.M. CP
 S/Sgt. Grossi, F.L. B
 S/Sgt. Standish, B.R. R
 Sgt. Sigafos, J.F. G

42-64592 - F

2nd Lt. Krenakamp, P.J. P
 2nd Lt. Stoeber, L.R. CP
 S/Sgt. Miller, F.C. B
 S/Sgt. Shoemaker, C.D. R
 Sgt. Mayhew, W.B. G

42-32333 - D

1st Lt. Wightman, H.B. P
 2nd Lt. Samson, G.D. CP
 1st Lt. Collins, V.A. N
 2nd Lt. Feinglass, P. B
 T/Sgt. Porter, L.G. R
 Sgt. Collom, F.C. G

41-29957 - E

F/O Jones, W.E. P
 F/O Hudson, C. CP
 S/Sgt. Smith, P.F. B
 T/Sgt. Clark, T.F. R
 Sgt. Hannon, R.P. G

42-64594 - I

2nd Lt. Dauley, C.G. P
 2nd Lt. Young, C.A. CP
 S/Sgt. Campbell, W.B. B
 Sgt. Rea, W.L. R
 S/Sgt. Dees, P. G

42-53475 - G

1st Lt. Lewis, K.E. P
 2nd Lt. Dusek, E.P. CP
 1st Lt. Forbes, R.L. N
 1st Lt. Fayard, O.E. B
 T/Sgt. Starnes, C.B. R
 S/Sgt. George, W.C. G

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Page 2, Squadron Mission # 94.41-30401 - M

F/O Burt, N.A.	P
2nd Lt. Kurtz, J.A.	CP
S/Sgt. Douglas, E.	B
S/Sgt. Shapiro, M.L.	R
S/Sgt. Blackshire, J.R.	G

71-29980 - K

1st Lt. Marlow, J.F.	P
2nd Lt. Ramsey, T.U.	CP
2nd Lt. Heitman, O.C.	N
2nd Lt. Ewalt, W.F.	B
T/Sgt. Budde, W.H.	R
S/Sgt. White, J.E.	G

72-64596 - L

2nd Lt. Flake, R.M.	P
2nd Lt. Kneecum, W.A.	CP
Sgt. Doty, J.K.	B
S/Sgt. Fiumecel, A.F.	R
Sgt. Marvin, L.R.	G
Cpl. Pummill, E.	P

REMARKS: A six hour trip to the toe of Italy via the south coast of Malta, in order to avoid our shipping. The mission paid big dividends, as all bombs hit in the target area, destroying many of the 50 or more aircraft parked on the airdrome. Buildings and hangars were also hit, and several oil fires were started.

Capt. Phillips observed that they really gave "Musso" the "hot foot".

Capt. Phillips, Lts. Lewis and Wightman, and T/Sgt. Nicholson completed their 50th missions today.

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NAPLES MARSHALLING YARDS, ITALY

17 July 43

Squadron Mission # 95	Group Mission # 129
Take Off 13:58	Flight 36 B-25's
Target 16:38	Escort 36 P-38's
Down 18:53	Bomb Load: 6 x 500
Total Time: 4 Hrs. 55 Min.	Bombs Dropped: 10(6 x 500), 30,000
Total Sorties: 609	Average Altitude: 11,150

Weather: CAVU with slight haze.

C R E W S

1ST FLIGHT

<u>41-13085 - N</u>		<u>41-29957 - O</u>	
Capt. Coddington, W.E.P		F/O Jones, W.E.	P
2nd Lt. Ramsey, T.U.	CP	F/O Hudson, C.	CP
2nd Lt. Renton, W.C.	N	S/Sgt. Smith, P.F.	B
1st Lt. Hornung, W.R.	B	T/Sgt. Clark, T.F.	R
T/Sgt. Thomas, Q.W.	R	Sgt. Hannon, R.P.	G
T/Sgt. Rounis, G.T.	G		
<u>41-13061 - S</u>		<u>41-30386 - R</u>	
F/O Wirth, T.F.	P	F/O Cook, W.E.	P
F/O Mitchell, L.C.	CP	2nd Lt. Weaver, C.H.	CP
T/Sgt. Smith, W.A.	B	S/Sgt. Micks, H.B.	B
T/Sgt. Swanson, W.M.	R	S/Sgt. Jereb, V.	R
S/Sgt. Pontet, E.A.	G	S/Sgt. Schoen, E.G.	G
<u>42-32454 - Q</u>			
1st Lt. Bitter, I.S.	P		
2nd Lt. Arnoult, H.B.	CP		
2nd Lt. Victor, J.G.	N		
1st Lt. Fayard, O.E.	B		
Sgt. Schmidt, H.E.	R		
Sgt. Brühlman, O.C.	G		

2nd Flight

<u>42-64596 - P</u>		<u>41-29980 - N</u>	
2nd Lt. Flake, R.M.	P	1st Lt. Marlow, J.F.	P
2nd Lt. Kneecum, W.A.	CP	2nd Lt. Sheets, R.L.	CP
Sgt. Doty, J.K.	B	1st Lt. Collins, V.A.	N
S/Sgt. Fiumecel, A.F.	R	2nd Lt. Ewalt, W.F.	B
Sgt. Marvin, L.R.	G	T/Sgt. Budde, W.H.	R
Cpl. Pummill, E.	AP	S/Sgt. White, J.E.	G

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Page 2, Squadron Mission # 95.71-30401 - S

2nd Lt. Wolfe, W.M. P
 2nd Lt. Cruise, W.H. CP
 S/Sgt. Malone, D.B. B
 Sgt. Marshburn, J.T. R
 Sgt. Lyon, J.R. G

72-53445 - Q

1st Lt. Denton, R.D. P
 2nd Lt. Boston, J.W. CP
 2nd Lt. Schutte, W.G. N
 2nd Lt. Leasure, O.B. B
 T/Sgt. Potolsky, G. R
 S/Sgt. Miller, F.E. G

42-64592 - R

2nd Lt. Kreuzkamp, P.J. P
 2nd Lt. Stoeber, L.R. CP
 S/Sgt. Miller, F.C. B
 S/Sgt. Shoemaker, C.D. R
 Sgt. Mayhew, W.B. G

REMARKS: This target had been hit all through the day; first by the heavies (3 separate flights of B-24's); then by the B-17's; then by 3 groups of B-26's; then by some more B-17's; followed by our Group and the B-25's of the 321st. Over 400 bombers in all.

Flak was moderate, heavy with average accuracy.

Three to five enemy fighters attacked half heartedly and ran before our guns and those of our escort.

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CIAMPINO AIRDROME, ROME, ITALY

19 July 43

Squadron Mission # 96	Group Mission # 130
Take Off 10:00	Flight 72 B-25's
Target 12:59	Escort 36 P-38's
Down 15:33	Bomb Load: (6 x 500)
Total Time: 5 Hrs. 33 Min.	Bombs Dropped: 18(6 x 500), 54,000#
Total Sorties: 627	Average Altitude: 10,400
<u>Weather:</u> Visibility 7-8 miles, ceiling unlimited, haze.	

C R E W S

3rd Flight

42-32428 - C

F/O Campbell, M.H.	P
2nd Lt. Sautter, C.U.	CP
S/Sgt. Grossi, F.L.	B
T/Sgt. Standish, B.R.	R
S/Sgt. Sigafos, J.F.	G
Cpl. Pummill, E.	AP
1st Lt. Shrader, D.A.	O

41-13085 - A

Capt. Coddington, W.E.P	
2nd Lt. Ramsey, T.U.	CP
2nd Lt. Renton, W.C.	N
1st Lt. Hornung, W.R.	B
T/Sgt. Thomas, Q.W.	R
T/Sgt. Rounis, G.T.	G

41-29969 - B

1st Lt. Therrien, R.W.	P
F/O Williamson, L.V.	CP
S/Sgt. Dombkowski, S.F.	B
T/Sgt. Szymik, E.	R
S/Sgt. Kim, D.	G

41-30401 - F

2nd Lt. Wolfe, W.M.	P
2nd Lt. Cruise, W.H.	CP
S/Sgt. Malone, D.B.	B
S/Sgt. Marshburn, J.T.	R
Sgt. Lyon, J.R.	G

41-13074 - D

Major White, A.W.	P
2nd Lt. Dusek, E.P.	CP
2nd Lt. Heitman, O.B.	N
2nd Lt. Feinglass, P	B
S/Sgt. Shapiro, M.L.	R
S/Sgt. Elackshire, J.R.G	

72-64592 - E

2nd Lt. Kreuzkamp, P.J.	P
2nd Lt. Stoeber, W.H.	CP
S/Sgt. Miller, F.C.	B
S/Sgt. Shoemaker, C.D.	R
Sgt. Mayhew, W.B.	G

41-13061 - J

F/O Wirth, T.F.	P
F/O Mitchell, L.C.	CP
T/Sgt. Smith, W.A.	B
T/Sgt. Swanson, W.M.	R
S/Sgt. Pontet, E.A.	G
1st Lt. Mason, J.J., Jr.	O

41-13052 - G

Capt. Alexander, W.T.	P
2nd Lt. Baisch, J.M.	CP
2nd Lt. Victor, J.G.	N
2nd Lt. Withrow, J.B.	B
T/Sgt. Foderaro, A.	R
S/Sgt. Mayronne, C.A.	G

41-39897 - H (428th Ship)

F/O Cook, W.E.	P
2nd Lt. Weaver, C.H.	CP
S/Sgt. Micks, H.E.	B
T/Sgt. Starnes, C.B.	R
S/Sgt. George, W.C.	G

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Page 2, Squadron Mission # 96.

