

Diary: ROBERT J. TOEPPE
Navigator 701st Squadron
Squadron Navigator 703rd Squadron

Book One: November 15, 1943 to January 6, 1944

November 15, 1943:

Briefed today – Restricted

November 16, 1943:

Reveille at 5:30 – Flight line at 6:45. Ready and waiting.

Takeoff 9:15

Kansas City 10:11

Springfield, Mo. 10:51

Memphis, Tenn. 11:57

Birmingham 13:00

Atlanta, Georgia 13:47

Jacksonville, Fla. 15:10

Morison Field 16:45

Clouds and storms all the way. Flew at 8500’.

Ground speed – 198 Kts.

Instrument approach

Visibility 1 mi

Flew at 1500' from Melbourne Beach

Total time 8:10

November 18, 1943:

Took off Morrison Field at 13:00 G.C.T.

Flew to Borinquen Field, Porto Rico. Passed through front near San Salvador.

Av. G.S. 160

Total flying time 5:55

Borinquen is a very beautiful place with its modern buildings and palm trees. The B.O.Q. are named after hotels with the desk at hotel De Gink. Vaughn (*Lt. Willard E. Vaughn - Bombardier*) and I stayed at Hotel New Yorker and Pete (*Lt. Phillip D. Riblet, Jr. - Copilot*) and Joe (*Lt. Joseph A. Martineau - Pilot*) at Hotel Stevens. Probably the last hot water that we'll see. We had dinner at the officers club, the most beautiful club I've ever seen. It's on a cliff overlooking the sea. I met Cal Anderson and Paul Davis from Racine and Warren Bass from Little Rock, a tent mate of mine at Kelly in August 1942. The six of us met at the club and drank frozen daiquiris till eleven. The drinks here are wonderful and everything is very inexpensive, so we drank twice as much as usual. It sure was nice to see some bourbon and scotch at the bar, hope it continues. Wish we would have stayed here longer.

November 19, 1943:

Got up at five, had to be at the line at 6:00. We finally got off at 6:35 (10:35 G.C.T.). There is quite a bit of haze and clouds today. We're flying to Atkinson Field, British Guiana via Trinidad and Georgetown. Total Time 4:40. Atkinson Field out of gas, so landed at Waller field, British West Indies. It's very warm here and the field is very nice with high mountains to the north of the Island. We were briefed at 1:30 and called at 3:00 in the morning for a 5:00 takeoff. Went to the club after briefing and played poker and had a few beers. Haven't had any rum

here, but there is plenty of it. 90 proof and \$17.00 a case. Went to bed at eight and up at 3:00.

November 20, 1943:

Ready for 5:30 takeoff but #4 starter was out. Could takeoff at noon and land at Zandery Field, Surinam but its worse there then here and the runways are only 5,000'. The rest of the fellows came in at noon today, finally caught up with us. We'll all take off together in the morning. It must be about 100° here, we're only 650 miles from the equator. No hot water here and the food is scarce. Dinner consisted of three sardines, 2 olives, macaroni, and carrots. The natives here don't wear shoes and are black as hell. Didn't do much all day except get into some summer clothes. We got plenty of sack time and up at 3:00.

November 21, 1943:

Got to the flight line at 4:30 L.Z.T. and took off at six. The ship is running fine again. Flew to Paramaribo and then to Devils Island. The Islands are about seven miles of the coast and north or Cayenne. Saw a few ships. We flew on to Amapa, Brazil and crossed the Amazon at 15:45 G.C.T. It's a huge river and very muddy. The mouth is filled with larger Islands. We Crossed the equator at 16:15 G.C.T. and it's plenty warm even at 9000'. We got into Belem, Val De Caes Field Brazil at 16:55.

The town is quite large and the buildings seem to be very nice. The field is fairly small and a lot of Navy ships were on the ramp. Saw the Brazilian Air Force flying formation in biplanes, a few De Havilland Mosquitoes were buzzing around. The natives seem to be a little more civilized her than they were in Trinidad. Saw some monkeys and parrots, pets of the native boys.

The food has changed and plenty of tropical fruit besides bananas and oranges. No coffee though and this is coffee country. Joe and I went to Church at five o'clock and then to briefing at 6:00. We went to the club then and had a few Rum Collins. They weren't so good for they won't use ice in the drinks here. Joe, Pete, Avery and Vaughn and I had a few drinks and then to bed by 9:20. We had to bet up at 5:00. (used mosquito bars first time) Total Time 7:25

November 22, 1943:

Up at 5:00, breakfast and down to Operations by six. We took off at 9:22 G.C.T. (6:22 LZT). Haven't seen very much for there is a complete under-cast. Passed over Sao Luiz at 11:13 G.C.T. and Fortalaza at 13:28 G.C.T. Nothing but thick Jungle all the way. No check points whatsoever. We got into Natal at 15:00.

Natal is a nice field and not quite as warm as Belem. Saw dogfights between a P-38, Mosquito, P-40. Really worth the price of admission. Had a briefing at six and then dinner, the food is a little better and plenty of fruit. Went over to the club and met Ed Martenson of Racine, also Sgt. Polansky. Had quite a long talk, as usual I met Don Coleman (*Lt. Donald Coleman*) again. The drinks are good here and we had several. Total Time 6:10

November 23, 1943:

Vaughn and I got into the City of Natal and it was quite interesting. Bought only a few things, plenty of silk hose, *tires*, watches etc., there. Best I stop on the way back.

We had the big briefing at 7:00 (Local Time) worked till late and had an hours sleep, then back to the line. We took off for Dakar at 4:30 (G.C.T.), felt like hell and slept for an hour or so. Got up and shot a couple of fixes. Haven't seen a thing but water all day, 1900 miles of it. We're at 9000' and have a lead wind most all the way. Sighted land about 14:35, can see Dakar. The field is about 20 miles away. We came in at 14:48, splitting the field after 1642 N.M. of water. Not bad if I have to say so myself. We landed on a metal mat runway, it's just like a rollercoaster with a hellava lot of noise. This is the dirtiest place I've ever seen. The natives are coal black never seen any so dark before. They wear long rags over them, all bright colors and they wear Fez-like hats. We saw several natives eat our orange peals, etc., that we took out of the ships. Total Time 10:40

The B.O.Q. is about three miles from the line, on the way we could see several natives on their way to their huts. No per diem at this station and the barracks are the worst we've seen. We had to sleep on canvas cots, no mattress and we used mosquito bars again. The latrine and showers do not have lights and are about a block from the B.O.Q. The food here wasn't very good and we couldn't go to the club. We had briefing at 7:00 and I went to bed right after. I was plenty tired.

November 25, 1943:

Thanksgiving. We took off from Eknes Field, Dakar at 8:13 and went to Atar, F.W.A. then on a series of courses to avoid Spanish Morocco. We flew up to Tindauf, Algeria and then on to the pass through the mountains. The Atlas mountains are snow capped and have peaks as high as 15,000'. Near the mountains are hundreds of small villages, at least some people can exist here. Shortly after we left Dakar, we went over the desert and not a sign of life was seen. Atar was about the most god-forsaken base I've ever seen. There was a sandstorm and visibility was very poor, the sand and dust was about 7,000' high. We got into Marrakech, Morocco on our E.T.A. and civilization looks plenty good to us. We got 7:40 minutes time on this trip, bringing our total from Lincoln up to 50:40.

We finally got some pictures today of the trip, our first so far that are any good. The B.O.Q. is very interesting and has quite a background. They are old French homes and are reddish in color and made of stucco with a high fence around it. After the Army moved in and the French out, it became a house for the boys, one of the few G.I.s. The walls are white inside and the floors are tile. The toilet is very unusual and one has to be somewhat of a contortionist to use it, what I mean!

We got into the town of Marrakech and had a few glasses of wine. Pete, Vaughn and I met a native and he took us to the restricted village of Medina. It was a nightmare and never again shall I wander into an Arab village at night. We really got looked over and we were glad to get out. The M.P. stopped me as we were nearly to the hotel Mozouna but I gave him the big story and got out of it OK. We went back to the house at eleven o'clock, we had to get up early for a route briefing. We had a nice Turkey dinner.

November 26, 1942 (Friday):

We finally know exactly where we were going, St. Mawgan, on Lands End, Southern England. The route briefing was very good and you can't miss your destination. If the weather is OK, we'll leave tonight at 12:00.

We took a conducted tour through the village today and visited the Sultan's palace. The old boy had three wives and 200 concubines. The palace was really beautiful and we got some good pictures of it. We toured the market section and what a place. The smell was terrific. Saw a snake charmer and his cobras,

hundreds of beggars, etc. Some people don't have any homes and sleep in the streets; the streets are also their toilets. How people exist here is beyond me.

The natives wear log cloaks and the women wear hooded veils with only their eyes visible. They have their Cast mark between the eyes in a dark blue color. We left the town at five and Joe, Pete, and I went to Marrakech and had a few beers. The beer was served at outside tables along the street. The beer is very good and while you drink, the natives try to sell you leather goods, knives, silver, etc.

We've seen several different uniforms around here and you really don't know what army it is. We went to a French restaurant for dinner and believe it or not they had beefsteak. They serve a bottle of wine, it tasted something like Dago Red, it was good nevertheless.

We walked down a few blocks to catch a ride to the base. The streets are cluttered up with various forms of taxis, some are regular cars, some are old cars drawn by a team of horses, some by two natives peddling a tandem bicycle. We rode in one of these last night. At seven we checked at operations and the weather was too bad at our destination and they wouldn't clear us. So the boys pulled a fifty on Messie Bessie.

November 27, 1943 (Saturday):

Went to town at two o'clock and took pictures and drank some wine and beer. Came back at six to see what the deal was and then back to town. We went to the Mozouna Hotel to the officer's club dance. They had a nice G.I. Orchestra but no one danced. The only excitement we had was an old Captain trying to ride a Donkey into the dance. The Donkey had a big army sign on him and a goat was there with the Navy sign. We listened to the game for awhile but couldn't hear it very well. We went home early and got to bed about eleven. Sure getting a lot of sack time these days, we needed it.

November 28, 1943 (Sunday):

We slept through church today but finally got up at 10:30 and had breakfast. Had good fried eggs, they certainly tasted good and I had four of them. We had a meeting at 11:30, a medical briefing. Pete, Joe and I went to town about five to try to locate our hats. We went to the Mozouna and that's as far as we got, we drank six bottles of wine and we really spun in. We didn't think we had to fly but

Vaughn called and said we did so we staggered out. We had a weather briefing and were scheduled to take off at 3:20.

November 29, 1943 (Monday):

We took off at 3:30 and on our sad way. We didn't feel so good after all that wine. We flew out to the 12th Meridian and up. Didn't see anything expect a couple of ships. We had an under-cast and over-cast most of the way and the winds were very strong and the meters not too accurate. We landed at 12:47 at St. Mawgan and it seems to be a nice field. It sits on the top of a hill near the water. It's very cold and windy here, in fact we put on our long handles tonight. We were billeted and are staying at the Great Western Hotel. It seems wonderful to have a good bed and warm water again. Joe and I have a room together and Pete and Willie are together. The dinner we had was really delicious, roast beef, it was the best we've had so far. Tonight we had meatloaf and it was pretty good. This is the first place we've been where they enforce a blackout. We went to bed about five o'clock and Joe is still there. I got up to eat, but it won't be long for me. We should take off tomorrow morning and it will only be a short flight to destination. We had 9:45 flying time bring total up to over 60:00. We are scheduled to go to Tibenham near Tivetshall, 20 miles south of Norwich.

November 30, 1943 (Tuesday):

We got to the flight line for briefing at 8:30. We took off at 10:20 and the wind was terrific, 310° at 55 kts. The trip over was made with a ferry pilot and we had a nine ship formation. We had to fly at 2,000'. It was really rough and soupy. Three men got sick. We saw plenty of airfields and anti-aircraft. There weren't many planes on the Airdromes, must have been a big raid. We landed at Tibenham at 12:15 and had 2:20 minutes time for a total of 62:40 from Lincoln, Neb. And over 12,000 miles of flying.

We cleaned all our stuff out of the ship and got assigned to a B.O.Q and moved in. The B.O.Q. is small and made out of galvanized sheet metal in a have arch style. They're colder than hell and we couldn't get a fire started. We put on our long johns today and they really felt good. We have about four or five blankets to use also. We have to wear our flying boots all the time because of the mud and rain. It's awful stuff to was in all day but it never goes away, so we might as ell get used

to it. We (Pete and I), went to the club and had a few beers and a warm bath. It really felt good to soak in a tub. We were really cold all night for we didn't have a fire. Got nine letters from Anne, I answered them, wrote Mother and Rosie and sent two cables.

December 1, 1943 (Wednesday):

We had to get up to go to a meeting with Colonel Terrill. After that we went to see about our pay and per diem. It will take a few days to get it. We went to the PX and everything is rationed: 1 pack of cigarettes a day, or 1 cigar, 2 razor blades a week, 1 package of gum and 1 candy bar. Cannot buy any clothes – *not* even a handkerchief. We didn't do much the rest of the day except write letters and christen the barracks "Stork Club", strictly a Riblet idea. The food here isn't so bad, could be a helluva lot worse. Saw several large formations today and a few P-47s, one was sky writing. A few more of the boys got in tonight, Neal (*Lt. Stanley Neal*) and Jorgensen (*Lt. Glenn E. Jorgensen*) and Awalt (*Lt. Cliff Awalt*). We start a five day school in the morning we go from eight until five.

December 2, 1943 (Thursday):

We didn't start school today as we expected. It rained like hell all day and it was really miserable. Pete and I walked to a little town and tried to send our laundry out. We had quite a bit to send out and we finally got a Mrs. Crisp to do it for us.

We went to a U.S.O show at 8:30 and it was pretty good. Went over to the club afterwards and had a few ales. The club is really dead these days.

December 3, 1943 (Friday):

We started school today at eleven. General Timberlake was there to give us an orientation lecture. We had lectures till four o'clock. Went to the barracks *and* then over to eat. Spent the evening writing letters, trying to catch up, wrote about seven. I hope I get some mail soon.

December 4, 1943 (Saturday):

Went to school all day and tonight we had a meeting and took all our equipment to the drying room. The sun was out just about all day and it was really nice but sort of cold.

December 5, 1943 (Sunday):

Had school all day and until 8:30 in the evening. The Flight Leaders have a special map and target class. We're really getting a break being Flight Leaders. Our promotions should be in very soon. Vaughn won't be *with* us as bombardier any more. Captain Spahn (*Capt. Al Spahn*) will be with us for awhile. Got paid today; our first pay in English money. Will get our per diem soon. Joe and I went to Church at 4:30. Have to go Wednesday again. Went to the club for awhile.

December 6, 1943 (Monday):

Our fourth day of school is over and one more to go. Major Schmidt, Wing Navigator, gave us a good lecture today and it's all very encouraging. He has had 33 missions, Purple Heart, etc.

December 7, 1943 (Tuesday):

Vaughn went to the hospital today with a bad cold. I have a little cold myself. We finished school today and are supposed to fly tomorrow. We had turret class tonight and then I went to the club for a few drinks and then home. The mail started to come through today.

December 8, 1943 (Wednesday):

Didn't fly today, had a meeting instead. After that, we went to Church. Boucher (*Lt. Richard F. Boucher*) and I went and got our laundry and walked over to the town but the pubs were closed. Got two letters today and some newspapers, read about Jack Jerstad, he was lost at Ploesti, August 1st.

December 9, 1943 (Thursday):

Slept late today and didn't do a whole lot, except a few little things this afternoon. Took a few pictures and sent them to the *censor*. I wrote about six letters tonight. I got four today and an identification chain from Anne. I wish I could see my honey for I'm crazy about her.

