



Study in Contrasts 205 Missions Flown In Year of Combat



A study in transportation contrasts is provided as a B-24 leaves our runway, passing over the paesano and his cart.

Fourth 461st Commander



Col. Brooks A. Lawhon (Story on Page 12)

"On April 2, visibility was good over the enemy railyards. There was neither flak nor fighters in the air, as the 461st Liberators dropped a fine bomb pattern on the Nazi communication center."

The above report applied equally to the first target this bomb group struck — the railyards of Bihac, Yugoslavia, and the target of a year later, the railyards of Saint Polten in Austria. Both were milk-runs in the true sense of the word.

But in between there were missions that were not so easy — Linz and Odertal, both scenes of heavy fighter activity — the flak alleys of Ploesti, top-priority target seven times visited by our bombers — and Vienna and Moosbierbaum that together accounted for 25 of the more than 200 combat missions in our year of fighting.

Liberaiders Hit Key Targets in Nine Countries

By Maj. Leigh M. Lott

In its first full year of combat in the Mediterranean Theater of Operations the Group flew a total of 205 missions against targets located in nine different countries: Austria, Czechoslovakia, France, Germany, Greece, Hungary, Italy, Rumania, and Yugoslavia.

For its first three months of operations the average bombing scores of the Group were the highest of any group in the Air Force.

The Group participated in the D-Day drive against the Germans in Italy on May 12, and in the invasion of Southern France on August 15.

Well known targets attacked by this Group include those at Athens, Augsburg, Bad Voslau, Belgrade, Beziers, Blechhammer, Bologna, Bolzano, Bratislava, Brux, Bucharest, Budapest, Ferrara, Fiume, Friederichshafen, Giurgiu, Graz, Innsbruck, Linz, Lyon, Moosbierbaum, Munich, Odertal, Pitesti, Ploesti, Porto Maghera, Regensburg, Trieste, Toulon, Verona, Vienna, Wiener-Neustadt, and Zagreb.

There have been missions that have brought us glory along with the flak holes and red flares. On our April 12 mission to the Duna Repolagegy aircraft components factory in Budapest, Hungary, we received our first citation as a distinguished unit. Then there was the July 13 mission to Ploesti, culmination of weeks of intensive training in the new technique of non-visual bombing. Through the heavy chemical smoke screens, our Libs laid a perfect pattern that brought us our second citation.

As we attacked oil refineries, bridges, railyards, coastal defenses, aircraft factories, and docks in nine European countries, we learned new uses for the heavy bombers. The Libs proved equally at home bombing the heavy shore installations on the invasion coast of Southern France prior to allied landings as they did in pin-pointing the Avignon railroad bridge August 2. It was the 461st Liberators that bombed the Kempton marshalling yards in Austria, February 20, operating from an altitude of 13,000 feet, a remarkably low one for the heavies.

Not all of our missions will be

(Continued on Page 12)

'Chutes Are Good Brakes



Horizontally as well as vertically, parachutes serve as brakes. When the "Judy R," 765th Liberator, had her hydraulic system shot out on a mission to the Odertal oil refineries in Germany, this is the way her pilot, Capt. Robert T. Chalmers, landed her.

The "Judy R" never reached the

target. In a 15-minute scrap with some fifty fighters she suffered severe damage in the waist and tail, lost her number 3 supercharger, and sprung a fuel leak.

The crew landed hale and hearty, but "Judy R," with a great gash in her wing and a two foot hole in the waist was strictly for salvage.



It wasn't flak or fighter fire that blasted off that left rudder on the 764th's Ship 11. On her first combat mission, she never reached the target, but was blitzed within 50 miles of the field.

Ship 11 struck a thunderhead that threw her into a 6,000 foot dive. It was all that her pilot, 2nd Lt. Frank M. Brown, Jr., and her co-pilot, 2nd Lt. Harold F. Black, could do to pull her out.

They didn't know the rudder was missing until they returned to the base, and admit that they were a lot more worried about the four gunners who bailed out shortly after the dive. The intercom was out and the boys in the waist had thought the plane was a goner.

An open parachute found in the waist gave rise to some idle speculation that one of the men forgot to take his chute when he jumped. When Cpl. James E. English, Jr., missing tail-gunner, returned home after a night at a local farmhouse, it was agreed that the mysterious open chute was an extra from the escape kit.

Trommershausser Heads 764th Men

Major John Trommershausser of Chicago, Ill., is the fourth commander to receive promotion while in command of the 764th Bomb Squad-

combat missions. In addition to the Air Medal with two Oak Leaf Clusters, he has been awarded the DFC for the March 16 mission to the Moosbierbaum oil refineries. He has flown as group and deputy leader.

The three other commanders of the 764th who have received promotion in office have been Major Marion C. Mixson, Major Edwin T. Goree, and Capt. Albert O. Witte.



Two Men Receive Direct Commissions

The first of two direct commissions given in the 461st went to William E. Shiffermiller, seasoned campaigner from Stamford, Neb. Now a gunnery officer in the 767th, Lt. Shiffermiller finished a tour of duty over targets in North Africa and the Mediterranean, and came back for more. He has 64 combat missions and a DFC.

ron. He entered on his present duties March 8, and was promoted to Major within three weeks.

Formerly group air inspector, Major Trommershausser has flown 26

The second award of a pair of gold bars went to the former first sergeant of the 765th, John E. Pegg of Richmond, Ind. Pegg enlisted in February, 1941, and received no specialized army education. He assisted the Provost Marshall's office at Randolph Field, Tex., investigating civil arrests for a year and a half, and later, as a top-kick, activated bomb groups at Gowen Field, Idaho.

764 Men Survey Year's Activities

The life of the 764th Squadron overseas began some five miles out of sight of our native shores when the luxury of an ocean cruise became confused with calisthenic formation, training lectures and guard duties. At night toy flutes in the darkness vied with Cpl. George Moody's siren, and below in the "Casino," M/Sgt. L. B. Perry was causing a small financial panic in an all-out poker game. M/Sgt. John Savick's tears flowed like wine, as did those good American greenbacks. S/Sgt. "Big John" Kendrick, who clung to the stair rail throughout, reported it was rough, very rough.

On the 10th of February all rumors were quelled when it was definitely announced we were to settle Italy. Happiest of all were Addonizio, Macchio, Gagliostro, Sylvester, and Pascucci, all of whom have since seen their near and dear on this troubled peninsula.

Our first night on "Pneumonia Flats" gave us a preview of what was to be a home away from home. What was referred to as the "squadron area" was a mountain of mud. Captain Koenig's medics trudged half-way up the hill and settled for dry quarters in a former horse corral. Some of the more valliant went ahead to pitch their tents around what is now squadron headquarters.

AM's Carry On

Capt. Montgomery's grease monkeys started setting up shop on the line while we were still digging our first slit trenches. For a month they serviced our ships kneedeep in mud, while sweating out their crew chiefs

who had been misplaced somewhere in Africa.

Soon we began combat operations and learned to spot M/Sgt. Jones's "Evil Weevil," of the degenerate generators, M/Sgt. Archer's "Old Bird" with the perpetual turbo trouble, and M/Sgt. Bro's "Stinky," that picked up more flak than our pup, Murphy, has fleas.

