



Pictorial history of my experience with the 321st Bomb Grp (M) -  
12th Air Force - in Miami Beach, Waterboro, S.C., DeRidder, La., North Africa,  
Italy, Corsica during WWII & during which I was G-2 - or Group  
Intelligence Officer & starting out as S-2 or Squadron Intelligence Officer  
of the 448th Squadron 321st Bomb Grp. We were the first group to fly in  
formation to the war zone - 54 B-25s - from West Palm Beach - S. America  
Ascension Island - Africa <sup>[16,000 miles]</sup> ending at our first base in Algeria approx.  
three months previous to the surrender of Rommel's Afrika Korps near Tunis  
which I witnessed in part

Malcolm D. Haven.

' Doc: 47

MS

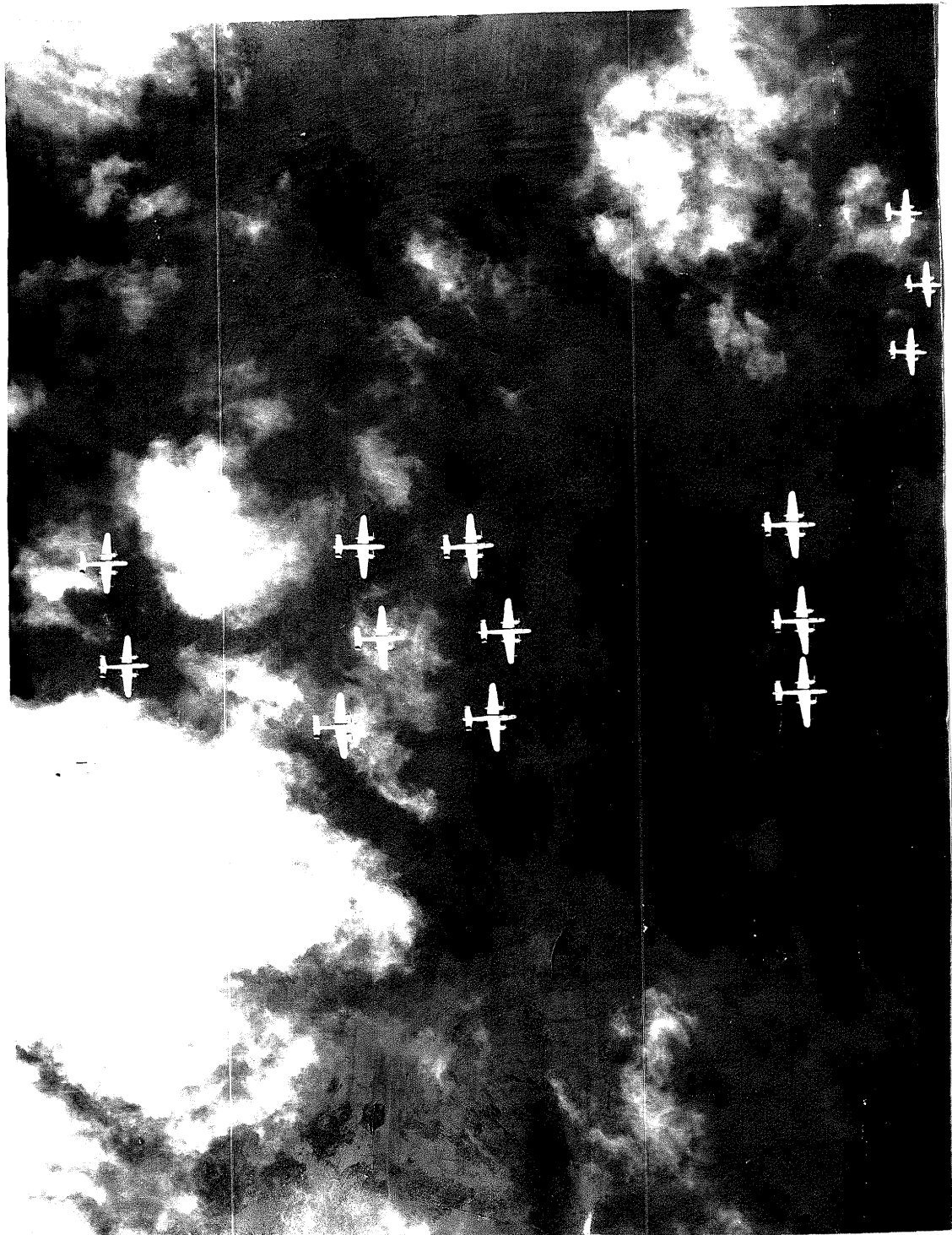
724

Haven S. 100000

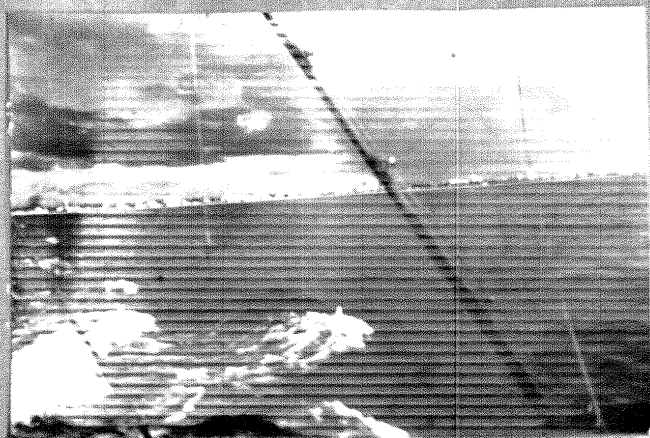


AS THE WORLD OF  
THIS BOOK IS

By Malcolm D. Haven  
93 East Bay,  
Charleston, S.C.

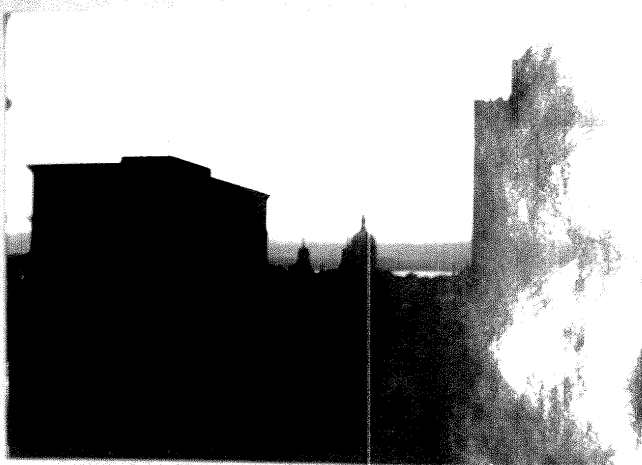


A few of our "ships" - 321<sup>st</sup> Bomb Group (M) 12<sup>th</sup> A.F.



Where a lot of civilians had their  
first taste of Army life. Miami  
- in June '42.

Some of us reported to AAFIS  
in Harrisburg, Pa. - in late  
July. The school was in the old  
Harrisburg Academy but  
this → picture was taken  
from my hotel window



After Harrisburg some of us reported  
in late Sept. '42 to McDill Field, Tampa  
- and they were assigned to combat  
outfits. About Sept. 30 - Jim  
Nickerson, Bob Manly and Delo  
Vincent and I - got off the train at  
Green Pond - S.C. - to join the  
321st BG (M) then in 2nd phase  
training in Walterboro.

"Delo" took a picture



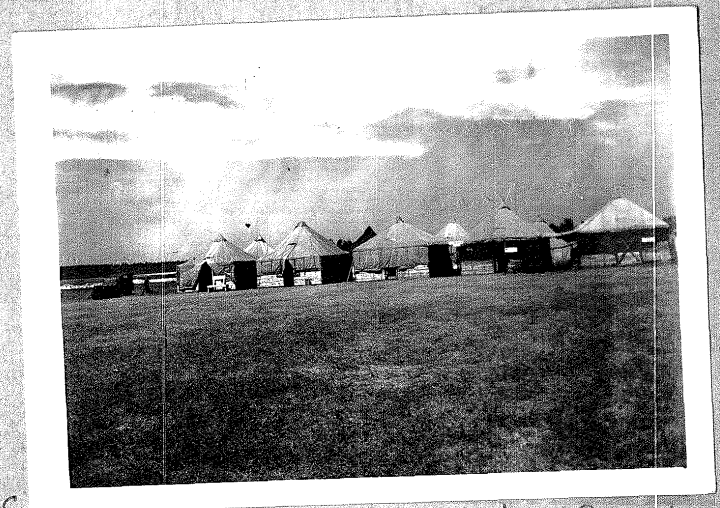
I take a picture  
of Green Pond, S.C.  
(See picture C - page 1)  
[Nick - Bob - Debo]

A



B

Hdq'rs - 448<sup>th</sup> Squad.



C

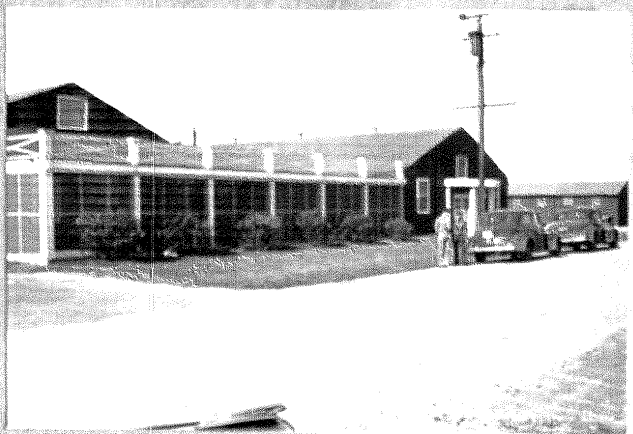
"The line" - Engineering, Operations, Communications,  
Supply & Intelligence.



D

← My first "home" in  
the 32nd at  
Walterboro. The field  
had not been completed  
before we left there  
in Nov. '42 - for  
→

De Ridder, La. -  
better due to →  
officer's club,  
the fact that  
Vincent lived  
River at A  
wonderful home - especially so in asking Virginia (c) down in Dec. - just before we  
left for overseas.



where the living was  
better food is a good  
- better barracks and  
"DeLo" and "Aorie B" (B  
on the Calcasieu (c+d)  
like Charles. They were



d.



"DeLo" gave a ducks trout for Hdqts  
which I was fortunate to go on.

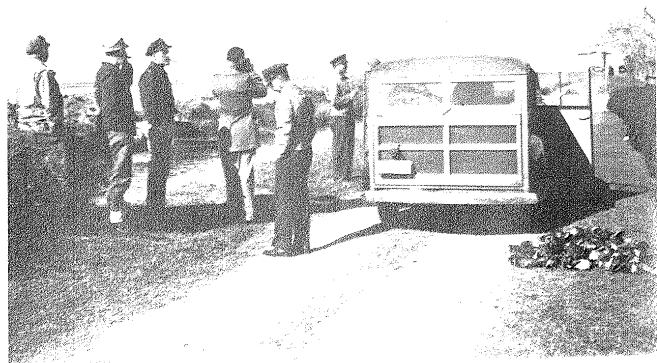


DAN Lambert

DAN LeBeauf - my guide

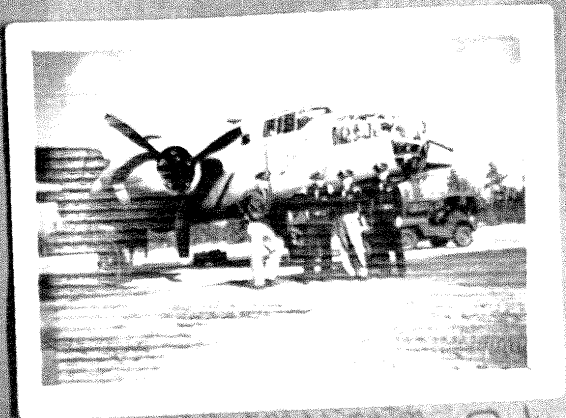


B



C

Major (then) Frank Pemberton  
gets the mud (b) off his boots  
before getting out of a piroque  
Col. (then) Knapp - out CO enjoys  
a cigar (c) - third from left.  
DeLo in background by station-  
wagon.



"Charlie's Aunt" - (see page 6) all shied at  
and not long before she went places

His legs, stuff. "Junior" Ford & Bruton

On Feb 12<sup>th</sup> '43 - we left  
De Ridder - for Morrison Field  
West Palm Beach - and on  
Feb 15 - a Monday we left  
for Africa.



Florida

6

"Junior" Ford & "Charlie's Aunt" - bring us - (about 1430 hrs - Thursday Feb 26 "43) to Marrakech, French Morocco

De Ridder, La. - 2-12  
 Palm Beach - 2-15  
 +  
 Broenques Field  
 Porto Rico - 2-16  
 +  
 Waller Field  
 Trinidad - 2-18  
 +  
 Landrey Field  
 Surinam - 2-19-43  
 Dutch Gu  
 +  
 Belem - 2-20-43  
 Brazil  
 +  
 Natal - 2-22  
 Brazil  
 +  
 Wideawake Field  
 Ascension Isl - 2-23  
 +  
 Roberts Field 2-29  
 Marshall, Liberia  
 +  
 Dakar - 2-25-43  
 +



ME, "Pappy" Braton (Co-pilot) "Jaerie" Gibbons (Nav. Bomb) "Junior" - Pilot  
 S/Sgt Tom Courtney - (radio) S/Sgt Geo. White - (quonser) - S/Sgt. Charlie Rogers (Engineer)

Marrakech  
 3-2-43  
 +  
 Oujda - 3-3-43  
 +

↓  
 Ain M' Lila  
 Algeria  
 MARCH 12 '43



Our first base in Africa. The front was about 150 miles over these hills. The stone building - a granary - was our hqts (see pg 14 A-B 15-d). The road (see pg 8-c) ran right by one end - north to Constantine (pg 11) and south to Tingad (pg 13-) was a

Roman military road. The top of our tent is to the right of the pole. This was a wheat field and the Arabs drove sheep and goats thru it and camp to graze. It was right on the edge of town (pgs 8 & 9) and we could hear the pipes of the shepherd children tending their flocks.

WOMAN WAR CORRESPONDENT

# Comrades Sweat in Tensity Of Awaiting Bombers' Return

INS War Correspondent Inez Robb tells vividly how it feels to "sweat it out" on an advanced North African air base, waiting for a bomber mission—carrying eager American youngsters on their first raid against the enemy—to come home.

By INEZ ROBB

An Advanced Allied Air Base Somewhere in North Africa  
—(INS)—In the cold sunshine in front of the headquarters of the bomb squadron the zero hour was rapidly approaching. In another 10 minutes, the B-25s that had gone out on their mission three hours before would

be coming home — if they came home at all—through a cleft in the great blue mountains to the East.

Our eyes strained toward the horizon. Maj. Lynn E. Woodworth of Washington, D. C., lit a cigaret, took two nervous puffs and ground it into the mud.

On this raw March day perspiration was on the forehead of Capt. Malcolm D. Haven of Chicago, Maj. Francis Pemberton of New York City raced restlessly up and down. Suddenly I realized that my nails were biting into wet palms.

For in Air Corps parlance, the ground crews were "sweating it out" literally and figuratively waiting for their bombers and their crews to return.

"God, I hope they all get home," breathed Major Woodworth.

### Horizon Searched Eagerly

Suddenly the waiting seemed unendurable. This eager search of the horizon became intolerable. I wanted to run away and hide. I thought that this time I could not bear to count the planes coming over the horizon, for if even one were missing it would be more than we could bear.

Some of the crews on this mission to destroy an enemy airport in Tunisia were flying on a raid for the first time in their young, young lives.

The flying colonel, a veteran of the last World War and commanding officer of the squadron who had insisted on leading this flight, and his crew were experienced men who had flown over enemy territory before.

Four hours before, when the new crew filed into the briefing room for the final instructions that precede every raid, they had seemed too young and so eager and concentrated for their task. In the briefing room they had sat quietly on rows of wooden planks supported by old five-gallon gasoline cans filled with sand.

They had listened intently with silent concentration as older men told them to keep in formation always and what height to fly if they came in over the target, what to expect in the way of flak and where.

This was the moment for which some had been training for months after months in the United States.

This was the moment toward which all their studying had pointed them and for which all their skill had prepared them. Officers and enlisted men in each crew sat

together drinking in their instructions.

In a few hours, as they flew in over the target, there would be neither officers nor non-coms in each bomber. There would be only the intent men as they took their turn over the target—each of whose lives would be interdependent upon the skill of the other.

### Rush Away on Mission

As the briefing ended, they started to walk sedately from the room. But in the end their eagerness, their sheer animal spirits conquered. They raced like schoolboys to the trucks that were to take them to their planes and climbed in.

And now with the ground crews I was "sweating" for them, unconsciously praying that all would be coming home. "They're coming! They're coming!" shouted Major Woodworth.

There, between the cleft in the blue mountains, were three of our bombers.

Then there were more and Major Pemberton was crying exultantly:

"The first formation is in!"

And, suddenly, the miracle happened. There were all the bombers in the sky; riding the heavens in beautiful, tight formation home from hell, bringing their young, eager crews back in safety.

