

#3

Cologne

7

We got up at 3:00, ate a good breakfast & went to a 4:00 briefing. Briefing was not bad - it was well organized. We left there, got dressed, & went to the plane.

It really a busy time between stations & engines. The men put the guns in, got their gear stowed, check layed out the flak suits, put my mask, gloves, glasses, shoes chute & flak suit by my seat, Chuck put out the rations ~~escape~~ bits for each fellow. we check the ship, ~~and for the ship~~ pull the props through. Engines were started, checked and we taxied out.

Today our assembly was as briefed at 13,000 some headed out for Cologne. Everything went swell - it want to cold. We dropped 6500 G.P.s + 6500 \pm B's on Cologne. Don't know if we hit the yards, it was P.F.F. right slab - not accurate.

(15)

#4

Cologne

Solly - another early call
I don't like this getting ready
before dawn. They gave us K
ration chocolate instead of
carbohydrates as our escape
kit rations.

Evidently we missed it
yesterday. They were hoping
for a visual run on the target
but again it was about 8/10th
cloud coverage so we had to
make it P.F.F. Hope we did
better today.

Takeoff and assembly was O.K.
formed at 10,000: off by 9m.
That was really a good break. we
climbed on course - went in over
friendly coast, spent only about
half an hour over Germany on the
way back. Peter showed ^{us} the
Rock of the Kurier, the mouse tower
on an island Dragon Rock all
on the Rhine. These could be
seen in the breaks of the clouds.
The Germans had flak boats
on the Rhine so we cleared (16)

out of there but fast.

Trip back was o.k. and below 10,000 feet so that meant no oxygen. We came over England at 15,000 feet under the clouds. [Bombs were dropped on an air airport at Limbourg south of Cologne - missed it had luck.]

#5 Cologne

Chuck flew this mission as tail gunner for Barrier in lead plane of the high boys. Max & Maguire flew as co-pilots for me. Chuck complained of the tail gunner's position. It gets very cold back there and is very uncomfortable.

For some reason this was an awfully long mission. Take off and assembly were O.K., then off to Cologne & rail yards there. Due to the proximity of the front this was classed as a ground support - tactical mission. No fighters and the flap was not to bad. We dropped our bombs and headed for home. Circled Peterborough until the high boys got in. What a character "Just call me Stubby" is. A very humble fellow to fly with and a very good flyer.

Funny how an cadets he was
known throughout the training
command for being such a
strict man. My roommate in
Bases was in his squadron
and was scared to death of him.

Besides that he made me
walk tours for a little incident
in the mess hall. He is really
fond of me, says I am a fine
pilot and have a good crew.

That night he took us to the
Club and we did a little drinking.
I don't like to drink after a
mission because being so
tired it makes you very punchy.

Back to "Mac" this will be
related to the Dug-outs and experts
to be governor of Maryland someday.
James McQuade

#6 Mannheim

Rough "Mac" flew with me again today. Chuck flew tail gunner on the C-54 ship.

We got off & formed on schedule, got in the ~~division~~ line O.K. and headed for the yards at Mannheim. We were getting bad contrails & clouds even on part the front we passed, so we climbed 2,000 feet on the bomb run to 29,000. That sort of strung out the formation. They decided the run should be P.F.F., then the P.F.F. went out there was an awful mixing over the target. Our box dropped off of the high leader who took over. But Wilson figured the high lead was off, because there wasn't any flak there so he headed to the left and did a 360° turn and dropped on a smoke marker in dense flak. We got shot up and the whole formation was messed up.

We got out ok and headed for home. Browny was unable to

get the hydraulic pressure up
so I climbed out of my seat
and fixed it. He was so ~~surprised~~
he just about fell over. Mac
landed the ship, turned off the
runway and started to taxi and
his flaps went out. What a
~~boy~~ he just threw up his hands
and we went off the taxi strip.