There were ships we grew to like — M/Sgt. Holland's "One-Eyed Jack," M/Sgt. Hardee's "Chippie-dall," and the new smoothe "Miss Lace," crewed by M/Sgt. Bilj Christie and decorated with an original Caniff cartoon by T/Sgt. Harold J. McGuire.

By April 1, our EM Club was in full swing with M/Sgt. L. B. Perry as its first president, and M/Sgt. Wilfred Irwin and S/Sgt. Louis P. Bell, as vice-president and secretary treasurer respectively.

"Put-Put" Appears

Under the instigation of 1st Lt. S.S. Sklansky, and the editorship of Sgt. Art Foley, the "Put-Put" began its fearless, if short, career. Lts. Goodfriend and Cooley were regular contributors to the journal, and Sgt. B. C. Sharp, one-time commercial artist swung the stylus.

By the time Christmas rolled around, we were winterized, warm, and muddy. S/Sgt. Harold T. Voight, who used to run his own hashery back in Sheldon, Ill., fed us as good a Christmas chow as we've eaten in O.D.'s. Sgt. Arnold Green topped his off with a quart of imported American rose-water, and Cpl. Ferrero reported that Pic. Alfred L. Ives was well in the lead in the mail-bag sweepstakes.

We began to look around us during the long winter nights and unearthed the fact that Sgt. William Eckert was a former fireman, that "Scoop" Hartsough was a professional motor-cyclist and that a certain B-24 pilot once slung hash at the Bulldog Inn in Okanoaka, Tex. We learned that the man they called "Hot-Shot Charley" was our own Lt. Kenneth Kase (although we did for a minute suspect Lt. Black). We discovered that Major Trommershausser plays the bass-viol and that 1st Sgt. Frank O'Neill, now busy rotating, was in the army of occupation last war.

Sport Activities

The basketball season rolled around and carried our team of Greenberg, McCarthy, Cranson, Holcombe, Joe Miller, and Hardee up to third place in the group league. Sgt. John Wedlock, P-X commissar and talent scout, is at work organizing a softball team.

Recently the "Beachhead" has been contemplating new quarters according to its new prexy, S/Sgt. Irving Alper, and Cpl. "Wild Bill" Bennett will continue to serve the

specials when he's not working on the squadron communications. We're awaiting another session with those Beachhead hep-cats, Cpls. George Arvanites and Eugene Reiley, with T/Sgt. John MacDonald on the ivories.



The joint looks a lot different now. Lt. Veno has prettied up the officer's bar, a brand new waterproof sentry box has been installed,

and S/Sgt. Bill Evert has covered every available inch of his casa with pin-ups. The "Big Inch" shower has begun to trickle warm water, and Hypo has gone AWOL again. Pfc. Joseph Marra's Italian marriage has been blessed with a daughter. Sgt. Gaither of the conservative Medics is laying even money that the war will be fineesh by July 15.

Things are looking up for the boys on the hill.

The 461st LIBERAIDER

Souvenir Edition Published by the Public Relations Office and the Information-Education Office to Commemorate the First Year of Combat of the 461st Bombardment Group.

Contents Certified Passed By Field Press Censor. This paper may be mailed home.

Vol. 1 No. 1

April, 1945.

Somewhere in Italy

Editors: Sgts. Charles E. Dynes, Robert Paine, and Geoffrey L. Peters. This edition was published in Rome, Italy.

Istituto Grafico Romano «Il Vascello» - Roma - Via Mario de' Fiori, 104

765 th Scribe Recalls Busy Year

By S/Sgt. Edward A. Zeisler, Jr.

DO YOU REMEMBER the day we arrived at our field in Italy... that ambulance train at that certain railway station which almost inflicted casualties on the squadron before it even reached its overseas destination... how we felt when we first glanced at what was to be our home in Italy... those first few weeks of converting barren farm buildings into our headquarters, sleeping on the ground, eating in the open, and utilizing straddle-trench type latrines.

Those first trips to town to observe native life and imbibe the products of the local vineyards... the big deal it was to teach there the more descriptive expressions of Army slang... whistling at the signorinas with their king size accessories... The opening of the officer's "Club Amazon"...

Our first mission against the enemy... how we "sweated out" the return of the crews... the colorful pictures on our original combat ships: "Leading Lady", "Invictus", "Rhode Island Red", "Big Stinky", "The Upstairs Maid", and others... the feeling of pride in being a part of our giant war machine crushing the Axis... the realization of the cost of war not in money but in human lives and suffering as buddies failed to return from combat flights and others came back having shed their blood to preserve our American way of life.

The initiation of malaria control and discipline... our use of nets to keep "Ann" from sharing our "sacks"... the repellent that kept even our best friends at a distance. The opening of the EM's "Skunk Hollow"... the swell first night party which put us all in good spirits. The construction of the squadron shower and how it was the envy of the entire Group.

THEN THERE WAS Colonel Glantzberg's clever way of scolding us because we were only "only first in the entire 15th Air Force". The relieved expressions on the faces of the men as they finished... their radiant smiles as they gave one last glance over the area as they left for the USA and home. The arrival of our replacement crews... the delight the veterans took in telling them manufactured stories about the rigors of combat... almost enough to make them flak-happy.

AND REMEMBER... The signs on the supply bulletin board telling the new men to pick up their flak repellent... The day a certain pilot gave the area a buzz-job that never will be forgotten, causing a certain staff officer to lose his footing and hit the ground on a tender spot. The practice air raid, gas alert, and ground defense, during which we defended our area against a simulated attack by enemy paratroopers... the slit trenches we dug after the Nazis had been pushed north of Rome.

The toilsome project of lining up the tents into company streets... the Yankee Ingenuity we used in preparing the squadron area to withstand a second winter in Italy... the installation of lights in the ground echelon tent area... the "Rube Goldberg" generator created from an old motorcycle engine by several members of the engineering section who were tired of being kept in the dark. Our first

Thanksgiving on foreign soil... mutton turkey for all... the luxury of plates and tablecloths. The large scale construction projects... the new orderly room, supply building, garage, dispensary, mail room, barber shop... all springing up in true Henry Kaiser fashion to give the area the appearance of a thriving community... our first meal in the new EM chow palace, with its marble-topped tables and tiled floor... it didn't improve the flavor of C rations but made eating more of a pleasure.

Christmas 1944... a very ordinary day... combat as usual... packages from home... parties in the clubs on the Eve to create some of the right atmosphere. How we rediscovered what we already knew... that these holidays mean nothing deprived of the company and affection of our family and friends. The opening of the new EM day room and then later the cocktail lounge. How we watched the battle lines in the West creep ever closer toward a junction with Red Army units inside Germany,

ever hoping that the "master race" would realize the futility of continuing to struggle against inevitable doom.

Those Old Familiar Faces

Wild Bill "Bring 'Em Alive" Whitecotten, complete with sun helmet, dark glasses and cane... no doubt looking for a tropical Hershey. Joe Kuiczky... proud to become a citizen of the land for which he has been fighting "Bright-Eyes" Esposito... the squadron Sinatra and harmonica virtuoso.

"Rub-A-Dub" Frank... authority on Guatamala and coffee... best customer of the Skunk Hollow bar... holder of the world's non-stop gumbeating record. Jim "The Head" Koval... his popularity varies with the amount of incoming mail. Jim "the Scalp" Greenberg... combination Henry Morganthau and Harry James.