<u>41-29981 - M (428th Ship)</u>		<u>42-53445 - K</u>		<u>42-32500 - L</u>	
Capt. Evans, G.N.	P	1st Lt. Denton, R.D.	P	2nd Lt. Dauley, C.G.	P
2nd Lt. Burris, J.W.	CP	2nd Lt. Boston, J.W.	CP	2nd Lt. Young, C.A.	CP
2nd Lt. Schutte, W.G.	B	2nd Lt. Opeka, J.	N	S/Sgt. Campbell, W.B.	B
S/Sgt. Jerb, V.	R	2nd Lt. Colleton, J.C.	B	Sgt. Rea, W.L.	R
S/Sgt. Schoen, E.G.	G	T/Sgt. Potolsky, G.	R	S/Sgt. Dees, P.	G
		S/Sgt. Miller, F.E.	G		
<u>42-67596 - P</u>		<u>41-29980 - N</u>		<u>42-32454 - O</u>	
2nd Lt. Flake, R.M.	P	1st Lt. Marlow, J.F.	P	F/O Burt, N.A.	P
2nd Lt. Knecum, W.A.	CP	2nd Lt. Warren, E.M.	CP	2nd Lt. Kurtz, J.A.	CP
Sgt. Doty, J.K.	B	1st Lt. Forbes, R.L.	N	S/Sgt. Douglas, E.	B
S/Sgt. Fiumecel, A.F.	R	1st Lt. Fayard, O.E.	B	T/Sgt. Porter, L.G.	R
Sgt. Marvin, L.R.	G	T/Sgt. Budde, W.H.	R	S/Sgt. Bozovich, M.L.	G
		S/Sgt. White, J.E.	G		
<u>41-29957 - S</u>		<u>42-32333 - Q</u>		<u>41-30386 - R</u>	
F/O Jones, W.E.	P	1st Lt. Ritter, I.S.	P	2nd Lt. Hanna, M.C.	P
F/O Hudson, C.	CP	2nd Lt. Arnoult, H.B.	CP	2nd Lt. Sheets, R.L.	CP
S/Sgt. Smith, P.F.	B	1st Lt. Collins, V.A.	N	S/Sgt. Trevethan, G.R.	B
T/Sgt. Clark, T.F.	R	2nd Lt. Ewalt, W.F.	B	S/Sgt. Pelkey, J.R.	R
Sgt. Hannon, R.P.	G	Sgt. Schmidt, H.E.	R	S/Sgt. Camagna, C.F.	G
		Sgt. Bruhlman, O.C.	G		

REMARKS: Thirty-five aircraft were dispersed on this airdrome; ten plus are believed to have been destroyed. Bombs also struck among hangars and housing areas, starting fires. The center of the landing area was hit --- hard! No bombs struck in the center of the city.

Enemy Aircraft: Seven were observed, two attacked our formation and one was shot down.

Flak: Moderate, heavy, inaccurate flak was encountered en route and on the return from the target area.

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MONTE CORVINO AIRDROME, ITALY

20 July 43

Squadron Mission # 97	Group Mission # 131
Take Off 11:35	Flight 36 B-25's
Target 14:08	Escort 24 P-38's
Down 16:37	Bomb Load: (72 x 20) Frags.
Total Time: 5 Hrs. 02 Min.	Bombs Dropped: 11(72 x 20), 15,840#
Total Sorties: 639	Average Altitude: 10,850

Weather: CAVU with slight haze and 2/10 high cirrus.

C R E W S

1st Flight

42-32428 - C

F/O Campbell, M.H.	P
2nd Lt. Sautter, C.U.	CP
S/Sgt. Grossi, F.L.	B
T/Sgt. Standish, B.R.	R
S/Sgt. Sigafos, J.F.	G

41-13085 - A

Capt. Coddington, W.E.	P
2nd Lt. Ramsey, T.U.	CP
2nd Lt. Renton, W.C.	N
1st Lt. Hornung, W.R.	B
T/Sgt. Thomas, Q.W.	R
T/Sgt. Rounis, G.T.	G

41-29969 - B

1st Lt. Therrien, R.W.	P
F/O Williamson, L.V.	CP
S/Sgt. Dombkowski, S.F.	B
T/Sgt. Szymik, E.	R
S/Sgt. Kim, D.	G

41-30401 - F

2nd Lt. Hanna, M.C.	P
2nd Lt. Sheets, R.L.	CP
S/Sgt. Trevethan, G.R.	B
S/Sgt. Pelkey, J.R.	R
S/Sgt. Camagna, C.F.	G

42-53445 - D

1st Lt. Denton, R.D.	P
2nd Lt. Boston, J.W.	CP
2nd Lt. Opeka, J.	N
2nd Lt. Colleton, J.C.	B
T/Sgt. Potolsky, G.	R
S/Sgt. Miller, F.E.	G

42-32500 - E

2nd Lt. Dauley, C.G.	P
2nd Lt. Young, C.A.	CP
S/Sgt. Campbell, W.B.	B
Sgt. Rea, W.L.	R
Sgt. Collom, F.C.	G
Cpl. Pummill, E.	AP

42-64594 - I

F/O Cook, W.E.	P
2nd Lt. Weaver, C.H.	CP
S/Sgt. Micks, H.B.	B
T/Sgt. Starnes, C.B.	R
S/Sgt. George, W.C.	G

41-29980 - G

Capt. Alexander, W.T.	P
2nd Lt. Baisch, J.M.	CP
1st Lt. Hickman, J.G.	N
2nd Lt. Withrow, J.B.	B
S/Sgt. Shapiro, M.L.	R
S/Sgt. Mayronne, C.A.	G

41-13061 - H

F/O Wirth, T.F.	P
F/O Mitchell, L.C.	CP
S/Sgt. Douglas, E.	B
T/Sgt. Swanson, W.M.	R
S/Sgt. Pontet, E.A.	G

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Page 2, Squadron Mission # 97.42-32454 - M

2nd Lt. Wolfe, W.M.	P
2nd Lt. Cruise, W.H.	CP
S/Sgt. Malone, D.B.	B
S/Sgt. Marshburn, J.T.	R
Sgt. Lyon, J.R.	G

42-64596 - K

2nd Lt. Flake, R.M.	P
Major White, A.W.	CP
2nd Lt. Heitman, O.B.	N
2nd Lt. Feinglass, P.	B
S/Sgt. Fiumecel, A.F.	R
Sgt. Marvin, L.R.	G

42-64592 - L

2nd Lt. Kreuzkamp, P.J.	P
2nd Lt. Stoeber, W.H.	CP
S/Sgt. Miller, F.C.	B
S/Sgt. Shoemaker, C.D.	R
Sgt. Mayhew, W.B.	G

REMARKS: This was one of the most effective frag raids to date. Photos showed over 90 % coverage of the landing ground, dispersal areas and hangars. Although there was no appreciable enemy opposition from flak or aircraft, two of the Group's aircraft failed to return; a 379th aircraft crashed beside the hangars, and a 380th aircraft made a good sea landing 20 miles off the Italian coast. These accidents were probably caused by bombs exploding in the bomb bay, or by hits from our own bombs.

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BATTIPAGLIA M/Y'S, ITALY

22 July 43

Squadron Mission # 98	Group Mission # 132
Take Off 07:30	Flight 24 B-25's
Target 10:05	Escort 26 P-38's
Down 12:22	Bomb Load: (6 x 500)
Total Time: 4 Hrs. 52 Min.	Bombs Dropped: 12(6 x 500), 36,000#
Total Sorties: 651	Average Altitude: 10,300.

Weather: CAVU with slight haze --- relatively smooth air.