December 10, 1943 (Friday):

We finally flew today, and was it cold. 33° below zero. It was a fifteen ship formation that took us to Kings Lynn, North Hampton and Cambridge and around. The electric suit worked fine except the shoes and gloves. My feet and hands were really cold. Everyone will have electric suits now instead of only eight. The colonel seemed well pleased with the formation but I can't see why. The lead crew had to drop out because the bombardier froze his hands after using the relief tube. We got in four hours flying time today.

We had an air raid tonight, thought we would for it's a clear moonlight night, the Jerry's haven't been around very much. The R.A.F. is probably making the milk run over Berlin tonight. It's a perfect bombing night, and I'm writing letters.

December 11, 1943 (Saturday):

Had a class this morning and this afternoon. We had to ferry four ships to Wedling. It's only 20 miles from here but we had a helluva time finding it. We took a truck back and didn't get in till 9:30. The food there was swell and we all ate like mad. When we got back we found out we have to fly mission one in the morning. I believe it's to be a diversion but if we're attacked it will count as a mission. This thing is really going to be big tomorrow, probably about 800 ships. We're carrying 6000 rounds so it look like we might run into something.

December 12, 1943 (Sunday):

We didn't fly our diversion today because of weather. We did fly out to the North Sea and around. The Germans *weakened* the radio beams and got everyone mixed up. We broke through the under-cast over Norwich at 700 feet. Nearly ran into the barrage balloons, but got back OK. We had 5 ½ hours time and flew at 20,000 feet. It was 22° below zero. We saw a DO 217 over England, probably a reconnaissance ship. It went into the under-cast when he saw our large formation. Hagerty and his crew moved in today. This place is really crowded now. I hope we don't have to fly again tomorrow, three days in a row now.

December 13, 1943 (Monday): [Aborted Mission - Kiel]

Started to fly our first mission today. The raid was on Kiel, and we carried ten five-hundred-pound incendiary bombs. There were about four hundred ships all told, 17's and 24's. We had P-38 and P-51 escort. We led an element till we could see the German coast and then the #1 froze up and #3 was throwing oil, besides the

top turret was out. When #1 froze up, it threw us out of formation and we had to go back alone, which we sweated out. We got down to the under-cast and did see one pursuit. We had about 260 miles to run and it was strictly rough. We salvoed the bombs in the North Sea, finally, and came home at 2,000 feet. The Germans jammed the radios as usual but we got home OK and Joe made a beautiful landing. We were all mad because it didn't count as a mission. The rest of the ships got back OK after the bombing. No pursuit and only light flak was encountered. I hope the rest are as easy. There will be another in the morning but I doubt if we'll make it.

December 14, 1943 (Tuesday):

Slept late today and then got a pass to go to Norwich. We got in about five and Joe and I went to eat. The food isn't so good or plentiful. We went to several pubs but couldn't find Riblet. The stores were closing and so we couldn't do any shopping. Norwich has had the hell bombed out of it, and it's in bad shape. About 20 barrage balloons hang over the town. We met a G.I. and he took us around, and he and Joe had a date and I tagged along. We might go again today at one o'clock to see what it looks like during the day. At night you can't see a thing. They really have a black-out. We had quite a time and got back at midnight.

December 15, 1943 (Wednesday):

Slept late and went to town at one o'clock with Hasselbach (*Lt. Orland H. Hasselbach*). Really walked and went shopping, couldn't buy anything though. We fooled around and during the evening we met two very nice girls. We had a few ales and some chips and talked for a few hours. They walked us to the bus and then went home. During the day we really saw how badly Norwich was bombed. Much worse than we had thought.

December 16, 1943 (Thursday): [1st Mission – Bremen]

Didn't think we had to fly but we did have to get up at four after three hours sleep and fly our first mission. The target was Bremen and about 800 ships were there, 24's and 17's. We were escorted by P-38's, P47's and P-51's. We didn't have much fighter opposition but we did have heavy flak. We were hit on the nose turret, right wing, number three engine and a few other places. It was a good ride and I hope the rest will be as easy. The whole trip was at 23,000 feet and we had an under-cast all the way, with visibility of 200 yards on landing. Only a few ships

were lost but our group didn't have any out of 24 ships. As usual the oxygen went out and what a helluva time to breathe. Can say I kept Pete pretty busy filling *and walking* around bottles for me. We hit the target and could see large explosions and fires when we left. Only one man was injured and only slightly. A few B-17's came in pretty well shot up. It was 22° below today and we got in 7 hours time. I hope we can fly another very soon, in fact, twenty-four very soon, so I can see my honey-chick again.

We have a dance at the club tonight, the first one. I'm sort of tired and Joe is asleep already. I suppose we will go over there for awhile. Just had an air raid, but its all clear now. Jerry is seeking a little revenge for Bremen and Kiel. We might get credit for that mission yet. I hope so anyway. *Major Jones* said that ten B-17's and a B-24 was shot down out of the 856 ships on the raid. Sixteen enemy pursuits were shot down and one P-47. Not bad. The flak was classified as intense. If that's the worst we ever see, we're lucky.

December 17, 1943 (Friday):

Got up at 9:30 and picked up our laundry and straightened up the place a little. That took most of the day, we went to the club and had three rum cakes and in bed at nine-thirty. What a life. Pete and Vaughn went to town and we plan on going tonight.

December 18, 1943 (Saturday):

Spent the morning making out my pay voucher, came back and washed and went to town with Hasselbach. Went to a few pubs and had dinner at the Castle Hotel. It was good, roast goose. We went to the Lido and danced and had a few beers and then home. Met a few nice girls and we talked for awhile. Came home and played a little blackjack with the boys. Everyone has the G.I.'s and are pretty busing running around. No mail today.

December 19, 1943 (Sunday):

Had a meeting at nine with Captain Kreidler (*Capt. Howard E. Kreidler*). Didn't have a helluva lot to say. Joe and I went to Church at 4:30, came back and played hearts until ten-thirty and went to bed.

December 20, 1943 (Monday): [2nd Mission – Bremen]

We got up at four o'clock and had briefing at 5:00. We had Bremen as a target again today. The winds were very strong and we had a ground speed of 312 M.P.H. on the way over. We flew at 24,000 and it was 45° below zero. It was fairly clear today.

Three minutes out of the target, Joe got hit with some flak right above the left eye. He had blood all over the cockpit and still wanted to fly. We made the target and dropped the bombs. Dill (*Lt. Glenn E. Dill - Bombardier*) is really a good boy. We didn't know Joe was out because the interphone was out but I noticed we overran the formation and then saw blood all over the floor. It was very light red because it was frozen. Joe had fallen against the controls, had hard right rudder and we were screaming all over the sky alone. Dill called in three JU 88's at 12:00 but they didn't attack. Thank God, for our nose and tail turret were out and are top turret partially out. We had plenty of enemy pursuit, 109G's FW 190's and JU 88's. I came up from the nose to help Joe and Pete, they had Joe on the flight deck by then and he was covered with blood. His helmet was full of blood, his flack suit and oxygen mask. We were away from the formation for quite awhile and thank God we're still alive! We followed the 389th group back and Emmons (*Howard E. Emmons - Radio Operator*) rode as Copilot and I helped a little. The rest never knew what had happened because the interphone was out. Pete made the landing, one of the more sensational type but it was good terra firma. The M.D. was waiting and rushed Joe to the hospital. He'll be OK, Captain Miller said. Thank God, for I wouldn't want to fly with anyone else, he's my boy. Awalt got hit in the leg above the ankle and has a compound fracture. Five minutes more and "C" Flight would have lost a charter member. He had four blood transfusions and Joe had one also. Patterson (*Harry E. Patterson*) still isn't back and it looks like he won't be. Everyone else seems to be back OK. This really was a rough raid and if it hadn't been for the fighter support, many more wouldn't be here for we really had a lot of fighter opposition today. One B-17 blew up near the German border and another went down. Why, we'll never know. We really hit the target and Vaughn, riding with Neal (*Lt. Stanley Neal*) dropped his for a shock on Delmenhorst, six miles from Bremen. From the rally point we flew nearly over Wilhelmshaven and could see some ships even though the smoke screen obliterated most of the target. It was a slow ride home and we were really glad to see land again. We were all sweating it out and I guess we can't be blamed for that.

Had a few drinks at the club and then back. That's enough for today. 25 ships lost.

December 21, 1943 (Tuesday):

Went to the hospital and talked to Captain Miller, he said they had to take Joe's eye out and it was still doubtful if Cliff's leg would be saved. We all felt pretty low today and they gave us a pass to go to town. Pete and I went out and found some scotch and had roast pheasant at the Castle. We caught the 11:30 train back here. Patterson didn't get back to England.

December 22, 1943 (Wednesday):

Went to Wymondham to see Joe and Cliff. Joe was feeling pretty good except for a cold. He is really in good spirits and doesn't know about his eye yet. Cliff was pretty sick yet. I bought Joe some slippers and flannel pajamas for Christmas. We had a raid on Osnabrück today. It is a large railroad center. The 703rd lost another ship, Nelson was the Pilot and Silverman (*Irving Silverman*) the Navigator, Allen was shot down too. He used to be our Assistant Operations Officer. Jorgensen had a pretty rough time and Barks (*Lt. Arthur. E. Barks*) the Navigator was killed when the nose turret was shot off by fighters. Stahl the Bombardier was hit in both legs and one arm. They made it back to England and crash landed, he also had two Gunners shot up. The big leagues are really getting rugged. I went to town for awhile and didn't do very much. I got back and Riblet was pretty sick from too much wine and worrying.

December 23, 1943 (Thursday):

We had a crash air alert and had to get out of bed in a hurry at eight o'clock. I'm sort of glad for I got a lot of things straightened out today. We also got our laundry back today and our cleaning. I heard our foot lockers came in today, I hope so for I have Anne's picture in there. Sure do miss my honey. Didn't get any mail today except a paper and a Christmas card. Wrote letters at night.

December 24, 1943 (Friday):

Found out this morning that Jorgensen had been flying our ship – 555 on the raid. When he landed in England it was beyond salvage. They came in on one good engine and the other would only draw 30 inches. They threw Barks out over the channel, and all extra weight including shoes, guns, shells, et al. We went over to the Club for a little while and came home and played hearts. Rather a quit Christmas Eve.

December 25, 1943 (Friday) – Christmas:

Got up and went to Communion and went to Norwich after a lovely turkey dinner. Pete had gone into town sooner and we had dinner at Thrawers. We left early but didn't go back to camp right away. We met a couple of Nurses and went to the dance at the Red Cross. It was very nice. We left and took the bus back. Rather tired after walking all day and plenty to drink. Got some mail from my honey today.

December 26, 1943 (Sunday):

Avery and Hasselbach woke us up at eleven and told us we had a pass for twenty-four hours; so back to Norwich. We got to town and stayed at the Red Cross. It was very nice and they treated us like kings. We had a few drinks in the afternoon and we, Pete and I, were invited to a dance at the City Isolation Hospital. We were the only Americans there and had a fine time. Pete danced and told jokes all evening and the British really enjoyed it. We did too, and had a wonderful time. We finally got back to the Red Cross at 1:45, and into a nice warm bed. Quite a bit different from camp. Orland didn't get in till late and Avery never did get in. It isn't so cold here but it still is very damp. Everything is closed except the pubs. No dances, movies, or anything. A little different than good old Racine at Christmas.

December 27, 1943 (Monday):

We got up at eleven, had breakfast and at the pub by noon. We met some nice people and some of Orland's friends. Phyllis was really cute and we talked for quite awhile. Met the Thrawers also and we finally got back to the Red Cross at four o'clock. We'll probably see them again before we leave. We found some scotch and really had some fun. We went to see "Stage Door Canteen" and it was pretty good. Back to the pub and home at one. I had several letters from home and Anne. God, how I miss her!

December 28, 1943 (Tuesday):

Got up at nine and worked around the barracks all morning. Really have things straightened out. Got a few letters today and two from Anne. She's my gal and how I love her! Spent the evening writing some letters and talking with the fellows. Got my pictures and sent a few home.

December 29, 1943 (Wednesday):

Might get down to see Joe today I sure hope I see him before he leaves. We found out Joe is stationed at a Hospital about 20 miles South of Birmingham, which is about 200 miles from here and we wouldn't be able to go over to see him. Spent the afternoon driving around in a staff car with the Chaplain. Noticed a convoy of landing barges headed East. Looks the invasion won't be too far off. Went to the movie at night and saw "It Happened One Night". Rather odd, but good. Played a little hearts and went to bed. No mail today.

December 30, 1943 (Thursday):

Didn't *do* much all day. The fellows had a big mission and we lost two more ships and two on the end of the runway. Avery ran into Melby (*Lt. L. E. Melby*) and washed out two ships. We lost a ship yesterday, it got on fire and Hansen, the Pilot, rode it down and got burned to death. No mail today, played cards at night.

December 31, 1943 (Friday) – New Year's Eve:

Got a 24 hour pass to go to Norwich for New Year's Eve. Went to a party at the Hospital and had a fair time. Pete, Hagerty (Edward D.) and I went. We got in about two o'clock. Stayed at the Red Cross and enjoyed it.

January 1, 1944 (Saturday) – New Year's Day:

Foiled around Norwich and had enough scotch and went to a movie in the afternoon. Didn't do much at night. Got in about midnight and they told us we had a 48 hour pass starting tomorrow noon.

January 2, 1944 (Sunday):

Pete, Vaughn, Orland (*Lt. Orland H. Hasselbach*), Mathews (*Lt. C. A. Matthews*) and I went to London on the ten o'clock train. We were greeted by a couple of commandos and we went to dinner with them. Pete and Vaughn took over and we went over to the Reindeer Club where we stayed. When we were having dinner a Negro soldier walked in with an English woman and her son. We got so damned mad we walked out. The English go out with the Negroes here and seem to prefer them to the white men. Of course this isn't a general habit. When the Negroes first came over, they passed as American Indians, the dirty rats. We

walked around and couldn't get in a movie and we finally had dinner at the Regent Palace, it was very nice. We had a long talk with a couple of English girls who had visited the United States. It was very interesting. Orland and I walked about Piccadilly Circus and Oxford Circus. It was very interesting and it's true what they say about Piccadilly.

January 3, 1944 (Monday):

Went to the Officer's P-X in the morning and bought a few things and walked around town shopping. The city has had the hell bombed out of it. We had dinner at the Red Cross and tried to see a movie but we would have to wait two hours for a seat, so - -. We walked around some more and the pubs opened at five-thirty so we drank scotch and beer and got home about eleven. Pretty tired too.

January 4, 1944 (Tuesday):

We got up at eight and had breakfast and to the Liverpool Station at 9:30. We caught the 9:50 train for home. We had to wait in Ipswich for awhile and finally got home at 1:45. It's a lot colder here than in London and it was snowing a little here. The boys had a mission to Kiel today and everyone got back OK. Another milk run and we missed it. Haven't flown for 15 days now.

January 5, 1944 (Wednesday):

Slept late again, it sure has been an easy life lately. The boys flew to Kiel again today and we lost one ship there and one crew had to bail out near here. They bombed contact today and could see the fires started by the incendiaries. At least we didn't have so many ships abort as we did yesterday when 14 out of 30 returned without hitting the target. The Colonel gave the big talk to the engineers. Wrote a few letters and played solitaire. It sure is dead around here and I sure miss my little Anne. I love her so. Bed early, might fly in the morning. I hope so, at least a little entertainment. The Germans are putting a lot of fighters up lately and had several bombers over London last night. Went to see Donovan tonight. He's going back to the States because his hands were so badly frostbitten, might have to amputate.