Major Baker's radiant smile as he visited each department upon his return to the squadron after his month's absence. "Chop-Chop" Young... baffles the Axis with Chinese letters painted on his B-24. Alfred "Bull" Henry... knuckle-knocker from Powder River.

Jake "The Voice" Genuardi and Muff "The Body" Bryer taking their daily weight-lifting workout... it is rumored that they have completed the course and have sent for the muscles. Jack "Colonna" Kramer's "Guinea" laborers caught working a la WPA.

"Haystack Hattie"... volunteer tail gunner who laid down on the job. "Pappy" Carnes... needed a rat trap in his supercharger. Julius Cherry... a tree that didn't grow in Brooklyn. Monard "You've Never Eaten Better In Your Life" Peterson, the "C" ration king... greeting his clientele of chow-hounds at the opening of the new mess hall.

M. A. "Rebel" Hunt and Joe "Dixie" Potter... still betting on the South to win the Civil war... Hear! Hear! You all. Shordt the Welder... always carrying the torch for an old flame.

COMBAT STORY... "Long-John" Tamborrino struggling with "Short-Stuff" Johnson... one can't reach above the belt and the other can't nit below it. Two word portrait... "What Fer?"

Downs 14 Fighters



Downing 14 fighters in a furious battle over Linz, Austria, gunners on the 765th "All American" made history July 25, 1944.

Piloted by 1st Lt. Robert E. Arbuthnot, the ship came through the battle almost unscathed, despite the repeated attacks of the hordes of Nazi fighters. Two of the gunners, Sgt. Robert L. Molyneux, and T/Sgt. Hugh G. Baker, were credited with three each, while Sgt. Warren E. Moss, S/Sgt. Elza S. Massie, T/Sgt. Eric C. English, and S/Sgt. Roy M. Walkama all destroyed two apiece. In the picture above the gunners and the ground crew pose in front of their ship the day after battle.

Bridge busting gets commendation

"An excellent job of bridge busting" said Maj. Gen. Nathan F. Twining, 15th AAF commander, commending the 461st for its job on the railroad bridge at Avignon, France, August 2.

From over 20,000 feet the Liberators pin-pointed the 900 feet long, 18 feet wide steel and masonry bridge, destroying two of the six spans and damaging a third.

Lead bombardier was 1st Lt. Jack H. King, of Oskaloosa, Iowa, 767th.

Baker Returns From MIA To Resume 765th Command

The latest in the 765th Bomb Squadron's line of nine commanders is Major Robert N. Baker of Albany, N.Y., who entered on his present duties December 22. Listed as missing following the February 21 mission to Vienna, he recently returned through the Russian lines to resume his command.

Prior to his arrival in this theater in August, Major Baker was an instructor in basic flying at Minter Field, Bakersfield, Calif. for two years. He has flown 22 missions, and wears the Purple Heart and also the DFC, which he received for the February 16 mission to Rosenheim, Germany.

Former 765th commanders have been Capt. James E. Thackston, Lt. Col. Otha B. Hardy, Jr., Major. Francis J. Hoermann, Lt. Col. Robert E. Applegate, Captain William J. Bock, Major Paul R. Yurkanis, Capt. Lester E. Briggs, Jr., and 1st John C. Sandall.



766th Man Recalls Year's Highspots

By Sgt. Ira L. Fetbroth

We've gone a long way since the original cadre days of such men as Tenery, Hawkinson, Remy, Lautieri, R. H. Johnson, O. H. Campbell, Ellsberry, Royce, Dittrich, Bishop, Tidwell, Ruble, and Zacek — to mention a few.

Everyone will always remember Captain Darden, our first CO, with the greatest respect. Do you recall the weekly beer parties in California? Along with the notable absence of messkits, the parties featured on occasion Long John Tenery at the drums, Butch Malosti on the squeeze-box and Boogie-Woogie Halverson on the ivories. Now Halverson is directing the grooviest band in these parts, while Butch is king of all that the officers survey — and eat — in the mess hall.

Do you remember S/Sgt. Leroy B. Duke leading us in song as we marched to the train on our way to POE?



The only one singing was our boy Duke. Then the long train ride — we recall with relish a verbal scrap between one Anzalone and Lane Boddie — Billy Newsome and his swell guitar — the pointed discussions Jim Campbell, Jr., and Bob Dunn continually had, aided and abetted by Jud (Georgia Peach) Moore. Then there was Jim Breuil, Jim McIntyre and Chuck Percival battling the breeze across a card table, and Whitey Farbacher in charge of B flight, picking up after the guys and doing a great job of keeping them in line.

Sub Alert

None of us will ever forget our second night at sea and our first submarine alert. Or our first air raid, either — and how Joe Griffith, Bill Walls, Bill Tims and Jimmy Wills distinguished themselves by volunteering to help the gun crews by serving in the turret magazines during the attack.

Remember Max Genser, «the 1500 dollar kid»; «Father» Goss, the angel of the gaming tables (old Mitchell was in there pitching, too); and then there were those two zanies, Davidson and Liebmann, with their producing ambitions.

Finally debarkation, when we were whisked onto trucks and off to our first night in Italy. For those who didn't have to dream they dwelt in marble halls it will be most easy to recall the cold marble floors. And did you see the Senator from Texas, the Hon. John Briley, cuddling a bottle of vino, crooning as if it were an infant in his arms? From there we moved on to a three night stand via the 40 and 8s, spending our first night sleeping in the mud (hardened combat troops that we were) and walking miles and miles for food. Last stop, you know where, and quarters in stables until the tents were set up. What a chow line — out in the open in all kinds of weather, mostly rain, and the trouble of keeping order in the line which fell to George Panagopoulos and the rest of his crew: Joe Maloney, George Nix, Bernie Valdez, Herb Bellmer, Eddie Rojewski, Johnny Bilinski, Chuck and Murphy.

Enlisted Mens Club Notes: The opening in March, '44, with John Walsh the first president. He had the able assistance of Ray Valencia, Eddy Baker, Milt Burrell, all back home now; Billy Bowne with his flair for painting and sketching beautiful women on the walls; Ray Rivers and Teddy De Welles, barmen, — Ray, too, had a flair for sketching. Did you ever get in on the highly educational discussions between Dave Mullner and Bob Patterson, «way back in the corner» — and quiet little Wally Stewart. And a bow to Fred Lautieri, Sam Lipcitz, Larry Earnhart and Billy Glover who in recent months have done more than their share for the club.

John Tenery, the best first sergeant an outfit ever had, basks in the sunlight of fame just because he happens to come from the same state which has furnished our squadron with four commanders — Texas.

In the sports world you can't overlook that outstanding first baseman, George (Rabbit) Waldner; King Pin Joiner, a scrappy shortstop; Joe (Ripper) Collins, a ball player's ball player; Jim Wharam, a topnotch key-stone sack guardian.