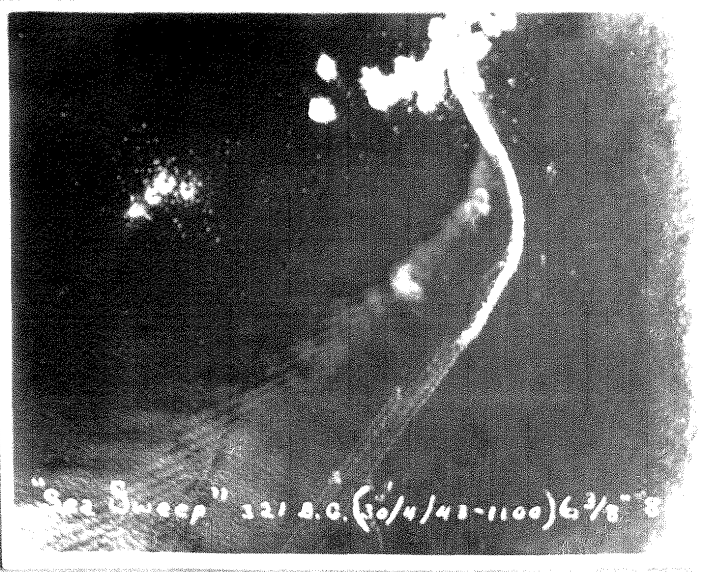
Unshamed, I stared into the sky, tears streaming down my cheeks. Tears of joy that all who had gone out had at long last come home.

April 10<sup>th</sup> '43  
Lt. Marrich Lt. Fred Litchward



Kautenschlager Stegover Langley  
48<sup>th</sup> Sq. S-2 Section

Stopping German supplies to Africa  
A "sea-sweep" was the most dangerous type of mission



"Sea Sweep" 321 S.O. (30/4/43-1100) 6 3/8"

MAR. 15 '43. - One month after leaving Palm Beach.

8



Ain M' Lila - Algeria - our first base and "home" from Mar. 12<sup>th</sup> to June 1<sup>st</sup> is located about 40 miles south of Constantine (pages 11 & 12) - on an old Roman road (p. 6) running south to Batna and Timgad. Our camp (p. 6-B) and air-field were just outside of the town. Picture A - is the road running east - and we saw day after day troops moving up to the Tunisian front. On May 6<sup>th</sup> & 7<sup>th</sup> the 3<sup>rd</sup> Div. went through - about 18,000 men. The soldiers in this picture are British - at a Colony reporting point.

The Hotel du France → where we sometimes went for dinner



Market day in Ain M' Lila

"Main Street" - on market day - Monday.  
Below is the cattle market and C is  
the slaughter house. The Arabs parked  
their camels in a lot on one of the side  
streets. The only sign of war are the  
wires strung on the trees and some  
"Toemies" in the center of the street →



A



B



C

LGL

April 10 '43

10

"Dela"



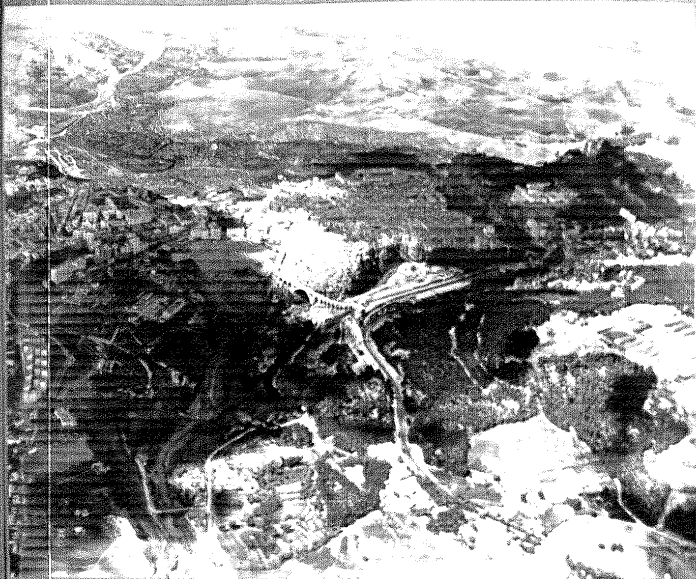
Dobbins and I return from our Turkish bath



Red Goss girl



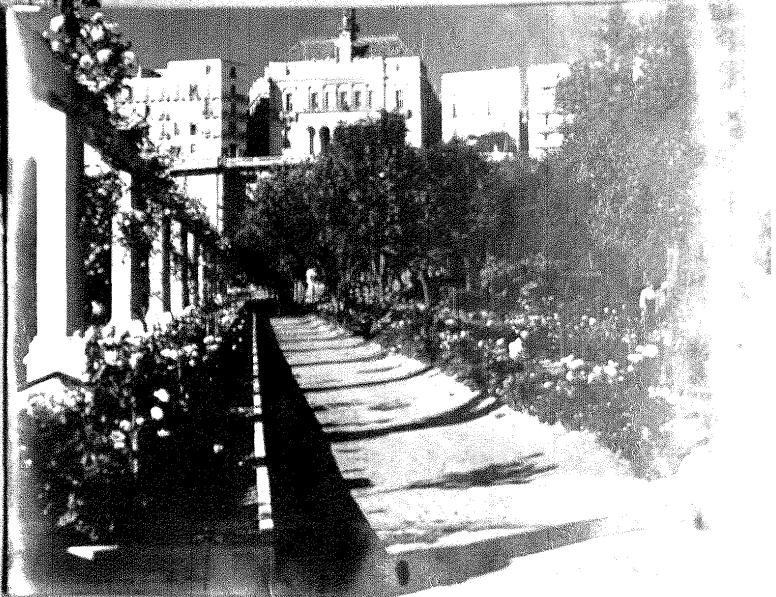
LGL



Constantine - a very interesting and picturesque city. Founded in the 1st Century. 11

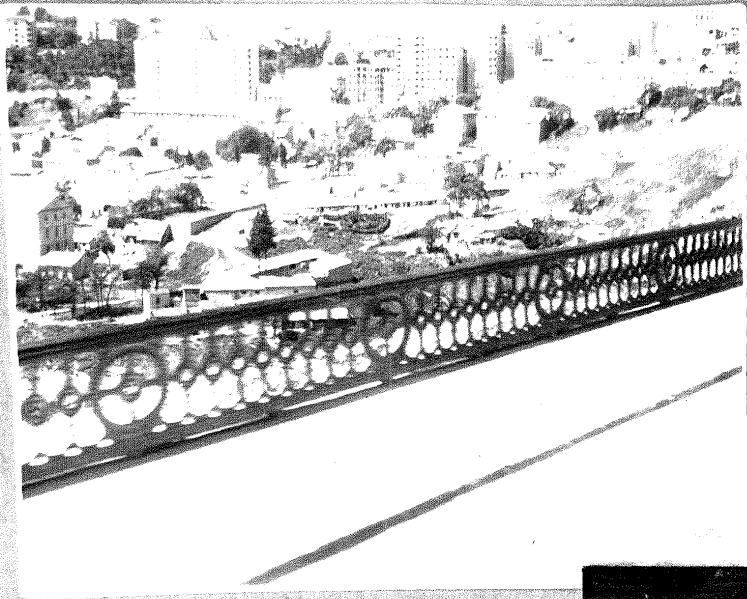


Building in the foreground was the Red Rose Center. One could eat there and get coffee or tea any time. The garden - below - is right opposite - and was full of roses.

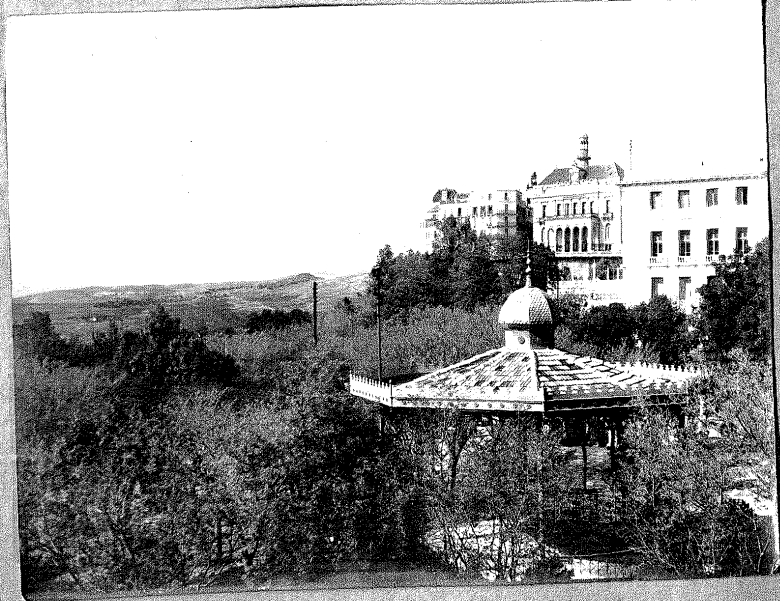




2

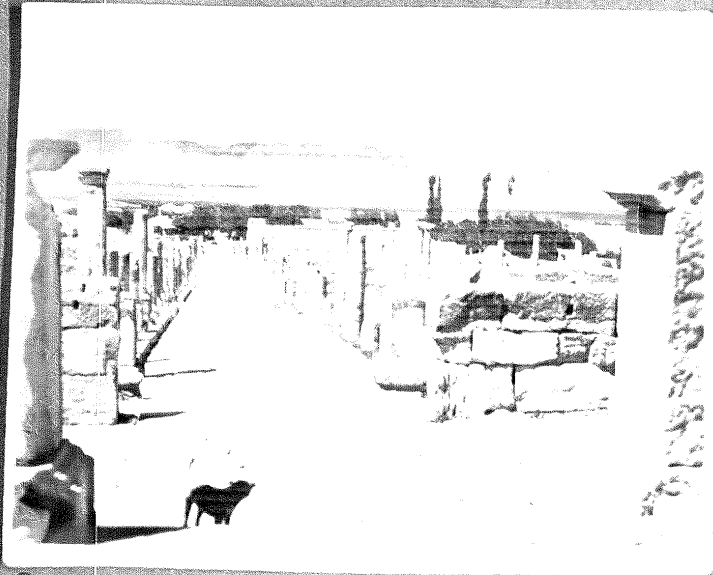


More views of Constantine



LGL

LGL

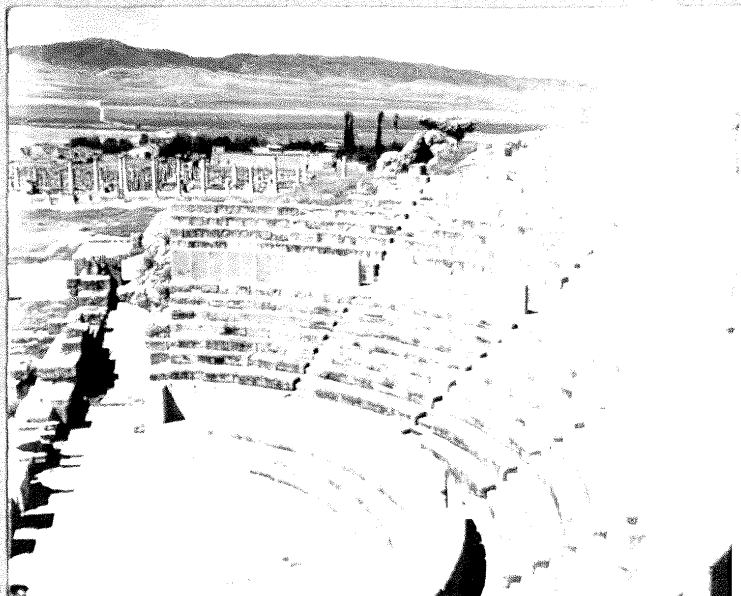


A.

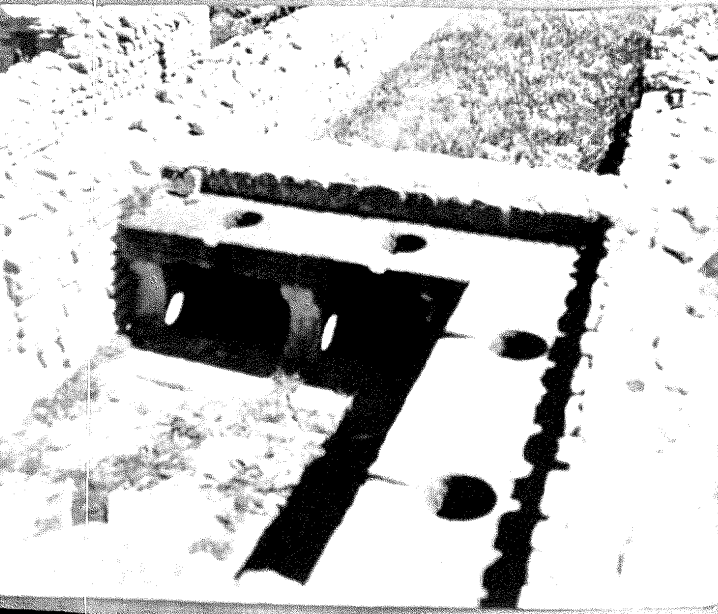


B.

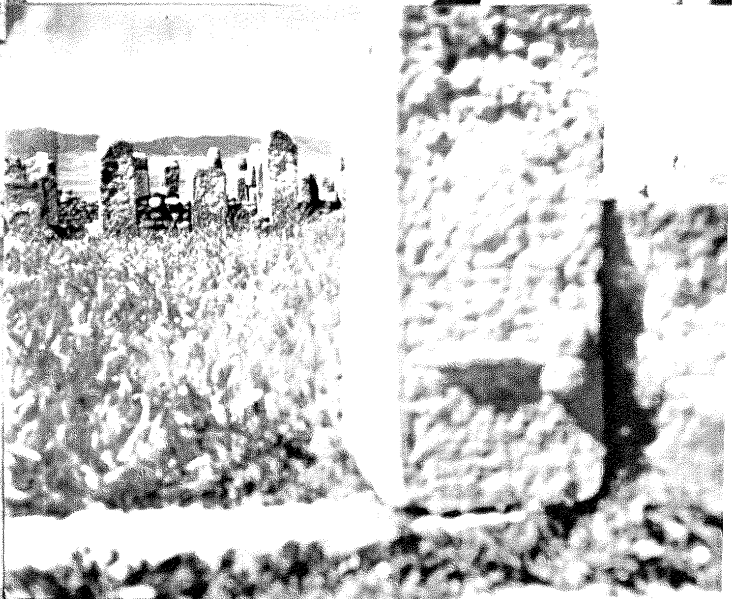
On Falen Sunday April 18<sup>th</sup>. Delo, Bob Manly and I went down to Timgad to see these Roman ruins. The city flourished from 400 to 700 AD - and had a population of about 4000. Picture A was the main street - running N-S to the forum. The theater (C) is in fine condition and the toilets (D) at the public baths had running water. Timgad is a classic example of the effect erosion of the soil on a civilization.



C.



D.



14 This is a series of pictures that appeared in "Loot" Magazine and shows the different stages of a bombing mission. "A" & "B" and "D" - next page - were taken in the granary at Ain El Bida (pg 6-8). Here → "Sammy" Sampson - C.O. of 497<sup>th</sup> goes over the route with Squadron navigator and bombardier.



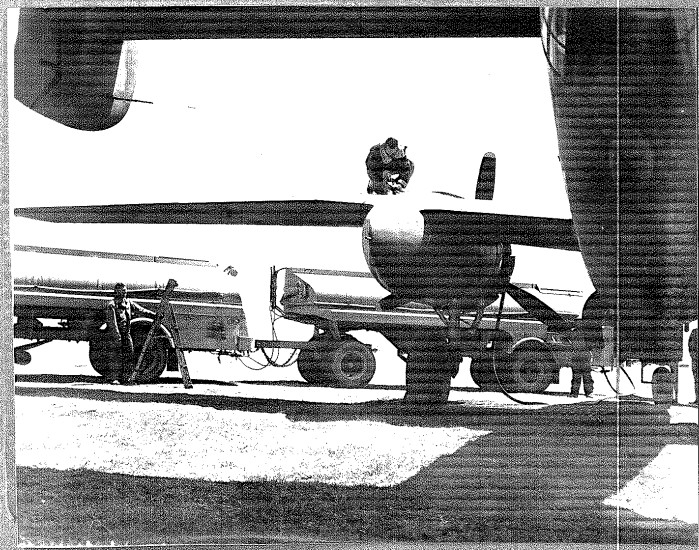
A



B

The start of a "briefing". Sammy is explaining the formation over the target. Col. Olersted to his right is studying some information - probably from Wing. I've just given the S-2 details - and Tinapp - with hands on table - seems to be following "Sammy's" words intently.

"Cassidy up"



C



A



B

← A taken for the Jerrys and B-account for the top turret "50s". C shows the paired Norden bomb-sight being passed to the lead bombardier. And (D) - after it is all over. The S-2 officer - and from right interrogates a crew. "Sagony" is pointing out on a target map the place where he believes that planes bombs hit.