C R E W S

2nd Flight

<u>41-30401</u> - C		<u>41-13052</u> - A		<u>41-13061</u> - B	
F/O Cook, W.E.	P	Capt. Alexander, W.T.	P	F/O Wirth, T.F.	P
2nd Lt. Weaver, C.H.	CP	2nd Lt. Baisch, J.M.	CP	F/O Mitchell, L.C.	CP
S/Sgt. Micks, H.B.	B	1st Lt. Hickman, J.G.	N	S/Sgt. Rogers, L.C.	B
T/Sgt. Starnes, C.B.	R	2nd Lt. Withrow, J.B.	B	T/Sgt. Swanson, W.M.	R
S/Sgt. George, W.C.	G	T/Sgt. Foderaro, A.	R	S/Sgt. Pontat, E.A.	G
		S/Sgt. Mayronne, C.A.	G		
<u>41-29969</u> - F		<u>42-32333</u> - D		<u>41-30386</u> - E	
F/O Jones, W.E.	P	1st Lt. Bitter, I.S.	P	2nd Lt. Hanna, M.C.	P
F/O Hudson, C.	CP	2nd Lt. Arnoult, H.B.	CP	2nd Lt. Sheets, R.L.	CP
S/Sgt. Smith, P.F.	B	1st Lt. Collins, V.A.	N	S/Sgt. Trevethan, G.R.	B
T/Sgt. Clark, T.J.	R	2nd Lt. Ewalt, W.F.	B	S/Sgt. Pelkey, J.R.	R
Sgt. Hannon, R.P.	G	Sgt. Schmidt, H.E.	R	S/Sgt. Camagna, C.R.	G
		Sgt. Bruhlman, O.C.	G		
<u>42-32500</u> - J		<u>42-53445</u> - G		<u>42-32454</u> - H	
2nd Lt. Dauley, C.G.	P	1st Lt. Marlow, J.F.	P	F/O Burt, N.A.	P
2nd Lt. Young, C.A.	CP	2nd Lt. Warren, E.M.	CP	2nd Lt. Kurtz, J.A.	CP
S/Sgt. Campbell, W.B.	B	1st Lt. Forbes, R.L.	N	S/Sgt. Douglas, E.	B
Sgt. Rea, W.L.	R	1st Lt. Fayard, O.E.	B	T/Sgt. Porter, L.G.	R
S/Sgt. Dees, P.	G	T/Sgt. Budde, W.H.	R	S/Sgt. Bozovich, M.L.	G
		S/Sgt. White, J.E.	G		

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Page 2, Squadron Mission # 98.42-64592 - M

2nd Lt. Kreuzkamp, P.J. P
 2nd Lt. Stoeber, W.H. CP
 S/Sgt. Miller, F.C. B
 S/Sgt. Shoemaker, C.D. R
 Sgt. Mayhew, W.B. G

42-64596 - K

2nd Lt. Flake, R.M. P
 2nd Lt. Knecum, W.A. CP
 2nd Lt. Heitman, O.B. N
 2nd Lt. Feinglass, P. B
 S/Sgt. Fiumecel, A.F. R
 Sgt. Marvin, L.R. G

42-64594 - L

2nd Lt. Wolfe, W.M. P
 2nd Lt. Cruise, W.H. CP
 S/Sgt. Malone, D.B. B
 S/Sgt. Marshburn, J.T. R
 Sgt. Lyon, J.R. G

REMARKS: The marshaling yards were hit by only two strings of bombs. The remainder hit wide, mostly in the small town.

Three Italian aircraft approached the formation but did not attack. No flak.

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CROTONE AIRDROME, ITALY

23 July 43

Squadron Mission # 99	Group Mission # 133
Take Off 08:55	Flight 36 B-25's
Target 12:04	Escort 24 P-38's
Down 15:00	Bomb Load: (6 x 500)
Total Time 6 Hrs. 05 Min.	Bombs Dropped: 3(6 x 500), 9,000#
Total Sorties: 654	Average Altitude: 10,050

Weather: Scattered cumulous at 2,000 feet en route, CAVU at target.

C R E W S

1st Flight

<u>42-64596</u> - Q		<u>41-30386</u> - B	
Capt. Evans, G.N.	P	F/O Campbell, M.H.	P
2nd Lt. Burris, J.W.	CP	2nd Lt. Sautter, C.U.	CP
2nd Lt. Victor, J.G.	N	S/Sgt. Grossi, F.L.	B
2nd Lt. Leasure, O.B.	B	T/Sgt. Standish, B.R.	R
S/Sgt. Jereb, V.	R	S/Sgt. Sigafos, J.F.	G
S/Sgt. Schoen, E.G.	G		

2nd Flight

42-64594 - C

2nd Lt. Donovan, G.M.	P
2nd Lt. Samson, G.D.	CP
S/Sgt. Rogers, L.C.	B
Sgt. Rea, W.L.	R
S/Sgt. Bowden, S.T.	G

REMARKS: Hits were made on the landing area, the hangars and facilitating buildings. Of the 25-30 aircraft in the target area, at least 12 are believed to have been destroyed. Considerable smoke and some fires were observed issuing from the hit buildings. Two enemy fighters were sighted near the target, but did not attack. Very slight inaccurate heavy flak from the town of Crotone.

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SCALEA AIRDROME, ITALY

27 July 43

Squadron Mission # 100	Group Mission # 134
Take Off 08:32	Flight 36 B-25's (1 returned early)
Target 11:10	Escort 30 P-38's
Down 13:38	Bomb Load: (6 x 500)
Total Time: 5 Hrs. 06 Min.	Bombs Dropped: 1(6 x 500), 3,000#
Total Sorties: 655	Average Altitude: 9,650

Weather: Variable --- visibility from $\frac{1}{2}$ to 20 miles. Cloud coverage from 1/10 to solid overcast. At target visibility approximately 6 miles.

C R E W S

1st Flight

71-30401 - G
 2nd Lt. Durgin, J.L. P
 2nd Lt. Dusek, E.P. CP
 Sgt. Doty, J.N. B
 S/Sgt. Shapiro, M.L. R
 S/Sgt. Blackshire, J.R.G

REMARKS: Lt. Durgin filled in as spare on this mission and in so doing completed the Squadron's 100th combat mission, and his first mission as 1st pilot, having been co-pilot on 34 raids.

The bombing was excellent --- fully 50% of the bombs striking on the runways, in accordance with instructions. Probably 8-10 of the 19 enemy aircraft on the landing ground were destroyed or damaged.

There was no flak and no enemy fighters.

Capt. Pemberton flew as observer in Lt. Boswell's aircraft, (428th Sq.). As most of the missions have been lately, this was a hot long ride; the outside air temperature was 91° F.

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PRATICA DI MARE AIRDRONE, ITALY

30 July 43

Squadron Mission # 101	Group Mission # 135
Take Off 08:05	Flight 36 B-25's
Target 10:26	Escort 24 P-38's
Down 12:38	Bomb Load: 6 x 500
Total Time: 4 Hrs. 33 Min.	Bombs Dropped: 12(6 x 500), 36,000#
Total Sorties: 666	Average Altitude: 9,650.

WEATHER: Deck of strato cumulus on way out. CAVU at target.

C R E W S

1st Flight

<u>42-32454</u> - C		<u>41-13085</u> - A		<u>42-32428</u> - B	
F/O Burt, N.A.	P	Capt. Coddington, W.E.P		F/O Campbell, M.H.	P
2nd Lt. Kurtz, J.A.	CP	2nd Lt. Ramsey, T.U.	CP	2nd Lt. Sautter, C.U.	CP
S/Sgt. Douglas, E.	B	2nd Lt. Renton, W.C.	N	S/Sgt. Grossi, F.L.	B
T/Sgt. Porter, L.G.	R	1st Lt. Hormung, W.R.	B	T/Sgt. Standish, B.R.	R
S/Sgt. Bozovich, M.L.	G	T/Sgt. Thomas, Q.W.	R	S/Sgt. Sigafos, J.F.	G
		T/Sgt. Rounis, G.T.	G	Cpl. Pummill, E	AP
		Major White, A.W.	O		
<u>42-32500</u> - F		<u>42-35445</u> - D		<u>42-64594</u> - E	
2nd Lt. Dauley, C.G.	P	1st Lt. Denton, R.D.	P	2nd Lt. Donovan, G.M.	P
2nd Lt. Young, C.A.	CP	2nd Lt. Boston, J.W.	CP	2nd Lt. Samson, G.D.	CP
S/Sgt. Campbell, W.B.	B	2nd Lt. Opeka, J.	N	S/Sgt. Rogers, L.C.	B
Sgt. Rea, W.L.	R	2nd Lt. Colleton, J.C.	B	T/Sgt. Dittmar, F.A.	R
Sgt. Collom, F.C.	G	T/Sgt. Potolsky, G.	R	S/Sgt. Bowden, S.T.	G
		S/Sgt. Miller, F.E.	G		
<u>41-30364</u> - J		<u>41-13052</u> - G		<u>42-54592</u> - H	
Turned back		Capt. Alexander, W.T.	P	2nd Lt. Kreuzkamp, P.J.	P
		2nd Lt. Baisch, J.M.	CP	2nd Lt. Stoeber, L.R.	CP
		1st Lt. Hickman, J.G.	N	S/Sgt. Miller, F.C.	B
		2nd Lt. Withrow, J.B.	B	S/Sgt. Shoemaker, C.D.	R
		S/Sgt. Foderaro, A.	R	Sgt. Mayhew, W.B.	G
		S/Sgt. Mayronne, C.A.	G		

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Page 2, Squadron Mission # 101.41-29957 - M

F/O Jones, W.E.
 F/O Hudson, C.
 S/Sgt. Smith, P.F.
 T/Sgt. Clark, T.F.
 Sgt. Hannon, R.P.