January 6, 1944 (Thursday):

Had a Squadron meeting today and flew this afternoon for a few hours, just an altitude practice mission. No mail today, damn it. What's become of my Anne? I miss her and love her so – and no mail. Went to see Kreidler about getting over to see Joe, but he was chicken as usual. The Chaplain might take his stuff over for him. I hope so anyway. I'm getting generally tired at the Kreidler regime. The mission today was scrubbed but it looks like we'll have another tomorrow. The mission yesterday destroyed 95 enemy fighters and really did a lot of damage to Kiel. We didn't lose too many ships either. We had seven out of the sixteen we started with.

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Book Two: January 7, 1944 to March 27, 1944

January 7, 1944 (Friday):

Got up early to fly but we were an extra crew so we didn't. They got us up at 2:00 and briefing was at four. The mission was to the Ruhr Valley, we call it "Flak Valley". All the ships got in OK except Eicke (Lt. L. Eike?) who had to crash land near the English coast. On the approach the ship burst into flames and Sid Becker (*Lt. Sid Becker*), Dick Hosmer (*Lt. Dick Hosmer*) and 2 enlisted men were killed. It was Sid's first mission and I sat with him at the briefing and he didn't want to fly as a replacement Bombardier for Eicke. He was a helluva nice fellow, a little Jewish boy from New York. I imagine his wife Elaine will take it pretty hard, can't blame her. I went to town to get a haircut, shampoo and a bath. Felt like a new man. I met Jim Vitale, my old roommate, at the Red Cross. We shot the breeze for quite a while and I went out pubbing. Found some good whiskey and had my share of it.

January 8, 1944 (Saturday):

Slept till eleven and I sure needed it, last night was too much for me. I guess those days are over for we have to get up and go to school now. I moved into Joe's old room this afternoon and have it fixed up pretty nice. At least I'll get some sleep when I go to bed. Had a few letters today, I finally got a letter from XXXX. It sure was nice and I sure do XXXX. Also had one from Louise and Ray, one from Bernice and two from Mother. A few of the promotions came through today but mine didn't. Joe's did and I hope he gets to know it before he gets home. Hagerty's

crew have a 48 hour pass and went to London. Larson has a 24 hour pass and went to Norwich, Pete hasn't a pass but went anyway. Awful quite around here tonight. Vaughn is over to Desmond's barracks. Had a little food here tonight and made toast.

January 9, 1944 (Sunday):

Flew a practice bombing mission today out to the North Sea, but we didn't complete it because of the weather. Had a medical lecture and went to Mass and Communion. We have a new Catholic Priest here, Father Quinlan. Seems to be very nice. Spent the evening writing letters, etc. Made some toasted cheese sandwiches. Chaplain Minga (*Rev. Taylor H. Minga*) told me Joe is still around Birmingham and is getting a glass eye fitted.

January 10, 1944 (Monday):

The runaway gun *Saturday* killed a fellow riding on a cleat track. It's getting dangerous to stay on the ground around here! Had school at nine o'clock till 10:30 and again at 12:30, when we had air-sea rescue class. They showed us the boat they drop into the sea for rescue. It's really a good deal, 2 outboard engines, sail, etc. Had a class on the cathode tube (radar) at three and finally finished at 4:30. Worked around the barracks and cleaned my flying boots and went coal hunting with good success. We had hotdogs on toast for lunch tonight. Tasted pretty good. There is a mission scheduled for the morning so I went to bed early. No letters today and I didn't write any. What's the matter with my honey? Only one letter in three days. The fellows from Hagerty's crew got back from their London pass this afternoon.

January 11, 1944 (Tuesday): [3rd Mission – Braunschweig - Oldenburg]

Woke us up at three o'clock to fly. Had a five o'clock briefing. We finally took off at 8:20. The target was Braunschweig, west of Berlin, where one third of the ME 109's are made. We had light but accurate flak when we crossed the enemy coast at 11:20. The mission was abandoned before we got to the target, so we bombed Oldenburg, about 75 miles west of Braunschweig. Knocked the hell out of it too and it was only place where we didn't have an over-cast and under-cast. We flew at 21,000 feet and it was -32°. Not bad at all. We had a lot of 47's for cover and I didn't notice any enemy pursuit. Should get the report tomorrow. I don't know if we lost any ships or not. Riblet didn't fly because of his cold, so Clapps (*Lt. Ralph*

T. Clapps) was our Co-pilot; we also had a new tail gunner. Millard (*James J. Millard*) rode the nose turret today. Didn't wear our flak suits. I was plenty tired when we got back, so I went to bed at four o'clock but I got up at six-thirty. It was too warm in here, it's snowing outside. No letters today.

January 12, 1944 (Wednesday):

The Eight Air Force had 1259 ships over Germany Yesterday. 42 enemy ships were destroyed, 19 probables, 24 damaged. We lost 19 – B-17's, 2 – B-24's, 4 – P-47's, and 1- P-38. The pursuits reported very heavy dog fighting all of our ships returned. Got up at nine-thirty. Went to the orderly hospital, and to Church; went to Communion again today. This afternoon I went to the dentist and Capt. Francis filled a tooth for me. Went down to the Operations and talked to Capt. Kreidler for awhile and fixed my chute also. Went to the Navigation building and finally got back here about three-thirty. Sat around and read the new "Life" (Dec. 6th) and the Racine newspaper. Had a letter from Louise and Ray again. No mail from Mother or Anne. I'll write again tonight and hope I get a letter tomorrow.

January 13, 1944 (Thursday):

The confirmed losses on Tuesday's raid are 57 – B-17's, 2 – B-24's, for a total of 59 heavies. I don't know exactly how many fighters, but the dogfights were the worst in the war so far. We did destroy the three targets though. Had school today and I finally got some mail. One form Mother, one form Johnny Wheelis (*Lt. John Wheelis – Navigator 446 Bomb. Group*), and one from Webster's wife. He's in China and Wheelis is here. Went to the club for a few drinks and home.

January 14, 1944 (Friday):

Got up early and went to navigation trainer and spent the rest of the morning riding around the countryside taking pictures with the Chaplain and Pete. We went over to see Eike (*Lester I. Eike*) and Flener (*Alvin E. Flener*) at the hospital and we had dinner at Thorpe Abbott. We got back to Tivetshall about 1:30 and took the train into Norwich. Went shopping and finally found an electric heater. Drank a little beer and went to the Red Cross and ate. We had an alert, the sirens really wailed, but no bombs. The raid we were on Tuesday was rated in importance with the Ploesti and Schweinfurt raids. So we were on a big one after all. Found out today that Norwich was about 1500 years old. Sure is an ancient

town. Have noticed several tombstones from 800 and 900. No mail today. Wonder what the trouble is.

January 15, 1944 (Saturday):

Had classes in the morning. Spent the afternoon cleaning up my room and wiring up my electric heater. It sure works good. We got up to flay a mission to Gotha, Germany where they make ME 110's and 109's. It would have been a helluva rough ride and we would have gone farther into Germany than ever before. The weather closed in and we couldn't take off. Maybe we're lucky, I think we'll see. No mail again today. We had a dance at the club and had a nice time. The boys really drank the place dry and I did my part. We finally got to bed about 2:00.

January 16, 1944 (Sunday):

No mission, thank heavens for I really had a headache when I finally got up at noon. Had a nice turkey dinner today, we have a new mess officer and the food seems better. Spent the afternoon batting the breeze with the boys. Went to Church at 4:30, they really have a lot of Catholic fellows here. Sent Mrs. Wholihan a cable for her birthday and Anne one too. Can't understand why we haven't been getting any mail lately. Sure do miss those letters. I hope my lover still loves me. Spent the evening writing a few letters, etc. Think I'll go into town tomorrow and take my cleaning in.

January 17, 1944 (Monday):

Had classes all morning and at noon Hasselbach and I took our cleaning into town. We fooled around the rest of the afternoon shopping. Went to the pubs when they opened and drank beer and took the 11:30 train home. Hasselbach was at the hospital and stayed at the Red Cross. Still no mail, what in the devil is the trouble? I know they're writing me but I guess maybe the weather is too bad for the Air Transport ships.

January 18, 1944 (Tuesday):

Got up early and to class by eight o'clock. Went to Church at nine o'clock, three days in a row for me – a record. Fixed my room up a little today and it's really nice now. It stays warm in here anyway. Hasselbach got the big letter today. I got a

letter from Ken Maury today. He's classified 1-A now. Rough. Wrote a few letters in the evening. Wish I would get some soon.

January 19, 1944 (Wednesday):

Got up early and found out we had a 24 hour pass and so we caught the ten o'clock train into Norwich. Vaughn and I went together and we started early at the pubs. Stayed at the Red Cross again. Went to the dance at Samson and Hercules. Had a fair time and got to bed by 11:30.

January 20, 1944 (Thursday):

Got up early and went to the pubs. Fooled around till they closed at 2:30 and then we went to see "Alexander's Rag Time Band" and "Chetnicks". Both were pretty good, although ancient. Came out and had some tea and the pubs opened again. Just fooled around and got the bus home at 10:30. I had 18 letters and cards today. Sure seemed nice to get all that mail, and to hear from my honey again.

January 21, 1944 (Friday):

Slept late and had a nice roast pork dinner today. We took some pictures and Hasselbach and I went bicycle riding around the country side and took more pictures. Found a place to buy some eggs and a chicken. Got a dozen eggs for only 5 Shillings and a chicken for 26 Shillings. Our laundry lady is going to roast it for us the first of the week. I'll bet it will be good. Had a few more letters today, from the Elks Club. The fellows flew to Bonnières again today. Everyone got back OK, but the bombing was poor.

January 22, 1944 (Saturday):

Got up early and went to class. Hasselbach and I went to town on the liberty run. Went shopping and to the pubs and to the Red Cross and we went to the Lido to a dance. Had a nice time and left about 10:45 and miss the bus and the train so we had to take a cab home. We met Vaughn and the three of us came home together. The cab was cheaper than we expected, only \$4.50 each. Looks like bad weather again.

January 23, 1944 (Sunday):

Got up and went to GEE trainer at eleven. Had a wonderful roast chicken dinner. I had about five letters last night, that makes 26 in three days. Quite a record. Now to answer them all. Heard from Warren Bass, just got back from a leave in Havana, Cuba; what a character he is! Went bicycle riding with Hasselbach and got some more eggs and we're going to have our roast chicken tomorrow night. Went to Church at four-thirty and back to the barracks. It sure is cold and windy around here lately. It's clearing up and I think we might fly in the morning. I hope so anyway. Wrote several letters tonight, trying to catch up. I got thirty letters in four days now. Hope it continues.

January 24, 1944 (Monday):

Got us up at three to fly a mission. Had a nice breakfast and to the briefing at 4:45. The target was Rüsselsheim, near Frankfurt, which was our secondary target. We took off at 8:00 and assembled at 8,000'. A B-17 crashed and burned on the next field, the whole sky was lit up. We carried 20 – 100 (?) pound cluster incendiaries. The target was five factories at Rüsselsheim, where 25,000 workers make parts for the Junkers, Messerschmitt, and Folk-Wolf airplanes. There were 57 guns (A.A.) at the target, 140 at Frankfurt where the city of 575,000 people make most every kind of war supplies. The landfall was to be at Dunkirk, and we expected to encounter 120 single engine fighters and 90 twin engine fighters and rocket tossers. We had aerial bombs dropped on us last raid. The Second Combat Division had the 14th, 2nd, 20th Combat Wings with two groups in each for today's mission. We were to have wonderful fighter support for the target, which would have been plenty rough, 12 groups of P-47's, 2 groups of P-38's and 10 Squadrons of Spitfires. What could be nicer? We assembled and finally got on our way and guess what? The mission was scrubbed – we got in at 3:45 minutes of flying. It was cold too, 25 below at 15,000', our flight altitude was to be 21,000'. Our tail turret was out and we had Capt. Blanchard's ship. He can have it. It has a good GEE box though and I used it. I tried to sleep in the afternoon but couldn't. Had dinner first and at six, Hasselbach and I went to have our special chicken dinner. It was good and we really ate. Wrote a couple of letters and also got a few today.

January 25, 1944 (Tuesday):

I sure was tired this morning and I didn't get up till eleven. Twelve hours sleep. Have a cold and need the rest. Had a class at one o'clock and went over to Operations afterwards. Gershenzon (*Lt. Nolan Gershenzon*) is leaving for P.F.F.

school soon. Had a package from the Elks Club today. It had cigarettes, soap, etc. in it. Wrote some letters in the afternoon and evening trying to catch up. Wrote to Joe and I found more of his clothes here today. Might fly tomorrow.

January 26, 1944 (Wednesday):

Had a pass and went to town on the ten o'clock train. Stayed at the Red Cross. Didn't do much except walk around. Got to bed at eleven.

January 27, 1944 (Thursday):

Up early and went shopping, finally got some cloth wings. Picked up my pictures and having more made. Slept for awhile in the afternoon and had a beer and went home on the seven o'clock train. I'm fed up on the lousy town and the English.

January 28, 1944 (Friday):

Got up early but didn't have school today so I come back and wrote letters. Had nine letters today. The mail is coming through much better now. Wrote some more after dinner. Played cards for awhile today. Hasselbach went to town to get the dry cleaning. The P-X doesn't handle it anymore. Wrote letters and shot the breeze with the fellows during the eve. Bed early cause we might fly. Hagerty was briefed tonight.

January 29, 1944 (Saturday):

Had several crash alerts during the night and one German ship did come over the barracks at about 4000 feet headed toward Norwich. Didn't see much else. Got up at 9:45 and while I was shaving I heard a couple of engines run up and went outside and saw a B-24 going down and half of it was cut off. The section from the wing back was off. Another B-24 also came down and they crashed on the South end of the field and exploded. What a scene it was, a big flash followed the noise and flames shot five-hundred feet in the air. Then huge clouds of black smoke which lasted for several hours. I did see four men jump, tow chutes opened and two failed to open. The bodies were strewn all over the countryside and a couple went through some farm houses. Both ships were from the 392nd Group near here and one was the Pathfinder ship. The pilot, a Major, got out. We had several air raids today but didn't see any ships. The fellows flew a raid on Frankfurt today. Everyone got back OK. I don't know the results but the fighters were heavy.

Henley (*Lt. Thomas H. Henley*) saw seven Germans go down. Must be many more, will know more later. Had two hours of GEE trainer today and an hour of Link. Had a few more letters today, one from Anne again. I love her twenty-four hours more than I did yesterday! I went to confession tonight, and back to the barracks. Looks like we might fly in the morning. I sure hope so, this sitting around for so long isn't good for anyone.

January 30, 1944 (Sunday): [Mission 4 – Brunswick]

Got us up for 5:30 briefing and we took off at 8:45. The target was Brunswick again. This was my fourth mission, been to the same target twice. Why can't I get a milk run? Brunswick is a city of 200,000 people and one of the largest manufacturers of aircraft engines and parts. We had plenty of flak and fighters all the way, but we had a nice position to fly. There were several abortions today, even the Colonel. We flew at 21,500 and it was 21⁹ below. Very warm. Vaughn rode the nose turret and so I was Bombardier today. We bombed on P.F.F. at 12:30. Carried ten 500 pound G.P.'s. Don't know the results yet. Had to feather number one engine on the way back but we finally got it going over the Channel. Conner (*Lt. Thomas B. Conner, Jr.*) didn't get back today. Everyone else did I guess. The flak was so heavy we could have dropped our wheels and taxied on the stuff. (Conner had to ditch and *was* killed)

January 31, 1944 (Monday):

Another mission today, but not for us. I went to bed at six o'clock last night and got up at 5:30 this morning. Quite a rest. Still very tired. This Altitude flying and all the heavy equipment really knocks you out. The mission was scrubbed today, so I guess we didn't miss anything. We have a 48 hour pass starting at eight in the morning, but we caught the 8:30 train this evening. It took six hours to get to London. We got in at 2:30 and to bed by four. The train ride didn't seem that long for we had someone to talk to most all the way.