C



D



On June 1st 43 we moved up to Sakh el Arba - in Tunisia - and stayed there until August 9th.

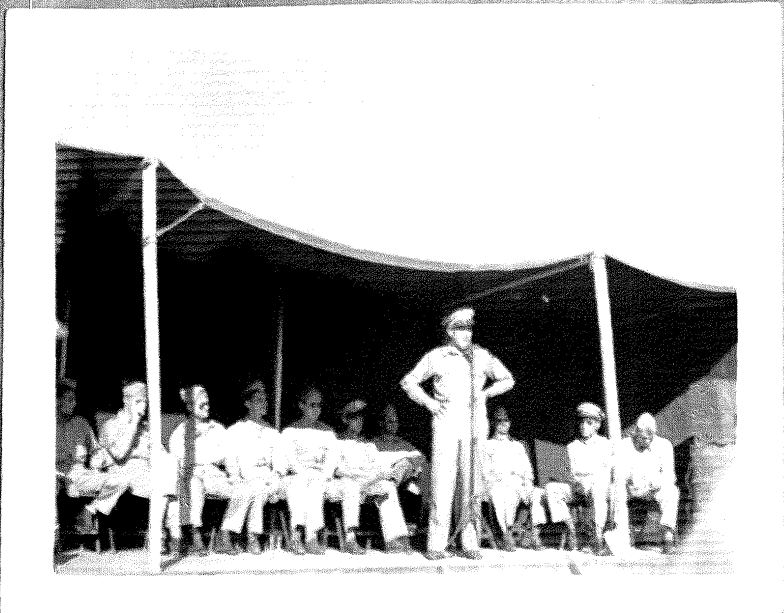


Bella Regia - some Roman ruins near our base :

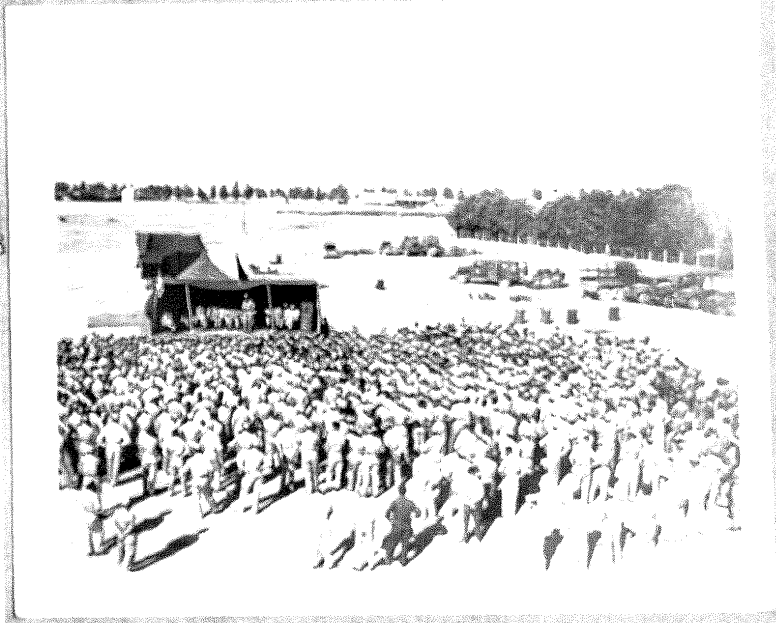


An old French Foreign Legion fort on the way to the coast from "South".

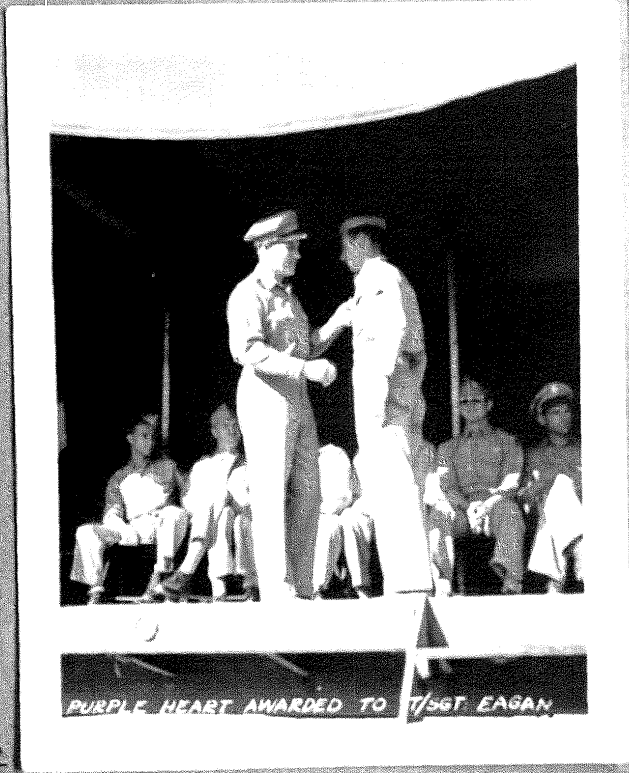




August 1st '43. "Organization"  
 Day - on our first anniversary -  
 held at Southel Arba.  
 Col. Knapp - tells of the 321st:  
 largest mass flight to combat:  
 99 missions - since Mar. 15?  
 8000 combat hours  
 50 surface vessels sunk or damaged  
 32 enemy aircraft brought down.



The 321st Bomb Group. (M)



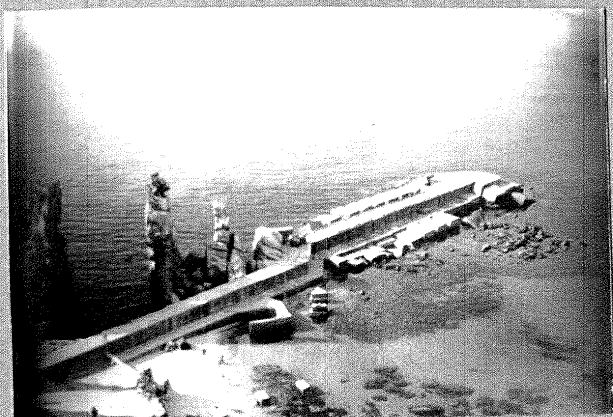
PURPLE HEART AWARDED TO 1/SGT EAGAN

Being able to drive about 40 miles up over the coastal range (a) from South el Arba to go swimming at Tarbaha (pg 19-B & F) was our greatest pleasure at "Saut" - where the temperature supposedly hit 135°. Tarbaha was delightful - and was just beyond the point the Garoanis reached towards the west. Just outside the town there is one of the finest beaches the ever knew (c & d) and the water crystal clear (B).



A

There was a good road beyond Ain Drahou - a little town at the top of the hills. We ate at a small hotel up there once in a while and the town was full of refugees from Tunis, Bizerte and Mateur. In the picture above (A) we were fixing a flat on the way down to Tarbaha.

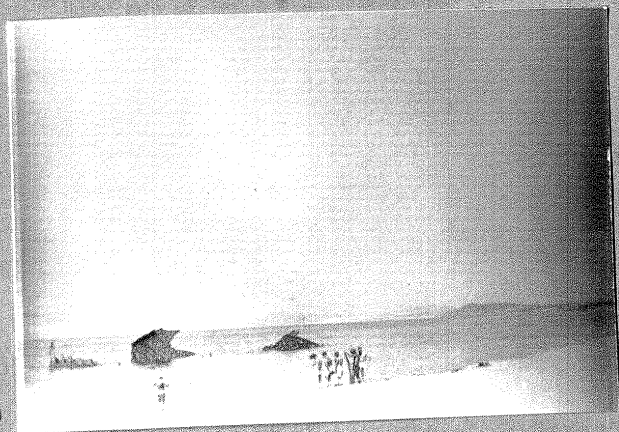


B

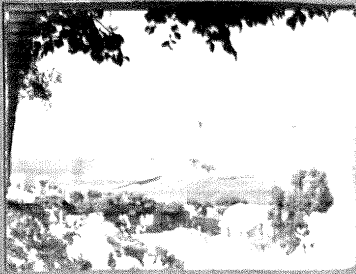


C

The town lies just to the right of the entrance to the harbor and there is an old fort on a little island (A & H - pg 19) opposite the town wharf. The boys in (d) the picture to the left are fishing with hand grenades and they don't have white bathing trunks on.



D

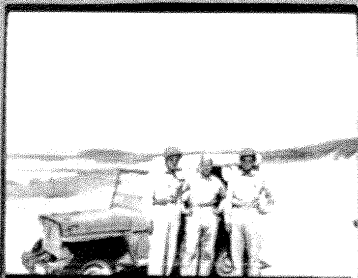


A Harbor of Tarbata

Tarbata - Tunisia



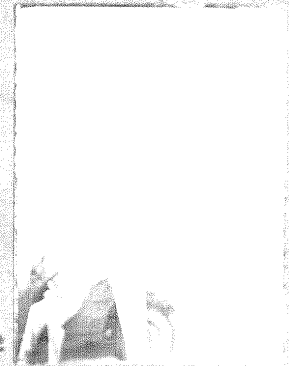
B The town + beach



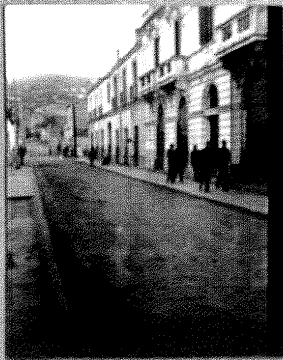
C Mc-Dobbin + Delo



D Mc-Tese Bellah + Delo  
June 22 '43



E Chick + Delo, Bob Clancy +  
Barley Cook.



F Street scene

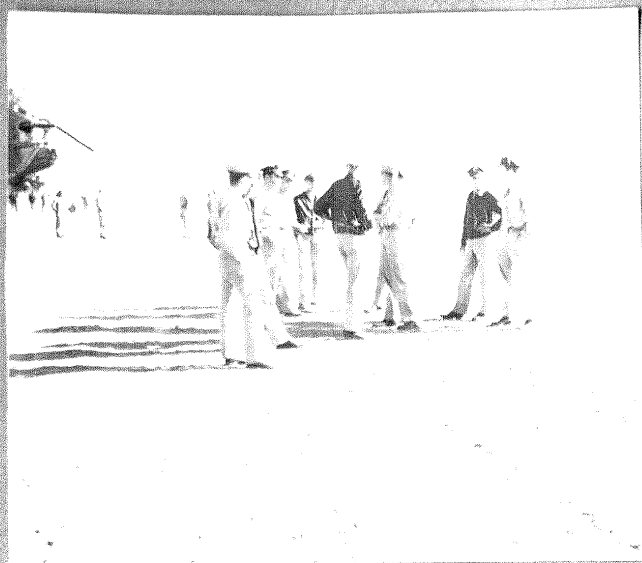


G Tomesies

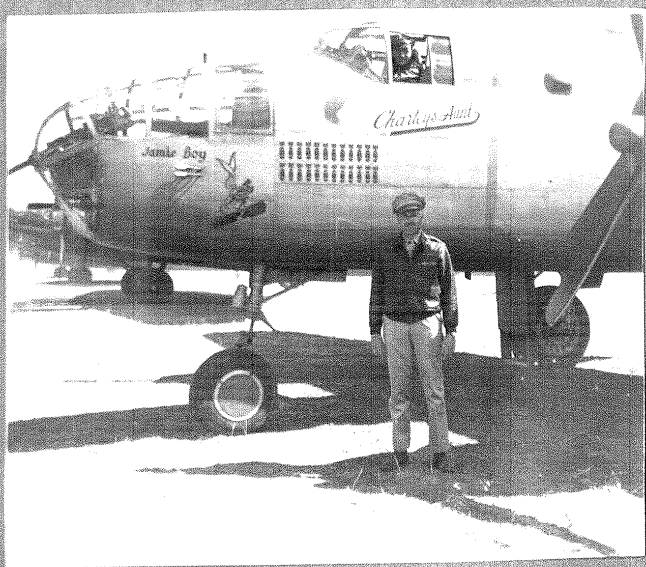


H Quay with old Clarish Fort  
opposite.





June 1945. "Charlie's Aunt" and two other '25s' from the 448th. We chosen to represent the mediums at Grossbeta for a review by a V.I.P. Jimmie Bates (see page 28) was back as Squadron C.O. (in Center with arms folded) - and I was fortunate to go along. We took off at 0715 and arrived at 0752. There were several thousand British troops on the field (the Hermann Goering Div. surrendered at Grossbeta) and three each B-17s - B-26s - B-25s - P-38s and British "Bostons" lined up around the field.

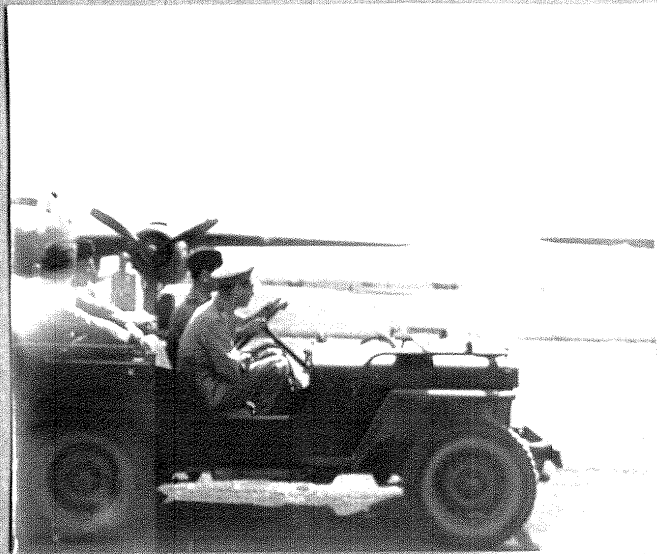


Our '25s - Charlie's Aunt to left.

1945



The "V.I.P." at Groembelia  
His Majesty - King George VI

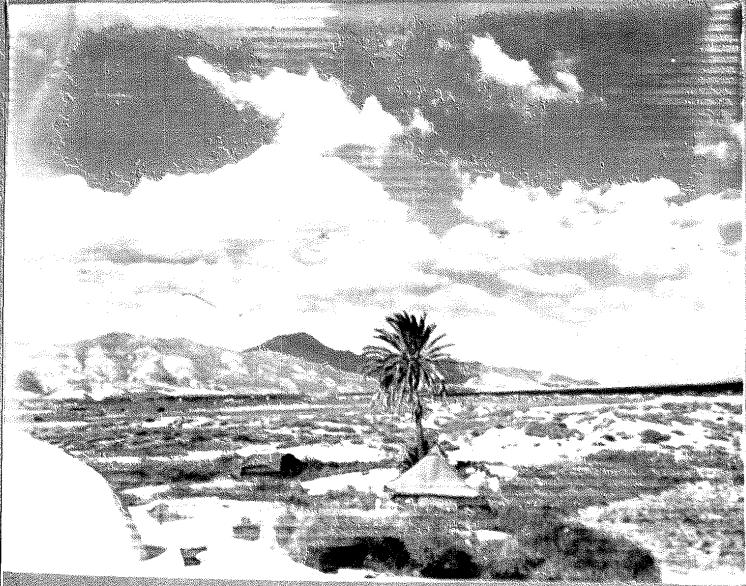


A King looks at "Auntie's Aunt".



The old fort at Soliman

On Aug. 7<sup>th</sup> we moved from "Suk" to Soliman - our best base in Africa 20 miles S.E. of Tunis - right on the edge of the Bay of Tunis and at the beginning of Cap Bon - opposite Carthage. Here we stayed until Oct. 4<sup>th</sup> - and during that time Italy surrendered and the invasion of Europe started. Our boys "worked over" Sicily, Naples, Rome and helped to make the landing at Salerno stick - flying 96 sorties on Sept. 14<sup>th</sup>.



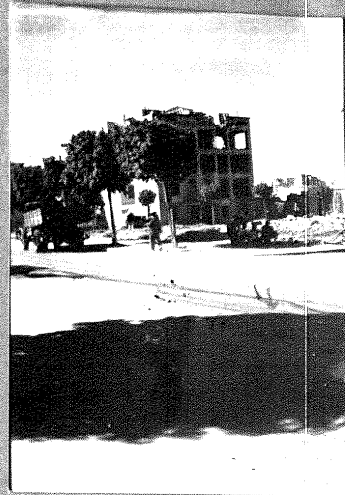
"Lobey" Henry, Robbins, Delo & I  
lived in the center tent.



About Boyd's tent the  
Bay of Tunis



The waterfront at Tunis was a remarkable example of precision bombing by our "heavies". Only about three "strays" had fallen in the city itself.



Gen. Ridemann & (then) Gf. Krapp present the Soldier's Medal to Cleaves and Schwane at Soliman. Cleaves was in my squadron - (without cap) - and was a great boy - later killed in the U.S. in a "Fot" "Brownie" - first on left - was a tail mate with me at Amerigo (Foggia) and lost CG Mission to Pietri - Dec 12 - '43. (see A-228) - Group S-2 office in background above.