Ho-Hum
Ho-Hum

GENERAL


~~PREPARATION AND MISSION ACCOMPLISHMENT~~

Today we got up bright and early 3 A.M. ate a good breakfast and went to a four o'clock briefing. It was well organized after which we left and got dressed. Funny how the equipment room was sort of like the locker room of a bunch of high school football players. As you walk into the place you pick up a Mae west, get into line to pick up your heated clothes. To look at the fellows you would not think that they were facing the possibility of being dead before sunset, just a bunch of swell fellows laughing and kidding about various subjects. Well you sit on your heated suit, suit flying suit, sheep skin boots, helmet, mae west and parachute, grasp your bag, wish the fellows good luck and

Take a truck out to your ^{strip}.
The ground crew has already hooked
up the put-put supplying
current to light the ship. The
ship looks like a beautiful
polar bear as it stands there
in the cold dark morning. I put my
equipment under my seat and
put my chute in my seat. The
gunners come out and put their
guns in the containers and check
them. Brown helps me pre-flight
the entire ^{strip} to make sure that
everything is in working ~~order~~ order.
Then I check with my man
to make sure that both he and
his equipment are ready for the
mission. ~~Now my man is aboard~~

Now my man is aboard
the ship waiting to go. Chuck
and I sit in the ~~the~~ cockpit waiting
to the tower for the code word for
engine start. Then it comes - ② ④

They shoot red-yellow flares.
Starting engines, check boosters
pumps, switches, generators,
batteries start one-prime
mess the high blade turns over
three or four times, mixture
control rich. mag on then
flames pour out the exhaust
stack the R.P.M's and manifold
pressure jump & the engine
roars like lion but it
is a beautiful sound. After
the four are started we warm
them up and check them properly.
The code word for taxi comes
over the radio a red green
flare and thirty two ships start
in a orderly fashion for the
take off runway. As the ships
wait for the signal for take-off
it is a beautiful ^{sight} row of beautiful
ships loaded to the gills with

bombs for ~~adops~~. Those bidding
fellows of the locker room are
now Pilots, Co pilots Navigators
Bombardiers etc with a man
size job to do. ~~Finally~~ As you
sit in your ship you realize
you are on one of the biggest
and finest teams in the world.
~~and~~ You ^{also} realize no sacrifice
is too great not even that of
giving your life. The signal
is given the first ship goes
down the runway leaving four
streaks of flame behind - 2 3 4
etc then it is your turn to line
up with the runway. The tail
wheel is locked, CAB flaps closed,
Controls unlocked Gyros set, high
boost. A green light from the ^{Caravan} ~~Control~~
the previous ship has left the
runway and it is clear for you
to start. Jam my feet against
the ~~brakes~~ and ~~push~~ the ~~brakes~~ 

throttle wide open. The bomb
load and gasoline are at a maximum
every inch of the runway is needed.
Ten seconds and off with the
brakes the power is so great it
holds you fast to the your seat.
Controlling such power gives a
man a feeling he cannot
express. The ground starts
passing by. Faster and faster
Browning calls the airspeed to me
eighty-ninety. I can feel the
ship begins to get light, with
my feet on the ruddies the ship
goes straight down the runway
one hundred, one ten, one twenty
one thirty we have practically
reached the end of the runway.
With my left arm I haul back
on the elevator control. Pulling
the foot off the ground requires a
little force with a bomb load.
Off the ground, I call for ⑤

wheels, Chuck throws the switch
up they come without hesitation.
Two hundred feet we reduce power
strike out and heading to east
altitude. Now you are a man
who has wings. No man can tell
of this feeling, he must have the
experience to feel it. Seven thousand
feet we hit the top of clouds. ~~As~~
This is another world. A man's
complexes leave him. Because there
is no place for them up there. The
sun is bright and cheerful
shining down upon a carpet
of snowy white clouds. On the
way back to the assembly every
now and then a silver streak
appears in the east that seems to
touch the heavens. Who would ever
guess that the cause was that of a
terror weapon the V-2 from Germany.
Getting to the benches we scan
the sky for ~~over~~ the planes
that identify the box in which
we are to fly. In the distance