February 1, 1944 (Tuesday):

Got up early and took a warm bath. We really had wonderful rooms at the Red Cross. We went to the Officer's P-X and bought some clothes and then to the barber. In the afternoon we took a cab around town and saw all the sights. It was very interesting. We saw General Eisenhower today near Buckingham Palace. We went to Verrey's French Restaurant on Regent Street and had dinner, while we

were there, I met Bradburry, Flossie Sharp's old boyfriend. We had several Manhattans and a nice time. We went around to several clubs and joined the Gaiety Club and drank till 1:30 and then went to bed.

February 2, 1944 (Wednesday):

Got up early and went out to try and find Cliff Awalt with the Chaplain. He isn't in London we found out, but near Lincoln. We caught the 11:10 train and went to Chelmsford and spent the day there. Had a very nice time. Stayed in a private home. They don't have facilities for Officers in Chelmsford. We got to bed about one o'clock, didn't do an awful lot but we did have a good time.

February 3, 1944 (Thursday):

Caught the nine o'clock train out of Chelmsford and got to Tivetshall about eleven. Only had two letters waiting for me and I got one from Joe this afternoon. I also got the material for a battle jacket. Didn't do much the rest of the day except straighten my stuff out. No school was scheduled. The mission flown today was abandoned because of contrails; it was to be on Emden. Melby's engineer was killed today. The oxygen hose strangled him when the turret turned. We lost 36 bombers on the raid last Sunday that I was on. Had ice cream for supper. It was really a luxury, had a roast beef dinner too. Wrote letters in the eve.

February 4, 1944 (Friday):

They woke us up at 4:30 and we had a 5:30 briefing. The target was Frankfurt. We had to abort because of a cracked cylinder head. Five out of seven ships in our squadron aborted. The weather was bad and we had a 150 M.P.H. wind at 25,000', and the temperature was -50°. A helluva day to fly. Jorgensen and Desmond were the only two who got there. On our way to the briefing, we saw a real air battle. The sky was full of search lights and plenty of Jerrys were around. It was a crash alert. We saw incendiaries drop near Lowestoft and what a sight! Last night we saw a couple of ships go down and I guess Ipswich had quite a raid. Lots like an all-out effort from Germany before we invade the continent. We shouldn't have much trouble with the invasion which should be very, very soon. I hope so, for we'll get more time in then. Had a couple of letters today and a package of candy. Wrote letters in the eve.

February 5, 1944 (Saturday):

My cold finally got me down. Went on sick call today, couldn't fly with the crew. Pete and Vaughn are grounded too. I've been fighting this cold long enough, should be back flying soon. Stopped in at the dance for awhile and had a few drinks and to bed. Had a couple of good games at the club and Desmond won \$1200.00. Not Bad!

February 6, 1944 (Sunday):

Went to school and Church this morning. Stayed around the barracks most all of the day. Had several letters today.

February 7, 1944 (Monday):

Went to Norwich and got my pictures and took some more in to be printed. Had dinner and took the train to Chelmsford with Vaughn. Had a nice time. They had an alert and we could hear the Jerrys and there was a little action. It was a full moon and plenty of light. The fellows have been flying every day into France knocking out airdromes and rocket installations. No mail today. Should be some soon.

February 8, 1944 (Tuesday):

Got up early and took the 5:20 train from Chelmsford and got in about 8:30. Went to school and to sick call. Grounded for another day or so yet. Had several letters today from Anne. Certainly good to hear from my lover. The fellows flew today and really screwed up and drove through the heavy flak zones on the French coast. Shot the hell out of several ships. Six ships landed with feathered engines and some had twenty holes in them. I don't know if anyone was hurt. All the ships got back. Spent the evening writing letters. General Timberlake and several Colonels were here for dinner and we had spam. What a break for the mess officer. The food has been very good and we've had ice cream twice lately and again tonight. Wrote about ten letters tonight. There's a full moon out tonight and it's very clear. Light as day, most unusual for England. There will be a mission in the morning for sure.

February 9, 1944 (Wednesday):

Got back on flying status today and had a pub pass today. Went to town and got our cleaning, etc. Orland and I were together. Took a good hot shower and had a nice shampoo. We drank in the evening and tried to find an apartment, I think we found one. Going in to see about it tomorrow. Think we will be restricted after the 15th, preparing for the invasion, no doubt. Got a package today and a clipping for Jim Easson's and Bob Pritchard's deaths. A P-47 and a 24 cracked up today near the field. Don't know much more about it yet. The weather is terrible, rain and snow and very windy. I can't see why General Doolittle flies the fellows in this awful stuff. Got some new crews in again. I don't know who they are yet.

February 10, 1944 (Thursday):

Slept late and had only one class. The weather is so bad that we aren't going to town today. The stores are usually all closed on Thursday afternoons anyway. We'll get in tomorrow and get measured for the battle jackets. Only had one letter today. Spent the eve writing letters. All of the ships got back today. Looks like we'll go out on a mission in the morning. I hope so anyway.

February 11, 1944 (Friday): [Mission 5 - Bonnieres]

Got us up at three o'clock and we had briefing at four-thirty. We took off a seven-thirty and the target was Bonnieres, France, a rocket installation. We didn't bomb because of a solid under-cast and we salvoed in the Channel. We saw plenty of flak but no fighters. The B-17's went to Frankfurt. We saw quite a few rockets too. The Colonel didn't like the formation and we don't know yet if we will get credit for a mission, sortie or nothing at all. All our ships got back OK. Riblet didn't fly again. It was my fifth mission, if it counted. Had a few letters today, Anne, Mother and Rosemary. I also got a small package from Emory Mischler with some candy. Some character is outside shooting his .45, flak happy no doubt.

February 12, 1944 (Saturday):

Slept late and went to town at one o'clock. Got measured for my battle jacket. Orland and I fooled around most of the day. Found a place to get scotch, Lord Nelson's, so we stayed there. A fellow on Friday's mission had all four engines quit at 1000 feet and he did a 180° turn and landed safely at an RAF that he had just passed over. That's not for me! He was sure lucky. (Matthews got the Purple Heart today)

February 13, 1944 (Sunday):

The fellows had a late takeoff today and the target was Bonnières again. Captain Spahn really hit the target today and I doubt whether we'll have to go back. We've been there seven or eight times so far. The flak was really heavy today, just like Friday and our ship had 28 flak holes in it. Capt. Blanchard (*Stewart E. Blanchard*) was killed one minute from the target and several others were killed or injured. Dill got it in the stomach, but will be OK. One fellow jumped from the nose of the ship over near the target. Why, I don't know. With Blanchard gone, Major Kreidler flew the ship back and had to crash land in southern England. Must have had their ass shot off. Blanchard is the third lead crew pilot to be hit in our Squadron. Joe, Awalt and Blanchard, sure a loss to the Squadron. Blanchard just had a baby last week and his wife is a widow now. This damned E.T.O. is really rough. Went to Church and wrote letters today. That's about all. Had some mail today. We really had an air raid tonight! The sky was filled with search lights and flak. The Jerrys were dropping flares and bombing *the* hell out of some place south of Ipswich. We could feel the bombs and one is still flying over us now. This is really a sow and it's been going on for quite a while. The bombs have been delayed action and some are still exploding. On today's mission, twenty of the twenty-four ships had flak holes in them. Really accurate stuff they're putting up. We should fly in the morning, I hope we have better luck.

February 14, 1944 (Monday):

Hasselbach and I went to town and took some cleaning in, etc. Didn't do very much. Went to the Red Cross Valentine's Day dance for awhile and home at Midnight.

February 15, 1944 (Tuesday): [Mission 6 – Siracouer (*Siracourt*)]

Got us up at six-thirty for an eight o'clock briefing. The Target was Siracouer (*Siracourt*), a rocket gun installation in France near Abbeville. It is north east of there. We took off at 11:20 and landed at 3:20. We flew at 19,000' and it was 22° below zero. The flight was OK and I think the bombing was good. It was a visual target and had plenty of accurate flak. We were surprised not to see any flak any other place, but very happy. All the ships got back OK. There were only 48 ships on combat missions today. We lead the Second Combat Wing and had 24 ships up

and two other groups flew on us with 12 each. Funny that we didn't run into any fighters, they could have had a good time.

February 16, 1944 (Wednesday):

Found out today that we have a forty-eight hour pass starting tomorrow morning, so Vaughn and I caught the two o'clock train and went to Chelmsford. Didn't do a whole lot there but we had a good time.

February 17, 1944 (Thursday):

We got up at nine and caught the ten-thirty train to London. Met Pete and had dinner. Went shopping and then to Verrey's and had some rum fizzies. Certainly were good. Met Tiny and we went to dinner and a few drinks and then to see "Johnny Vagabond". Pretty good. I left after the movie and went to the Burlington Lounge and drank ale. The "house" bought a drink, the first since I've been in England! Bed by eleven-thirty.

February 18, 1944 (Friday):

Had dinner with Lt. Berry, a Canadian Officer who just returned from Italy. Had quite a long talk and several drinks. Just caught the four o'clock train to Chelmsford where I met Hasselbach. We went to the new Red Cross Officer's Club, and were the only ones there. Had a nice time and we were treated like kings. Went to the movies after dinner, then had lunch again. Nothing to drink. We saw a honey of a show tonight, the Jerrys came over Chelmsford and they really had the guns going. Searchlights, sirens ack-ack, what a show! We saw two bombers shot down and the sky was lit up just like day from the incendiaries they carried. The buildings shook and the windows really rattled. London had a big raid also and several were shot down. We finally got to bed around two o'clock.

February 19, 1944 (Saturday):

Hasselbach and I got up and had late breakfast and then walked to the station. We had some time to kill, so we found a pub that had some scotch. Had several drinks before we left. He went on to London and I got back to the field at four-thirty. Had three packages and about a dozen letters waiting for me. There is a dance at the club tonight but I'm not going over. I think I'll answer some letters and maybe go to Church, we might fly tomorrow.

February 20, 1944 (Sunday): [Mission 7 – Brunswick]

Up early and had a six-fifteen briefing. The target was Brunswick again. We put up thirty-six ships and led the group. We flew at 17,000' and it was 30° below zero. We had a new B-24J and we didn't like it. I flew as replacement for Jorgenson's crew. He's a good pilot and I wouldn't mind riding with him again. The raid today was one of the biggest ever made and losses are expected to reach a new high. We were leading an element and Neal and Thornton were our wing men. A FW 190 and a 109 came in and sent Neal to a flaming death. Shot up the whole ship. Thornton got hit in several places and his tail gunner isn't expected to live. He was flying our ship and it was really shot up. Neal went down near the rally point, several others went down also, we lost three, Owens, Kieser (with Samuels, a Navigator Classmate), and Neal. We saw more enemy fighters today than ever before. They really came in and threw the book at us. We were lucky again. This was my seventh mission and we're scheduled to fly in the morning. Best I get some sleep now, it was a rough day and it will be rough tomorrow. Another few raids like today and the Luftwaffe will be crushed.

February 21, 1944 (Monday): [Mission 8 – Osnabrück]

Got us up early to fly again. The target was an airfield and sub depot near Osnabrück. We flew a new ship, a B-24J, - ours won't be ready for another month. The 20 MM really raised hell with it. The rudder and stabilizer are both unsalvageable. We carried 12-500 lbs. general purpose bombs and I salvoed again. Really getting check out. I don't believe we lost many ships today, our group didn't lose any. We had wonderful fighter escort all the way. There were several targets for today. We couldn't bomb our target so we picked another and knocked *the* hell out of it. We flew at 18,000' and it was 30° below again. I used the GEE Box quite a bit and it works fine until you get to the Dutch coast. Very accurate. The flight plans really are beginning to look like jig saw puzzles having two enter points, contra points, two or three rally points besides turn points. Really a complicated mess. The flak wasn't so awfully bad today, there was a lot of it but not accurate, thank Heavens. This was mission number eight for me, and I expect to get some more very soon. In fact, I wouldn't doubt if I flew again tomorrow. Yesterday's mission was the largest ever flown. We had over eight-hundred four engine bombers up. Hundreds of fighters were supporting us also. I think Germany will be conquered by Easter, at least I hope so. Then I hope its

home for us and not China. Hasselbach and I went over for a chicken dinner again tonight. Sure was good. Awfully tired and ready for bed. No mail.

February 22, 1944 (Tuesday):

Got us up for the third day in a row to fly. The target was Gotha and the weather was terrible. We had to abort because the nose turret was full of ice and the electric suits wouldn't work. We got half way over the Channel, the rest got nearly to Germany but the whole mission was recalled. I sure was tired and went to bed at four O'clock. First sleep I've had for awhile. When the ships returned a bomb, 20 lb. fragmentation (anti-personnel) fell from a ship accidentally and killed four or five people about a half mile from here. The bombs were to be used on airfields all over Germany. We knock out the aircraft factories and now working on the air fields. When we first got here, we could bomb any air field in France. Later it changed and the orders were not to bomb any airfield in France. It was the same in Germany and now we have to spare the runways. This invasion is being planned to perfection and the future is really contemplated. It's midnight now, had to get up for a snack. The Jerries are out tonight and the ack-ack is shaking the building a little. The results of the Brunswick mission by our Group were excellent. The first rating of that caliber of the Division. We really knocked the target out and we won't have to go back for a long time. Had some more mail today but haven't written any letters lately. Just no time to spare. I'll have to start on them soon.

February 23, 1944 (Wednesday):

I didn't get up till eleven O'clock today. Really got plenty of sleep, will need it. We're an alert crew for the mission in the morning again. Didn't do a whole lot today but did get a lot of little things straightened out. Had some mail again today. I'm way behind on my letter writing but I'll catch up eventually. Tonight we had quite a lunch around here, boiled eggs, toasted cheese and chicken sandwiches. They were really good, now I suppose I won't sleep. Saw Awalt today.

February 24, 1944 (Thursday):

Got me up early again to fly as replacement for Lymburn. The mission was to be rough and to Gotha. We couldn't start the engines and so we didn't get off, Thank God! They shot the hell out of our Group, our Squadron lost four ships and the Group thirteen. The 389th lost heavily too. Jorgenson came back, had to abort,

and was shot up pretty bad and shot down one F.W. 190. Swanson was ahead of him and he spun it and burned up. Only one ship from the Squardon got over the target and that was Wolfe, Kelso, the bombardier, was hit, but will live. Constable went down; Gerry Collison, Vice Locilenti, and Larson were the other officers. They shot down tow fighters before they went down. Malen, Bonney, Kilner, Lovey went down after shooting down two fighters also. Desmond, Oswald, Hardy and Rundell went down over the target. I'll really miss those boys. Swanson, Clapps, Zielinski and Catauri went down in Holland after they aborted. They were shot down by tow F.W. 190's. The 702nd probably had the worst luck, lost their Commanding Officer, Major Evans, Squadron Bombardier, Squadron navigator and two lead crews. When they were hit, they spun thru the formation and caused general chaos, and the Jerries really came in shooting everything they had. They used all the available ships they had. The 700th Squadron lost their Operations Officer, Captain Walter and a lead crew, Costain, LaPolla and Arnou were with them as Navigators. Some of the other crews missing are Abell, Switch, Bussing, Tooney, Rowland, Scjcie, Shurtz, Gray besides the others I already mentioned. Stimmel did a good job and flew the ship like a pursuit and shot down seven ships. The reason for the great loss was the Navigation was twenty minutes early and missed all fighter support. The position and element Lymburn was supposed to fly was wiped out. That put me pretty close to death. Closer than I ever want to be again! Finis.

Bob Porter, a classmate of mine from Hondo went down on today's mission also.