The Cathedral in Tunis.

German dead near El Alouina Airport Tunis.



# SOLDATI ITALIANI



Voi sapete che la guerra è perduta in Tunisia. I Tedeschi vi fanno combattere contro gli alleati dei vostri padri. I Tedeschi vogliono salvare il loro prestigio. Noi veniamo a liberare l'Italia dai Tedeschi, e vi portiamo la pace. Così avrete la giustizia e la libertà.

Volete morire per i Tedeschi o venire con noi? Se venite, la guerra sarà finita più presto, l'Italia avrà la pace e voi ritornerete alle vostre case.

"(Why die for Hitler?)"

leaflets dropped by our planes behind enemy lines in Sept. 43 during Sicilian invasion. These were very effective in bringing in Italian deserters.

## PERCHÈ MORIRE PER HITLER ?

Un soldato italiano, non ha nessun interesse a battere questa guerra.

Dieci milioni di uomini, donne e bambini, cioè l'Italia, hanno tutto da perdere se la guerra continua.

È la guerra di Hitler.

Hitler ha provocato l'Italia; nessuno ha voluto l'Italia; nessuno ha aiutato l'Italia.

La causa dell'Italia contro l'Impero è la causa delle Nazioni Unite, e la causa della libertà e della democrazia. Qui, in Italia, si sta rovinando e lo si fa per il bene.

Hitler combatte contro gli italiani d'Asia. Ogni soldato italiano d'Italia.

## La Germania combatterà fino all'ultimo... italiano

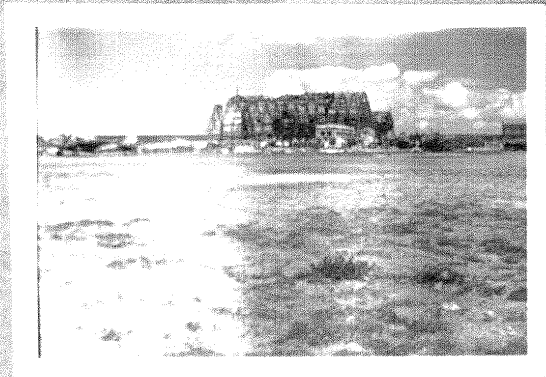
Nessuno ti ha chiesto se volevi questa guerra. Ma ti hanno mandato a morire. Ti hanno detto: « CREDERE, OBBEDIRE, COMBATTERE »

Perché? Per chi? Per quanto?

On Oct. 2nd. we moved from Africa to the "heel of Italy" - midway between Taranto and Brindisi - to Scoglione APD - some an important port area of Italian field. The ATC brought most of the equipment over in 50 planes. I came over with "Gornie" (see B- pp. 28) - after dropping a large airtight over Termini in Sicily.

26

DEC 43 Grottaglie

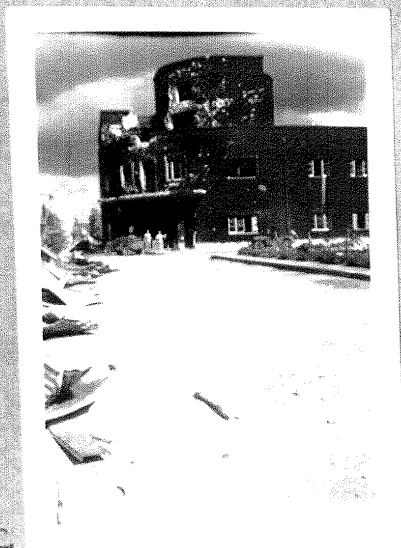


A



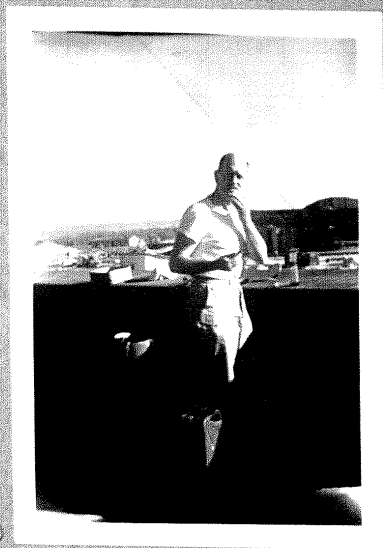
B

What our "Forts" did to Grottaglie Air-port. TAKEN in Nov '43.



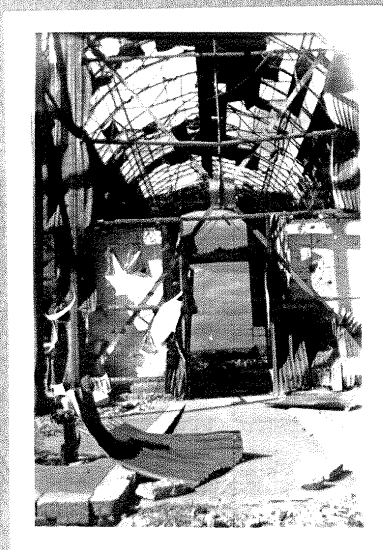
C

This was Group Headquarters and where Delo and I lived.



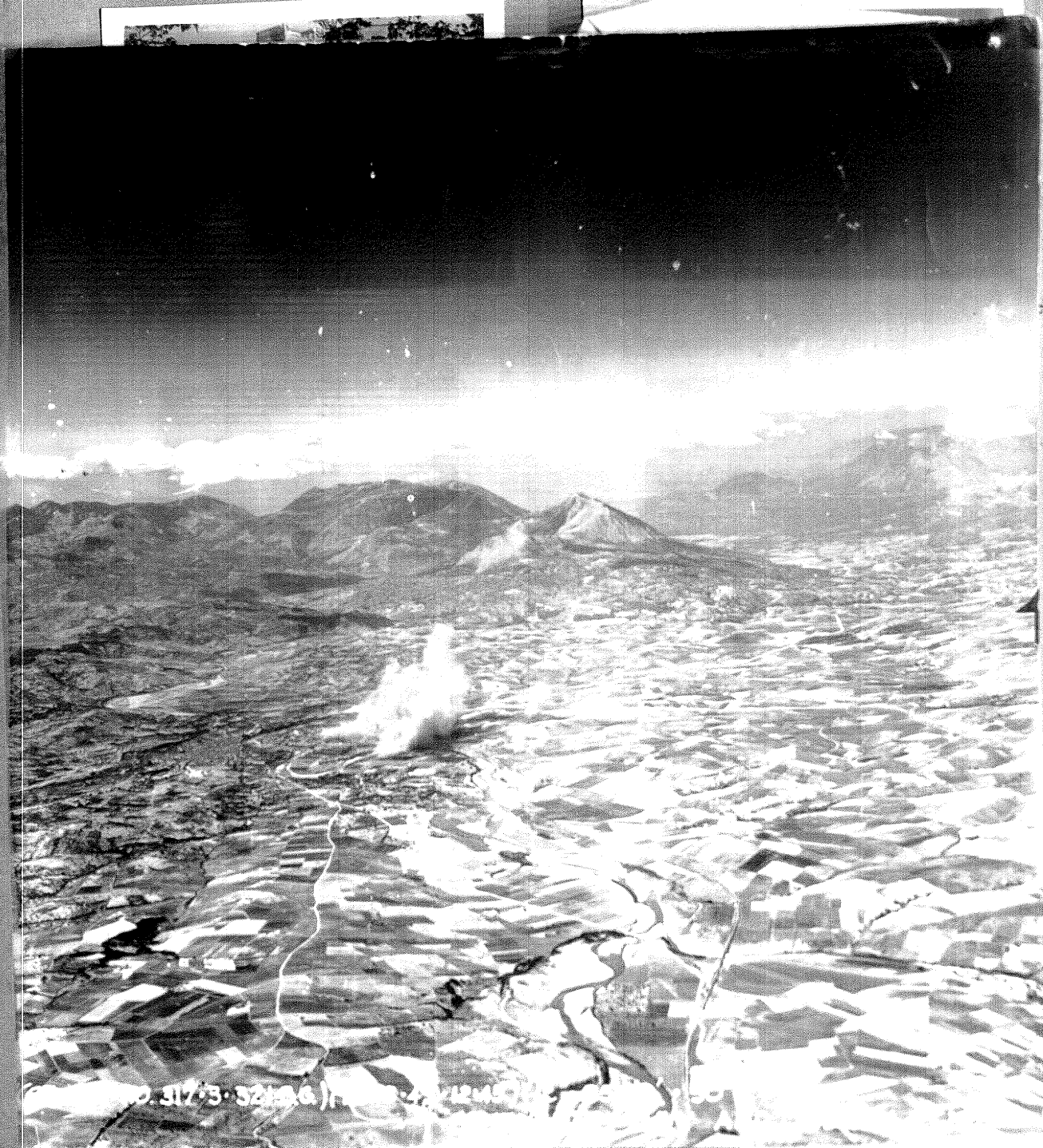
D

Delo having a shave on our "beat-ho" (c.)



E

One of the Italian hangars - the metal used to make a steady rattle when the wind blew - which was most of the time.



A. street in Briandisi - on the Adriatic

In the shadows - a column returning Italian prisoners

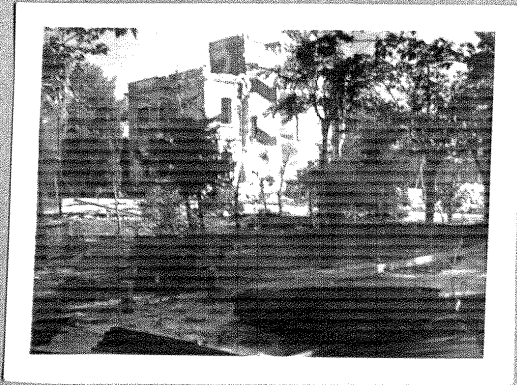




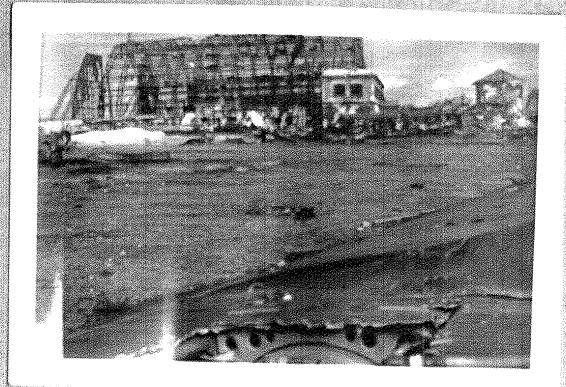
**SIX ARMY AIR CORPS** nurses, above, still manage to smile after being lost for two months in enemy occupied Albania. Their plane, enroute to Bari, was forced down in Albania and the girls were listed as missing for two months. Friendly inhabitants gave them the heavy hobnailed army shoes they display in the picture and aided them in their mountainous hike across Albania to the Adriatic Sea, where they were rescued by an Allied launch and taken to Italy. Members of an air evacuation unit, the nurses are, left to right, Lieutenants Lois Watson, Oakland, Ill.; Lillian J. Tacinga, Detroit, Mich.; Pauline J. Kanable, Richmond Center, Wis.; Elna Schwant, Winner, S. D.; Ann E. Kopsco, Hammond La.; and Frances Nelson, Marotia, W. Va. As the picture indicates, the nurses didn't suffer from exposure or lack of food. They were well cared for by the natives who, the girls said, showed an eagerness to aid them in their escape from the country.

This  
Group  
quart  
where  
and

These girls used to eat with us at our mess at Grottaglia which is mid way between Tarento - Barchin - and S. Paolo  
who moved into my tent the day before he was killed and Chet (Pg 26) was in the mess with Lois Watson - his only friend



A bomb exposed the stairway in Benito Mussolini's house.

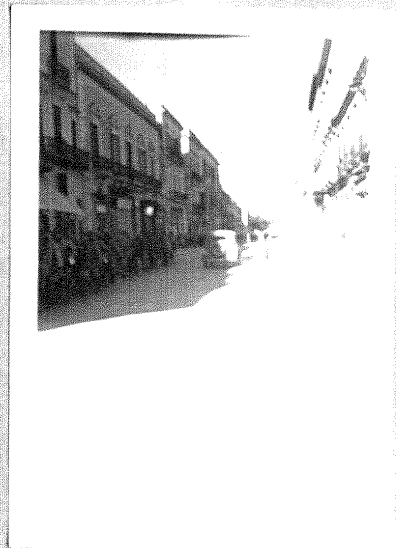


The main dirigible hangar and former officers club at Grottaglie.

The English were our "G.A." protection. I used to pass this crew daily going to mess.



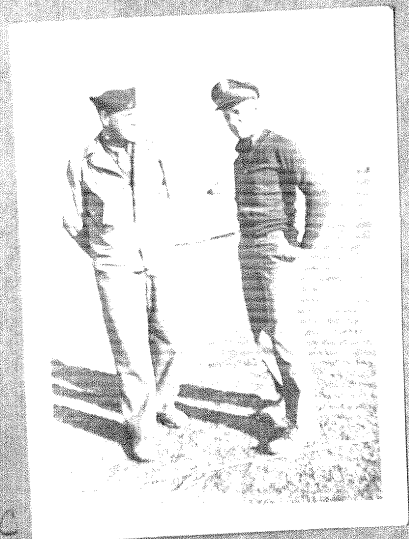
A street in Brindisi - on the Adriatic



In the shadows - a column of returning Italian prisoners



This picture was taken on the morning raid on an important road bridge - Gleti. The mission was led by Jimmie Bates - (right above) - who was shot down - taken prisoner. "Brownie" (pg. 24) was lost - and a ship from the 47<sup>th</sup> Squad. In picture B - Lt. Haspell is standing with Jimmie - and has a patch on his nose from a bump received on a forced landing on the Albanian coast the day before. The British sent a boat over after him - and he was back - all in the same day.



Fred Kitchward - left - who was my assistant S.2 when I was in the 478<sup>th</sup> Squadron and Serge P. Meprosch, who was my assistant when I went to Group Hdqts.



This is a good series of a "bomb-strike" photos. One of the many r.r. marshalling-yards that the boys messed up. The target is the bridge and tracks at the southern end of the "yard" - Tartacivtanova. Nov. 27, 43 at 12.43 pm - from 10,500 feet.

Sarajevo 29 years after World War I.



B.

5 162 321. 291143. 1116. 6% 10500. SARAJEVO. RR.

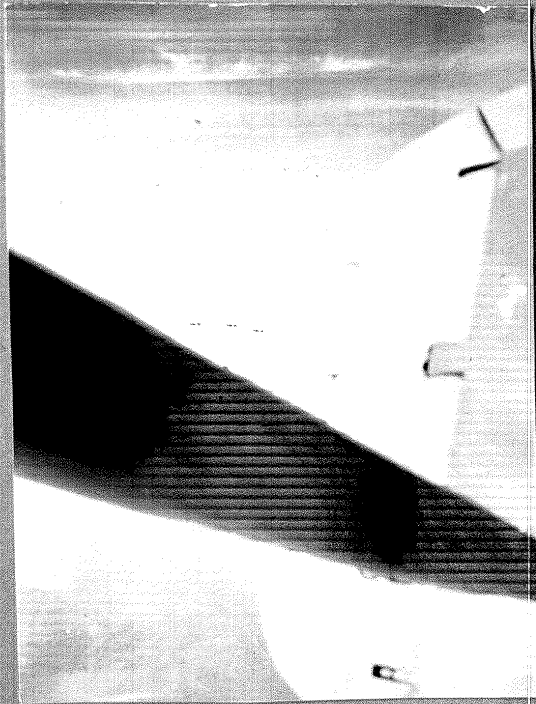
From the end of Oct. thru Nov. the boys were hitting air-fields, marshalling yards (p.p.s.) - docks (p.f.s) in both Italy and in the Balkans - about 80 miles across the Adriatic. Our Group gave the first coordinated support to the Partisans in the Balkans - and helped to strengthen underground resistance until it was estimated 50 German Divisions were being "tied down". Planes, supplies and "Jerries" were destroyed by raids on Air-fields around Athens. (Corinth + Argos).



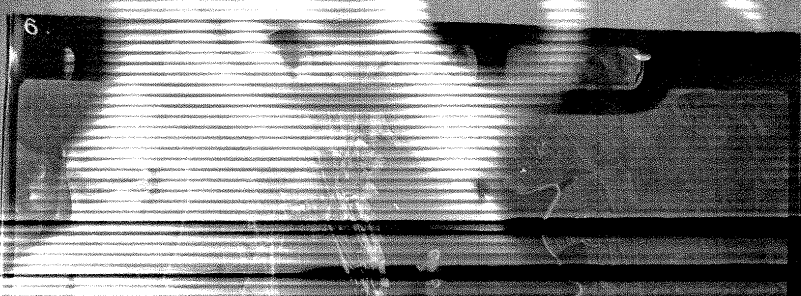
A burning vessel is photographed on the Dalmatian coast by a plane returning from a raid on Split.



Italy



Flak-bursting near an "element" of three planes.