Personalities: Wild Bill Foley racing through the area on his bronc; General Bodian carrying on the orderly room; Hawk Hawkinson with his favorite «You can't jump me for that one»; Beau Brummel Ruble, a very natty crew chief; the three Campbells — O.H., J.S., K.U. — all working in one Engineering office; Harry (PX) McGuin, who can't help it if he comes from Virginia; Gene (Always Dapper on Sunday) Fox, our hard-working mailman; Al (Outdoors Man) Tokar, labor administrator; Bob Remy, who was out for spring training a little early, threw an autcurve which nicked the coach and bounced himself from the varsity; Del Cowley, who was the first in the group to win the Legion of Merit; our Bronze Star recipients, Buck Hastings, Elmo Niccolai, Ruble, Joe Hammer, Will Avery, Frank Kosac and Ray Johnson, who is always being bullied by Ralph (Frag) Griggs; Bob (I Love That Man) Reiter; Jack Bailey, the boy who knows all the answers when it comes to fixing a telephone — he has an able assistant in Bill Unger, the Allentown Squire.

Other Impressions

And Long George Cooper of Birmingham, Ala., the boy with a ready smile; Rip Davidson, now there's a character; Flat Top Dittrich, who sets the style with his hair-do's; James J. Feeley and his good old Irish brogue; Jake Feyma, a solid citizen of Sandstone, Minn.; the Gold Dust Twins, Fortuna and Fondino; Earl Fraser, a man who's happy when spirits are gay; Stu Gauthier, a gay young blade; J. J. Hains, who receives apples from his pupils; Lee Henry, who met a young lady from his home town in a USO show at our theater.

And of course there are the inseparable pals, Chester Higginbotham and Vinny Ruder; Russ MacEahern who always seems to be going out on pass; Sid Margolis, worrying about the «wheels»; good old MacAdams. Pete Weigel's chief assistant in the dispensary; remember Johnny Molin and his cute little daughter at the California Christmas party?

Odd observations:

Ortiz has been showing a lot of

Preview of CBI?



The Kim-Loo sisters appeared with one of the many USO shows that have entertained the Liberaiders overseas.

class lately; Lee Ostheimers's latest move is to apply for Infantry OCS; Shorty Picerno, who comes from Bridgeton, N.J., always talks about Philly. Shorty's better half, Artie Dampman, has taken himself down to Group these days Joe Quattrochi, lives every moment to the hilt in movie love scenes. That devil-may-care personality, John C. Reath, keeps a truck on the road with the best of them. Johnny Regakis is everybody's friend on payday.

More personalities

George Ribeiro yearns to be in Idaho. Lou Riccardi, who turned cook with a vengeance; Bernie Saleman, an armorer who gives freely of his time to help Hairbreadth Harry in the PX; Wes Sammons, the genial overseer of the EM Club; Eddie Schmidt, a right smart operator in the medics; Joe Schwing bet the war would end when?; Harry Simcox, so young and beautiful; Johnny Speranza, small, dark and willing; Willis Turner, proud as hell of his home town, New Orleans; Frank Ulicny, the Longbrook, L.I., gent, who earned his pla-

ce in the theater as assistant to some magic spirit; Fred Warner, a very useful member of Transportation; Teddy Wise, sharp as a tack; Heaven help the working girl, as Flynn would say, when he gets back home; and to wind up, a salute to Grady Weeks, who volunteered for a second tour.

And this is close to the end of the trail. We couldn't mention everyone. Space does not allow that. To those who have been skipped, no offense. The lapse was not intentional. And let's all hope that soon we will all be where our dreams and thoughts have been for so many months.

200th "a" Milk Run

The double century mark in the bombing missions flown by the 461st bomb group was reached March 25 with the bombing of the Kargan oil refinery in the Vienna area.

The mission was characterized by neither flak nor fighters.