P
 CP
 B
 R
 G

42-32333 - K

1st Lt. Bitter, I.S.
 2nd Lt. Arnoult, H.B.
 1st Lt. Collins, V.A.
 2nd Lt. Ewalt, W.F.
 Sgt. Schmidt, H.E.
 Sgt. Bruhlman, O.C.

P
 CP
 N
 B
 R
 G

41-30386 - L

2nd Lt. Hanna, M.C.
 2nd Lt. Sheets, R.L.
 S/Sgt. Trevethan, G.R.
 S/Sgt. Pelkey, J.R.
 S/Sgt. Camagna, C.F.

P
 CP
 B
 R
 G

REMARKS: F/O Wolfe returned early with his hydraulic system out and made a good belly landing without personal injury.

Apparently the enemy was taken by complete surprise, for in addition to the 80-100 large aircraft on the landing ground, 3 were landing as the bombs hit.

No enemy aircraft interception.

Three or four bursts of flak were fired at other aircraft in the vicinity.

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GROTONE AIRDROME, ITALY

7 August 43

Squadron Mission # 102	Group Mission # 137
Take Off 12:20	Flight 36 B-25's
Target 14:59	Escort 24 P-38's
Down 17:05	Bomb Load: 6 x 500
Total Time: 4 Hrs. 45 Min.	Bombs Dropped: 11(6 x 500), 33,000#
Total Sorties: 678	
Weather: CAVU over entire route and at the target.	

C R E W S

2nd Flight

<u>41-29962</u> - B		<u>41-13085</u> - A		<u>41-13061</u> - C	
F/O Cook, W.E.	P	Capt. Coddington, W.E.P		Capt. Evans, G.N.	P
2nd Lt. Weaver, C.H.	CP	2nd Lt. Baisch, J.M.	CP	F/O Mitchell, L.C.	CP
S/Sgt. Micks, H.B.	B	2nd Lt. Renton, W.C.	N	S/Sgt. Dees, P.	G
T/Sgt. Starnes, C.B.	R	T/Sgt. Thomas, Q.W.	R	T/Sgt. Swanson, W.M.	R
S/Sgt. George, W.C.	G	1st Lt. Hornung, W.R.	B	T/Sgt. Smith, W.A.	B
		S/Sgt. Moxey, O.E.	G		
<u>42-64667</u> - F		<u>42-64596</u> - D		<u>42-64592</u> - E	
2nd Lt. Wolfe, W.M.	P	2nd Lt. Flake, R.M.	P	2nd Lt. Kreuzkamp, P.J.	P
2nd Lt. Cruise, W.H.	CP	2nd Lt. Knecum, W.A.	CP	2nd Lt. Stoeber, L.R.	CP
S/Sgt. Malone, D.B.	B	2nd Lt. Heitman, O.C.	N	S/Sgt. Miller, F.C.	B
S/Sgt. Marshburn, J.T.	R	2nd Lt. Feinglass, P.	B	S/Sgt. Shoemaker, C.D.	R
Sgt. Lyon, J.R.	G	S/Sgt. Fiumecel, A.F.	R	Sgt. Mayhew, W.B.	G
		Sgt. Marvin, L.R.	G		
<u>41-30401</u> - J		<u>41-29980</u> - G		<u>42-32454</u> - H	
2nd Lt. Durgin, J.L.	P	1st Lt. Marlow, J.F.	P	F/O Burt, N.A.	P
2nd Lt. Dusek, E.P.	CP	2nd Lt. Warren, D.B.	CP	2nd Lt. Kurtz, J.A.	CP
Sgt. Doty, J.K.	B	1st Lt. Forbes, R.L.	N	S/Sgt. Douglas, E.	B
S/Sgt. Shapiro, M.L.	R	1st Lt. Fayard, O.E.	B	T/Sgt. Foderaro, A.	R
S/Sgt. Blackshire, J.R.	G	T/Sgt. Budde, W.H.	R	Sgt. Collom, F.C.	G
		S/Sgt. White, J.E.	G		

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Page 2, Squadron Mission # 102.

<u>42-67594</u> - M		<u>42-32333</u> - K		<u>41-29957</u> - L	
2nd Lt. Donovan, G.M.	P	1st Lt. Denton, R.D.	P	F/O Jones, W.E.	P
F/O Williamson, L.V.	CP	2nd Lt. Boston, J.W.	CP	F/O Hudson, C.	CP
S/Sgt. Rogers, L.C.	B	2nd Lt. Victor, J.G.	N	S/Sgt. Smith, P.F.	B
T/Sgt. Dittmar, F.A.	R	2nd Lt. Colleton, J.C.	B	T/Sgt. Clark, T.F.	R
S/Sgt. Bowden, S.T.	G	T/Sgt. Potolsky, G.	R	Sgt. Hannon, R.P.	G
		S/Sgt. Miller, F.E.	G		

REMARKS: Capt. Pemberton flew as observer in F/O Burt's ship.

The bombing was only fair --- several strings did strike in the center of the landing area, but others were short and to the sides.

Flak: Approximately 20 bursts far behind the formation.

Enemy aircraft: None in the air --- approximately 25 observed on the target.

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MARINA DI CATENZARA R. R. BRIDGE

8 August 43

Squadron Mission # 103	Group Mission # 138
Take Off 12:40	Flight 36 B-25's
Target 15:00	Escort 24 P-38's
Down 17:20	Bomb Load: 6 x 500
Total Time: 4 Hrs. 40 Min.	Bombs Dropped: 12(6 x 500), 36,000#
Total Sorties: 690	Average Altitude: 9,650.

Weather: Good visibility, scattered clouds en route.

C R E W S

1st Flight

<u>41-13061</u> - P		<u>41-13052</u> - N		<u>42-32500</u> - O	
F/O Wirth, T.F.	P	Capt. Alexander, W.T.	P	F/O Cook, W.E.	P
F/O Mitchell, L.C.	CP	2nd Lt. Baisch, J.M.	CP	2nd Lt. Weaver, C.H.	CP
T/Sgt. Smith, W.A.	B	1st Lt. Hickman, J.G.	N	S/Sgt. Micks, H.B.	B
T/Sgt. Swanson, W.M.	R	2nd Lt. Withrow, J.B.	B	T/Sgt. Starnes, C.B.	R
Pvt. Pontet, E.A.	G	T/Sgt. Foderaro, A.	R	S/Sgt. George, W.C.	G
		S/Sgt. Mayronne, C.A.	G		
<u>42-64592</u> - S		<u>42-64596</u> - Q		<u>42-64667</u> - R	
2nd Lt. Kreuzkamp, P.J.	P	2nd Lt. Flake, R.M.	P	2nd Lt. Wolfe, W.M.	P
2nd Lt. Stoeber, L.R.	CP	2nd Lt. Kneum, W.A.	CP	2nd Lt. Cruise, W.H.	CP
S/Sgt. Miller, F.C.	B	2nd Lt. Hietman, O.C.	N	S/Sgt. Malone, D.B.	B
S/Sgt. Shoemaker, C.D.	R	2nd Lt. Feinglass, P.	B	S/Sgt. Marshburn, J.T.	R
Sgt. Mayhew, W.B.	G	S/Sgt. Fiumecel, A.F.	R	Sgt. Lyon, J.R.	G
		Sgt. Marvin, L.R.	G		
		2nd Flight			
<u>42-32454</u> - P		<u>41-29980</u> - N		<u>41-30401</u> - O	
F/O Burt, N.A.	P	1st Lt. Marlow, J.F.	P	2nd Lt. Durgin, J.L.	P
2nd Lt. Kurtz, J.A.	CP	2nd Lt. Warren, D.B.	CP	2nd Lt. Dusek, E.P.	CP
S/Sgt. Douglas, E.	B	1st Lt. Borbes, R.L.	N	Sgt. Doty, J.K.	B
T/Sgt. Dittmar, F.A.	R	1st Lt. Fayard, O.E.	B	S/Sgt. Shapiro, M.L.	R
Sgt. Collom, F.C.	G	T/Sgt. Budde, W.H.	R	S/Sgt. Elackshire, J.R.G.	
S/Sgt. Reid, G.E.	AP	S/Sgt. White, J.E.	G		

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Squadron Mission # 103.41-29969 - S

1st Lt. Therrien, R.W. P
 F/O Williamson, L.V. CP
 S/Sgt. Domkowski, S.F. B
 T/Sgt. Szymik, E. R
 S/Sgt. Kim, D. G

42-3233 * Q

1st Lt. Bitter, I.S. P
 2nd Lt. Arnoult, H.B. CP
 1st Lt. Collins, V.A. N
 2nd Lt. Ewalt, W.F. B
 Sgt. Schmidt, H.E. R
 Sgt. Bruhlman, O.C. G

41-29957 - R

F/O Jones, W.E. P
 F/O Hudson, C. CP
 S/Sgt. Smith, P.F. B
 T/Sgt. Clark, T.F. R
 Sgt. Hannon, R.P. G
 Pfc. Ferrer, J.T. AP

REMARKS: Enemy aircraft: No attacks.