The docks and rail facilities  
at Sibenik -  
were bombed



5 161:14:321:445SQDN:28-11-43:11:50:6%:10,000:SIBENIK:



6 161:14:321:445SQDN:28-11-43:11:50:6%:10,000:SIBENIK:



6 160:19:447-448SQDN:28-11-43:11:50:6%:10,000:SIBENIK:



6 160:7:447-448SQDN:28-11-43:11:50:6%:10,000:SIBENIK

6 160:19:447-448SQDN:28-11-43:11:50:6%:10,000:SIBENIK:



6 161:14:321:445SQDN:28-11-43:11:50:6%:10,000:SIBENIK:

3a.

# Amendola [Foggia]



B.

On Thanksgiving<sup>43</sup>, Frank Remberton and I arrived at Amendola A.F. on the east side of Foggia on the Caserta Road. We stayed at this field until the middle of Jan -

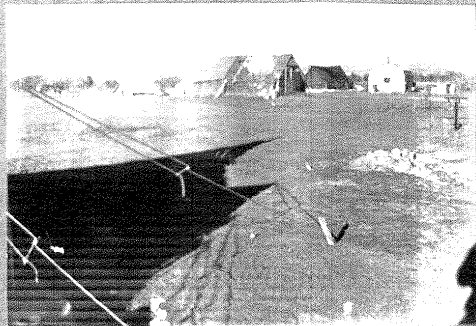
and it was a dismal, cold, windy spot. Pictures d + e show some of the bleakness. Picture A is one of the mess tents & in c - Tom enjoying a little sun. In F. "Chappie" Johnson, "Mac" McCreeth - our dentist - and "Will" Osbury. Picture B - is Padre Pia - up in San Giovanni Rotondo. (where we used to go and eat at the Villa Pia) a "miracle" priest who supposedly has the marks of the stigmata.



C.



D.



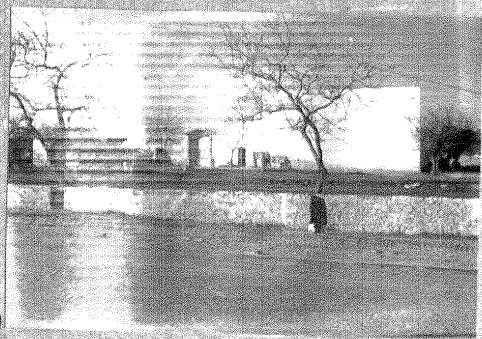
E.



"Chappie" Mac Will

F.

Here - in a granary - that became our movie hall and S-2 + operations - the Italians had kept American prisoners. This was all part of a huge farm and our Squadron areas and field were across the road.



A

The "briefing" for a mission against Isoletta dam Jan 12<sup>th</sup> 44 - 001 ship lost.



B



C

On Jan. 8<sup>th</sup> "Jerry" fighters followed the boys back across the Adriatic and shot down a 447 ship at Manfredonia - 20 miles from here.

S-2 + S-3 Amendola.



D

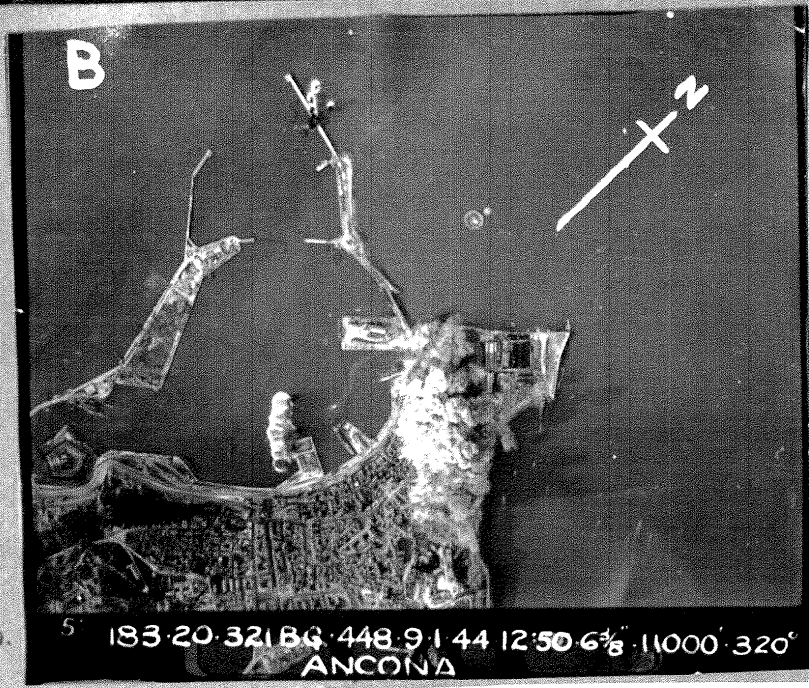
The two Britishers were receiving the Air-Grand Mason office.

Capt Self (British) [Sgt. Henry, Lt. Elliott [Mechican-Alaska - lost Jan 14], "Oesb" (P98 Sgt. Frank trees (my "top" Sgt.), Cpl. Bergeret [British], Sgt. Wirthman, Lt. Blahie. (Pamealug) Cpl. Pasqual, Cpl. Murphy, Sgt. Heroman.



04

The dockside at  
Ancona on the  
Adriatic used to  
get it regularly.



A. 5 133 20 321 BG 448.9 1 44 12:50 6 1/8 11000 320°  
ANCONA



B Flat.

Gen. Knapp - left - and  
Col. Olmsted just after  
the former took over  
Wing - and the latter  
the Group.



C Still flying with one of  
the vertical stabilizers  
shot off.

D



35  
While at Anacostota - the top brass  
reviewed the Group and gave out  
several medals.



"Hap" Arnold.

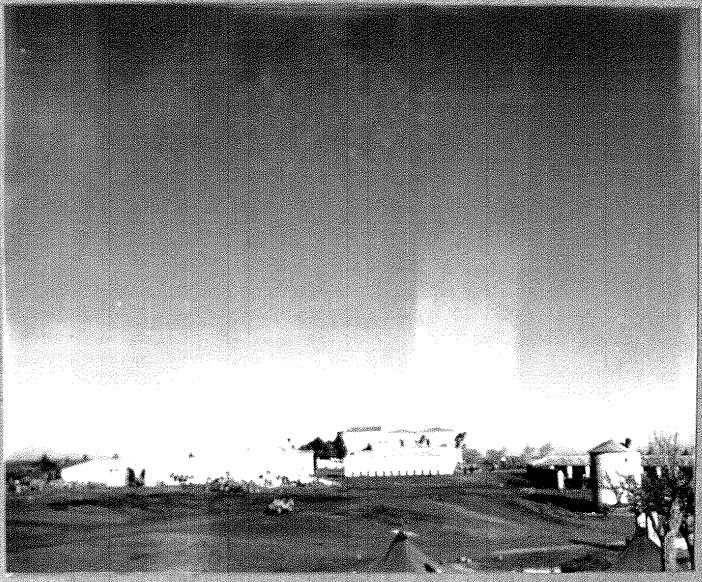


36  
About the middle of Jan. 44 we moved from Casermida - on the east side of Foggia - to the west side on Uiccuizzo Air-field, which we shared with the 82nd Fighter Group (P-38s). It was cold (c) bleak (A) and very windy - and the most disagreeable base we had. Our Grp Hdq's tent area (A) was on a ridge and we had all the wind that came. The base was on a farm (B) owned by an Italian who was supposedly fascist.



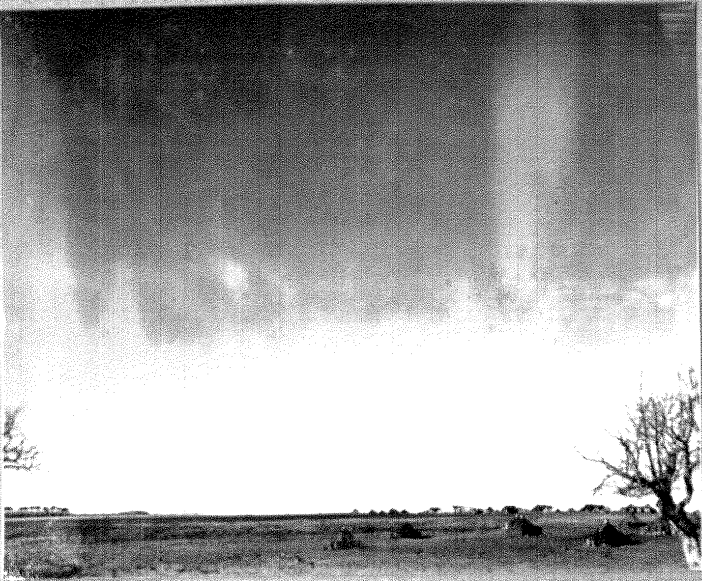
A

The main house, chapel and farm buildings at Uiccuizzo AFB.

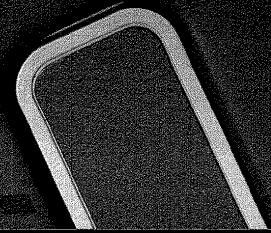


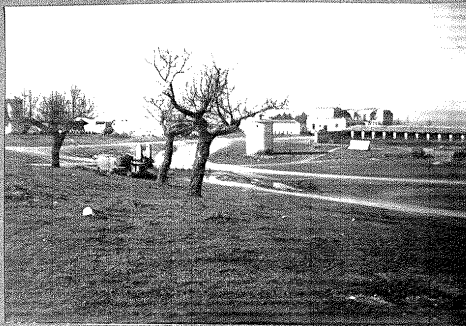
B

Snow in sunny Italy.

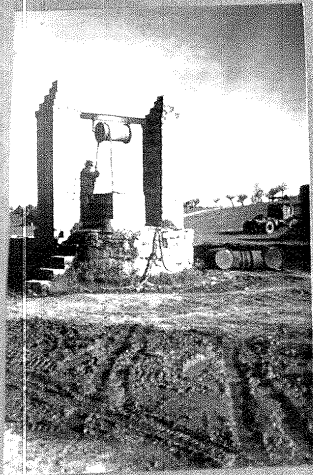
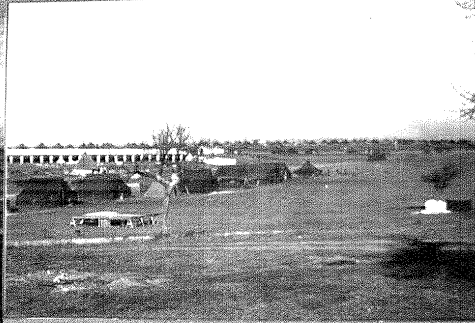


C





d.



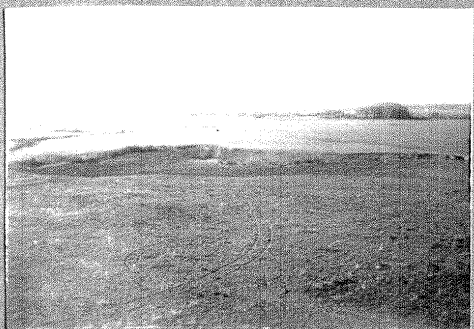
E.



Above - the Group area - S-2 tent third dark tent from left. We were going to use the long cattle stable but the fleas drove us out. A Squadron area in the right background. Some of the former tenants lived nearby and drew their water (E) from the well that can be seen just to left of the two trees in left foreground of (d.). As of the first of the month (Jan.) the Group had flown 180 missions - dropped 5000 tons of bombs - had 250 casualties - twelve killed - and many missing. While on this field we had several ships lost - on "hot" missions to Rome, Perugia, and on Jan. 22nd supported the landing at Anzio. Pressure was on



G.



H.

Casino which was still holding up the advance just north of us (pages 40+41) and on walks from camp (H) the rumble of guns could be heard. One day Olmsted, DeLo & I went bird shooting in the fringe of trees in the background (H) - in a barnow-storm - all we got was soaked. While here Joe E. Brown and Humphrey Bogart came (B+C pp 98) to entertain us - on the stage you see in the center of (d.). On Feb. 15<sup>th</sup> we bombed Casino - along with 4 groups of B-17's and 2 of B-25's - our boys were second over the target (pp 40). Three days later we left the east side of Italy for the warmer and sunnier Bay of Salerno and the airfield at Trestuoni built right at the site of the Brutal beachhead. I have no pictures of that base - where Hays lived in houses and had our offices in a huge tobacco warehouse. The second day there on one mission we lost nine ships. The Anzio situation was very serious and the boys were bombing only three miles beyond the "bomb line". Out of 84 ships over a target - two lost, one missive - and 17 hit.

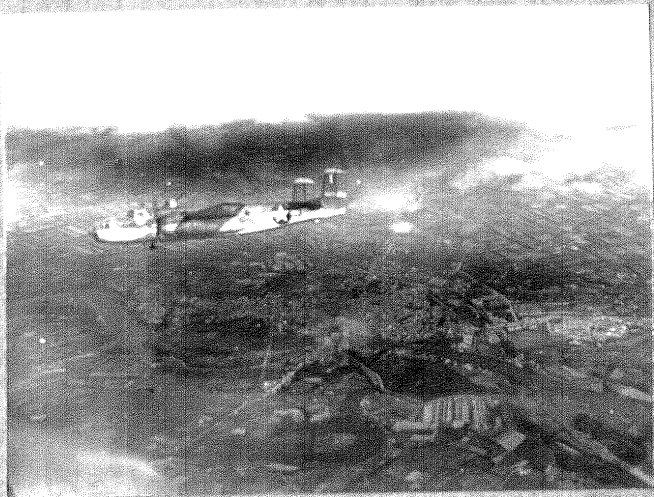
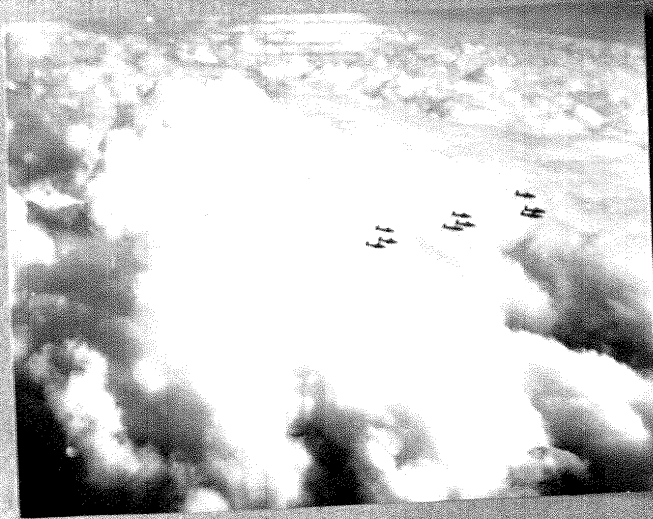
229° 31' 32" B.G. 445-659 (11.3.44 12:30)  
6 3/8" - 11000' - 150° - ORVIETO M/W

6



Orvieto was an important rail-road center and was often bombed. On the 11th of Mar '44 at 12:30 our boys "hit" - at the same moment some cars of ammunition were there. This picture and the one opposite are a birds-eye view of an explosion.

Above the clouds



sample of precision bombing. April 7 '44 - cutting communications  
Railroad bridge



229-B-321BG-447-694-(11-3-44-12:30)6"-11000'-150°  
ORVIETO M/Y



A fine example of precision bombing. April 7 '44 - cutting communications  
Attigliano Railroad bridge.

39



40

Casino - the key to the German line south of Rome. The road almost thru the center ran NW and was controlled by the heights topped by the Benedictine Monastery. A few houses of the town can be seen at bottom right edge of picture. This "target photo" was taken by the 3rd Photo Gp. - from 27,500 ft. - over six months before the famous bombing which destroyed the Monastery - but not the German hold on the town.



051

55-117 3PG JULY 31 1943 1015 F/24 27500



41  
We received our daily news like this - and this particular "tel-type" - on the day of the famous Casino Bombing - in which our boys were second over the target - gives a fine description of the Monastery and Gen. Eisenhower's views in regard to its destruction.

RIWANG SENT PLS THIS IS LEWA SWBD GA PLS  
LOOK PAL CAN U START OVER AGN PLS PAL KK  
SURE THING OM

The News and Courier, Fri., May 18, 1979 13-B  
Charleston, S.C.



(AP Laserphoto)

## Woman Carries Bundle Past Monte Cassino Abbey

# Pope Will Visit Abbey On Anniversary Of Bombing

MONTE CASSINO, Italy (AP) — Pope John Paul II on Friday will visit the 6th century hilltop Benedictine abbey here, 35 years to the day after the Allies ran the last German from the hill. But the monks are still angry about the controversial decision to bomb the abbey.

"It was a mistake," said Brother Agostino, speaking on the eve of a visit by the pope, who is coming on his 59th birthday to honor some 1,000

of his Polish brethren killed liberating Cassino and the abbey, perched high above.

In early 1944, the U.S. 5th Army under Gen. Mark Clark and other Allied units, fighting their way toward Rome, 75 miles to the northwest, were bogged down at Cassino and locked in house-to-house fighting.