Major Phillips is 766th's Fourth Texan Commander



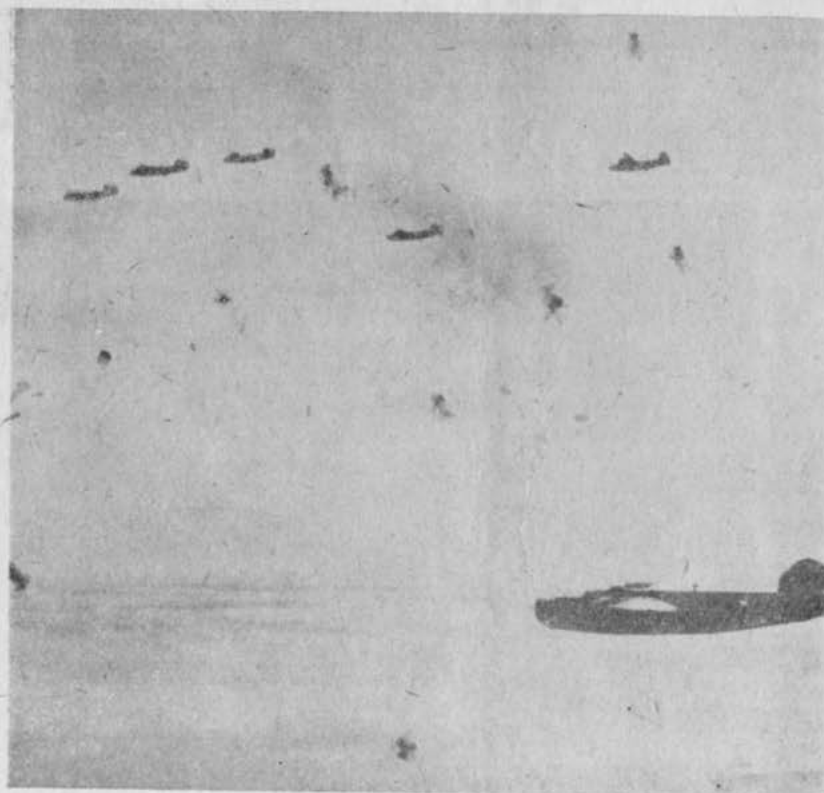
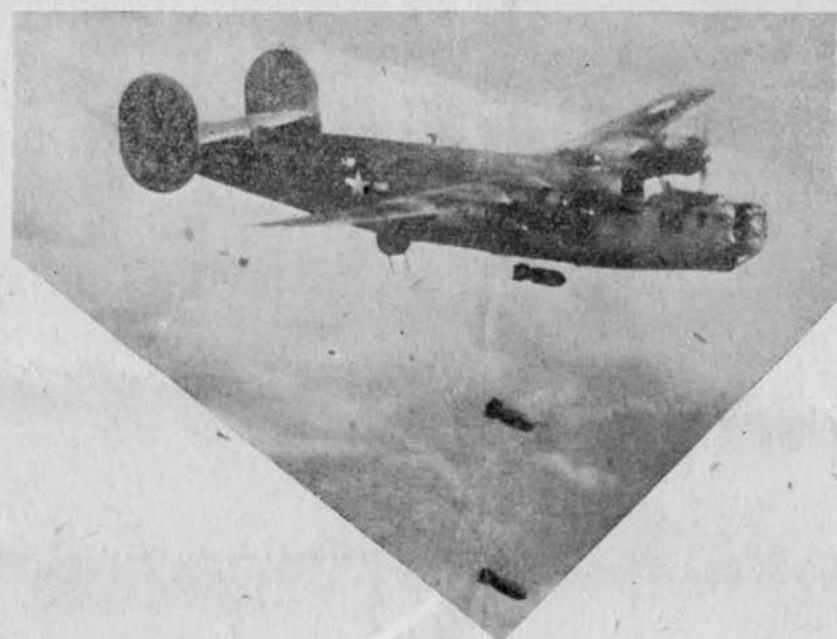
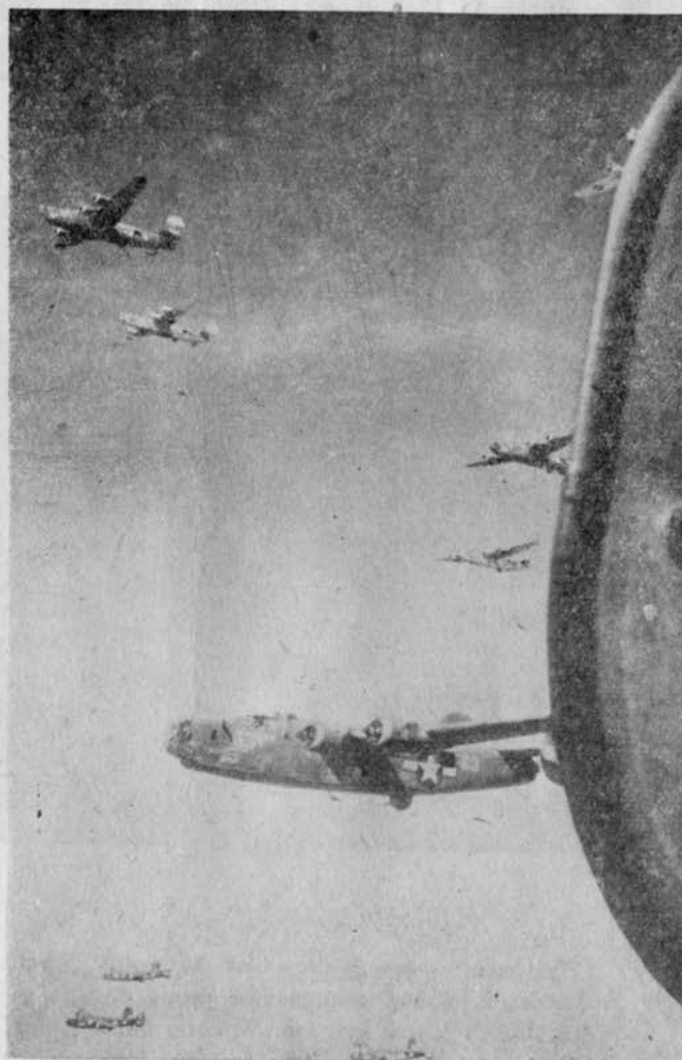
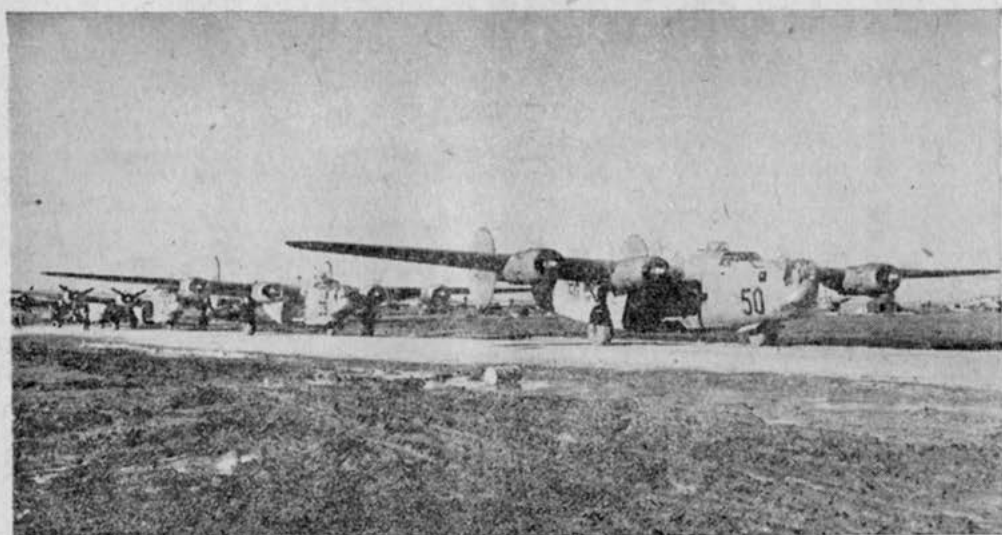
The fourth Texan in the line of five commanders of the 766th is Major Charles R. Phillips, San Angelo, Tex., who assumed command December 2.

Before joining the group in September, Major Phillips spent five months as an interceptor fighter controller in an anti-sub wing. He was also an instructor in B-24s at Mountain Home, Idaho.

In his 21 combat missions, Phillips has earned the Air Medal with three Oak Leaf Clusters, and the DFC for the February 8 mission to Vienna. His promotion to Major followed his appointment as C.O.

Command of the 766th was formerly held by Major Harrison G. Word, Major William Burke, Major James C. Dooley, and Capt. William H. Darden.

Picture Section



Highpoints in the day's mission are these shots with ground and aerial cameras.

Top left: The Libs await their turn to take off.

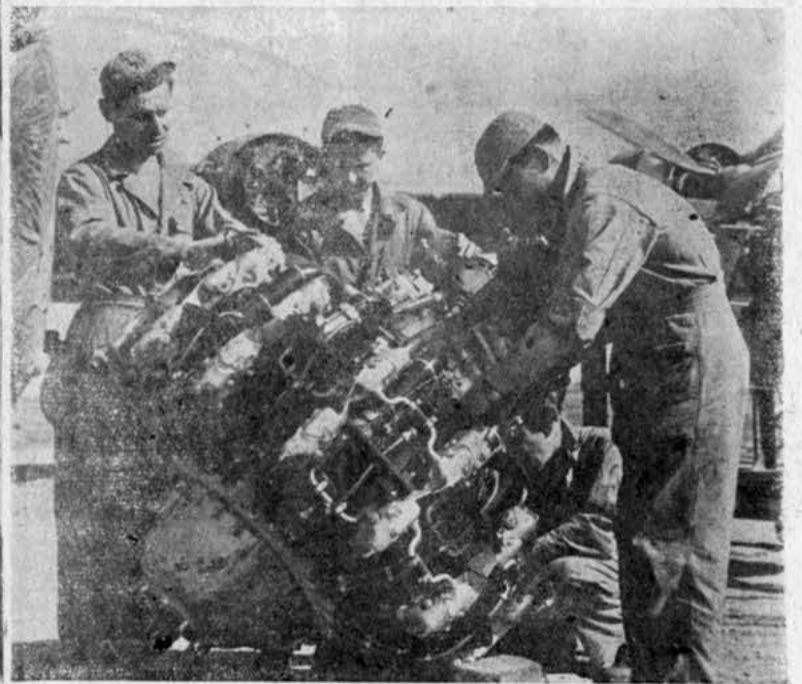
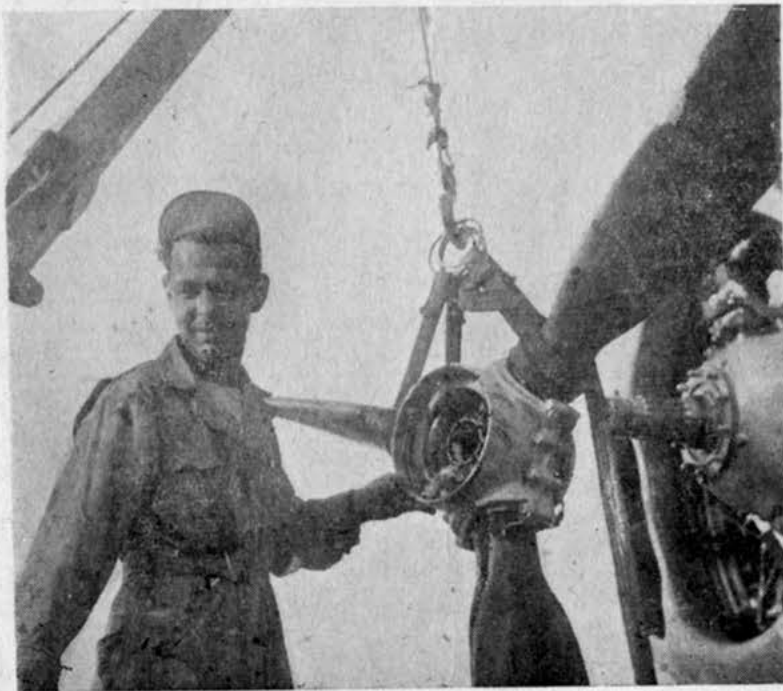
Top right: The formation on its way to the target.