Flak: Approximately 8 bursts, low and behind the formation.

Bridge area covered, but no direct hits observed due to dust and smoke.

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ANGITOLA ROAD BRIDGE, ITALY

11 August 43

Squadron Mission # 104	Group Mission # 140
Take Off 09:05	Flight 36 B-25's
Target 11:15	Escort 24 P-38's
Down 13:10	Bomb Load: 6 x 500
Total Time: 4 Hrs. 05 Min.	Bombs Dropped: 12(6 x 500), 32,000# *
Total Sorties: 702	Average Altitude: 8,200.

Weather: CAVU entire trip with no clouds except over Cape Bon

C R E W S

1st Flight

72-64592 - C

2nd Lt. Kreuzkamp, P.J. P
 2nd Lt. Stoeber, L.R. CP
 S/Sgt. Miller, F.C. B
 S/Sgt. Shoemaker, C.D. R
 Sgt. Mayhew, W.B. G

41-13085 - A

Capt. Coddington, W.E.P
 2nd Lt. Ramsey, T.U. CP
 2nd Lt. Renton, W.C. N
 1st Lt. Hormung, W.R. B
 T/Sgt. Thomas, Q.W. R
 S/Sgt. Moxey, O.E. G
 Major White, A.W. O

71-28969 - B

2nd Lt. Therrien, R.W. P
 F/O Williamson, L.V. CP
 S/Sgt. Dombkowski, S.F.B
 T/Sgt. Szymik, E. R
 S/Sgt. Kim, D. G

72-64594 - F

2nd Lt. Donovan, G.M. P
 2nd Lt. Burris, J.W. CP
 S/Sgt. Rogers, L.C. B
 T/Sgt. Dittmar, F.A. R
 S/Sgt. Bowden, S.T. G

42-53445 - D

1st Lt. Denton, R.D. P
 2nd Lt. Boston, J.W. CP
 2nd Lt. Victor, J.G. N
 2nd Lt. Colleton, J.C. B
 T/Sgt. Potolsky, G. R
 S/Sgt. Miller, F.E. G

42-32500 * E

2nd Lt. Dauley, C.G. P
 2nd Lt. Young, C.A. CP
 S/Sgt. Campbell, W.C. B
 Sgt. Rea, W.L. R
 Cpl. Sentlinger, C.W.G

41-13061 - H

F/O Wirth, T.F. P
 F/O Mitchell, L.C. CP
 T/Sgt. Smith, W.A. B
 T/Sgt. Swanson, W.M. R
 Pvt. Pontet, E.A. G

41-13052 - G

Capt. Alexander, W.T. P
 2nd Lt. Baisch, J.M. CP
 1st Lt. Hickman, J.G. N
 2nd Lt. Withrow, J.B. B
 T/Sgt. Foderaro, A. R
 S/Sgt. Mayronne, C.A. G

41-30333 - J

F/O Cook, W.E. P
 2nd Lt. Weaver, C.H. CP
 S/Sgt. Micks, H.B. B
 T/Sgt. Starnes, C.B. R
 S/Sgt. George, W.C. G

* Four bombs were salvaged, and four bombs in another ship did not release.

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Page 2, Squadron Mission # 104.41-30386 - M

2nd Lt. Samson, G.D. P
 2nd Lt. Burlingame, J.H. CP
 2nd Lt. Schutte, W.G. B
 S/Sgt. Lichtenstein, N. R
 S/Sgt. Dees, P. G

41-32332 - K

1st Lt. Bitter, I.S. P
 2nd Lt. Arnoult, H.B. CP
 1st Lt. Collins, V.A. N
 2nd Lt. Ewalt, W.F. B
 Sgt. Schmide, H.E. R
 Sgt. Bruhlman, O.C. G

41-29957 - L

F/O Jones, W.E. P
 F/O Hudson, C. CP
 S/Sgt. Smith, P.F. B
 T/Sgt. Clark, T.F. R
 Sgt. Hannon, R.P. G

REMARKS: The 381st's target was the R.R. Bridge, while the 380th had the highway bridge. Weather made direct hits on these targets difficult.

There was no flak nor enemy aircraft --- just a smooth four hour trip along the Northern coast of Sicily.

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LITTORIO R.R. YARDS, ROME, ITALY

13 August 43

Squadron Mission # 105	Group Mission # 142
Tale Off 08:50	Flight 36 B-25's
Target 11:55	Escort 24 P-38's
Down 14:05	Bomb Load: 6 x 500
Total Time: 5 Hrs. 15 Min.	Bombs Dropped: 11(6 x 500), 33,000#
Total Sorties: 713	Average Altitude: 11,900.

Weather: Haze, 8-10 miles visibility, scattered clouds.

C R E W S

1st Flight

41-29957 - P

2nd Lt. Samson, G.D.	P
F/O Burlingame, J.H.	CP
2nd Lt. Schutte, W.F.	B
S/Sgt. Jereb, V.	R
S/Sgt. Dees, P.	G

41-13085 - N

Capt. Coddington, W.E.P	
2nd Lt. Ramsey, T.U.	CP
2nd Lt. Renton, W.C.	N
1st Lt. Hormung, W.R.	B
T/Sgt. Thomas, Q.W.	R
S/Sgt. Moxey, O.E.	G

42-32500 - S

2nd Lt. Dauley, C.G.	P
2nd Lt. Young, C.A.	CP
S/Sgt. Campbell, W.C.	B
Sgt. Rea, W.L.	R
Cpl. Sentlingar, C.W.	G

42-53445 - Q

1st Lt. Denton, R.D.	P
2nd Lt. Boston, J.W.	CP
2nd Lt. Victor, J.C.	N
2nd Lt. Colleton, J.C.	B
T/Sgt. Potolsky, G.	R
S/Sgt. Miller, F.E.	G

42-64594 - R

2nd Lt. Donnovan, G.M.	P
2nd Lt. Burris, J.W.	CP
S/Sgt. Rogers, L.C.	B
T/Sgt. Dittmar, F.A.	R
S/Sgt. Bowden, S.T.	G

2nd Flight

41-30401 - P

2nd Lt. Durgin, J.L.	P
2nd Lt. Dusek, E.P.	CP
Sgt. Doty, J.K.	B
S/Sgt. Shapiro, M.L.	R
S/Sgt. Blackshire, J.R.	G

41-29980 - N

1st Lt. Marlow, J.F.	P
2nd Lt. Warren, D.B.	CP
1st Lt. Hickman, J.G.	N
1st Lt. Fayard, O.E.	B
T/Sgt. Budde, W.H.	R
S/Sgt. White, J.E.	G

42-32454 - O

F/O Burt, N.A.	P
2nd Lt. Kurtz, J.A.	CP
S/Sgt. Douglas, E.	B
T/Sgt. Porter, L.G.	R
Sgt. Collom, F.C.	G

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Page 2, Squadron Mission # 105.42-64667 - S

2nd Lt. Wolfe, W.M. P
 2nd Lt. Cruise, W.H. CP
 S/Sgt. Malone, D.B. B
 S/Sgt. Marshburn, J.T. R
 Sgt. Lyon, J.R. G

42-64596 - Q

2nd Lt. Flake, R.M. P
 2nd Lt. Knecum, W.A. CP
 2nd Lt. Ewalt, W.F. N
 2nd Lt. Feinglass, P. B
 S/Sgt. Fiumecel, A.F. R
 Sgt. Marvin, L.R. G

42-64592 - R

2nd Lt. Kreuzkamp, P.J. P
 2nd Lt. Stoeber, L.R. CP
 S/Sgt. Miller, F.C. B
 S/Sgt. Shoemaker, C.D. R
 Sgt. Mayhew, W.B. G

REMARKS: This mission was part of another combined big push by the NASAF to tie up rail traffic to and from Rome. 106 B-17's and 168 B-25's and B-26's took part --- with 145 P-38's as combined escort, all of which returned safely after destroying 5 enemy fighters.

The individual missions were instructed to radio "Bombs away" for forwarding to world wide news commentators.

Flak: Moderate intensity --- inaccurate.

Enemy aircraft: 6-8 Me-109's and Re-2001's were engaged by the fighters. One Me-109 broke through to attack Lt. Kreuzkamp's aircraft, and Sgt. Mayhew claims its probable destruction.

Results: Visual observations were obstructed by dust and smoke.