February 25, 1944 (Friday):

Got us up again to fly seems like they just won't let us sleep. The Target was the farthest in Germany that we were ever scheduled for. The Group put up seventy ships today and five aborted. We got over near Dieppe and had to turn back. Had oil leaking out of three engines, never could have gone four and a half hours in occupied territory. We didn't seem to mind it a Hellvalot I guess yesterday is still pretty well on our minds, you just can't pass those things off so easily. It was a good day though and all our ships did return. Thank God. This Group is in pretty bad shape, I guess everyone takes a beating now and then. I must be lucky as hell. I just hope it will hold out till I finish my twenty-five. I would like to get a day off. I'm so damned tired now I can't see straight. Tomorrow will make it six out of seven days on missions.

February 26, 1944 (Saturday):

Got up for six O'clock briefing again. The target was Stuttgart. The mission was scrubbed shortly after the briefing. Went to the B.O.Q. and to sleep. Got up about noon and went to town with Pete. Had lots of little things to do. Went to the Hippodrome and saw "Big Ben Strikes". It wasn't bad either. Went out and had a few beers and home to bed. Pete said it was a "stand down" and I can sleep all morning. Larson's brother is here tonight.

February 27, 1944 (Sunday):

Slept till eleven thirty and went over to eat. Sure was tired this morning. The electricity is off today and it's cold and dark in my room. Went to four O'clock church and then to eat. Got some of the pictures to send home. Sure have a bunch of them. Wrote a few letters in the evening and to bed early. Might have to fly again in the morning. No mail today, never is much on Sundays.

February 28, 1944 (Monday):

Went to class this morning and this afternoon we had a pub pass but I didn't leave the field. I wrote a bunch of letters today and got a lot of rest. Looks like we might fly in the morning if it stops snowing.

February 29, 1944 (Tuesday):

Got us up at four O'clock and the target was Vechta, an air base near Osnabruck, when we got to the Navigator's briefing, the mission was scrubbed. So we went back to bed and at nine thirty they woke us up for a 10:30 briefing. The target was in the Pas De Calais Area, a rocket installation. We had a lousy ship, 501, a J, and it wouldn't climb, first it wouldn't start. We dropped the rear bomb bays but could gain only a thousand feet, so we dropped them all. Then there was no use of going. The altimeter, air speed indicator, rate of climb, etc. were out and I had to land in the nose calling out the airspeed and altitude. The pilots air speed indicated 450 M.P.H. on our final approach and an altitude of 9000'. The Major test hopped the ship and finally got 16000 feet without bombs, and only half the gas we had and a four man crew. He grounded the ship permanently. We certainly have had hard luck lately; out of six starts I have four aborts, and two scrubs. Never get home that way. I'm really thankful for one abort; I wouldn't be alive today if we hadn't turned back last Thursday. Got a package today from

Bernice and a letter from Mother. Just answered it I don't think there will be a mission in the morning.

March 1, 1944 (Wednesday):

Slept late and went to the dentist. After lunch John and I cleaned up the room and it looks swell. We really gave it a good spring cleaning. I got Molen's bed and mattress and it's really a honey and comfortable. Looks like we might fly again in the morning. I hope so. Only wrote one letter tonight, it was to my honey. I'd give anything to be home and be with her. I hope we can be married when I get home.

March 2, 1944 (Thursday):

Got us up to fly a practice mission today. It was a wing formation with our group leading. We flew at 15,000' and it was 30° below zero. My feet were numb when I got down. We had a 100 M.P.H. wind again and the camera bombing wasn't successful because of the under cast. We got in about five and a half hours flying time. Spent the evening listening to the radio and the German propaganda. Wrote a couple of letters.

March 3, 1944 (Friday):

Got us up again to fly, won't they ever stop! The target was Berlin, has Doolittle gone mad? We were to bomb the Henkel Aircraft factory there, then go down thru southern Germany and bring up all their fighters. We were to be without fighter protection for over two hours over the target, rough. Rief was our Copilot and it was his first mission since his sinus operation. He started suffering at 15,000' and when we got up around 21,000' he couldn't stand it any longer. We turned back East of Helgoland Island and near the coast. By the time we aborted all but five ships of the twenty four we started with had turned back. Soon after we left the formation, the mission was recalled. Several complete groups had to abort and it would have been murder to go on. It was 40° below at 21,000' but my suit worked today, thank heavens! We salvoed in the channel again, carried ten 500 pound general purpose bombs. Played bridge in the evening.

March 4, 1944 (Saturday):

Slept late and didn't do much all day. Went to the dance in the evening and had a few drinks and shot crap. Lost four hundred pounds and went home.

March 5, 1944 (Sunday):

Slept late and went to eleven-thirty mass and to dinner. Got ready for our pass, have a pub pass and a forty-eight. Vaughn and I caught the three O'clock train and went to Chelmsford. Stayed there overnight.

March 6, 1944 (Monday):

Vaughn and I went to London early and he went on to Manchester to see his brother. Our Group was the 1st to bomb Berlin today, March 6th. I went to the Red Cross and out to do a little shopping. Had dinner at the Burlington Lounge and supper at Verry's. Went out and drank all evening. Nothing very exciting.

March 7, 1944 (Tuesday):

Slept late and went shopping again. Left on the four O'clock train and went to Chelmsford for a quiet evening. Got to bed early and I was still tired.

March 8, 1944 (Wednesday):

Caught the eleven O'clock train for home. Got in at two O'clock and had plenty of mail waiting for me. Had quite a bit of stuff to straighten out and it was soon time for supper. Vaughn's brother is up here visiting him. We spent the evening talking and not doing much. I met Carey, a classmate of mine from Hondo in London. He told me Jim Vitale went down on his 25th mission.

March 9, 1944 (Thursday): [Mission 9 – Berlin]

Had my first Berlin mission today, an airport right outside of Berlin. The flak was really rough today and we saw a few ships went down. The lead ship of our element, Menaker was on fire and all ten bailed out O.K.. Lymburn and Circlund went down the other day over Berlin also. We al had a lot of flak holes in the ship but there weren't any fighters, friendly or enemy. It would have been curtains for us if we didn't have the under cast. The flak is getting accurate as all hell, must have some new equipment. Had the big letter from Anne today and that's all there is.

March 10, 1944 (Friday):

Got up at 7:30 and went to the critique. Then came back and got ready to go to Norwich. Just had a few things to do and I came back at five O'clock. Didn't do much except write a few letters in the evening. Looks like another stand down in the morning. I hope we can sleep late any way.

March 11, 1944 (Saturday):

Got up and went to ten O'clock class and went till four thirty. Haven't been to school for a quite some time. Had a meeting to night with Major Kreidler. I came back and wrote several letters after another stand down, haven't flown for two days now.

March 12, 1944 (Sunday):

Went to eleven-thirty Church and to dinner. Had more P.W. pictures taken and then came back to the barracks and wrote letters. After our usual Sunday chicken dinner, with ice cream, we started a little crap game and I won about four pounds. Wrote another letter and went to bed at ten thirty.

March 13, 1944 (Monday):

Went to classes today and that's about all. After class we had a little crap game and then dinner. We played bridge all evening and Haggerty and I won. Pete came in at midnight and had our battle jackets.

March 14, 1944 (Tuesday):

Took my jacket in to town and had my insignia sewn on. Looks very nice came back at six O'clock and wrote a few letters. I meet Spiers in town and he told me Snowden went down last week. Had a big air raid and saw several fighters shot down. Air base 6 miles from here was bombed.

March 15, 1944 (Wednesday): [Mission 10 – Brunswick]

Got us up at Four O'clock and had briefing at 4:45. Our target was Brunswick again. It's my fourth time over that target. Eicke was our Pilot today and Flenner Copilot. The rest of our crew was intact. We started to turn back but decided to try and make it. We caught the 453rd and stayed with them. We hit the target, but our group didn't. They made two runs and were 36 minutes late coming out. We

had a complete under cast and saw only a few German fighters. We had our fighters all the way and really thankful for it. The flak wasn't very accurate today but there was quite a bit of it. They had some red flack, white and usual black also. We got hit a few times but not too bad. All of our ships got back O.K. I'm sure and it looks like we'll fly again in the morning. I was plenty tired this morning for I didn't get hardly any sleep. I went over to the club last night and had a session with Stahl and Kelso, then we watched the bombing going on for quite awhile. They hit the hangers on a field six miles from here, old Buckingham I guess the 453rd is there. Norwich had a little action too and the guns were really putting up a lot of nasty flak. Thirteen ships were shot down. They're over here again tonight and I can feel the bombs dropping now. Maybe I should go and have a look and see what's going on!

March 16, 1944 (Thursday):

Went to school after sleeping late. Got a letter from Jean and I went to Norwich to meet her. Went to see "Thank Your Lucky Stars". It was pretty good. Went for a walk afterwards.

March 17, 1944 (Friday):

Got us up early to fly but the mission was scrubbed. The target was Munich, the beer parlor as we called it. It's really a long haul. We were alerted till 8:30 and then finally said to go home. Vaughn and I went into town and drank some scotch and gin and met Jean and Daisy at nine O'clock. It was too late to do very much and we caught the eleven O'clock bus for home and plenty tired.

March 18, 1944 (Saturday):

Really had a good night's sleep and I feel pretty good. Got up at dinner time and took my laundry out, etc. Had four packages today one from Mother, one from Rosemary and the other two had hats in them. The group flew to Fredrick's Haven today and two planes from the group are missing. We lost Rorhara the other day on the same target. Thomas, the mess Sergeant flew his first mission today with Melby and they had to abort before they hit the target. Got back O.K. Hasselback finished his seventeenth today. Sure is flying the missions. He's going on seven day leave starting Monday. Another crash alert tonight!

March 19, 1944 (Sunday):

Got up early and took a bath, etc, and went to noon mass. We have a pass starting tomorrow noon so we went tonight on the six O'clock bus. Didn't do much. Drank a little and went for a long walk. We had a crash alert and the pubs all closed. The home guard really put up a lot of flack and rockets. It lasted quite awhile but I only saw a few Jerries.

March 20, 1944 (Monday):

Didn't do a whole lot today except walk around town. Had a date in the afternoon and went to see "Skirts" a G.I. stage show. It was damned good. After the show I went to the Red Cross and read till two O'clock.

March 21, 1944 (Tuesday):

Slept late and called Richard Schweiger at Ipswich and I went down to see him on the 2:10 train. I went straight out the field which is Martlesham Heath, the home of the American Eagle Squadron and it was really swell. It's a P-47 and a Typhoon base, both American and RAF pilots. I was billeted out to Grosfels, an estate commandeered from Freeman, a horse racer. It was a beautiful place and about ten officers lived there. The sat man took good care of me and I had tea every time I turned around. I ate at the club, a beautiful place, and we had a nice dinner. We also had waitresses and beautiful furniture. Really Classy. I met Dick at six and we got a ride into Ipswich, just a few miles west of the field. We walked around and finally settled at the Great Whit House Hotel and drank some scotch and beer. When they ran out we went over and had some fish and chips. We met a couple of cute girls and talk with them till the place closed. Then we took a taxi home.

March 22, 1944 (Wednesday):

Had to get up at 6:30 as we couldn't get transportation back the field. The bus left at seven and took us to breakfast. We had a wonderful breakfast bacon and eggs, etc. I said good bye to Dick about eight and I went into Ipswich to the officers Red Cross. Read some American newspapers, etc. At eleven I had to meet Gladys and we went walking and had a nice time. She's a very nice girl and I did have a nice

time with her. I left on the three O'clock train and got back here about four thirty and went to dinner. Had a nice dinner and ice cream too. I had several letters waiting for me and have quite a few to answer now. The boys went to Berlin today and everyone got back O.K.

March 23, 1944 (Thursday):

I had to work all night for this mornings mission. The raid was on Munster and one ship, "Paper Doll" is missing. The pilot was Lt. Toir from the 703rd Sqd. I made up the flight plan for the mission and took care of the navigator's briefing. Finally got to bed at seven O'clock. They woke me up at one thirty and I had to fly to Woodbridge, near Ipswich, to pick up a crew that crash landed there. It's a beautiful field with a runway that is three miles long and about a half mile wide. The ship had it's controls shot up and has no brakes. Everyone was O.K. We flight checked a lead ship and finally landed about five O'clock. Wrote Ann and a few others tonight.

March 24, 1944 (Friday):

Had to get up at two O'clock and was only a spare and didn't fly. I finally got back to bed by four O'clock. Got up at nine. Had several little things to do today and got most of them done. The fellows all got back from their raid on an airport near Nancy, France. The flack was quite heavy today. We were officially awarded the Air Medal today. Colonel Terrill gave out the decorations. Wrote a few letters in the evening. It's a stand down for in the morning.

March 25, 1944 (Saturday):

Didn't do much all day except clean up the room, etc. Had a package from Bernice and one from Morrison Field with a hat in it for me. There wasn't a mission today but we have a maximum effort in the morning and I'm alerted. It will be a long rough one too. Pete had an attach of appendicitis tonight an they took him to Wyndham to the hospital. Played a little foot ball this afternoon and it's just like spring out.

March 26, 1944 (Sunday): [Mission 11 – Siracouer (*Siracourt*)]

Got us up at three to fly and we had a four thirty briefing, the target near Schweinfurt. The route in took us to Berlin, Leipzig and to Schweinfurt and

Frankfurt. It was to draw fighters up. The mission was scrubbed and we had another briefing at eleven. The target was Siracouer (*Siracourt*), a rocket installation. The flak was fairly heavy but we didn't see any fighters. We had bombs away at 3:20 and then home. All the ships got back O.K. It looks like we'll have a rough one in the morning, probably the same one that was scrubbed today. Had a box of candy from Betty today and a couple of letters. Took a bath and went to bed.

March 27, 1944 (Monday): [Mission 12 – Pau]

Got up for a five thirty briefing but the weather was closed in and we didn't take off till 10:00. The target was an airport at Pau, France. The initial point was in Spain, really a long drive. We flew near Nantes and out to sea near La Rochelle and back inland near Bordeaux and back the same way. We ran into some enemy boats and they fired on us. On the way back at the Islands near La Rochelle we saw a 453rd ship get hit by flak and ten men baled out and landed at the flak guns. Of all the targets today, only six bombers were lost. We completely destroyed our target and it was a clear day. No flack over the target, which we also liked. The field was closed in on the way back and we landed at a P-47 base called Chilbolton near Winchester. It's a new base and they treated us like kings. We slept in the hospital and got to sleep about ten O'clock. We were really tired, flew two days in a row and today we logged nine hours flying time. We flew all the way at 10,000 feet and it was 5° below zero.

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Book Three: March 28, 1944 to June 23, 1944

March 28, 1944 (Tuesday):

Had a good night's rest at Chilbolton and got up about eight. We couldn't take off and so we played bridge most all of the morning. After lunch we went out to the flight line and watched the buzz boys do their stuff. We took off about two O'clock and really gave the field a good buzzing, at times our right wing was only three feet off the ground. Everyone buzzed the field and we really gave the pursuit boys a show. The weather was O.K. at the base and after interrogation, we went to supper and then to the B.O.Q. Wrote a few letters and went to bed early.

March 29, 1944 (Wednesday):

Flew a practice mission today at 10,000'. Colonel Jones was our Copilot and really a good one. The weather was terrible and mostly all instruments. Shortly after we took off a P-38 spun in near the end of the runway, buried most of the ship. Captain Casey was made CO of the 703rd Sqd. Replacing Stewart. Cook will be our operations officer and Captain Fisher will take over his crew. Stewart is going to be operations officer of the 453rd Group. Wrote a few letters in the evening and talked for quite a while. It's a standby for the morning again.

March 30, 1944 (Thursday):

Got up early and went to class and got quite a bit of work done. In the afternoon Vaughn, Mathews, and I went over to Wymondon to see Pete, Chaplain Minga, and Brandt. The three of them are pretty good and should be leaving the hospital soon. At least I hope so. We got back from the hospital early and took care of our laundry, etc. had dinner and played bridge. We had several alerts during the evening and it was a clear night. Bed early for we'll have to fly.