Believing the the picturesque Monte Cassino Abbey was a Nazi stronghold and strategic lookout, the Allied command decided in February 1944 to bomb the monastery.

"There was no reason to destroy the abbey, either strategic or otherwise," said the monk, one of only a handful here who lived through the bitter fighting that left thousands of soldiers dead. The monks contended that the Germans were not actually inside the abbey.

Moving from Salerno, the Allied troops were stymied by the German series of fortifications known as the Gustav line, and Cassino was a key point in that line.

"They bombed us for five hours ...," said Brother Agostino, seated in a cloistered office. "On that day they hit us with 600 tons of bombs."

Brother Agostino and 11 other monks took shelter underground and survived, but an estimated 250 Italian civilians who had taken refuge in the monastery thinking it would be spared an attack were killed.

"... The peaceful refuge which was sheltering only the abbot with a few monks who had remained after the evacuation, and a few hundred civilians, were subjected to the notorious bombardment which destroyed it entirely," the abbey tells visitors in its guidebook.

The abbey was rebuilt and in 1964 Pope Paul VI consecrated it and lit lamps of brotherhood for the five military cemeteries in the area, a bitter reminder of the bloody, often-house-to-house fighting.

The pope will say a Mass at the Polish burial ground before coming to abbey, built in 529 by St. Benedict.

The pope will be joined at the cemetery by an estimated 5,000 Poles from Europe and North America, Polish primate Cardinal Stefan Wyszynski, who flew from Warsaw, and by Premier Giulio Andreotti and other Italian dignitaries.

A sign at the entrance of the Polish cemetery proclaims:

"Passers-by from Poland. They have fallen faithfully in your service."

PROMOTED IN ITALY

Promotion of Capt. Malcolm D. Haven to the rank of major was announced recently at Twelfth AAF headquarters in Italy. A staff officer with a veteran B-25 Mitchell group which has served through the Tunisian, Sicilian, and Italian campaigns, he has participated in a number of combat missions as an observer.

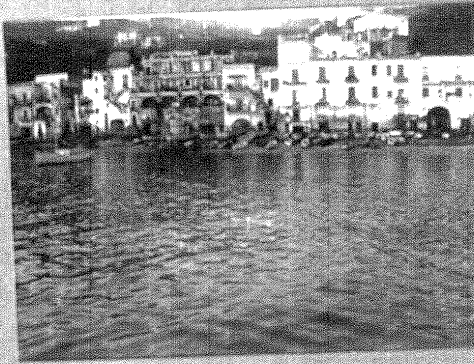
Major Haven was formerly associated with Hearst magazines in Chicago and was commissioned as a captain in the Army Air Forces in June, 1942.

In February, 1943, Major Haven flew in one of the Mitchell bombers across the Atlantic to North Africa for combat duty and his plane was a part of the largest mass flight of bombers ever to span that ocean without loss.

Major Haven's wife, Mrs. Malcolm D. Haven, resides at 549 Hill Terrace, Whitefish Bay, with their two children.



Major Haven



Waterfront of Capri - a backdrop for an opera.

A.

While at the base in Paestum - Salerno - I made major - and on March 44 was sent to rest-camp(?) on Capri. Although quite cold and some rain - the island lived up to its reputation - and it was utter luxury living at the Quisissona Hotel - good food and even music with dinner - and sheets on the beds.

The "piazza" - Capri.



B.

PX rations - with the "cruel" in the officers mess at Paestum lending atmosphere



101



Z 94 340 488 14-4-44 1103 360° 9.700 ft

Hitting an enemy air-field with "frag" bombs. Note the resettlements for planes at the ends of each dispersal area.

44  
March 22 '44.



Old Vesuvius blows its  
top and helps the scenery  
by knocking out about 70  
plates of the 340<sup>th</sup> Group.





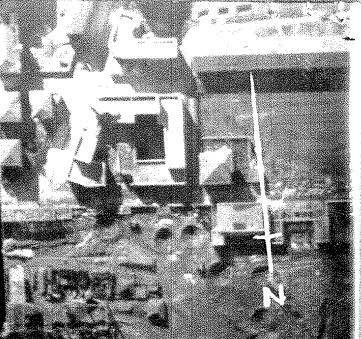
lava by day and night pouring down into  
 a little town on the mountain side.  
 Cinders - (mostly dust) fell in our camp - forty miles  
 to the south - and were ankle deep in Salerno  
 just to the north of us.







TERNI - an important marshalling  
 point for freight - was often bombed  
 NOTE results in photo at the  
 bottom.



1165 (320-443-25) (21-1-44) (1150) F40-Y-10000) 20° TERNI M/Y



A.

These people really did a side-worthy job in entertaining under difficult conditions. In A - Bob Hope - upper right - has a meal at our mess at Soliman in Tunisia. Joe E. Brown -> and Humphrey Bogart & 1st wife - came to us at Vercigo field in Reggio - (see pg. 37) - and day was it cold that day.



B



C

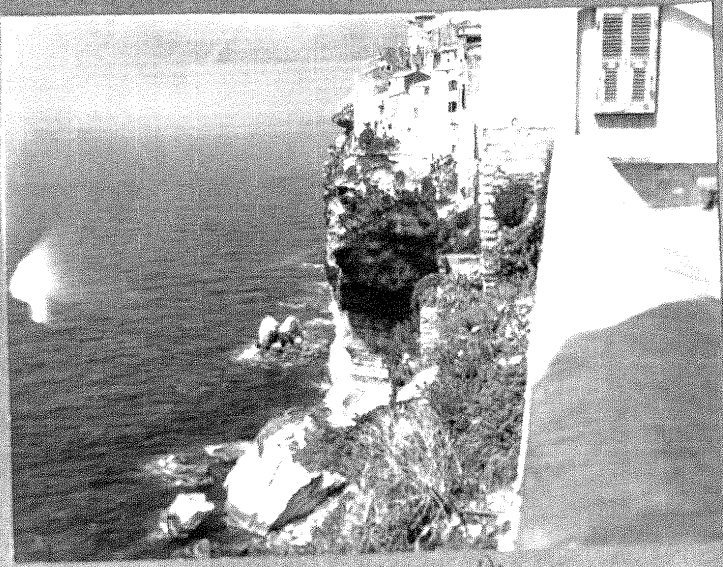


d





Oct Apr. 19<sup>th</sup> the first of our Group left for Corsica - and it looked as in this picture - when we  
 flew up the eastern coast. At first we ran missions from the 310<sup>th</sup>'s field at Striscianacia  
 as our field at Soleazzara was not ready. Our ground echelon didn't arrive for a week - and then  
 we moved down to our permanent camp - which became the best we'd had. Oct May 11<sup>th</sup>  
 Commenced the bitterest fighting in Italy and the break-through at Cassino - and the "Adolph Hitler"  
 line. Our missions consisted mainly of hitting rail road bridges first north of Rome - then north of  
 France - and later along the French coast - just 90 miles to the north - getting ready for the day (pg 68)  
 when Southern France would be invaded. Corsica was lovely - the mountains like Colorado and  
 we had our choice of swimming in cool fresh streams or on a beautiful beach in crystal-like  
 salt-water (pgs 58 & 59). We were lucky not to be boobyed - like the 340<sup>th</sup> north of us -  
 who took quite a beating - with 14 killed & 80 wounded. Delo (pgs 2 & 10) left in May -  
 and Frank Temberton - now Lt. at Wing - and I used to take time off to go swimming. The  
 bombing efficiency of the Group - under "Red Smith" went steadily up until (see pg 68) it was  
 leading all medium Groups in this theater.



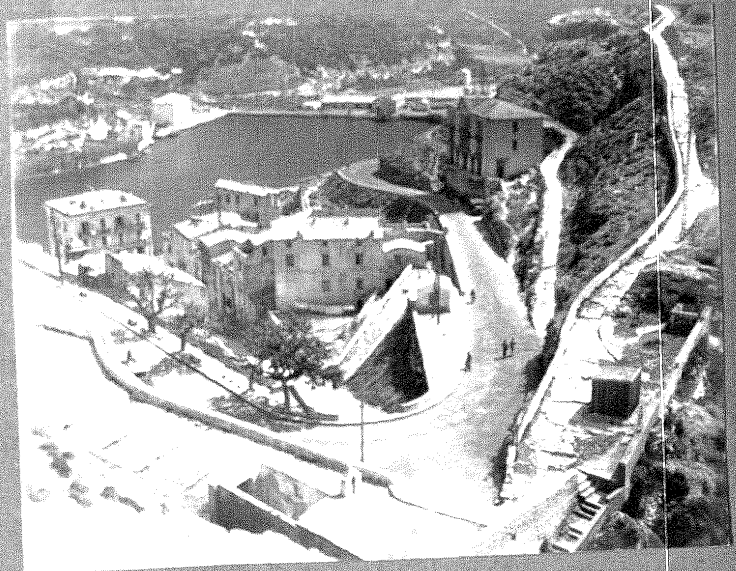
The most southern end of the island



Here is a rough map of Corsica - showing about where Solezzara is - always



A street in Ajaccio



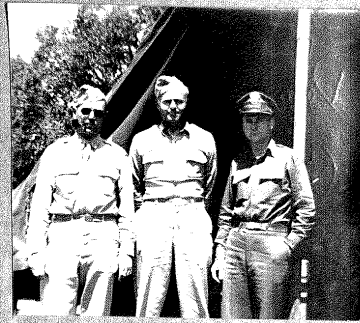
All of these pictures - except the one above are of Bonifacio - at the southern end. They give you a good idea of how rugged and hilly the island is. The large picture opposite is of the basin or harbor



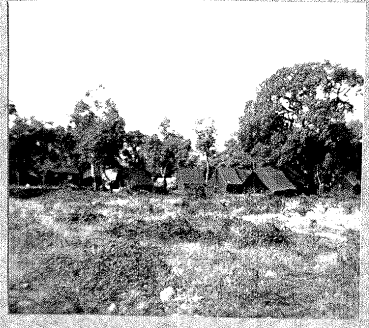
MAC's  
office.  
(See F-32)



Jeff Ryan - Bob Macky  
Serge Cleprash - "Jobey" Henry



Delo (Vincent) - Nicky (Jim Clifton son)



Group Headquarters Area at Solenzara.



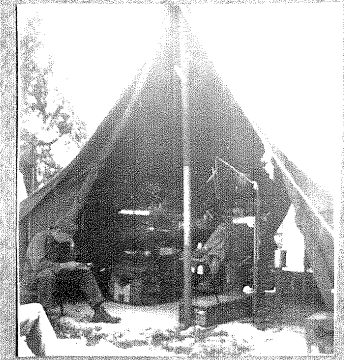
My tent - center background.



Operations & S-2 Bldg.



Delo & I  
[Bethesda '69]



"Mac's" office.  
(See "F-3")



Thanks to Col. Smith - third from left in photo - our Group had the best plot and site area on Georgia. A - is our Headquarters "club" - with its interior. Celebration at our opening - with Col. Smith - [Name] and Newman. The large tree is a cork oak.

A

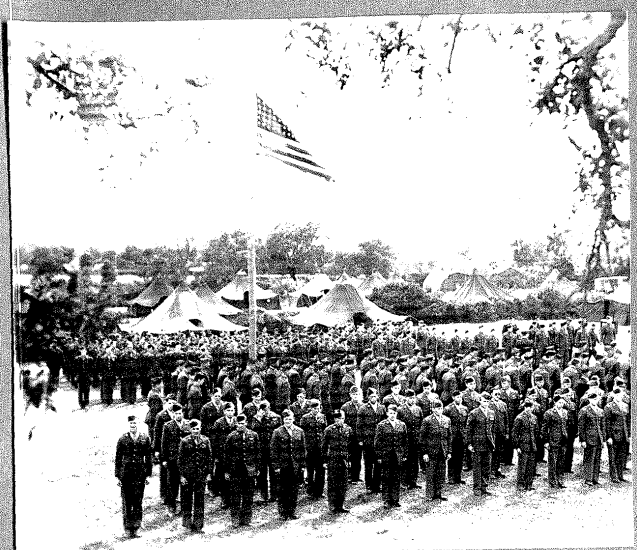


B

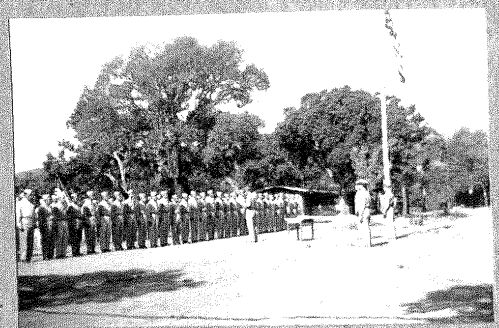
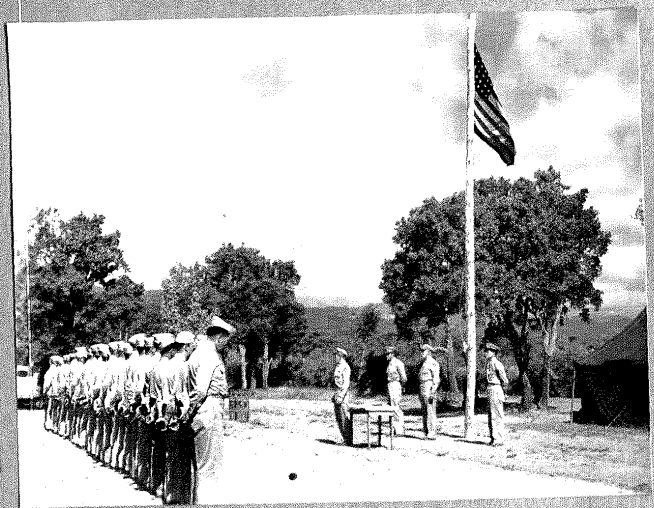


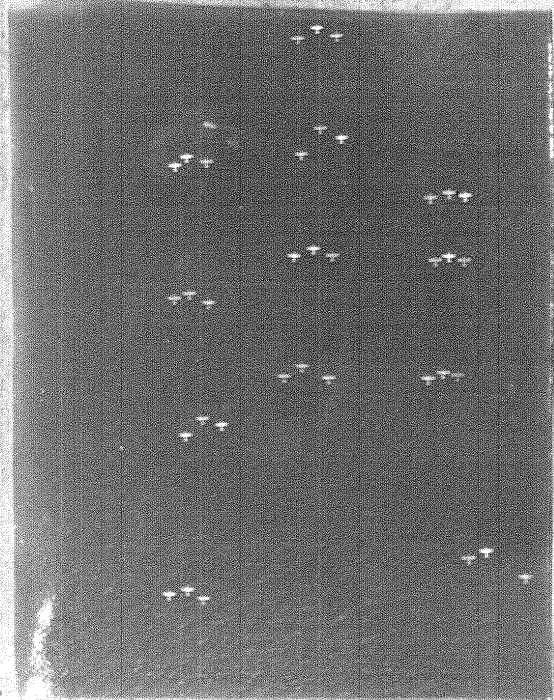
C

Seleozara



These pictures are of formations for giving out decorations. "C" + "D" were on July 4<sup>th</sup> 44. Picture "A" gives you a good idea of a Squadron Area.



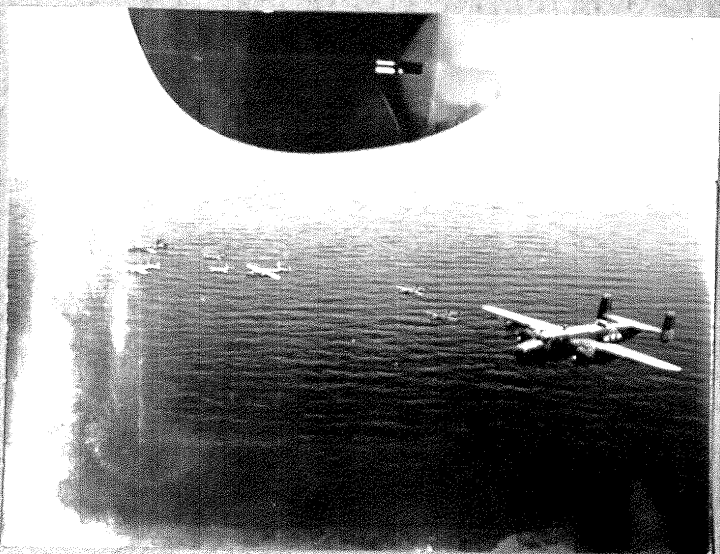


A.

A Mexican Gen. reviewed the 32nd  
over Corsica. (A & B.)



B.



These two pictures are remarkable since  
they are of the 446th Squad. raiding  
Corsica. from South El Arba in June 43

A1379

321

A1379  
TO 321 GP- 310 GP.- 340 GP RPT TO 350 GP  
FROM 57 WING 220730B

BT  
22/4 REPRESENTATIVE OF VATICAN STATES THAT EARLY ON SATURDAY  
22 APRIL A COLUMN OF VATICAN MOTOR VEHICLES BEARING EMBLEMS AND  
COLOURS OF VATICAN CITY STATE WILL LEAVE FOR FLORENCE VIA CASSIA  
~~RPT~~ CASSIO. THEY WILL TRAVEL BY VITERBO, ORVIETO, CHIUSI, LUNGA,  
ARREZZO AND SAN GIOVANNI VALARNO. LORRIES WILL RETURN BY SAME  
ROUTE ON MONDAY APRIL 24 AND TUESDAY APRIL 25. THE VATICAN COLOURS  
ARE OF WHITE AND YELLOW. THIS INFORMATION WILL BE DISSEMINATED  
TO CREWS AT ONCE. EVERY EFFORT WILL BE MADE TO RESPECT VATICAN.