Center left: "Bombs Away!"

Above: Like a sheepdog, our P-40 heads a straying B-24 back into formation.

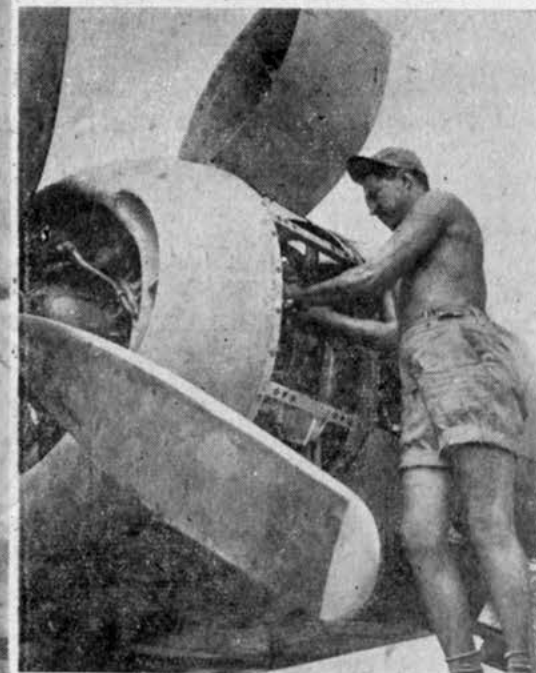
Lower left: Flak bursts all through a formation of our Liberators.

LIBERAIDERS AT WORK - ON THE LINE - IN THE AIR



Top row: reading from left to right): S/Sgt. Charles F. Bishop changes the props on one of the 766th ships; S/Sgt. John E. Egge inspects one of the engines on his ship; the 21st Engineering Battalion splashes through the winter mud to construct a drainage ditch; S/Sgt. Thomas L. Cox, 766th crew-chief, tightens one of the static ground wires on the landing gear; M/Sgt. Frank Martinus, Sgt. George Kushner, and M/Sgt. Carl H. Blandford, 765th linesmen, prepare an engine for the service squadron.

Middle row: (left to right) S/Sgt. Byron J. Fitzgerald, crew-chief, takes precautions against dust entering the air-intake manifold of his engine, by inserting a protective cover; Ship 34 crosses the Alps on her way home from a recent bombing mission against the Reich; in the heat of last summer most grease monkeys dressed in this non-G.I. fashion.



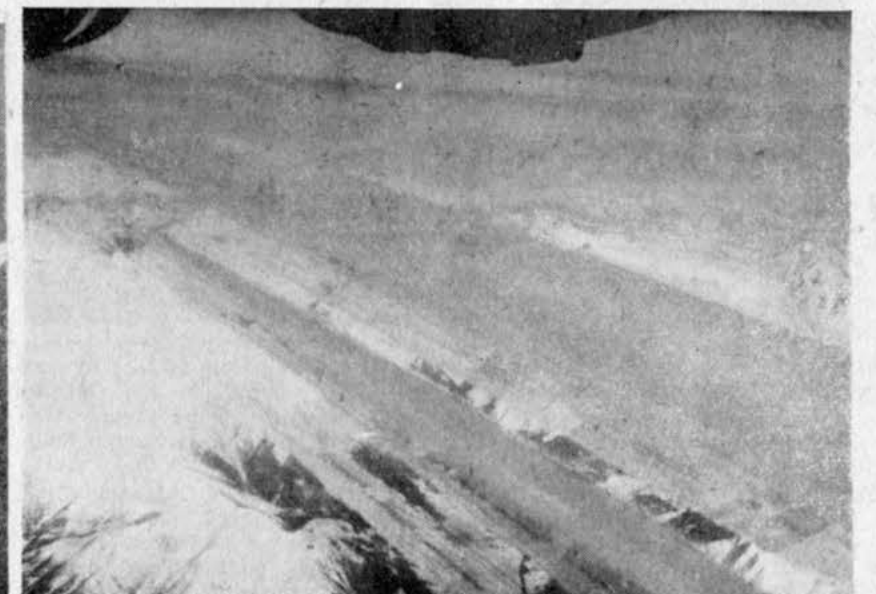
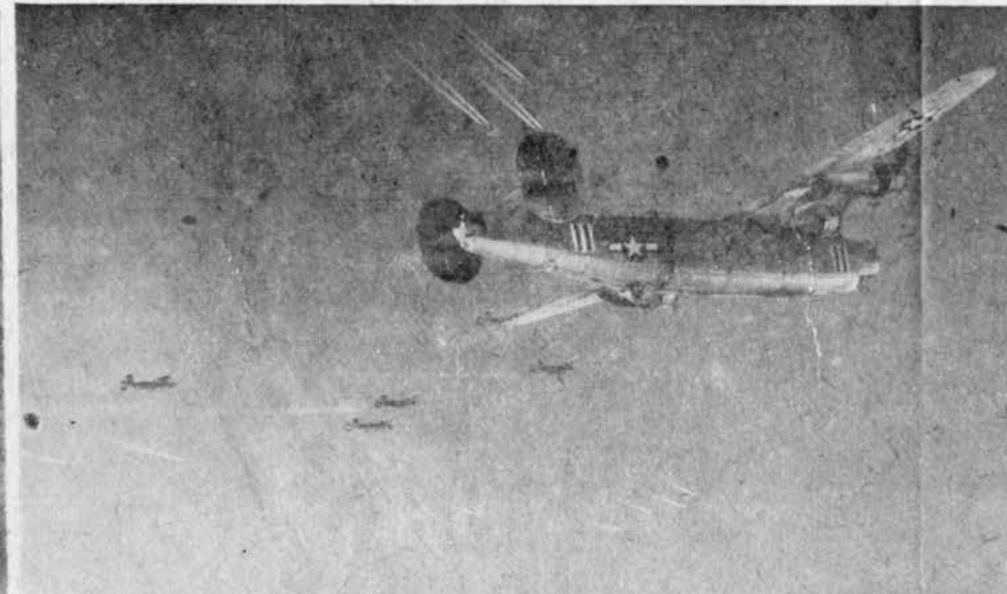
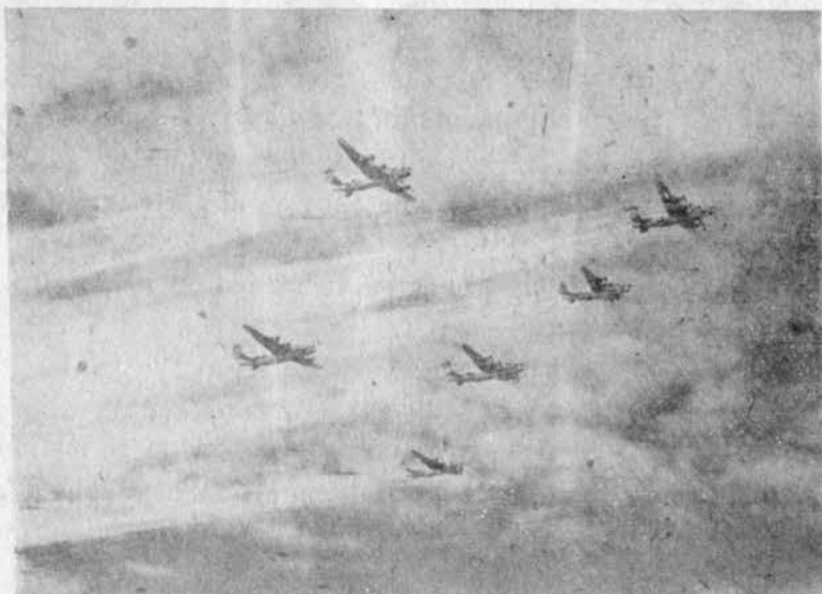
Grazie, Photo Lab