One 428th flight returned early due to engine trouble which developed in the aircraft of its leader.

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STALLETTI TRISTLE AND ROAD BRIDGE, ITALY

16 August 43

Squadron Mission # 106

Group Mission # 143

Take Off 14:35

Flight 28 B-25's

Target 17:03

Escort 24 P-38's

Down 19:12

Bomb Load: 6 x 500

Total Time: 4 Hrs. 37 Min.

Bombs Dropped: 1(6 x 500), 3,000#

Total Sorties: 714

Average Altitude: 8,700.

Weather: Haze and intervening clouds obstructed vision at the target.

C R E W S

2nd Flight

71-29969 - B

1st Lt. Dusek, E.P. P

F/O Williamson, L.V.CP

S/Sgt. Domtkowski, S.F.B

T/Sgt. Szymik, E. R

S/Sgt. Kim, D. G

REMARKS: Lt. Dusek filled in as a spare. Results uncertain.

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ROAD CURVE BETWEEN
PALERMITI AND VALLETTORITA, ITALY

17 August 43

Squadron Mission # 107	Group Mission # 144
Take Off 11:30	Flight 36 B-25's
Target 14:00	Escort 24 P-38's
Down 16:08	Bomb Load: 6 x 500
Total Time: 4 Hrs. 38 Min.	Bombs Dropped: 11(6 x 500), 33,000#
Total Sorties: 725	Average Altitude: 8,650.

Weather: CAVU entire trip. Smooth except over Sicily.

C R E W S

1st Flight

<u>42-32428</u> - C	<u>41-13085</u> - A	<u>41-29969</u> - B
2nd Lt. Samson, G.D. P	Capt. Coddington, W.E. P	1st Lt. Therrien, R.W. P
2nd Lt. Burlingame, J.H. CP	2nd Lt. Ramsey, T.U. CP	F/O Williamson, L.V. CP
2nd Lt. Schutte, W.G. B	2nd Lt. Renton, W.C. N	S/Sgt. Dombkowski, S.F. B
S/Sgt. Lichtenstein, N.R	1st Lt. Hornung, W.H. B	T/Sgt. Szymik, E. R
S/Sgt. Dees, P. G	T/Sgt. Thomas, Q.W. R	S/Sgt. Kim, D. G
Cpl. Pummill, E. AP	T/Sgt. Rounis, G.T. G	
<u>41-30333</u> - F	<u>41-13052</u> - D	
F/O Cook, W.E. P	Capt. Evans, G.N. P	
2nd Lt. Knecum, W.A. CP	2nd Lt. Sheets, R.L. CP	
S/Sgt. Micks, H.B. B	2nd Lt. Victor, J.G. N	
T/Sgt. Starnes, C.B. R	2nd Lt. Leasure, O.B. B	
S/Sgt. George, W.C. G	S/Sgt. Jereb, V. R	
	S/Sgt. Schoen, E.G. G	
<u>42-32454</u> - J	<u>42-53445</u> - G	<u>42-64594</u> - H
F/O Burt, N.A. P	1st Lt. Denton, R.D. P	2nd Lt. Donovan, G.M. P
2nd Lt. Arnoult, H.B. CP	F/O Mitchell, L.C. CP	2nd Lt. Burris, J.W. CP
S/Sgt. Douglas, E. B	1st Lt. Hickman, J.B. N	S/Sgt. Rogers, L.C. B
T/Sgt. Porter, L.G. R	2nd Lt. Colleton, J.C. B	S/Sgt. Bowden, S.T. G
S/Sgt. Bozovich, M.L. G	T/Sgt. Potolsky, G. R	T/Sgt. Dittmar, F.A. R
Capt. Pemberton, R. O	S/Sgt. Miller, F.E. G	

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Page 2, Squadron Mission # 107.41-30401 - M

2nd Lt. Durgin, J.L.	P
2nd Lt. Dusek, E.P.	CP
Sgt. Doty, J.K.	B
S/Sgt. Shapiro, M.L.	R
S/Sgt. Blackshire, J.R.	G

42-32333 - K

1st Lt. Bitter, I.S.	P
2nd Lt. Kurtz, J.A.	CP
2nd Lt. Heitman, O.C.	B
1st Lt. Collins, V.A.	N
Sgt. Schmidt, H.E.	R
Sgt. Bruhlman, O.C.	G

41-29957 - L

F/O Jones, W.E.	P
F/O Hudson, C.	CP
S/Sgt. Smith, P.F.	B
T/Sgt. Clark, T.F.	R
Sgt. Hannon, R.P.	G

REMARKS: A "Milk Run". No flak, no fighters and no direct hits on the road.

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SALERNO MARSHALLING YARDS, ITALY

19 August 43

Squadron Mission # 108

Group Mission # 145

Take Off 11:30

Flight 48 B-25's

Target 13:45

Escort 24 P-38's

Down 15:50

Bomb Load: 6 x 500

Total Time: 4 Hrs. 20 Min.

Bombs Dropped: 11(6 x 500), 33,000#

Total Sorties: 737

Average Altitude: 10,200.

Weather: Ceiling unlimited, visibility 4 to 6 miles.

C R E W S

2nd Flight

41-30401 - C

2nd Lt. Durgin, J.L.	P
2nd Lt. Dusek, E.P.	CP
Sgt. Doty, J.H.	B
S/Sgt. Shapiro, M.L.	R
S/Sgt. Blackshire, J.R.	G

71-29980 - A

1st Lt. Marlow, J.F.	P
2nd Lt. Kreuzkamp, P.J.	CP
1st Lt. Forbes, R.L.	N
1st Lt. Fayard, O.E.	B
T/Sgt. Budde, W.H.	R
S/Sgt. White, J.E.	G

42-32454 - B

F/O Burt, N.A.	P
2nd Lt. Arnoult, H.B.	CP
S/Sgt. Douglas, E.	B
T/Sgt. Porter, L.G.	R
S/Sgt. Bozovich, M.L.	G

71-13061 - F

F/O Wirth, T.F.	P
2nd Lt. Boston, J.W.	CP
S/Sgt. Miller, F.C.	B
T/Sgt. Swanson, W.M.	R
Pvt. Pontet, E.A.	G

72-64596 - D

2nd Lt. Flake, R.M.	P
2nd Lt. Weaver, C.H.	CP
2nd Lt. Ewalt, W.F.	N
2nd Lt. Feinglass, P.	B
S/Sgt. Fiumecel, A.F.	R
Sgt. Marvin, L.R.	G

72-64667 - E

2nd Lt. Wolfe, W.M.	P
2nd Lt. Cruise, W.H.	CP
S/Sgt. Malone, D.E.	B
S/Sgt. Marshburn, J.T.	R
Sgt. Lyon, J.R.	G

42-64592 - J

F/O Campbell, M.H.	P
2nd Lt. Sautter, C.U.	CP
S/Sgt. Grossi, F.L.	B
T/Sgt. Standish, B.R.	R
S/Sgt. Sigafos, J.F.	G

41-13085 - G

Capt. Coddington, W.E.P.	
2nd Lt. Ramsey, T.U.	CP
2nd Lt. Renton, W.C.	N
1st Lt. Hornung, W.R.	B
T/Sgt. Thomas, Q.W.	R
T/Sgt. Rounis, G.T.	G

41-29969 - H

1st Lt. Therrien, R.W.	P
F/O Williamson, L.V.	CP
S/Sgt. Dombkowski, S.F.	B
T/Sgt. Szymik, E.	R
S/Sgt. Kim, D.	G

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Page 2, Squadron Mission # 108.

<u>41-30386 - M</u>		<u>42-32333 - K</u>		<u>41-29957 - L</u>	
2nd Lt. Hanna, M.C.	P	1st Lt. Bitter, I.W.	P	F/O Jones, W.E.	P
2nd Lt. Sheets, R.L.	CP	2nd Lt. Kurtz, J.A.	CP	F/O Hudson, C.	CP
S/Sgt. Trevethan, G.R.	B	1st Lt. Collins, V.A.	N	S/Sgt. Smith, P.F.	B
S/Sgt. Pelkey, J.R.	R	2nd Lt. Heitman, O.C.	B	T/Sgt. Clark, T.J.	R
S/Sgt. Camagna, C.F.	G	Sgt. Schmidt, H.E.	R	Sgt. Hannon, R.P.	G
		Sgt. Bruhlman, O.C.	G	T/Sgt. Burt, W.C.S.	AP

REMARKS: Only average bombing results. Accurate, moderately intense flak caused one 380th aircraft to land in the water 25 miles after the target. Also, Lt. James Fleming Co-Pilot of a 428th aircraft was fatally injured. All three of our ships in the 1st element received hits.

No enemy aircraft attacked.

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WATTIPAGLIA MARSHALLING YARDS

23 August 43

Squadron Mission # 109

Group Mission # 146

Take Off 11:40

Flight 36 B-25's

Target 13:55

Escort 28 P-51's, 8 P-40's

Down 16:03

Bomb Load: 6 x 500

Total Time: 4 Hrs. 23 Min.