KNAPP

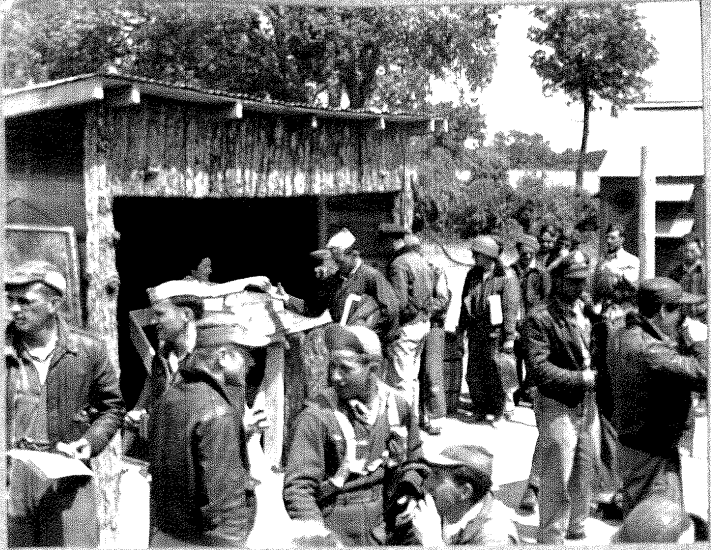
BT 220730B

We later learned the Jerries used to "sandwich" in their  
Germans troops trucks in these convoys.



leaving a briefing in a  
mission.





The Colonel saw to it that the boys had a comfortable place for interrogation and food (Griswold) a place to hand out her coffee, lemonade and doughnuts. In 'G' they have just come in from the planes and are getting their refreshments

Usually the crews come in together and in "C" below and "A" message. you see them - as crews being questioned by S-2 officers. Each report was then examined - and a complete summary made which was sent to Wing Hdqrs. Every possible detail of the mission was sought out: ships at sea, vehicles on roads, enemy aircraft, where bombs dropped, and if one of the planes came down - its location, number of parachutes seen. As soon found opinions were usually unreliable - whereas the condensations of opinion of all was unusually accurate - although not always.





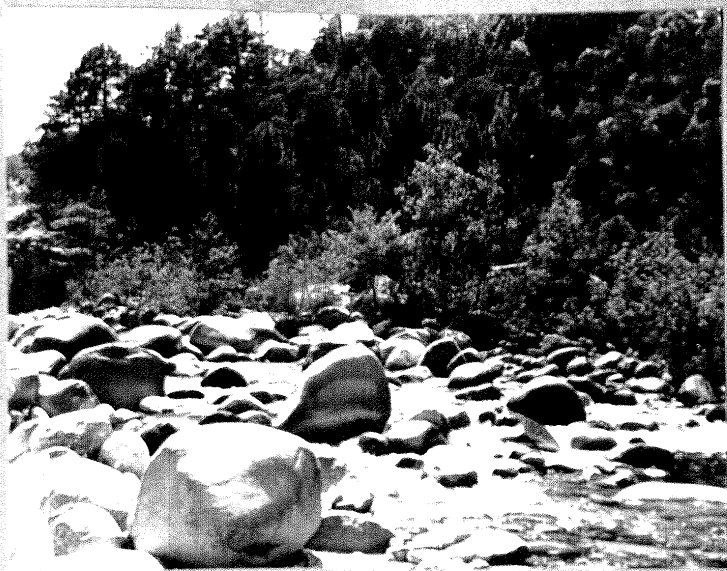
Interrogation - with S-2 Briefing  
Hut in background.

Col Smith - center → talks over the mission with  
Cameron - Op. Officer. He hurt his leg and  
was not in best of spirits when he posted  
the sign on his house trailer.



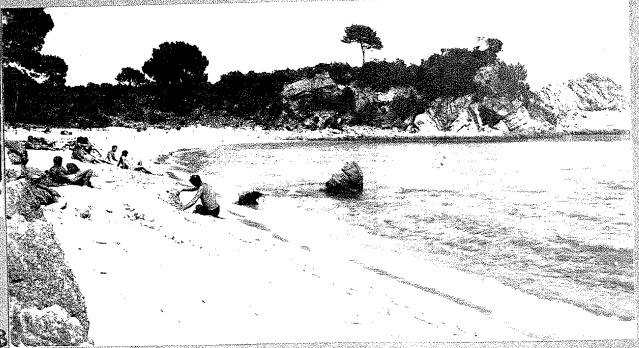
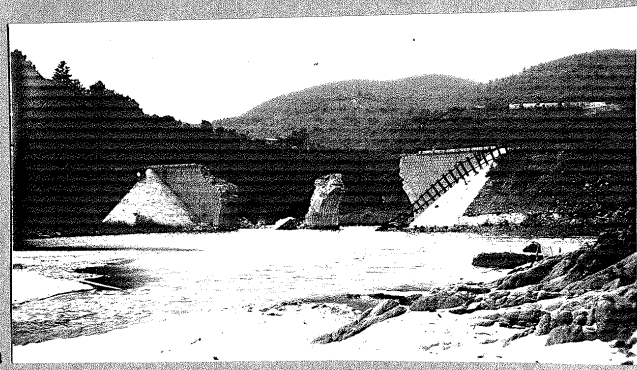
For reasons best known  
to my Sost and me, I am in no  
mood to discuss any matters  
pertaining to operations  
or administration of this  
group. Keep the hell away  
with your ~~entire~~ <sup>entire</sup> ~~bit~~ <sup>bit</sup>  
If you must contact me use  
the telephone. That is what  
I damn nothing for. This  
is a dwelling in an  
atoll. Only if this god-  
damned island starts sinking  
into the sea and to be disturbed  
and then only long enough to  
watch ~~the~~ bastards disappear  
beneath the waves. ~~R.S.~~





Here is where we used to go up in the mountains swimming. The water was like crystal - and the pine trees remind us of Colorado-on-Clare. The picture at the bottom is of a saw-mill that supplied us with lumber for our cross-halls. Below you see a Corsican smoking logs out with a cule





About fifteen miles south of us there was a lovely cove with a secluded (B) beach and a clear (A) freshwater stream where we'd go whenever we had a "stand-down". The Jerries had blown the r.r. bridge (A) - but since there were no trains - it made little difference. "Percy" (1960 A) - used to come down from Wing - pick us up - and we'd spend most of the day here.

Our English "Cousins"



"Bud" Abbott - Capt. Graves - Don Surry  
A.L.O. officers - assigned to  
U.S.A.A.F. - and who we all  
liked very much.



A. Gen Knapp - and Frank Robertson  
- the Gen. was our first C.O.

Whenever a squadron finished building its officers club - there was a party. As one of the boys at headqt's said - "I wish these squadron parties would end so we could get on with this war"



B. Don Cassidy - who later became C.O. of 321st.



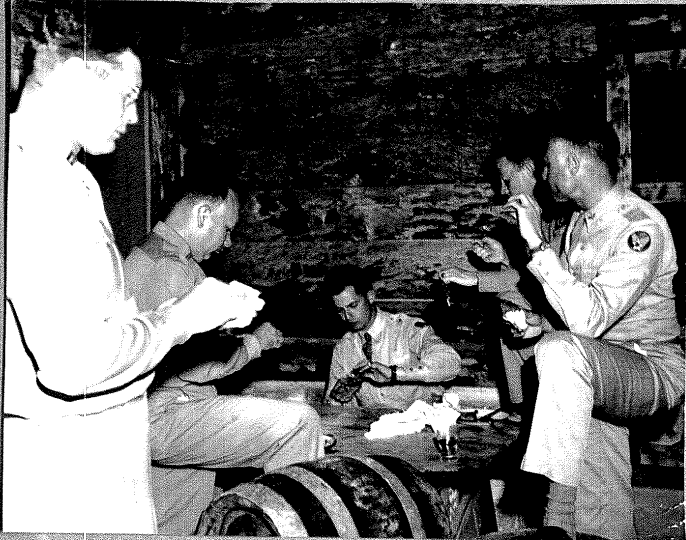
C. Ulick (USA) Knapp. Dick Gate Sgt. Tobrey



D. Don Garry



Quite a sandwich



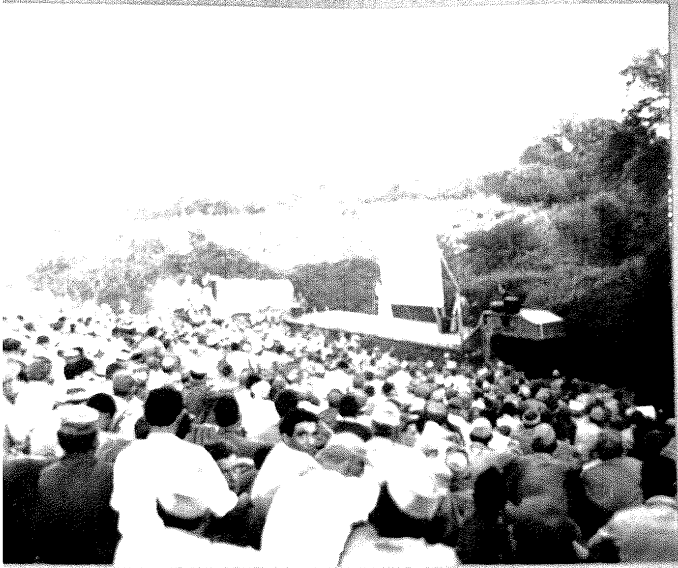
Sandwiches & beer  
Bob Clancy - Jobby - Al Hoffman  
Creep & ME

We had several good bands -  
many of the boys being "pros"

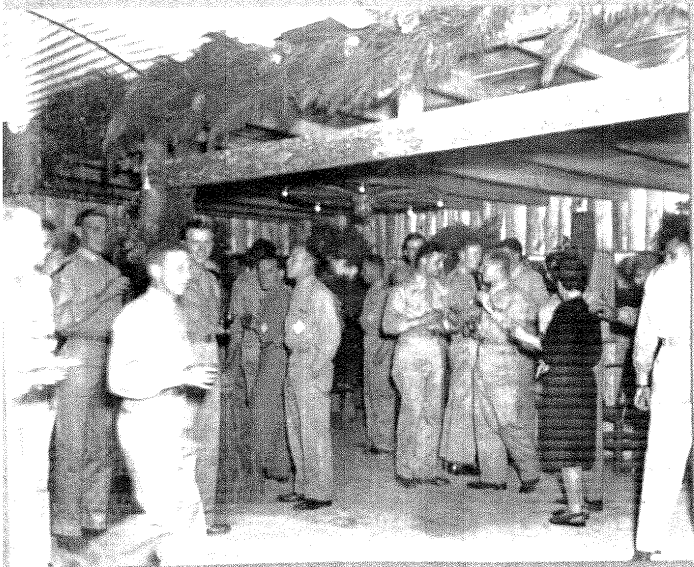


Complete - even to crimals.

Our "auditorium" - was on a hillside -  
- here a U.S.O. show is on - and here is  
where we had our movies.



Jeff Lynn - the movie actor - became one of  
my assistants.





Headquarters - area.



Hdq's officer's mess & cor. of S-2 office.



In a little Corsican village in the mountains up behind our camp.





66A



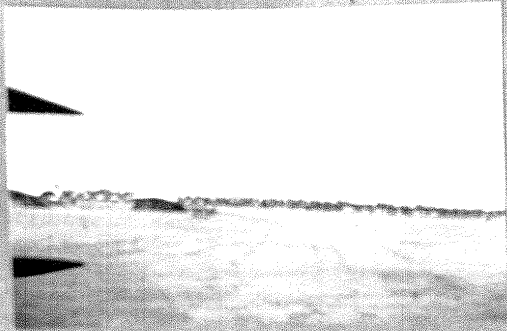
A coastal road south of Solanara - Corsica



From here one can see both coasts of the island

66

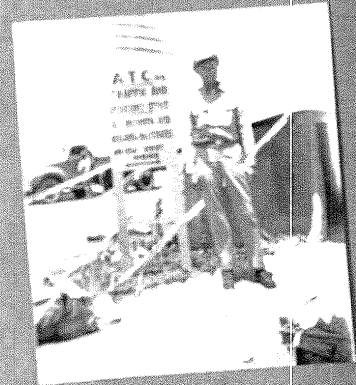
Alexandria - Air-field



Tel. Aviv - Air-field



On July 10<sup>th</sup> 44. I went on leave with some boys of the 442<sup>nd</sup> to Cairo - Alexandria - Tel. Aviv. We left Cairo about 5 am - flew to Tunis, then Benghazi - and landed at Paine Field Cairo about 6:00 hrs. Flying down the coast we saw many signs of the fighting across the desert - when Rommel made his retreat to Tunisia.



Jerusalem from Mt. Olives



Prob street in Jerusalem

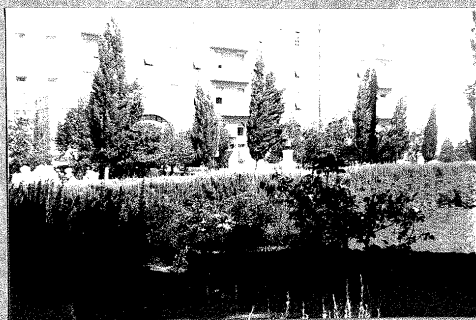




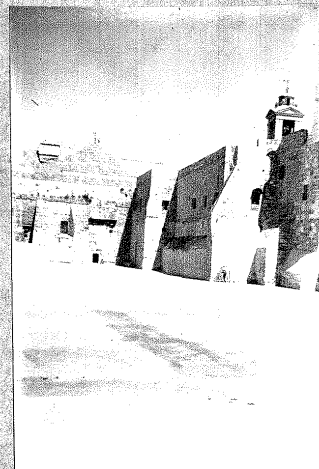
In Alexandria.



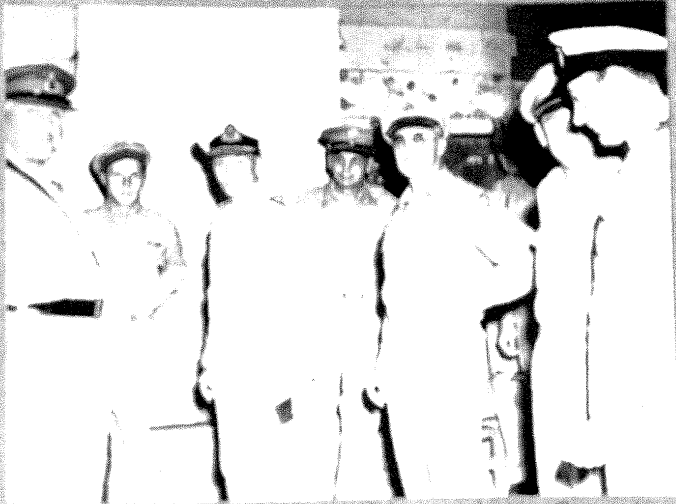
Pool at the Cleopatra House where I stayed near Cairo. The Pyramids are right here on the edge of the desert.



King David Hotel - Jerusalem



Church of the Nativity Bethlehem.



668

Aug. 24. Sir Henry Hapland ("Junco") Wilson - G. Smith.  
 Admiral Sir John Cunningham - Gen. Tinoco

Visited our briefing room and inspected our preparations for our part in the coming invasion of Southern France. Gen. Wilson was in charge of all military activity and Adm. Cunningham of all naval operations in the Med. Terranean Theater. For several weeks our boys had been harassing on coastal defenses - road rail bridges along the Riviera. On the evening of the 15<sup>th</sup> at 6:00 the air-attack began. Our first of 70 planes took off at dawn - about 0130 - and it took over 3/4 of an hour for our planes to form up and go over. Unfortunately the weather over the French coast was not too good and many of our missions could not pick up their targets. But at 0800 when the ground forces went ashore S. of Cannes there was very little resistance.

Staff 4<sup>th</sup> Prt  
 1944 Dec.

## BOMB GROUP HITS RECORD OF 93.5 P. C.

World's Highest Mark  
 in Smashing  
 Targets

ROME, Nov. 28 (Delayed) (AP) — A group of eager young men whose leader had convinced them that bombing "is just like football—you have to practice all week to play on Saturday"—chalked up an unprecedented record of 93.5 per cent accuracy in placing their missiles on German targets in October. Now it is shooting to better that mark.

### WORLD RECORD

The sharpshooters comprise the veteran 22nd bomb group of the United States 12th Air Force, flying B-26 Mitchell medium bombers, and they're commanded by 35-year-old Colonel Richard H. Smith of Nashville, Tenn. Smith's crew believe that 93.5 per cent figure probably establishes them as the most accurate precision bombing group in the world, so far their claim is unchallenged.