To the 461st Group photo lab goes much of the credit for putting out this edition.

All the pictures in the paper have come from the lab file, or the files of individual photographers.

Sorry we haven't space to list the personnel but thanks to everyone in the section.

Bottom Row: From the K-20 aerial cameras of the Group photo lab come these pictures of Liberator formations. From left to right: A Liberaider formation leaves vapor trails; as the bombers head homeward, their P-38 escort weaves a pattern of twin vapor trails as a background; on their final lap back to the base, a formation crosses the Adriatic; and in the last picture; heavies leave their trails of vapor against the rugged background of the Alps.



Your Choice - One's Hot, One's Cold



"Soup's On" for the Italian Alpine troops camped nearby.

"He eats it!" (and says he likes it), does Cpl. Robert Zewe, 767th gunner and he lifts a heaping spoonful as proof. Maybeso, says Clark the cook, left, but after watching men's reactions to C rations for over a year, he has his doubts. Before he came into the army, Zewe cooked and canned the stuff in Pittsburgh's H. J. Heinz factory. That might explain it. Then, too, he's only been overseas a few weeks.

Oklahomans



Pride of the 50-odd men in the 461st who hail from Oklahoma was the "Tulsamerican," the last of the B-24s to come from the Douglas Aircraft factory in Tulsa. Bought by bond sales to the factory employees, she arrived in this theater, covered from nose to tail with signatures and addresses of Oklahoman subscribers.

A fellow Oklahoman, Cpl. Raymond D. Yount, of Oklahoma City, tended her on Jake Genuardi's ground crew in the 765th. Sgt. John F. Toney, of Muskogee, Okla., and S/Sgt. Charles E. Priest, Tallant, Okla. flew as tail-gunner and aerial engineer, on the Tulsamerican.

On her twentieth mission, December 17, the ship was ditched in the Adriatic after a furious battle over the Odertal oil refineries.

Plenty of Rank



Standing on group headquarters roof, watching the planes take off, are, from left to right, Colonel Law hon, General Lee, Lt. Gen. McNarney, commander of all American forces in MTO, and, right, Maj. Gen. Twinning, 15th AAF boss.

A G.I.'s Impression of Italian Scene

By Sgt. Arthur R. Foley

As we steamed into sight of Italy, which was to be our home for months to come, we were impressed by its beauty. How fortunate we were to be stationed in such a picturesque country: But disillusionment was not long in coming.

We awoke the next day convinced while Italian marble might be ideal to decorate building it never would take the place of innerspring mattresses. Knowing that our "hotel" was unheated some of us mistakenly provided for the contingency by partaking of the local vino and cognac. A few days later we left our delightful surroundings after most of us had scorned the local youths' efforts to sell everything from souvenirs to signorine.

Next came our introduction to the Italian freight car, a vehicle ill-adapted to the transportation of human beings, or troops. One of these served about twenty-five of us as both parlor car and sleeper. At night we fitted ourselves like sardines on the floor so that no man had more than eight feet sticking in his face. The car was cold for our efforts to build a fire served only to put us in danger of suffocation whenever we crept through a tunnel. The next day we threw dextrose tablets from our K-rations to the unsuspecting natives.

After pre-flight another field, we came to our present location. Here we watched it rain day after day until the entire area looked a mixture of coffee and oatmeal. We ate mud, breathed mud, wore it and slept in it. Anytime anyone mentioned «Sunny Italy» he drew a torrent of sulfurous language. For a long time we waited for the «Blue Italian Skies» of the song and the travel folders.

Almost as soon as we arrived, we were besieged by the local peasantry, who solicited our laundry for their wives to do in their spare time. Hitherto the days of the latter were spent in idleness, cooking,

washing, sewing, tending their children and working in the fields. To vary the drab monotony of their lives, their thoughtful and considerate husbands seldom failed to keep them perennially pregnant.

In many ways we found the country and its people like a page out of the Middle Ages. The peasants were woefully ignorant, superstitious,

and subservient to the Padrone. On their houses and barns we often saw horns nailed as a protection against the «Evil Eye». Work was done in the most primitive ways, necessitating the worker to toil from dawn to dusk. The donkey was the beast of burden and when we saw the loads he had to haul, it was easy to see that the S.P.C.A. was not strong lo-

cally. The dress of the peasants might be called picturesque but to us it was merely evidence of grinding poverty; for their clothes had often been patched until little of the original garment was left.

In the towns we found a shrewder and we might say, a less likeable type. Here was the unscrupulous trader out to overcharge us for whatever he had to sell. Here we walked warily, for the eliminating habits of the small fry were informal. The children tagged after us begging for candy, chewing gum, or lire.

If one did not mind the smell, a trip down the side streets of the town always produced scenes of human interest. One might see a mother combing the nits out of her daughter's head, a funeral procession with its caparisoned horses and professional mourners, a cooper or wheelwright at work, or kids turning wheels in order to make some kind of twine. Even the painted signs daubed on the building held human interest. Fascist mottoes extolling Mussolini were partially obliterated and new ones praising the new regime substituted.

Now after a year we find conditions improved. The people are better fed and clothed. But Italy still gives the impression of being weary and bewildered. To put the country on its feet after the war much rebuilding is in order. In the meanwhile the people apparently are content to clear away the rubble and live in the ruins.