Bombs Dropped: 10(6 x 500), 30,000#

Total Sorties: 747

Average Altitude: 8,650.

Weather: Haze en route. Good visibility at the target with 4/10 cumulus at 6,500 feet.

C R E W S

1st Flight

41-29980 - N

1st Lt. Marlow, J.F. P
 Capt. Cometh, L. CP
 1st Lt. Forbes, R.L. N
 1st Lt. Fayard, O.E. B
 T/Sgt. Budde, W.H. R
 S/Sgt. White, J.E. G

41-30401 - O

2nd Lt. Durgin, J.L. P
 2nd Lt. Dusek, E.P. CP
 Sgt. Doty, J.K. B
 S/Sgt. Shapiro, M.L. R
 S/Sgt. Blackshire, J.R. G

41-30333 - S

F/O Cook, W.E. P
 2nd Lt. Weaver, C.H. CP
 S/Sgt. Micks, H.B. B
 T/Sgt. Starnes, C.B. R
 S/Sgt. George, W.C. G

41-13052 - Q

Capt. Alexander, W.T. P
 2nd Lt. Baisch, J.M. CP
 1st Lt. Collins, V.A. N
 2nd Lt. Withrow, J.B. B
 T/Sgt. Foderaro, A. R
 S/Sgt. Mayronne, C.A. G

41-13061 - R

F/O Wirth, T.F. P
 2nd Lt. Boston, J.W. CP
 S/Sgt. Miller, F.C. B
 T/Sgt. Swanson, W.M. R
 Pvt. Pontet, E.A. G
 Cpl. Scott, I.D. AP

2nd Flight

42-64596 - Q

2nd Lt. Kreuzkamp, P.J. P
 2nd Lt. Stoeber, L.R. CP
 2nd Lt. Victor, J.G. N
 2nd Lt. Leasure, O.B. B
 S/Sgt. Pelkey, J.R. R
 Sgt. Mayhew, W.B. G

42-32428 - R

2nd Lt. Samson, G.D. P
 2nd Lt. Burlingame, J.H. CP
 2nd Lt. Schutte, W.G. B
 S/Sgt. Jereb, V. R
 S/Sgt. Dees, P. G
 Cpl. Pummill, E. AP

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Page 2, Squadron Mission # 109.72-64594 - P

2nd Lt. Donovan, G.M. P
 2nd Lt. Ramsey, T.U. CP
 S/Sgt. Rogers, L.C. B
 T/Sgt. Dittmar, F.A. R
 S/Sgt. Bowden, S.T. G

72-53445 - N

1st Lt. Denton, R.D. P
 F/O Mitchell, L.C. CP
 2nd Lt. Opeka, J. N
 2nd Lt. Colleton, J.C. B
 T/Sgt. Potolsky, G. R
 S/Sgt. Miller, F.E. G

42-32500 - O

2nd Lt. Dauley, C.G. P
 2nd Lt. Young, C.A. CP
 S/Sgt. Campbell, W.B. B
 Sgt. Rea, W.L. R
 Cpl. Sentlingar, C.W. G

REMARKS: No flak, no fighters, no bomb strikes on the target.

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GRAZZANISE AIRDROME, ITALY

26 August 43

Squadron Mission # 110	Group Mission # 147
Take Off 11:25	Flight 36 B-25's
Target 13:30	Escort 36 P-38's
Down 15:25	Bomb Load: 6 x 500
Total Time: 4 Hrs. 0 Min.	Bombs Dropped: 3(6 x 500), 9,000#
Total Sorties: 750	Average Altitude: 10,150.

Weather: 6/10 strato-cumulus cloud coverage at the target.

C R E W S

1st Flight

41-29957 - M
 F/O Jones, W.E. P
 F/O Hudson, C. CP
 S/Sgt. Smith, P.F. B
 T/Sgt. Clark, T.J. R
 Sgt. Hannon, R.P. G

42-32428 - E
 2nd Lt. Samson, G.D. P
 2nd Lt. Burlingame, J.H. CP
 2nd Lt. Schutte, W.G. B
 S/Sgt. Lichtenstein, N. R
 S/Sgt. Dees, P. G

2nd Flight

42-32454 - O
 F/O Burt, N.A. P
 F/O Mitchell, L.C. CP
 S/Sgt. Douglas, E. B
 T/Sgt. Porter, L.G. R
 S/Sgt. Bozovich, M.L. G

REMARKS: The above three crews were spares and filled in.
 Flak: Slight.
 Enemy Aircraft: 6 - 8 observed in the distance. They did not attack.
 Results: Bomb strikes on NW and SE ends of the airdrome observed. Complete photo interpretation impossible due to clouds and cloud shadow.

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CONFIDENTIALBENEVENTO MARSHALLING YARDS

27 August 43

Squadron Mission # 111	Group Mission # 148
Take Off 10:15	Flight 36 B-25's
Target 12:45	Escort 27 P-38's
Down 14:42	Bomb Load: 6 x 500
Total Time: 4 Hrs. 47 Min.	Bombs Dropped: 12(6 x 500)
Total Sorties: 762	Average Altitude: 10,050.

Weather: CAVU --- Scattered clouds over Italy, which however, had no influence on the bomb run.

C R E W S

1st Flight

41-29969 - C

1st Lt. Therrien, R.W. P
 F/O Williamson, L.V. CP
 S/Sgt. Dombkowski, S.F. B
 T/Sgt. Szymik, E. R
 S/Sgt. Kim, D. G

41-13085 - A

Capt. Coddington, W.E.P
 2nd Lt. Ramsey, T.U. CP
 2nd Lt. Renton, W.C. N
 1st Lt. Fayard, O.E. B
 T/Sgt. Thomas, Q.W. R
 T/Sgt. Moxey, O.E. G

41-30341 - B

F/O Campbell, M.H. P
 2nd Lt. Sautter, C.U. CP
 S/Sgt. Grossi, F.L. B
 T/Sgt. Standish, B.R. R
 S/Sgt. Sigafos, J.F. G
 Cpl. Pummill, E. AP

42-32428 - F

2nd Lt. Samson, G.D. P
 2nd Lt. Burlingame, J.H. CP
 2nd Lt. Schutte, W.G. B
 S/Sgt. Lichtenstein, N. R
 S/Sgt. Dees, P. G

42-32333 - D.

1st Lt. Bitter, I.S. P
 2nd Lt. Kurtz, J.A. CP
 1st Lt. Collins, V.A. N
 2nd Lt. Heitman, O.C. B
 Sgt. Schmidt, H.E. R
 Sgt. Bruhlman, O.C. G

41-30386 - E

2nd Lt. Hanna, M.C. P
 2nd Lt. Sheets, R.L. CP
 S/Sgt. Trevethan, G.R. B
 S/Sgt. Felkey, J.R. R
 S/Sgt. Camagna, C.F. G

41-13061 - J

F/O Wirth, T.F. P
 2nd Lt. Boston, J.W. CP
 S/Sgt. Miller, F.C. B
 T/Sgt. Swanson, W.M. R
 Pvt. Pontet, E.A. G
 Capt. Pemberton, R. O

41-13052 - G

Capt. Alexander, W.T. P
 2nd Lt. Baisch, J.M. CP
 1st Lt. Hickman, J.G. N
 2nd Lt. Withrow, J.B. B
 T/Sgt. Foderaro, A. R
 S/Sgt. Mayronne, C.A. G

41-30333 - H

F/O Cook, W.E. P
 F/O Stagner, H.C. CP
 S/Sgt. Wicks, H.B. B
 S/Sgt. George, W.C. G
 T/Sgt. Starnes, C.B. R
 1st Lt. Van Zytveld O

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Page 2, Squadron Mission # 111.

41-29957 - M

F/O Jones, W.E.	P
F/O Hudson, C.	CP
S/Sgt. Smith, P.F.	B
T/Sgt. Clark, T.J.	R
Sgt. Hannon, R.P.	G
T/Sgt. Burt, W.C.S.	AP

ZZ-64592 - K

2nd Lt. Kreuzkamp, P.J.	P
2nd Lt. Stoeber, W.M.	CP
2nd Lt. Victor, J.G.	N
2nd Lt. Leasure, O.B.	B
S/Sgt. Shoemaker, C.D.	R
Sgt. Mayhew, W.B.	G

41-29962 - L

2nd Lt. Wolfe, W.M.	P
2nd Lt. Cruise, W.H.	CP
S/Sgt. Malone, D.R.	B
S/Sgt. Marshburn, J.T.	R
Sgt. Lyon, J.R.	G

THE GROUP'S MISSION TO BENEVENTO M/Y'S, ITALY

By Capt. Robert Pemberton, Observer in the 9th Ship, 1st 18.