March 31, 1944 (Friday):

Got up early to fly and the weather looks bad and the original target, Munich, was changed to Ludwigsfaven. The flight was delayed an hour and we taxied out for take off but it started to snow very hard, so they scrubbed the mission. We had a pub pass and I went to town with Flenner and went shopping. Went pubbing this evening and had a good time but was pretty tired being up so long. Three O'clock is just too early in the morning. Early in the Morning, Jerry came over and strafed twelve field near here. We had a few here, but they didn't shoot up any ships.

April 1, 1944 (Saturday): [Mission 13 - Manheim]

Up at three again and the target was the I. G. Farben Chemical Co. near Mannheim. The weather was really bad and we didn't think it would be completed. It was our thirteenth mission today and a mighty rough one. Had very accurate flak and some fighters. I saw three 24's go down and explode after being hit. We didn't bomb our target but drove around for an extra hour in Germany and bombed another target. The 453rd was leading and screwed up as usual. It's always Snafu with them. Our group lost four ships, one of them came in here for a crash landing on two engines and on the approach the third engine quit and they

crashed, killing six men. The others went down in Belgium and Germany but I only saw two chutes open out of all three ships. Flak got two of them and fighters the other. We had to crash land but decided to do it here instead of at Woodbridge. We had the two engines on the right wing out. We made a beautiful landing but the ship was pretty well shot up. McGellwig got hit in the head, but he had his helmet on, lucky boy. Had package from Louise and Mother.

April 2, 1944 (Sunday):

The target we bombed was Pfarzheim near Stuttgart. Some of the other 24's bombed a Swiss City near Lake Constance. There were only 208 – 24's dispatched, eleven were lost. Didn't do much today. Went to Church and played bridge, and to bed early.

April 3, 1944 (Monday):

Got up early and went to class in the morning. Went to town on the liberty run at one O'clock and did a little shopping. Called Dick Schweiger and he said he would be up to see me in the morning. I had dinner at the Currat House and a Sergeant told me that all leaves, passes, etc. had been cancelled as of five O'clock today by order of General Eisenhower. So I doubt if he'll be able to make it. Went pubbing in the evening and nothing exciting. Home at midnight and had a few letters. One from Sam saying he was near Norwich. Will have to write him soon.

April 4, 1944 (Tuesday):

Up early and to class and got quite a bit done today. Henley and I went to navigation class in the afternoon. Didn't see Dick all day, doubt if he'll be able to get away now. Looks like the invasion is here. Played bridge in the evening and wrote Mother. It's a stand down in the morning and I think I'll go to town. Had a letter from Mother and Anne and a package from Lettie today. The officers have been going wild around here at night, hear shooting all the time, in fact, I've done a little myself. Ralph wears his .45 to bed with him and threatens to shoot the person who wakes him up.

April 5, 1944 (Wednesday):

Didn't get up till late and then went over to the club and took a bath, etc. the weather is still bad and we haven't flown since last Saturday, hope it improves

soon and we'll be doing two missions a day. I went to town on the one O'clock bus and didn't do a whole lot. Took a taxi to Swainsthorpe to see Jean and we were out together for awhile tonight. She had to take the nine O'clock bus back. I went to a few pubs after than and then came back to the field. Dick was here when I got back and in bed, the boys entertained him tonight.

April 6, 1944 (Thursday):

Got up late and didn't do much before dinner. Dick and I fooled around all day but didn't do a whole lot. In the evening we went on a bicycle ride and stopped in the pub at Twetshall and drank a few beers and came back about right thirty. We had our usual lunch and it was pretty good as it always is. Had several letters today but I just can't seem to get them answered. I must be a least fifteen behind. Had a letter from Warren Bass, he was transferred from Puerto Rico to B-29's at Alamogordo, N.M.

April 7, 1944 (Friday):

Got up early today and took Dick for a walk and showed him the field and the ships. He got ready and took the noon train to Ipswich; he had to get back for a date. I went into town to get my cleaning but it wasn't ready. I met Jean and Daisy and we went out and had a few drinks. I went home on the eleven O'clock liberty run. Heard it was a "Stand by" and we might be flying. Haven't flown since the first because of bad weather.

April 8, 1944 (Saturday): [Mission 14 – Brunswick]

Got us up at four and the target was Brunswick, my fifth trip over there. We went in at nineteen thousand and really met the Luftwaffe, our tail gunner got a 109. Claims were in for two hundred enemy fighters, we lost thirty B-24's and Five B-17's and about twenty five fighters. It was the best air show we've seen so far and we were lucky as usual. Went to the dance ant the club with Vaughn and Daisy.

April 9, 1944 (Sunday):

Got us up at four to fly a long one, north of Berlin. We had to abort because of a gas leak. We had thirty ships up and only fourteen got over the target, most turned back because of the weather. The Luftwaffe was up and it got Rowland. Torpy turned back, flak happy as hell. 31 Bombers down – 1 of ours.

April 10, 1944 (Monday): [Mission 15 – Tours]

Got us up at three O'clock and we had a four O'clock briefing, that was a little too early! The target was an assembly plant of the Focke-Wolf Co. near Tours, France. We missed the primary and didn't bomb at all. Went near the secondary which was an airport near Orleans. We drove around for an hour south of Tours and Orleans. We flew at 14,000' and it was a nice day, a little under cast near the target. We got back at one O'clock and I didn't see any flak or fighters all day. There was a little flak near Le Havre but we were several miles away. Haggerty went on his seven day leave today and it's pretty quit here.

April 11, 1944 (Tuesday): [Mission 16 – Oschersleben]

Up early again and the target was Oschersleben, not far beyond Brunswick. Heywood was lead Navigator and did a beautiful job, never more than three miles off course. On the bomb run our ship was attacked by two F.W.-190's. Vaughn was in the turret watching for the lead ship to drop and I was between the bomb sight and the nose glass when the Jerries came in. A 20 mm. hit between my head and Vaughn's foot, but the armor plate stopped it, another hit the #4 Engine and prop, and 30 cal. Hit #3 engine. # 4 was so bad that we couldn't feather the prop and #3 supercharge was out. We got home O.K. and again lucky. Thank God!

April 12, 1944 (Wednesday):

Got up early and packed as we start our leave officially tomorrow but we left today. Went into Norwich and had a command car with Pete. Did a little shopping and found some scotch. Missed my train by a few minutes and had to take the two thirty train which is routed through Cambridge. I got into London and at the Reindeer Club by eight O'clock. Went to Verry's and met Matt and Vaughn and we had a great time. They had dates and so I went to the Burlington Lounge till eleven and then walked through Piccadilly Circus for awhile.

April 13, 1944 (Thursday):

Up at nine O'clock and moved into the room with Vaughn. Matt left and went to Liverpool. Went out shopping and over to the P.X. and bought a few things. Went to Verry's and I took Margaret to Wilerby's for tea dancing. She's a beautiful creature but all tied up, unfortunately! Went back to Verry's in the evening and had a late dinner. I did meet Tiny at six but she had to be fire guard, so no date.

Went for a long walk and watched the Commandos operate. Only flying personnel are allowed in town.

April 14, 1944 (Friday):

Got up about eight O'clock today. Vaughn didn't get in till six O'clock. Had quite an evening I guess. I went over to *Poresone's* and had my lighter fixed and then had my shoes repaired, and went for a long walk. Got over to Verry's about one O'clock and met Vaughn and we had dinner together and a few scotches of course. Planned on taking Marge tea dancing again but she couldn't get away. I had dinner at the Pompeian tonight and then went to Verry's and took Dell to Curry's for a couple of drinks before she went home.

April 15, 1944 (Saturday):

Bill and I got up early and moved into the Mayfair Hotel, a really swank place. Reminded me of the Warwick in good old Houston. Had dinner at the Berkeley Buttery and then to Verry's and to tea at Wilerby's with Margaret. Bill and I went to the hotel bar and had a few drinks with a Scotch fellow who was really a character. Then to Verry's and Curry's, Bill had a date.

April 16, 1944 (Sunday):

Up at nine and Vaughn isn't home yet! I went to the Women's Officer Club and had breakfast and to church at noon. It was a very dreary day today, and stayed in and wrote letters and had a few drinks in the room. Saw Sid Bouchard, he's finished his tour.

April 17, 1944 (Monday):

Vaughn and I got up at ten O'clock and had breakfast at 10 Charles St. and then went back to the hotel and checked out. We went to Verry's then and he left and I met Anthony O' Hunter and we drank for quite a while. Went over to the American Melody Bar and finished it off. Had a date with Gladys in the evening and we went to see Henry and Peggy. Had a very nice time. James Cagney, the actor, was staying at the Mayfair Hotel when we were there, also some Indian Prince. Vaughn moved in the Strand Plaza and I the Jules Club.

April 18, 1944 (Tuesday):

Didn't get back to the Club till noon and I fooled around there most of the day. Met Margaret and Joyce and went to see a lousy movie, English of course! Went to Verry's latter in the evening and met the gang and we all went to Curry's for a drink. Matt came with us, just got back form Liverpool. We walked the girls to the subway and walked back to the Red Cross. Got lost of course. I was really tired when I got there and then we had an air raid. The guns were going and the bombs dropping all around.

April 19, 1944 (Wednesday):

Matt and I went to the P.X. but didn't buy very much and then to see "Buffalo Bill". It was very good and we both enjoyed it. I stopped in the American Melody Bar and Delores told me that Bud Bode, Jr. had been in and wanted to see me. I tried several times to meet him during the afternoon and evening but didn't see him. Met the girls and went to Curry's and had a few beers. Gladys and I went for a walk and then she went home. I walked back to the Jules Club and had lunch and to bed by twelve thirty and tired.

April 20, 1944 (Thursday):

Up at light and caught the ten O'clock train for the field. Kind of glad to get back again and fly, seems like ages since we've left the base. I got in about two O'clock and had forty letters waiting for me. Now I am behind on my writing. Found out *that* Anderson, Pavelka, Frasc, Farmer, and Schleickharn went down about six days ago. Fighters hit them at the coast. The boys had a late mission today, a four O'clock take off. What next. Rogers went down today, Eicke's Bombardier was killed, Haggerty was hit bad and crash landed and Henley and Whikehart were hurt, Sgt. Ritz was killed instantly.

April 21, 1944 (Friday):

Had a ten thirty briefing today and the target was near Dresden. We took off at 13:30 and were not expected back till 9:30 tonight, but we had to turn back because of weather. The whole mission was recalled. Got just about to Holland before turning back. Two B-17's crashed in mid air today and six men got out. Henley got out of the hospital but Ralph is in bad shape with a broken arm and severe head injuries. He might lose his one eye. The whole nose turret was

disintegrated and Sgt. Ritz was in it. They had to crash land near here. Rogers went down in France.

April 22, 1944 (Saturday): [Mission 17 – Hamm]

Had a four thirty take off and the target was in the Ruhr Valley, the city of Hamm. We couldn't bomb it because it was already had been destroyed, so we hit Koblenz. We didn't get back till after dark and the Jerries hit us over England. We saw five 24's go down over here. We lost Sadlon and Sneed. I had a piece of flak hit my flying boot but I didn't get hurt. Terrill and Weber crash landed in England.

April 23, 1944 (Sunday):

Got us up to fly at three O'clock. The target was Brux, the synthetic oil plant in Czechoslovakia. The mission was scrubbed before T.O. and we went to sleep. Went to Communion and 4:30 Mass and wrote letters the rest of the day. Have a little cold and don't feel much like flying in the morning.

April 24, 1944 (Monday): [Mission 18 – Augsburg]

Up early and the target was an airdrome near Augsburg. I had a fever and the chills and didn't care much about flying but it was too late to get a substitute for me, so I went anyway. The target was visual and we completely destroyed it. The flak wasn't bad and not too many fighters came up. Our element was attacked and a new crew on their first mission went down. His name was Kizarian. He was flying the Purple Heart element where we were supposed to be at, someone aborted and we moved up. Went to the hospital when we came down and plan on staying a day or two.

April 25, 1944 (Tuesday):

Really wonderful to lay in the sack all day and I really feel swell. Fever is all gone and should be out very soon now. Mathews crew flew today with Tabit as Navigator. They had an engine go out over Paris and had to abort. Got back without any trouble. The 453rd led the Division today and as usual did a lousy job. The losses were heavy due to flak. Eike was made a Copilot again, that's the second time now. Listened to the radio most of the day and read several magazines. I really enjoy listening to the German Propaganda, what a laugh.

April 26, 1944 (Wednesday):

Got out of the hospital before dinner and feel fine again. The crew has a 24 hour pass and so I went to London and met Willie, Matt and Flener. Got in on the Five thirty train. Went to Verry's and had a nice time, then to Curry's with Margaret, Gladys, Dorothy and Willie and Flener. Stayed there awhile and took Margaret to the tube and the rest went to the Coconut Grove, I went to bed, still pretty weak. Everyone was surprised to see me in London, thought I was still in the hospital. I did have a nice time though.

April 27, 1944 (Thursday):

Got up early and met Matt and went for a walk and we ran into Vaughn and Flener and so we went to the News Theater. Then had dinner and caught the one O'clock train. Had to Stand all the way. The boys started flying two missions a day, short runs into France and it looks like we'll get in two tomorrow at least I hope so. The weather has been very nice and it hasn't rained for a long time. It does get very cloudy most of the time, but it's warming up anyway. Wrote a few letters and to bed early.

April 28, 1944 (Friday):

No mission for us today. The B-17's went out and we could feel the explosions here twice today, must have hit the Calais district twice. We didn't do much all day, had a class on bombs and racks this afternoon. Didn't go to the critique at four. Haggerty is on forty eight hour pass, went to see Ralph. I guess he'll never fly here again, really had the hell knocked out of him. Wrote several letters today and had a couple of packages. Heard my promotion was in group now and I should have it in a few days, about time!

April 29, 1944 (Saturday): [Mission 19 – Berlin]

Up at three and the target was Berlin. We only used fourteen ships and only very few groups flew. We got hit by fighters on the way in, near Hanover, also on the way out. Vaughn got a F.W. 190 and he nearly got us. A 13 mm. incendiary just missed my foot and tore my chute up, a shell also hit # 1 prop. We didn't have escort on return and a couple of wings got hit hard. We didn't lose a ship ourselves.

April 30, 1944 (Sunday):

Didn't fly today but some others did. The target was Siracourt in the Calais area. All ships returned. Didn't do much all day, slept late and went to late church. Pete went on leave today. We'll be going out in the morning for sure. The invasion should start.

May 1, 1944 (Monday): [Mission 20 – Watten]

Had a two thirty briefing and the target was Watten, in the Calais area. It was a rocket installation. We took off at five and bombed at nine, landed at ten O'clock. We didn't have any flak until we hit the target and then we really had a lot of accurate flak. Haggerty was leading and he had his complete left rudder shot off, but landed safely at Woodbridge. We had several holes. Reimer, a new crew landed at Woodbridge too, all shot up, but no one was killed. We carried four 2000 lb. bombs today; the bombing wasn't very good for Ed got hit just before bomb release. Jorgenson finished his tour today, so did Stahl. Five ships went down on takeoff today. The second mission bombed Brussels.

May 2, 1944 (Tuesday): [Mission 21 – Siracouer (*Siracourt*)]

Up at six and had a seven O'clock briefing. The target was Siracouer (*Siracourt*), a rocket installation. We had to bomb by "GH" for there was a complete under cast. We carried eight thousand pound bombs. Got back and the flak was light. I got my promotion today, I guess it was effective as of April 13th. Took quite awhile but that's O.K. At this rate we should finish up the end of the month. I certainly hope so, and I'm sure we will. Froatz finished up today. Had several letters, but I don't think I will be able to answer them as the lights are out, probably be fixed before long. No interphone today.