distance we can see it. Knowing
the formation circles left we start
out on a course that will cut them
off. We find our correct position
and fly about until eyeship
is in its place and then we
fly to the coast where we take
our ~~position~~ place in a long
line of groups. The great air
strength is seen as far as the
eye can see, hundreds and hundreds
of ships behind and ahead of us
going to war. Across the channel
then France. Ten minutes from
the German border the navigator
tells the crew to put on their flak
suits. By this time we have our
oxygen masks on, electric suits
connected and now a heavy iron
nest and hat. We realize that to
these things depends our life.
The gunners are now alert watching
every object in the sky. P-51
① ②

fly past protecting us from
enemy fighters. Thirty minutes
from the target twenty ten
the flak and smoke markers
are now visible, what a men
to go through. The fighter pilots
respect the bomber pilots for
going over a target. Now you say
to yourself if I'm alive in five
min. its one more mission down
to being home. Finally you are
in range and you realize only
God can bring you through. Before
you know it you are in the
clear heading for home.

er folks,

~~Today's~~

~~MISSION~~ 2
~~Polity~~ ~~Flaw~~

First Pilot for another man's
Crew who is sick with a
cold. We got up at 3:30 and
went to a 4:30 briefing. They
briefed us for between four
and five hundred guns at the
target but at the time they had
no meaning. Everything went
pretty much S.O.P getting to the ship
and taking off. We reassembled our
Squadron and started off toward flying
tail end charlie of the lead box.
The low-low element leader was a
terribly rough man to follow and
to make things worse the damn
Co pilot would let the ship lag
behind about a mile every time
I let him take over. Got so
mad, I thought at times about



Page Missing

10

was full of blood red explosions
coming so close they could be
heard above the roar of the engines.
The crew became panic stricken
calling me on the interphone to
clear out of that fiery hell. There
was nothing I could do but ~~fly~~
continue to fly down the bomb
run. All of a sudden a burst went
off directly beneath our ship. The
concussion was so great it threw
the whole ship up with a hell of a
bang. To this day I do not know
how everyone aboard missed injury.
There was a hole between the
co pilot and myself, an oxygen bottle
was hit under my seat. The
engineer was taking flap out
of his boots, the ~~right~~ ball
turret gunner had a high piece
come into his turret. Flap was like
rain out there I could only
pull down my flap behind **B**

quit my seat and fly on. I
remember one burst exploding
so close to my window I pulled
the ship up and ducked without
thinking. Finally the element
leader had his number ~~one~~
engine hit so badly he dropped
out of formation. Bombs away
and I streaked for clear sky as
I looked over my left shoulder
for tracking flak I saw a hostile
sight. About eight thousand
feet below me I saw the
remains of the Col's ship ^(Col. Taylor) plunging
toward the earth. a flaming mass
then an explosion that reduced his
ship to confetti. ~~So~~ Fortress is
a beautiful thing when it flies
but so ugly when it falls to
earth helplessly. Finally
we came into the clear.

fort flying all over the sky.
A fighter attack would have
blasted out every ship in the
sky. After about twenty minutes
they got together and headed for
home. Crossing Denmark they
shot at us again but not
was shot down. Seven ships were
knocked down at the target.
many more fellows wounded
and killed aboard the ships
flying home. Although that
was not enough we checked our
gasoline supply and found it
below a safety margin so as
soon as we got near England
we left formation and headed
duddy home. We had already
learned the mixture out as much
as possible but the gage continued
to ~~approach~~ ^{approach} the zero mark.
Finally England, what a (13)

beautiful sight. The thought of
ditching into the icy north
sea left our minds. I asked
the navigators for a direct course
to the field. Flying his course
our field came into sight in ^{about} ~~15~~
fifteen minutes. I called for
wheels, the copilot did the landing
check. I called the tower for
landing instructions stating
it was an emergency. They
cleared us immediately for
landing. On the down wind
leg we ran out of gas in just
engine with the other three
with approx the same quantity ^{of fuel.}
On three, I made a very good
landing (unbelievable) and tried
~~to~~ ^{to} the hard stand. God was kind
today. Tonight I have a date
with my little English Parson's flower.

#79 Hamburg - Oct 25

We expected to catch hell on this one. We went in by an all water route. Ordinance plant just outside of town - because it was P.F.F. the bombal rail yards, oil refineries + waterfront. Bomb load 6-500 G.P. and 6-500 I.B.'s. Shoes. I.B. holds a lot of secondary clusters they should do a lot of damage.