The Briefing was called for 9:00 for the Navigators and Bombardiers, and 9:15 for the Pilots and Co-Pilots.

Besides the regular check of the flimsies, Air-Sea Rescue and I.F.F. instructions, the Communications Officer advised the 1st six aircraft on making reports on enemy shipping. Capt. Cole gave his usual precise weather report in detail. Lt. Col. Bower, Group Operations Officer, stressed the necessity for keeping to the prescribed course. The enemy flak positions and fighter strength were given by the S-2 Officer with the warning, for the gunners, that the enemy aircraft in the vicinity of the target were both numerous and aggressive. Col. Hunter covered all details of the mission thoroughly and ordered the lower turrets down at the start of the climb.

The 36 B-25's started taking off at 10:00 hours, joined up while circling the field, and at 11:00 hours and 3,300 feet altitude started on course in a close formation, with the six spares, none of which were needed, close by. The weather predictions proved accurate and nothing caused the flight to alter its 30° course to the mainland North of Naples.

Thirty-seven minutes out, on the deck, six sworls were seen in the water which might have been made by a crash-diving submarine.

Bottom turrets were lowered and the climb was started at 12:13. All our aircraft were in good formation, climbing 500 to 550 feet per minute at 170 miles per hour.

At 12:40 small black puffs of flak and/or self exploding cannon shells were seen bursting 100 yards to our left at our exact altitude; 6 Me-109's were attacking the rear of our formation and three more were spiraling up from below. One of our aircraft caught fire in the left engine and peeled off; seconds later fire broke out in the right engine of Capt. Kenneth M. Johnson's ship and as the 50's cracked out

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and tracers flew towards the attacking enemy aircraft, two 'chutes were seen to open from Johnson's plane. The fire spread while the plane flew straight and level; the right prop was feathered, then just before the aircraft fell off with the fire covering the wing, one more 'chute opened. The attacks continued from 4, 6, 8 and 12 O'clock, thirty or more in all, but they met the concentrated fire of our gunners, who were shooting in earnest.

As the target came into view, the ships leveled out behind Capt. Walter E. Coddington, the bomb bay doors opened, and just after the B-25's from the 321st Group crossed below us, at 12:46, our bombs were away. There was little visual observation of the bomb strikes, but photos later showed much destruction to the trackage, particularly at both choke points, and heavy black smoke coming from the repair shops.

The formation turned right and made a gradual dive which moved the air speed indicators up to 260 miles per hour. Ten minutes later another right turn was made and at 12:58 we crossed the coast South of Salerno "to the deck" with more flak from the vicinity of Battipaglia A/D bursting off to one side.

Our escort of 26 P-38 from the 82nd Fighter Group rejoined us here after a free for all in which they destroyed one Me-109, damaged two others and unquestionably kept many a German pilot from pressing home his attack.

The return trip was uneventful, although two pilots stopped of at Sicily to refuel, and 31 Mitchells buzzed the field and landed at 14:42.

As the interrogation progressed more and more claims for destruction of enemy aircraft came and were verified, until the total came to 13 Me-109's, 1 Re-2001; and one hostile P-40 destroyed and 3 Me-109's and 1 Ma-202 probably destroyed. Three of our bombers of the 379th Squadron are missing.

Claims for the destruction of enemy aircraft by gunners of the 381st Squadron are as follows:

T/Sgt. Clark, T.J.	1 Me-109
S/Sgt. Camagna, C.F.	1 Me-109
S/Sgt. Dees, P	3 Me-109's
S/Sgt. Moxey, O.E.	1 Me-109
S/Sgt. Sigafos, J.F.	1 Me-109
S/Sgt. Shoemaker, C.D.	1 Me-109
Sgt. Lyon, J.R.	2 Me-109's
Sgt. Mayhew, W.B.	1 Me-109 and 1 hostile P-40

Claims for probable destruction:

S/Sgt. George, W.C.	1 Me-109
Sgt. Hannon, P.R.	1 Me-109

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CIVITAVECCHIA MARSHALLING YARDS

30 August 43

Squadron Mission # 112	Group Mission # 149
Take Off 09:50	Flight 60 B-25's
Target 12:19	Escort 48 P-38's
Down 14:30	Bomb Load: 6 x 500
Total Time: 4 Hrs. 40 Min.	Bombs Dropped: 16(6 x 500), 48,000#
Total Sorties: 778	Average Altitude: 10,400.

Weather: Heavy cumulus formations around the airdrome during take off, but CAVU at the target.

C R E W S

3rd Flight

41-13085 - A

Capt. Coddington, W.E.P.	
2nd Lt. Ramsey, T.U.	CP
2nd Lt. Renton, W.C.	N
1st Lt. Hornung, W.R.	B
T/Sgt. Thomas, Q.W.	R
S/Sgt. Moxey, O.E.	G

41-30341 - B

F/O Campbell, M.H.	P
2nd Lt. Sautter, C.U.	CP
S/Sgt. Grossi, F.L.	B
T/Sgt. Standish, B.R.	R
S/Sgt. Schoen, E.G.	G

41-30333 - F

F/O Cook, W.E.	P
2nd Lt. Weaver, C.H.	CP
S/Sgt. Micks, H.B.	B
T/Sgt. Starnes, C.B.	R
S/Sgt. George, W.C.	G

41-13052 - D

Capt. Evans, G.N.	P
2nd Lt. Baisch, J.M.	CP
1st Lt. Hickman, J.G.	N
2nd Lt. Withrow, J.B.	B
T/Sgt. Foderaro, A.	R
Sgt. Mayronne, C.A.	G

42-32454 - J

F/O Burt, N.A.	P
1st Lt. Baker, G.C.	CP
S/Sgt. Douglas, E.	B
T/Sgt. Porter, L.G.	R
S/Sgt. Bozovich, M.L.	G

41-29980 - G

1st Lt. Marlow, J.F.	P
2nd Lt. Dusek, E.P.	CP
1st Lt. Forbes, R.L.	N
1st Lt. Fayard, O.E.	B
T/Sgt. Budde, W.H.	R
S/Sgt. White, J.E.	G

41-30401 - H

F/O Stagner, H.C.	P
2nd Lt. Warren, D.B.	CP
Sgt. Doty, J.K.	B
S/Sgt. Shapiro, M.L.	R
S/Sgt. Blackshire, J.R.	G

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Squadron Mission # 112.41-30386 - M

2nd Lt. Hanna, M.C.	P
2nd Lt. Sheets, R.L.	CP
S/Sgt. Trevethan, G.R.	B
S/Sgt. Pelkey, J.R.	R
S/Sgt. Camagna, C.F.	G

42-32333 - K

1st Lt. Bitter, I.S.	P
2nd Lt. Kurtz, J.A.	CP
1st Lt. Collins, V.A.	N
2nd Lt. Heitman, O.C.	B
Sgt. Schmidt, H.E.	R
Sgt. Bruhlman, O.C.	G

42-32428 - L

2nd Lt. Samson, G.D.	P
2nd Lt. Burlingame, J.H.	CP
2nd Lt. Schutte, W.G.	B
S/Sgt. Lichtenstein, N.	R
S/Sgt. Dees, P.	G
Cpl. Scott, I.D.	P

42-32500 - P

2nd Lt. Dauley, C.G.	P
2nd Lt. Young, C.A.	CP
S/Sgt. Campbell, W.B.	B
Sgt. Rea, W.L.	R
Cpl. Sentlinger, C.W.	G

42-53445 - N

1st Lt. Denton, R.D.	P
F/O Mitchell, L.C.	CP
2nd Lt. Opeka, J.	N
2nd Lt. Colleton, J.C.	B
T/Sgt. Potolsky, G.	R
S/Sgt. Miller, F.E.	G
Capt. Commeth, L.	O

42-64594 - O

2nd Lt. Donovan, G.M.	P
2nd Lt. Burris, J.W.	CP
S/Sgt. Rogers, L.C.	B
T/Sgt. Dittmar, F.A.	R
S/Sgt. Bowden, S.T.	G

42-64596 - S

2nd Lt. Wolfe, W.M.	P
2nd Lt. Cruise, W.H.	CP
S/Sgt. Malone, E.B.	B
S/Sgt. Marshburn, J.T.	R
Sgt. Lyon, J.R.	G
T/Sgt. Burt, W.C.S.	AP

42-64592 - Q

2nd Lt. Kreuzkamp, P.J.	P
2nd Lt. Stoeber, S.R.	CP
2nd Lt. Leasure, O.B.	B
S/Sgt. Shoemaker, C.D.	R
Sgt. Mayhew, W.B.	G

41-29957 - R

F/O Jones, W.E.	P
F/O Hudson, C.	CP
S/Sgt. Smith, P.F.	B
T/Sgt. Clark, T.J.	R
Sgt. Hannon, R.P.	

REMARKS: Good bombing with no enemy aircraft interception and only slight inaccurate heavy flak, plus a lot of light flak which fell short.

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