May 3, 1944 (Wednesday):

No mission today and so we had a good nights sleep. Got up for breakfast and did get quite a few things done. Found out my promotion was effective April 27th. Henley, Flener and I went into Norwich on the one O'clock bus and did a little shopping. Went to the Red Cross till six O'clock and then went pubbing. We met Stahl and he's being sent to the 467th Bomb Group. He was with us most of the

evening. Jorgenson and Froatz were sent to the A.T.C. I hope I can get a good deal like that. I had several letters waiting for me when I got home at twelve.

May 4, 1944 (Thursday):

Only had about an hours sleep before they called us to fly. The mission was Brunswick and I was to fly as replacement for Kleman. When I got to the locker room, I was replaced and a Bombardier flew. Major doesn't want me to finish before Matthews. The enlisted men refused to get up and Kriedler broke all of them. Later Matt talked to him and took the blame and so everyone is happy and no one busted. The mission was scrubbed finally at the Dutch coast, so I'm kind of glad we didn't fly. Were going to fly lead crew for a few days. Didn't do much the rest of the day but write letters, etc.

May 5, 1944 (Friday):

Got us up at one O'clock for a practice mission! We had a pre-dawn take off and went down around Dover and out in the Channel before sunrise. We came back here and assembled and went on with the camera bombing. Didn't do a whole lot the rest of the day except a lot little things like laundry, cleaning, brought my chute back, etc. We played cards most all of the evening and had a little lunch before we went to bed at ten thirty. Al Spahn got his Majority today, Max Jones and Andy Grave their Captaincy, also Birsic. It rained very hard tonight and I heard Thunder for the first time here.

May 6, 1944 (Saturday):

Slept late and had a one O'clock briefing for a practice mission. Had to check out some new crews. Flew a twenty for ship formation at two thousand feet and it was plenty bumpy. Planned on going to town but it was too late and so I went to the dance at the Club. Didn't do a whole lot, had a few dances and shot a little crap and lost.

May 7, 1944 (Sunday):

Slept late and went to 11:30 church. We took Jorgensen up to his A.T.C. north of Edinburg, Scotland. It was a swell trip and it looks like a good deal, very interesting work. But I can't say here what it is. Got back at 9:30 and to bed.

May 8, 1944 (Monday): [Mission 22 – Brunswick]

Up at two O'clock and the target was Brunswick, again! We ran into plenty of fighters today but the flak wasn't bad because of the under cast. We bombed at ten-ten and back here at twelve fifteen. There were about one hundred and fifty German fighters up but our fighter support was excellent. We lost two crews, Peters and Burnett, fighters got both of them and our group got plenty of fighters in return. Avery lead the Wing and we bombed in P.F.F and don't know the results. Pete got back from his leave today and Hagerty goes on 48 Hr. pass in the morning. We have to fly again which is O.K. with us. Sure would like to finish this month and I think we can. Only eight more to go!

May 9, 1944 (Tuesday): [Mission 23 – Florennes]

Up at two O'clock again an the target was an air field at Florennes, Belgium near Charleari. Had to feather a prop on our ship and landed and took another ship and caught the formation just in time. The target was visual but our bombing was very poor. The R.A.F. took a bad beating from twin engine fighters station in that area and we were asked to knock out the fields that cost them 50 bombers. We had a meeting at night and then we went to the club for few beers and lunch ant the new snack bar. Slept all afternoon and got to bed at midnight.

May 10, 1944 (Wednesday):

Finally had a chance to get some sleep, and I didn't get up till late. There were two missions scheduled for today and both were scrubbed because of the stinking weather. We were supposed to fly the zebra ship and check some new racks, but that too, was scrubbed. Didn't do much all afternoon except take a bath, shave, etc. Getting greedy for our pass which might start tomorrow if we don't fly. I hope we do fly, I wan to finish up and get out of here. Had several letters today and wrote a few myself. Wrote An and asked her just what the deal is. Called London tonight and every thing is set for an enjoyable pass.

May 11, 1944 (Thursday): [Mission 24 – Belfort]

Six O'clock briefing today and the target was Belfort a French town on the Swiss Border near Basle. It was a long tiresome trip, lasted eight and one half hours. The flak was very light and we didn't see any fighters. The visibility was very poor today. We couldn't bomb the primary target and we took two runs on the

secondary and didn't drop. We dropped on a railroad about 20 miles west of Chaumont. The bombing was poor and our gunners watched our bombs hit near a farm and kill some cows, etc. We are supposed to go on pass in the morning but now we are scheduled to fly again.

May 12, 1944 (Friday):

Didn't fly, so we started our pass. Went to London with most of the crew on the ten O'clock train. Didn't *do* very much though, had a date and only went pubbing. In bed by midnight. The fellows went on a long raid today, fifty miles on the other side of Leipzig and Avery was in the P.F.F leading and went down near Frankfort. Hasselback, Avery, Gershenzon, and I'm not sure about Lawson were along. All of the fellows bailed out O.K. and we think they are P.W.'s. There are only a few of us old fellows left now and we sure hated to lose that crew for it was really tops. Our group itself didn't lose any ships, most unusual for a raid that far. The 8th lost 42 Heavy's.

May 13, 1944 (Saturday):

Got up and went shopping and called Freddy Wenzel. He and I got together at six at Verry's. Andy Kaspar, Matt and their dates were there also. Freddy met Connie and we went out for a while. I left them and went back to the Red Cross at eleven and got some rest. I want to be in shape for the last six missions. Freddy plans on coming up here next week for a visit.

May 14, 1944 (Sunday):

Caught the ten O'clock train from town and got back about two O'clock. Met Bob Temple on the train and had a long talk. Went to four thirty Mass and back here. Wrote a few letters and went to bed, had a few letters today.

May 15, 1944 (Monday): [Mission 25 - Siracouer (*Siracourt*)]

Up at two O'clock and the target was Siracouer (*Siracourt*), France, a rocket launching installation. It was my fourth trip there. There was an over cast over the target and we bombed by G. H. We carried eight two thousand pound bombs, and we flew at twenty three thousand. The flak was light and only a few rockets were seen, no fighters. We came back and really buzzed the field for Jimmy Millard finished up today. Mc Gillwary has one to go and the rest of us average about five

more. Had a couple of letters today from home. I think Don Coleman has gone flak happy by the sounds of things. Answered some letters.

May 16, 1944 (Tuesday):

Got us up at two thirty and the target was Reims, France (Airport). The mission was scrubbed before takeoff. I was to ride with Wolfe as lead Navigator with Kaspar. It would have been a nice mission and we hated to see it scrubbed. Went to bed and they woke me up at ten O'clock and I had to go to Navigation class. I worked on target identification for a couple of hours this afternoon. All through with that class now. Riblet was to fly today, first in months. Only has five missions now, think he has lost his nerve. Cut up my chute tonight and have the packages ready to send out tomorrow. Wrote a couple of letters.

May 17, 1944 (Wednesday):

Got us up at three O'clock and the target was an airfield near Osnabruck. The mission was scrubbed and we had to stand by for another target. Had a nine thirty briefing and it was Siracouer (*Siracourt*) again. Exactly the same route as we had two days ago. That was scrubbed while we were ready to take off. So back to the sack at noon. Slept most of the afternoon and ate early and had to test hop a ship at six O'clock with Melby and Riblet. Got some more time in as Copilot. Wrote a few letters when I got home. Had two letters from Anne today and things seem to be back to normal again, I hope so, for I haven't changed. Thought about volunteering for another tour so we could get home.

May 18, 1944 (Thursday):

It was a stand down today and we all rested up. I got up about nine and wrote some letters and mailed a package. In the afternoon I got a haircut, shampoo, shave and took a bath, then got my laundry together. Matt talked to the Colonel today and things look pretty good for us going home. Wrote Anne to get things straightened out once and for all. The buzz job that Elliot gave us cost him his life. We could tell what would happen and knew it was only a matter of minutes. He finished his tour about six week ago. He was flying P-47's. Wrote four letters in the evening and went to the club for a brew.

May 19, 1944 (Friday): [Mission 26 – Brunswick]

Up at four and the target was Brunswick again. That's my seventh time there. The departure was delayed twice and we finally left the coast about eleven. Hit the target at one fifteen. We had heavy flak today as it was visual all the way with scattered clouds. We bombed on P.F.F., a waste of time. The results were poor. We had plenty of enemy fighters too – but they didn't bother us too much, a couple of passes. The F.W. 190's are painted up just like the P-47's and the Jerries ride as escort with you and suddenly make a pass at you. We were twenty miles off course on the way out and had heavy flak again. Everyone got back O.K., but full of holes.

May 20, 1944 (Saturday):

The group flew the Rheims mission today but we didn't fly. Would have been a nice mission. Everyone got back O.K. Didn't do much today except a lot of little personal things. Heard that we will get our D.F.C's before we leave. Also got the fourth oak leaf cluster to the Air Medal. I wrote several letters to Ann and told her to say yes or no, and that we should get married next month.

May 21, 1944 (Sunday):

Stand down, so I slept late but went to eleven thirty mass. Went to bed at one O'clock, had the chills. Didn't get up to eat supper and I felt pretty good by evening and ready to fly in the morning. Haven't heard any more about going home.

May 22, 1944 (Monday): [Mission 27 – Siracouer (*Siracourt*)]

Got us up at four thirty and the target was Siracouer (*Siracourt*), my fifth time there. It was a G. H. mission and we had a solid under cast, which we like, naturally. The flak wasn't bad today and we didn't see any fighters. Lt. Jones the Group Gunnery Officer rode the turret for us today. He has twenty missions in now and doesn't have to fly. We started carrying our pistols, steel, helmets, and gas masks today. We have to wear them from six until six. I hope we can start for home before the Invasion starts, I'm sure everyone will have to fly another tour anyway and we'll be a leave ahead of them anyway. We're scheduled to fly in the morning, only three to go.

May 23, 1944 (Tuesday): [Mission 28 – Orleans]

Up at one O'clock and the target was the Airfield north west of Orleans, France. We flew at fourteen thousand, which wasn't very safe altitude but we had very little flak. The target was visual and we did a swell job of bombing. We won't ever have to go back there again. We didn't see any enemy fighters today, the visibility was poor due the haze, so they might have been around. We got back at twelve thirty and had dinner and then slept for a few hours. We tried to find out more today about going home but it's still at the Chief of Staff's office and should be back shortly. I sure hope it comes through O.K. and soon. Had crash alert again.

May 24, 1944 (Wednesday): [Mission 29 – Paris]

Up at one O'clock again for a two O'clock briefing. The target was Paris, an airfield just a few miles south of the center of the city was the M.P.I. We had two large dirigible hangers to destroy on the Bricy Airdrome. We led the Division and the target was clear and really look beautiful. I sure would like to spend some time in Paris, it didn't look like it had been hit too hard in this war. The flak was lighter than expected and everyone got back O.K. Saw one P-47 blow up over the Channel. Had been on the deck strafing trains. We have six men finished today. Kreidler wanted to put them on guard duty tonight but no soap.

May 25, 1944 (Thursday):

Didn't get up to fly today. There was a mission but we need a rest pretty bad. Flying combat every day certainly knocks you out. Went to the Dentist in the afternoon but they just won't do anything for you over here. There is quite a shortage of Medics here. Heard that Siracourt was really hit on the last G.H. mission and we won't be going back there. Went over to the Club for a few drinks and something to eat. Just waiting for number thirty. Our D.F.C.'s came through and the Colonel will award them in a few days, also our fourth Oak Leaf Cluster.

May 26, 1944 (Friday):

Got up early and went to the Dentist. Had to wait all morning. At noon I found out that we had to move and had to fly a practice mission. We took off late and flew a navigation problem, simulating a night assembly. We went all over England and up to Scotland. We were over Peterborough, Birmingham, Coventry, Liverpool, Blackpool, Manchester, etc. Really had a nice trip. Landed at eight thirty and then had to move. Didn't get through till eleven and I was pretty tired. Knew I had to get up and fly in the morning but don't mind as it's the last mission for awhile.

May 27, 1944 (Saturday): Finis [Mission 30 – Saarbrucken]

Up early today and the target was Saarbrucken. I rode in the lead ship with Capt. Hagerty as Pilotage Navigator. The trip was fine until I got locked in the nose turret at the rally point. I had to land in the turret and they took me out of the side. Did a beautiful job of bombing when the A-5 went out. We hit the marshalling yards and station. The flak was fairly thick and I saw two ships go down. Only a few enemy fighters today.

May 28, 1944 (Sunday):

Got up for breakfast and went over to the club and shaved and took a bath. Went to Communion this morning. Straightened out a few things today, all set to go home. Just waiting for Matt to finish his last mission. Took a nice sunbath and wrote letters.

May 29, 1944 (Monday):

Got up for breakfast and went to the Dentist, etc. Printed some pictures with Flener. Took a sunbath in the afternoon and I really got burnt and suffering for it now. Campbell of the 703rd went down on yesterday's mission. Today was Matt's Thirtieth and the target was Stetin. Really a long haul and we lost one ship, Peterson of the 703rd. They think he started for Sweden, but they doubt if he ever got there. There wasn't any fighter support near the target and the Jerries came up in full strength. I saw two B-24's hit while flying in formation and both went down, one in flames. No one got out.

May 30, 1944 (Tuesday):

Got up early for breakfast and went down to the line and cleaned out my locker and turned in my flying clothes and my navigation equipment. Didn't do much the rest of the day except write letters, etc. Went over to the club at night and had a few drinks and back early and to bed at ten. Had another crash alert tonight, have one about every other day now. The searchlights and radar pick them up and the flak brings many of them down. The fellows flew to Oldenburg near Bremen today and everyone got back O.K. and they did a nice job of bombing.

May 31, 1944 (Wednesday):

Got the big news today, we are to report to the 12th R.C.D. We packed and then Matt and I got a car and went to Norwich and straightened our a few things and got our cleaning, etc. When we got back we went to see Colonel Terrill and he awarded us the Distinguished Flying Cross and our fourth Oak Leaf Cluster to the Air Medal. Went over to the club and had a little party till the club was dry and then everyone went to the Barracks and we had four bottles of scotch and lunch. We had a helluva good time, some of the enlisted men were there too. Flener shot out the lights.

June 1, 1944 (Thursday):

We all got up early and we were at the station by light O'clock and ready to go. We arrived in London about noon and got rooms at the Red Cross, and we had dinner there. I went to Verry's about two O'clock and made a date with Laura to go drinking at three when they closed. We went to a Club she belongs to and she had her girl friend, Jean Richardson, come up to meet me. She was a very pretty blonde and I made a date for nine in the evening. Laura, Jean, Jim (a Canadian Pilot), and I, went to the New Paradise and had a wonderful time. Danced quite a bit and had fun.

June 2, 1944 (Friday):

Didn't get in till about six this morning after a wonderful evening and had to catch the eight thirty train for Charley, which is between Liverpool and Blackpool. We arrived in Charley about three O'clock and waited for transportation for two hours. The town isn't very nice, the field was fine. It's an old Hostel, called Washington Hall. I met Paul Jorgenson here today. He's Captain and finished a tour in B-17's. We didn't do much besides have a few beers, for we are all pretty tired after last night.

June 3, 1944 (Saturday):

Matt and I got up for breakfast and then we checked in to the field. Didn't take us very long and we came back here and got on a detail censoring mail. It was really fun reading some of it. We played a little blackjack in the afternoon and in the evening we went to see "The Man That Came to Dinner", then to the club for a few beers.

June 4, 1944 (Sunday):

Went to Mass in *Luxton* at ten thirty and came right back to the field for a good dinner. Went to see "Crash Dive" in the afternoon and in the evening Paul Jorgenson and I went to the club and drank beer all night and talked.