The report said: "A 90 per cent bombing accuracy record is something which was hardly thought possible six or seven months ago. The outstanding group in the theatre during February, March and April was bombing in the 80s. This accuracy then was considered so remarkable that the group received a Presidential citation for it.

It remained for Captain Melvin A. Anderson of Seattle, Wash., a former reporter for the Seattle Times and now group bombardier, to tell the group's success secret:

### Has Men All Steamed Up

"We've just got to hand it to the old man," he said, "Colonel Smith gets the guys all steamed up. Our main job for months has been on German bridges and the Germans are not dumb. They know that when we miss a bridge the first time, we probably will keep coming back until we bust it.

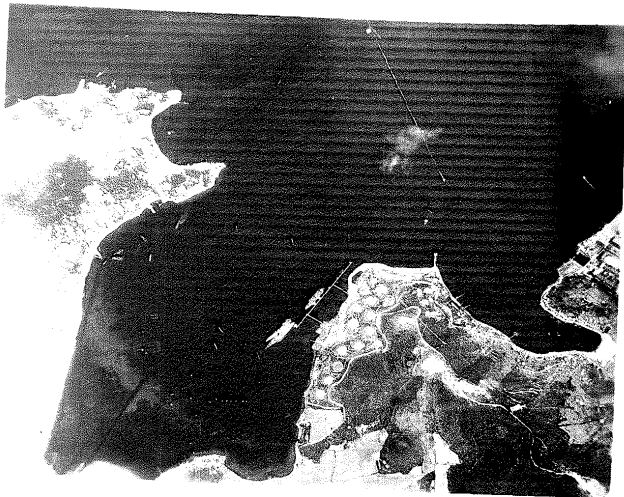
That's been the colonel's best training plea. The guys have convinced themselves through him that they must practise so they won't have to keep going back to the same target."

Bombing accuracy is calculated on the basis of an imaginary circle with a 600-foot radius. Its centre is the heart of the objective. An airforce announcement explains: "When bombers of a large formation all place their loads within this area the score is 100."

Although Anderson placed unceasing practice first among the factors contributing to the 22nd record, he cited others:

### Competitive Rivalry

"You know it sounds like college 'rah-rah', but competition really works with these kids. The colonel builds up that idea, too. It gets so hot they



### Mitchell Group's Feat In Kaying Ship Cited

MAAF HEADQUARTERS, Aug. 28—The B-25 Mitchell group which knocked out an enemy battleship, a cruiser and a submarine in Toulon Harbor August 18 has been commended by RAF Air Commodore E. C. Hudleston, senior air staff officer of the Tactical Air Force, it was announced today.

The attack, which gutted and completely disabled the battleship Strasbourg, destroyed a cruiser and sank a submarine, was carried out in the face of intense flak without loss of a single plane.

Commodore Hudleston sent the following message to Col. Richard H. Smith, commander of the group: "My very highest congratulations to your unit for its magnificent attack against the warships in Toulon Harbor."

The group has flown more than 500 combat missions in its 18 months of fighting in the Mediterranean.

On Aug. 18<sup>th</sup> word came that a former French battleship, cruiser and sub. in Toulon Harbour were being used by the Jerries against our ground forces and as coast defense. Our Group was ordered to attack and sent a 36 plane formation on the mission. The flak was "heavy, intense & accurate" and 27 planes were hit with 11 crew wounded. A photo-recce plane three hours later sent back the report:

"Sub sunk, cruiser's deck awash, battleship listing and on fire".



Jess, Essie, Tim, Hal



Home Again!

Feeling - that the European "show" was about over [which it wasn't] - I put in for Reassignment or separation around the 1<sup>st</sup> of Sept. 44. My papers came through, and about the 15<sup>th</sup> of Sept. I sailed from Naples - arriving in New York on Sept 27<sup>th</sup> - where we went to Camp Shanks. From there I reported to Fort Sheridan, Ill. - just a few miles from home - and on Jan 1<sup>st</sup> 45 became a civilian.



Major Haven

**GETS BRONZE STAR MEDAL**

Major Malcom D. Haven, 549 Hill terrace, Winnetka, while home on leave from eighteen months of service with the Army Air forces in Africa, Italy and Corsica, has had word that he has been awarded the Bronze Star Medal. Previously he had received various unit citations. The new award is for "meritorious service in direct support of combat operations in the Mediterranean theatre of operations while acting as group intelligence officer of a medium bombardment group."

A log of the trip from the States to the combat zone  
in North Africa. Prepared for the 448th Bombardment Squadron (M), by:

E. W. Sinclair,  
1st., Lieut.  
Pilot.

2-12-43. . . . Friday.

We left De Ridder, La. by squadrons, ours at 12:45 o'clock. We had clear weather to Florida, hitting cumulus at 1900 feet. Visibility about 8 miles. It took a long time to enter the traffic pattern at Morrison. Time logged: Six hours. Morrison Field was very crowded, but ready for us. We were quartered at various hotels in West Palm Beach.

Minor repairs were made on each ship, equipment was checked, physicals were taken and our per-diem money was drawn the next day, Saturday the 13th of February.

2-14-43. . . . Sunday.

We spent the day in drawing emergency equipment, spare parts, missing personal articles, etc. It was announced today that we would take off for Borenguen Field, Porto Rico, the next morning. The entire Group was checked out of Morrison Field in two days and we were to leave the following Monday morning.

2-15-43. . . . Monday.

We got up this morning at 4:30 AM local time in order to get an early take-off for Borenguen Field. We arrived at the PX at Morrison Field and it opened especially for our Group. We then reported to the project room for our clearances, weather report, data on procedures of entering various fields along the route, aids to navigation, auxiliary fields etc, and all information concerning the route. Breakfast and obtaining our clearances were the greatest bottlenecks of the morning, however we weren't more than 30 minutes, after take-off time. QAVU weather over the land and we hit broken cumulus overwater at 1200 feet, tops approximately 6000 feet, with a cirrus and cirrostratus overhead, visibility approximately 8 miles.

We passed over a warm front and through a cold front on the first leg of our route. We got over the first front at about 7500 feet. We got over the first front and broke the formation when we hit the cold front and tried to climb over it. A few got over it at approximately 12,000 to 13,000 feet, some went thru on instruments and a few went down under it. We broke out of it about an hour out of Borenguen Field. The formation was not completely reassembled before the landing. Two ships landed ahead of the rest of the formation. Minor repairs were made on the ships tonight. Lieut., Ford is having a little trouble with one of his props. Other repairs were on motor instruments, 522 and radio compass.

Lt., Hess remained at Morrison Field because of an engine change--will follow later. Major, Olmstead followed later today, bringing up the rear.

2-16-43. . . . Tuesday.

Another early morning take-off. Two of the squadrons (445th and 446th) are proceeding to Atkinson Field, Georgetown, British Guiana. The 447th and 448th are going to Waller Field, Trinidad. All squadrons were called off the ground by 0900 o'clock local time. Visibility was unlimited. Ceiling of scattered to broken cumulus at approximately 2000 feet. In general this leg of the trip was fairly uneventful. We arrived at Waller Field at approximately 1430 o'clock.

We found the quarters and mess situation very good. This evening some of the officers went to the Port of Spain, a town approximately 30 miles from Waller Field, others took a walk up a road through the jungle, while others just monkeyed around the officers' grill and the post theater.

One ship made a single engine landing at Borenguen Field. He found that the load he had on the ship he could not hold his altitude. In order to get to the field he had to start his bad engine occasionally and gain altitude. His trouble was low oil pressure.



2-17-43. . . . Wednesday.

A day of rest. Nearly everyone slept fairly late and just milled around the post. Everyone was briefed at 1700 about the trip to Belem, Brazil. During an earlier squadron meeting we talked over time of departure, etc., throttle settings and gas consumption. Most of the pilots used 1650RPM and 28" of Hg. Some used 1850 and 29" Hg. Those that used the higher setting were at the tail end of the formation. Lowest gas consumption reported by Lt., Ford was about 85-90 gals per hour. The average consumption was around 100 to 110 gals per hour, cruising at 1650 RPM and 28" Hg indicating 170 MPH. Plans for the morning are take-off at 0600--out of bed at 0530--another early morning take-off. We are trying to make Belem before 1300 or 1400 to beat the local thunderstorms there, these storms last only a couple of hours; each storm passing down the Amazon River past Belem in 30 minutes or so. Everyone hit the hay pretty early tonight.

2-18-43. . . . Thursday.

We arose at 0330 this morning in order to get off the ground by 0600. Both squadrons were off the ground by 0630. The stationary front near Belem was pretty active so we cleared for Zandrey Field at Surinam, Dutch Guiana. Enroute we hit a few cumulus at 1500 to 2,000 feet., visibility about 10--12 miles. Lt., Urquhart's ship threw quite a bit of oil on the way down--gasket on a rocker box was torn. Both ships were repaired this evening at Zandrey Field. Zandrey Field was not prepared for us and some of the crews had to sleep on the ships.

The plans for the next day are for another 0600 take-off for Belem, hoping to get through the stationary front.

Throttle settings today in general were around 28" and 1750 RPM., indicating around 170 - 175 MPH. Average gas consumption was around 100 to 115 gals per hour.

2-19-43. . . . Friday.

Got up at 0330 o'clock, local time, to make another early morning take-off. All planes were off the ground by 0645 o'clock. We beat the usual ground fog that encloses the field nearly every morning about 0700 o'clock. We are going to try to get under this stationary front at approximately 500 feet. Visibility is poor due to haze, ceiling about 1300 feet with scattered, towering cumulus and altostratus, some sand at 1000 feet to 1200 feet. Passed Devil's Island around 0840 o'clock, Surinam time.

Passed through the inter-tropical front without any trouble. Part of the formation broke up and met over the field at Belem. We were assigned quarters which were pretty nice. We were briefed at 1930 o'clock, local time, for the trip to Natal--about a six hour hop. Plans are to get up at 0430 o'clock for a 0630 take-off behind ten B-24's and five P-38's. The whole group will probably make the rest of the trip enmasse.

2-20-43. . . . Saturday.

We got up at the scheduled 0430 o'clock, and after breakfast we met at operations at 0530 for last minute weather reports, syko cards, etc. The B-24's got off the ground by 0700 o'clock. The P-38's were not ready so we took off next. Our squadron was the first to take off. We were off the ground around 0745. By that time the P-38's were ready so they took off next, then the rest of the group took off.

We hit low ceilings of cumulus, then ground fog. The ceiling is now rising to about 12 or 1500 feet. The air is quite rough today. Visibility is ten to twelve miles.

Colonel Olmsted, is leading our squadron today, with Lts., Gulp and Moore on his wings. Lt., Veum's flight is next, then Lt., Isaacson's and Captain Heinlens's with Urquhart bringing up the rear. Lt., Urquhart is complaining of using too much gas--doesn't think he can make Ascension Island.

We arrived in Natal all OK. Time in the air was 6 hours and 30 minutes.

2-21-43. . . . Sunday.

We spent the day on minor repairs to various ships. A plug change for my ship, ignition harness was replaced on Hartzog's ship. Lt., Urquhart found out that his engineer had the mixture set wrong (tookish) as his gas consumption should be OK.

We had a briefing at 1730 o'clock, local time. We will take off early in the morning after the B-24's, for Ascension Island. It is 1448 Statute Miles - everyone seems to feel certain that he can make it with his present load OK. We will probably be in the air 8 to 10 hours. We have unloaded our ammunition and are going unarmed.

2-22-43. . . . Monday.

Took off at 0935 GCT. The 447th took off first, then the 448th. The other two squadrons were not quite ready. We had a head wind of approximately 15 to 28 knots and ranging from 80 to 120 degrees.

We hit showers and low overcast immediately after take-off. This cleared up to a ceiling of scattered fracto stratacumulus at 2200 feet. The visibility is unlimited. We flew entrail, just in sight of the plane ahead and gave OK signs over the VHF every half an hour. Personally, I never saw the plane ahead of me after take-off.

The whole group landed at Wideawake Field, Ascension Island, all OK. Time in the air: 9 hours and 30 minutes. No one had any trouble with gas consumption - some had 4.5 hours fuel left. Most of them averaged around 200 to 300 gallons. The weather was practically OAVU a few hours out of Natal. There was no trouble with navigation. Most of the pilots homed in on Ascension Beam. There was no maintenance work done on the planes.

There was not enough quarters for all the men in the group. Many slept on the planes. We did not see any surface vessels or submarines all along the trip. Submarines have been reported along that leg of the route.

2-23-43. . . . Tuesday.

We got up at 0600 GCT, ate, then we were briefed for the trip to Roberts Field, Marshall, Liberia, on the western coast of Africa. We got off the ground by 0930 GCT. The B-24's took off ahead of us.

The weather was clear, ceiling at 1800 feet of scattered fracto stratacumulus. The visibility was unlimited. We are going in formation today. The trip is 1017 Statute miles. We have to pass through the inter-tropical front again and will probably find the visibility cut down to five to eight miles by haze blown in from the desert.

We passed through the front OK. Time in the air: six hours. Roberts Field had quarters for everyone. They were very slow gassing up and it took most of the night and nearly all the next morning to gas all the ships in the group.

2-24-43. . . . Wednesday.

Spent most of the morning doing nothing. We were called at 3AM by mistake and finally made it by 6 AM. Our squadron finally got off the ground about 1130 GCT. Had a ceiling of about 300 feet for the first 45 minutes, then it cleared up. Haze cut the visibility down to about one and one half miles. We are flying this leg to Dakar around 300 feet as we have the last two legs of this trip.

We arrived OK at Dakar, French West Africa, and found that the runways were made of steel mesh. Had a meeting tonight and found out that we were going on to Marrakech in French Morocco. We plan to take off about 0700 GCT.

2-25-43. . . . Thursday.

We finally got off the ground by 0836 GMT. Climbed to 8500 feet and headed for Marrakech. We had haze up to this altitude. The visibility was very poor below us. Lt., Veum, broke his air scoop yesterday but had it fixed last night and it is now OK. Many ships need 25 and 50 hours inspections badly, some have instruments out along with numerous other things.

We arrived in Marrakech OK. Spent practically 5 hours over the Sahara Desert. Crossed the Atlas mountains just before reaching Marrakech.

2-26-43. . . to 3-2-43.

We spent this time in Marrakech, French Morocco. Quarters were hard to obtain. Some of the boys had to sleep on the planes. Most of us stayed in town at the hotels. Hotel La Mamounia was taken over by the army and used for an Officer's Club. We spent most of our time sightseeing and getting our ships in flying condition.

On March 1st, two squadrons tried to make it for Oujda, a field about 400 miles northeast of Marrakech. They had to turn back because of bad weather in a pass through the mountains. Upon landing one plane broke its nose wheel and put the ship out of commission. The 445th and Colonel Knapp, finally got through the pass that afternoon. The next morning, the 446th, 447th and 448th got off and made it OK to Oujda, French Morocco. When we arrived we unloaded our planes and found our quarters were very poor. We had to sleep on the floor of a couple of large barracks. We joined with other squadrons there at the field for our meal. They were very cooperative.

3-3-43. . . 3-12-43.

We have started to strip our planes of this and that. Started with the anti-icer tubing and tanks for the props and windshield. Also the outlets etc, for the oxygen system. We took the navigation equipment and racks out of the navigator's compartment. Most of us got paid while there. There are A-20's based here doing patrol on the Mediterranean Sea.

A group of B-26's came in from the front and we got some pointers from them. They were pretty well shot up. Bradzog, Isaacson, Veum and Captain Haven, went to the front to the 310th base to catch on to a few things. Things look pretty rosy for us. However, I'm expecting a little trouble because of cockyness.

Our ground echelon got in from Oran on the 7th or 8th of March and we ate our meals with them. They had a good trip with no casualties. On March 11th we were told to pack up to fly to the front and to our permanent base by the 12th of March. We took off about noon and headed for our new field at Ain M'lila, Algeria, which is about 100 miles from the front. We found the new field to be not far from the 310th and situated in a valley in the Atlas Mountains.

We spent the rest of today pitching tents, etc, unloading our planes doing routine work and trying to get settled down.

#### BRIEF SUMMARY.

We made this trip, from the States, in eleven legs, namely: Morrison Field, Palm Beach, Florida to Broenquen Field in Puerto Rico; Broenquen Field to Waller Field, Trinidad; Waller Field to Zandrey Field, in Surinam, Dutch Guiana; Zandrey Field, to Belem, Brazil; Belem Field Brazil to Natal Field, Brazil; Natal Field to Wideawake Field, Ascension Island; Wideawake Field to Roberts Field, Marshall, Liberia; Roberts Field to Dakar, French West Africa; Dakar to Marrakech, French Morocco; Marrakech to Oujda; and Oujda to our present field. We lost one plane and no crews. We left the States February 15th, 1943, and went on our first combat mission one month later, to wit March 15, 1943.

\* \* \* FINIS \* \* \*