The flak was intense amazingly so. They briefed us for 200 guns in range + they are throwing up a cloud that blots out what behind it. It was terrific. Luckily it was in patches + we dropped our bombs. We were lucky to get off with no hits. Some groups we saw were not so lucky.

The Micky men say their screen pictures were clear as a bell and they think they hit the secondary O.K.. The trip home was mostly over the north sea. Flak was very bad today but not as bad as Poldy (2)

The return was normal. Come
down through breaks in the clouds.
The haze around the field was
~~thick~~. Finally managed to
get lined up with the flares.
Hit the inner flare at two
hundred and fifty and the
runway finally came into
sight. When Bong-throde off
flaps straighten the ship out, bang
the ship is on the ground.
The inner flare is only five
hundred feet from the end of the
runway and we are traveling at
125 m. p. H.I.

#8 Bielefeld.

After a late briefing we took off for the Ordinance (trunk) plant at Bielefeld. We had to go in over the enemy held coast at the zyder zee, - got some flak - only occasionally. At the target we dropped our 6-500 # B. P's + 6-500 # J B's through the overcast by P.F.F. They just told us -

Reconnaissance says it was the best results ever gotten ~~in~~ mucky bombing on record. Glad to hear we hit the target. that helps you know.

Through - thru patches in the clouds I could see the dykes to the zyder zee. The canals crossing everywhere in orderly fashion.

Holland must be quite a swell little country. Peter was all excited about seeing his home again. We got home without any trouble, an easy mission. (24)

#9 Munster

A 6:00^{A.M.} briefing today it
was a blessing to have it so
late. We got out to the ship after
a two hour delay before engine
time we finally took off!

Chuck took off today first time
with a full bomb load. Sold
me helped it hard to pull the
plane off ^{initially} the heavy load. We
carried 4-250th G.P.; 4-500th I.P.

Target was the R. R. yards at Munster
just past the strategic bomb ^{line}. We
flew tail end Charlie No 6 in the
low low element of the low box
we had a lot of trouble with the
lead of the Clement ^{or} plane
that would not stay in formation
above us.

Trip over was O.K. - 4½ hrs
on or. Chuck flew the bomb run.
We were surprised by unusual
target. There was supposed to have
been a front over the target. Hedrick
was lead of the low box. (25)

Benson put his bomb out
well. Carroll was toggled today,
while Petardid D.R. The ball and
tail reported swell results, said
the whole city was wrecked from
end to end. Hope we got the R.R.
yards. Flak was pretty bad.
Got holes in reach wing, the bomb
bay, & the right elevator. The right
wing had a hole over a foot long
in it right beside the ball turret.
Boudreau came very close to getting
hava - shot off.

Coming home we took over
the low lead - had trouble with
clouds, contrails & haze. When Hedick
left formation with #3 & #4 feathered,
we followed ~~him~~ ^(Hendricks) them with our
camera. R.D. flew over the field,
fired flares and came in for a good
landing. Visibility was very bad -
made low visibility let down and
landing ~~bad~~ ^{net}.

#10

Munster -

Today we went back to
munster. Our primary target
was an oil refinery at Gushenkirchen
but since it was overcast we
went to the secondary & dropped our
18-250 pounders G.P.F.F. on the yards
at Munster. I like these late
briefing its better for your sleep.
& you feel more like a day
work. We had Renni III - 113

It a lousy plane & we were a bit
apprehensive.

We got off O.K. - fueled & headed
out we flew #2 in the high element
of the low box - a good position?
I like it - Bombing alt was (8,000)
it was - 50° B down zero. We had
heated suit trouble. On the bomb
run we fell behind. Our no 3 turbo
was out & all 3 of the others were
acting up after some rack malfunctions.
We finally got our bombs out.

Coming home we had ^{of}terrific
trouble in clearance & frost on the

(27)

Window² Chuck landed today. He
did a good job. The mission was not
& blind. We were in clouds over the
target so we saw little flak.
Francis lead - he is a true P.O.