June 5, 1944 (Monday):

Got up for breakfast and took some clothes to the tailor. We had a lecture at ten O'clock, it was another V.D. lecture. The V.D. rate in this county is highest in the U.K. We haven't been to town since we got here, Jorgy and I hit the bar every night and we really have a nice time drinking and talking over old times. We're really going to do up the town when we get there. We were censoring mail most of the afternoon again, really run into some characters. It's awful hard on your eyes trying to read some of the writing. It rained here most every day and it's really miserable.

June 6, 1944 (Tuesday): [Invasion Day]

The news of the Invasion woke us up early this morning and we stayed pretty close to the radio listening for the news. Had our meeting but no news. We were on the censorship detail again and it is a lot of fun. The bar at the club didn't open till eight O'clock tonight because they were going to have free beer. We, Paul and I, were the first to get in the bar and the last to leave. We really have fun and we have quite a bunch of guys now to drink with. We two drank three gallons of beer, sure getting gin shape, I wish the hell we would leave here soon.

June 7, 1944 (Wednesday):

Slept late, got up about ten O'clock, took a shower and it was dinner time. The food here is pretty good and we have ice cream every few days. Went to the meeting at one thirty and they had a shipping list but we weren't on it. Jorgenson and I went to the Hobby Shop and made a couple of bar stools. That took all afternoon and we did a nice job. Had dinner at five and went to the club with our bar stools at five thirty and stayed till they closed at eleven. Getting a lot of practice for our leave.

June 8, 1944 (Thursday):

Up early, in time for breakfast. Went over to wake Jorgy up and he has quite a hangover. Finally got a haircut today and it's strictly G. I. by a G.I. barber too.

Can't seem to get rid of this E.T.O. dandruff. Wet to the bar again with Jorgy, Curly, RG, and the boys, had our usual amount of lousy brew.

June 9, 1944 (Friday):

Didn't do much all day. This waiting around here doing nothing is getting on our nerves. We had a big party at the bar again tonight and had a good water fight after it closed. What a bunch of characters.

June 10, 1944 (Saturday):

Slept late and went to dinner and then played some blackjack and won about four pounds. Went to the club and stayed until it closed, as usual. Really getting in shape for that leave. Heard there was a list and we should leave about Monday.

June 11, 1944 (Sunday):

Got up with a little hangover but that went in no time and felt swell. Had a nice chicken dinner and then censored some mail and then played poker. Went the show in the afternoon late and then to the club and more beer.

June 12, 1944 (Monday):

Had an early meeting today and so we all got up for breakfast. Didn't feel too good after our session last night, a little farewell party for the "Ale and Tale Club". We cleared the field in the morning and packed and sent our baggage out. Had a long meeting in the afternoon and straightened out our bills, etc. We had another session at the club for the "Ale and Tale" boys. WE rally had a good time and lot of good beer. The beer here is far superior to that in East Anglia. Got to bed about midnight.

June 13, 1944 (Tuesday):

Got up for breakfast and met our formation at eight O'clock and we were on our way by nine. We went to Liverpool by train and went direct to the docks, boarded the ship at noon, just in time for a nice steak dinner. We unpacked and bathed in the afternoon and started sailing at four twenty. Quite a thrill for us, just watched what was going on and had dinner at six. The food is the best we've had in the last year. Played a little poker in the evening and talked. There are six men to a

stateroom and it's very nice, have a toilet, shower and wash basin. The ship is the U.S.S. Mount Vernon.

June 14, 1944 (Wednesday):

Up at six thirty after a bad night's sleep. The boat was really rocking and creaking. Had a big breakfast and back to bed for a few hours then we played blackjack. Lost again. Had plenty of good food for dinner again. It's really wonderful here, except bumpy as hell. Several of the fellows are awful sick but not me so far. We sun bathed on the deck after boat drill at one thirty, later took in the movie, which was lousy. Then showered, shaved, etc. for dinner. We had sirloin steak for supper and pie ala mode. Played poker and dropped a little money again, best I quit. Bed early.

June 15, 1944 (Thursday):

Had a good nights sleep and didn't wake up till ten O'clock, had to make up for Tuesday night. Went to the P.X. and then sat around till dinner, which was good beef stew. Played poker after dinner for a few hours, lost a few dollars and quit. Then read and walked around the deck for awhile until supper. We had roast chicken and dressing and ice cream for desert. Very good food here. Walked on the deck during the evening and watched, yes watched, the boys play poker and Vaughn and Curly lost their shirts to some old sailors. Had some coffee and toast and to bed early.

June 16, 1944 (Friday):

Up early and washed out some clothes, etc. Didn't do much all day. Went to the movie in the afternoon and walked around the deck afterwards. Then played gin rummy with Matt. The food is wonderful, had *finnon laddie* for dinner and roast beef for supper. Have ice cream at least once a day. We sure were lucky to be on a boat like this instead of a Q-Boat. The sea was fairly rough today and we saw some whales and sharks, and the usual flying fish.

June 17, 1944 (Saturday):

The weather today was very bad, always so foggy. We are going south on a diversion and it is getting warmer now. Went to the movie today with the only

woman on the boat, a WAC. The picture was the "Phantom of the Opera". Played a little poker again and broke about even again, just can't make any money.

June 18, 1944 (Sunday):

Up early for breakfast today and then played cards till dinner. We had steak for dinner and turkey for supper. We played blackjack till eleven and I broke about even. It's getting very warm now and we must be getting near land.

June 19, 1944 (Monday):

Got up early for breakfast and then came back and cleaned up the room. What a mess it was, and now it looks half way decent. The sun came out and I did take a sun bath. The weather is wonderful now that we are nearing the States, and it's very warm. We had both port holes open and the fan on. Played basketball for awhile and then cards. Played rummy and blackjack and didn't make any money but had a good time. Went to bed about eleven thirty and was plenty tired.

June 20, 1944 (Tuesday):

Up early today and the weather was very bad, fog and rain. Played basketball and then showered and read till noon. Played blackjack after dinner and broke about even. We should be in the harbor by morning and we packed tonight. I hope we don't stay in Atlantic City for very long. It was very warm this evening and the fog was very thick.

June 21, 1944 (Wednesday):

Landed in Boston Harbor at eight O'clock and went to Camp Miles Standish.

June 22, 1944 (Thursday):

Left Providence at four and arrived in New York at seven thirty.

June 23, 1944 (Friday):

Arrived Fort Sheridan.

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Book Four: September 8, 1944 to April 20, 1945

Note: When Captain Robert Joseph Toeppe returned for his second tour of duty with the 445th Bomb Group, 701st Squadron in Tibenham England, he instructed crews on radar tracking equipment (which was located in the nose turret).

September 8, 1944 (Friday): [Mission 31 – Karlsruhe]

Up for a three O'clock briefing and the target was the marshalling yards at Karlsruhe, Germany. Flew with Riblet as deputy lead and the weather was terrible. Didn't even think we could get to the target. Went in and out over Paris and Nancy and could see the flak at Strasbourg which was very close to us. We had to go up to 26,500 feet to get above the front and the temperature was -40°. 183 B-24's hit the target the B-17's went to Ludwigshafen and twenty were lost. A few jet propelled aircraft were seen but no attacks. We could see a little ground fighting near Nancy and Le Havre; we came out at 7,000 feet. The flak at the target seemed meager to me but the Division T.W.X. said that it was moderate to heavy but inaccurate. It seemed nice to fly again and I wasn't a bit nervous. Thought I might be but this seemed O.K. to me.

Note: After this mission, Robert Joseph Toeppe was promoted to Squadron Navigator of the 703rd Squadron and also served as a Training Officer. The 703rd Squadron lost many of its navigators since their tours ended after 30 missions. He was responsible for training replacement Navigators on the ground and on training runs in England. Simulated ground training was conducted in a hanger where they suspended the Navigators in the air (in nose turrets) with the new radar tracking equipment, with maps of Germany painted on the floors as if they were flying over targets. He also served as a briefing and debriefing Officer and continued with his ground duties until his last mission on April 20, 1945. This is why he didn't fly on the Kassel Mission on September 27, 1944 when only six of 37 B-24's returned to Tibenham. (Source: E-mail dated 9/04/2007 from Robert J. Toeppe outlining conversations with attendees at a Kassel Mission Historical Society Meeting in September 2007)

September 27, 1944:

Kassel

31 out of 37

28 Crews

April 20, 1945 (Friday): [Mission 32 – Klatovy]

Klatovy, Czechoslovakia

(49° 24' N – 13° 17'E) 8:40 Min

Overslept today and missed briefing and didn't know the target or anything until we took off at 07:00. I flew with Art Sand, Rikoff and Hanson, as "Instructor" Navigator. It was a beautiful mission today for it was warm and visual all the way in and out. Didn't see any flak or fighters, quite welcome too! We got to see a lot of the continent today for we went in at seven thousand and didn't climb till near the lines, we bombed at 16,000 feet. We went over Antwerp, Aachen, Duren, Koblenz, Wiesbaden, Mainz, Darmstadt, Wurzburg, and Straubling being the I.P. We came near Regensburg, Schweinfurt, Nuremberg, Bayreuth, Frankfurt, Cologne and out to Antwerp again. The sight of the destruction on these towns is almost unbelievable. Aachen is completely leveled and many smaller towns are the same. Antwerp wasn't too badly hit. The docks seemed to be in very good shape and serviceable. When we came up on the target, it had quite a bit of smoke from the 389th's bombs but Mitchell put his right on the marshalling yards and blew a train sky high. We were in the lead squadron flying in the slot. The high right squadron had an early release and dropped short. We lost a parachute at the I.P. when we opened the bomb bay doors. This could have been a tough mission today for we rallied poorly. The Wing got separated from the Division and we got quite a bit in trail of the lead, the 389th. The 453rd Group are off operations and going home. I believe most of the fighters were drawn up to the Berlin area where the Forts dropped. The Allies are supposed to be within sixteen miles of Berlin now. It was a tiresome mission today for we logged eight hours and forty minutes; the glass of Cognac was mighty welcome after a while. Really didn't need it for I felt right at

home today and remarkably cool. Major Head and Captain Ham were kind of mad because I went today but I'm glad I did now that it's over.

Other entries in Book Four:

Finished Tour May 27, 1944

Left U.K. June 13, 1944

Ar. U.S.A. June 21, 1944

Ar. Ft. Sheridan June 24, 1944

Ar. Atlantic City August 2, 1944

Ar. Fort Hamilton August 8, 1944

Embarked August 10, 1944

Ar. U.K. August 24, 1944

Ar. Base August 26, 1944

Other Entries from the back of Book 3:

Missions:

1st Mission and Abort Keil 12-13-43

1- Bremen 12-17-43

2- Bremen 12-20-43

3- Brunswick 1-11-44 *Note: Diary entry states Braunschweig - Oldenburg*

4- Brunswick 1-30-44

- 5- Bonnières 2-11-44
- 6- Siracouer (*Siracourt*) 2-15-44
- 7- Brunswick 2-20-44
- 8- Osnabruck 2-21-44
- 9- Berlin 3-9-44
- 10- Brunswick 3-15-44
- 11- Siracouer (*Siracourt*) 3-26-44
- 12- Pau 3-27-44
- 13- Mannheim 4-1-44
- 14- Brunswick 4-8-44
- 15- Tours 4-10-44
- 16- Oschersleben 4-11-44 ? M.E. 109 (Roux)
- 17- Hamm 4-22-44
- 18- Augsburg 4-24-44
- 19- Berlin 4-29-44 ? F.W. 190 (Vaughn)
- 20- Watten 5-1-44
- 21- Siracouer (*Siracourt*) 5-2-44
- 22- Brunswick 5-8-44
- 23- Florennés 5-9-44
- 24- Belfort 5-11-44
- 25- Siracouer (*Siracourt*) 5-15-44

26- Brunswick 5-19-44

27- Siracouer (*Siracourt*) 5-22-44

28- Orleans 5-23-44

29- Paris 5-24-44

30- Saarbrucken 5-27-44

Other Entries from the back of Book 3:

701st Sqd. Officers:

Major H. E. Kreidler

Captain M.F. Casey – to 703rd C.O.

Lt. Nolan Gershenzon – to P.F.F. – M.I.A. 5-12-44

Captain Al Spahn – to Group & Major

Lt. J. U. Segal

Captain S. E. Blanchard – Killed

Lt. Fred Malen – M.I.A. – P.W.

Lt. Hal Favine – P.F.F.

Lt. C. McConnell – P.F.F.

Captain C. L. Cook – Sqd, Opns Off.

Lt. C. A. Matthews – W.I.A. – Tour Completed 5-29-44

Lt. W. E. Vaughn – Tour 5-27-44

Lt. A. E. Flener – W.I.A.

Lt. W. McCartney

Lt. W. Strawinski – Sqd. Bomb. – Tour 5-29-44

Lt. Douglas – P.F.F

Lt. H. E. Kelly – M.I.A.

Lt. R. O. Miller – M.I.A.

Lt. Layne Rogers – M.I.A

Lt. Al K. Hebner

Lt. Cliff Awalt – W.I.A. – U.S.A.

Lt. R. C. Boucher

Lt. Andy Kaspar

Lt. R. G. Kelso

Lt. C. Wolfe – from 703rd ? *omit*

Lt. J. A. Martineau – W.I.A. – U.S.A.

Lt. Jack Donovan – U.S.A. – W.I.A.

Lt. P. D. Riblet, Jr. – To Opns Off.

Lt. G. E. Jorgensen – Completed Tour 5-1-44 – A.T.C.

Lt. V. Froatz – Completed Tour 5-2-44 – A.T.C.

Lt. A. E. Barks – K.I.A. – 12-22-43

Lt. R. D. Stahl, Jr. – W.I.A. – Completed tour – 467th Grp

Lt. Conner – K.I.A.

Lt. Richardson – K.I.A.

Lt. Yurkowsky – K.I.A.

Lt. H. G. McAfee – K.I.A.

Lt. G. H. Lymburn – M.I.A.

Lt. John Roberts – M.I.A.

Lt. Frank Serpico – M.I.A.

Lt. John C. Sloan – M.I.A.

Lt. Dick Hosmer – K.I.A.

Lt. John Constable – K.I.A.

Lt. Vince Locilenti – M.I.A.

Lt. Gerry Collison – M.I.A.

Lt. Sid Swanson – M.I.A.

Lt. Ralph Clapps – M.I.A.

Lt. Don Zielinski – M.I.A.

Lt. Alex Raffy – W.I.A. – U.S.A.

Lt. Bill Desmond – M.I.A.

Lt. Jim Hardy – K.I.A.

Lt. R. Brue Oswald – M.I.A.

Lt. Sid Becker – K.I.A.

Lt. Baldwin C. Avery – To P.F.F. M.I.A. 5-12-44

Lt. John Lawson – To P.F.F. M.I.A.

Lt. O.H. Hasselbach – To P.F.F. M.I.A.

Lt. Brown – To 702

Lt. McCormack

Lt. Ted Hoitt

Lt. John Lamar – M.I.A.

Lt. L.E. Melby – Grounded

Lt. A. C. Ruf – Grounded

Lt. S. S. Hull – To P.F.F.

Lt. Glen E. Dill – W.I.A.

Lt. L. Eike –W.I.A.

Lt. Coleman – To 702

Lt. Covey – M.I.A. – P.W.

Lt. O.H. Kilmer – M.I.A. – P.W.

Lt. H. Bonney – M.I.A. – P.W.

Lt. Stanley Neal – M.I.A.

Lt. H. McMeekin – M.I.A.

Lt. M. Hankin – M.I.A.

Lt. Rundell – M.I.A.

Lt. G. B. Larson – M.I.A.

Lt. ED Hagarty

Lt. T.H. Henley – W.I.A.

Lt. R. W. Whikehart – W.I.A. – U.S.A.

Lt. B. S. West – To Nav Off.

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