

War Diary of the 489th Bomb Squadron

April 1944

Prepared by Sgt. Walter F. Greve, Jr.

I. Losses in Action

(a) Seriously wounded

1. Capt. J. J. Corcoran, co-pilot

(a) Seriously wounded

1. S/Sgt. Kellerseski, radio operator

April 1, 1944

The first day of another month has come and gone. Time follows its inexorable course and life here in the overseas service continues as usual in the same monotonous manner.

2nd

The target for today was the same one that we had yesterday; namely, a R.R. bridge a few miles outside of Orvieto, Italy. Because of intervalometer malfunction, we completely missed the target. For the past five or six missions we have been using the highly secret Norden Sight, a precision instrument made famous by the "heavies" in raids over Germany and Occupied Europe. Practically all of our bombing recently has been strategic rather than tactical. Thus the Norden Sight is the logical one to use.

3rd

Again our target was the R.R. bridge just outside of Orvieto. And again we missed it. This time Weather was the contributing factor.

4th

The Perugia Airdrome was slated for a heavy bombing by this Group. We reached the target area but were unable to drop any bombs because of complete cloud coverage.

5th

Six of our crews were briefed to bomb the airdrome located at Perugia but weather prevented any combat flying. However, there was another low-level training flight. Three crews have volunteered to train for low-level bombing which is highly dangerous.

6th

We sent off nine planes this afternoon to strike at the Perugia Airdrome. As I make this notation the planes are peeling off and are coming in. Three of the nine returned early because of mechanical trouble. Whether the remainder got to the target remains to be seen.

7th

Carrying a total of twelve tons of bombs, six of our Mitchells struck out for the R.R. bridge at Ficulle, Italy. Using a Norden Sight, they scored two direct hits on the west trestle of the bridge. On the way back 9N, with Lt. Roberts in the pilot's seat, was badly shot up and Capt. Corcoran, co-pilot, was seriously injured. The plane made an emergency landing at Pomigliano L/G.

The Italians are busy in the surrounding fields plowing and planting. In characteristic fashion the women appear to be doing most of the work. The men make their women work hard in this country. It is not an uncommon sight to see a couple walking down a rural lane, the women carrying a heavy bundle atop her head and both arms heavily burdened with luggage while the man next to her walks leisurely without any load at all.

8th

From 9200 feet and at an indicated air speed of 210 m.p.h., six planes from this squadron unloaded twelve tons of bombs in the vicinity of a R.R. bridge north of Orte. One direct hit demolished the Southwest corner of the bridge.

9th

Today is Easter, but for us overseas it is just another day. A mission had been scheduled but shortly before noon a stand-down was declared.

Another move is in the air. Rumor has it that we shall be up and gone from here by the end of this week. As usual our destination is unknown, but we are inclined to believe that we shall remain in this theatre.

10th

Our planes returned to bomb the bridge at Orte. This time direct hits were scored on the bridge itself, completely demolishing it.

Last night there was a heavy rainfall and during the morning the weather was threatening. Later in the day the sun came out and warmed things up to the point where it was not necessary to wear any sweaters or jackets. Spring is here; that is an unmistakable fact now.

11th

Threatening weather prevented any combat flying. However, we did send a plane to Corsica, which will be our next place of residence. An advance party from Group and two other squadrons left this morning for the new field. We shall probably follow before the week is over.

12th

The 182nd squadron combat mission was a R.R. bridge five miles north of Todi, Italy. The lead box missed the initial point on the first approach. And on the second approach the bombs were dropped short of the bridge.

13th

The marshaling yards at Terni received a pasting today by planes of this Group. The damage done was probably considerable, although this mission was not among the best ones we have flown.

Close to our area is Mt. Soprano American cemetery, where are buried over a thousand of our boys who died here during the bloody Salerno invasion. The regularly spaced, simple white crosses are an impressive and thought-provoking sight. Lying here at the base of Mt. Soprano are the torn and beaten bodies of men who have made the supreme sacrifice for their country. And back within the protecting confines of the United States are yellow labor union members who strike for higher wages, USO commandos who are crying their hearts out because of the "terrible" army life they are leading, and youthful male civilians who boastfully manage to remain such and continue to shirk their rightful duty. For these culpable, worthless friends of the enemy I have nothing but invective. They should see these silent, simple graves. They should experience the anguish and emptiness of heart when our buddies fail to return from a mission. That would be to them but a faint hint of what war really is.

14th

Viterbo A/D, forty miles northwest of Rome, was the target for today. Thirty-six ships bombed the dispersal areas northwest and north of the field with 4668 twenty pound frags and 160 two hundred and fifty pound bombs. There were at least ten parked planes on the field and the patterns covered at least eight of them.

15th - 16th

On the move again. All day the various sections were busy preparing for the change of location. Every move always entails a great deal of work.

Sunday we arose at 5:00 o'clock and immediately went to work pulling down tents, loading trucks, and doing all the multitudinous tasks attendant upon a move. Shortly before noon our convoy pulled out, leaving the flight echelon behind. The ride to Salerno was a rough and dusty one. Later in the afternoon we arrived at the docks. We had a hasty meal along the seaside and then lugged our baggage and equipment aboard the English LST which is to carry us to Corsica.

17th - 18th

At 4:00 o'clock Monday afternoon we steamed out of Salerno Harbor. A destroyer escort accompanied us for this dangerous journey.

The trip turned out to be uneventful. On Tuesday we landed, unloaded our baggage and squadron equipment and moved inland about three miles to a staging area where we shall spend the night.

19th - 23rd

Moving entails so much work that it is necessary during that time to neglect these daily diary notations. Now we are set up and ready to operate.

24th

Corsica is an island of wild and jagged mountains, of deep, shadow covered valleys. A shimmering, ever-curving sea shore lends its bountiful share of beauty to this French-inhabited island where Napoleon was born.

25th

This afternoon we ran our 193rd squadron combat mission. The R.R. bridge south of Ficulle, Italy, was the target. Sixteen and one half tons of bombs were dropped by nine of our planes, but the bridge remained unscathed.

Today we received our first generous share of mail in weeks.

Since arriving at this location, we have had daily enemy aircraft alerts. Most of them have occurred at night just after sundown.

26th

Rain all day, stand-down.

27th

Again rain kept all of our planes grounded. Our food has become progressively worse. Meal after meal consists of the hated C Rations. Except for an occasional fair dinner or supper, breakfast is the only half way decent meal.

28th

We had an early morning mission. The targets were railroad bridges in the Orvieto area. Possible hits were scored on the approach to one of the bridges, the other one was untouched. This afternoon two missions were flown. The crews have not yet been interrogated.

29th

This morning we flew a very successful mission over the Terni Viaduct.

30th

The mission today was in the Orvieto sector, and important railroad bridge which no longer exists; the boys hit it squarely.

[Many of these same events are also recounted in the War Diary of the 340th Bombardment Group HQ Squadron, though from a different perspective. The HQ diary can be found here:

http://57thbombwing.com/340th_History/340thGroupHistory.php

Transcription by Dan Setzer, son of Sgt. Hymie Setzer, 340th BG HQ Squadron. September 15, 2015]