Sidewalk Madonna



Scenes like this are familiar to us at home only in connection with Community Chest drives. In Rome, sidewalk poverty is neither unusual nor remarkable.

Third Citation?

To those of you who have been wondering where that third Distinguished Unit Citation is, 1st Lt. Louis C. Pfister, group statistic officer is ready to reply: Right on General Twining's desk, awaiting his «yes» or «no».

The recommendation, submitted some three months ago, was for our mission of October 4 to Munich.

Familiar Roman Views



To many Liberaiders, Rome was one of the best rest camp spots. At left above, Victor Emmanuel's "Birth day Cake" Memorial looms up behind the ruins of ancient Rome. In the center — the Tiber Terrace, AAF Rest Camp club. At the right, the Tiber, with the Dome of St. Peter's in the center background and the Castel St. Angelo to the right.

Grogan Brothers Meet



Lt. Col. Edwin A. Grogan, left, of Portland, Ore., group executive officer, meets his brother, S/Sgt. James R. Grogan, Sale City, Ga., right, after four year's separation.

Colonel Grogan's first knowledge that his brother was in Italy came in a letter from home. He went over to the neighboring B-24 group, where James is a tail gunner, to pay him an informal call. His plan miscarried when someone saw the silver leaves on his shoulders and thought it meant a sneak inspection. The reunion was broken up by the arrival of the squadron commander, ready, to escort the visitor.

Varied Civvy Jobs in 767th

When at long last the battle jackets are laid away the lads in the 767th will be returning to a varied assortment of occupations.

Jack Samensansky, for instance, was a foreman in a ladies' garment factory; they say he measured women for form-fit clothes. Joe Di Paolo, telephone lineman from Jersey, worked in an embroidery shop but he is not telling exactly what his duties were. Joe Hudson, a member of the original crews, was a two-gun sheriff, while Jack Nantovech helped manage a dude ranch, and Mike Alderete was a cow-puncher.

Lt. Herman Weinstock gave up a job making toys to navigate a B-24 through the skies of Europe; Paul

Pushman put his head right between the lion's jaws when he took a job with the New Jersey Draft Board. Frank Dougherty's close association with the Bar dates back before his army days, though he used to be selling and drinking instead of just drinking. Everyone knows that Capt. Wilcovitz was a lawyer - but it may be news to some that Major Poole was a salesman of wholesale goods, Major Bennett a botanist, Captain Huber a purveyor of medical products. Lt. Ozanich a machine operator.

Duke Feagley exchanged flowers for bombs when he joined the army, and Hague Farman was the proprietor of a famed Hollywood tailor shop. Mechanic Jack Inman made safes.

Kentuckian Fourth C. O. Of 767th Bomb Squadron



The fourth commander of the 767th Bomb Squadron is Major Frank M. Poole, of Columbia, Ky. Major Poole assumed command December 18 with the rank of Captain and received his promotion a few weeks later.

A former instructor in B-24s at Fort Worth, Tex., and for a year an instructor in twin-engine ships, Major Poole had over 2,000 hours of flying time before arriving in this theater in September. Since that time, he has flown 22 combat missions, and won the DFC for his mission of March 9 to Graz, Austria. He also wears the Purple Heart for wounds received on the February 21 mission to Vienna.

Command of the 767th was formerly held by Major Joseph N. Donovan, Lt. Col. James B. Knapp, and Capt. Royce B. Glenn.

Here's How 767th Grew To Manhood

By Sgt. Dan H. Fenn, Jr.

On 11 August, 1943, at a base in Idaho, an infant was born. About all it had was a name conferred by its Uncle Sam: "767th Bombardment Squadron".

But it wasn't long before this child of war began to develop a personality all its own. To show how this useless baby grew to an adult member of that fighting family, the USAAF, the following snapshots from its life are presented:

SCENE I: A barracks at the Idaho base. Time: 10:00 AM. A short little man with a bald head, sporting two shiny golden bars and a suntan shirt with the OCS insignia still on the pocket opens a door and looks at a couple of GI's, still sound asleep. "Sgt. Fisher, Pfc. Latal... Don't you think we should open the orderly room now? It's ten o'clock". But suddenly an enormous man with a hillbilly air about him, and the railroad tracks of a captain on his shoulders hauls him back, and the two go off to a few games of poker, and then lunch.

SCENE II: A dusty spot somewhere in Utah. Characters are beginning to arrive, first in dribbles, then in a steady stream. The same captain we saw before, unable to set down comfortably, after a chewing from Colonel Converse "Kill, Kill, Kill." Lewis, pats each arrival on the shoulders affectionately and assures him that "there are plenty of ratings open". Prominent among the new members are, "Brooklyn" Lieblich, Harry Sullivan, Bob Butler, Ed Jaffe, George Feinstein, Tom Galli, and O-lindo Genetelli, all fresh cut of various AAF tech schools. Suddenly there is a great rumbling in the distance, and the wheels roll in from Florida, with their stripes and wings. Things are obviously beginning to happen.

SCENE III: The background changes, and a bright, beautiful airbase, surrounded by glorious mountains and green plains, appears. It's another field in Utah. That stream of figures juggling barracks bags and gas masks has now become a flood. Suddenly a horde of second lieutenants and their retinues of gunners

sweep across the stage. The crews have arrived. As the men come in from the left, they pour out on the right to another sign that says: "State Line Hotel" and "Furloughs." Prominent among these heading toward the former is a group led by Duke Feagley, and featuring Greek Kermidas, Floyd King, Tony Godek, Larry Bonshoff, and Henry Kolinski. Not far behind is Gerónimo Jauregui.

SCENE IV: An annex to the "Bamboo Room". There is a great clattering of hoofs offstage, and a herd of zebras comes prancing in. If you look carefully, about three lower than the others, you can see two little colts: Shyster Boyd and Red Dinnetz. Among the rest there is Harry Bloom, Slick Brehmer, "Mo" Mosiniak, and "OD" Taylor. All over the stage meanwhile, big things are happening. "Smiles" Geary is madly taking in and issuing supplies; "Mac" is showing mobs of patient GI's the care and use of the gas mask; soldiers are running hither and yon with packing cases; and over the whole mess stands Major Knapp, snapping a long whip. But, if your turn towards the right, you can see Fessenden, Calhoun, Douglas, McDonald and a number of officers (including, incidentally, the second lieutenant and captain we saw earlier) sneaking out in the direction of the Hotel Californian.

SCENE V: At first glance, you would think you had squeezed your way into a sardine can. Soldiers (of the civilian variety) are stacked in piles in a little box, which is rolling and tossing like a boat on a very rough sea. As a matter of fact, that is exactly what it is. All of a sudden there is a great rush for cans strategically placed in the hold. The curtain falls hastily.

SCENE VI: And now we come to an obscure spot near an obscure town "somewhere in Italy". A group of dejected, beaten looking creature are standing knee-deep in mud and snow, wiping the dust out of their eyes. They open them wide for a few minutes to look at the show. "Cap-porelli Capers", it is called. Every now and then cans of Vienna sausage, C-rations hash, chile, dehydrated eggs pass by, and the sacks snatch at them more or less listlessly. If you listen, you can hear whispers of "France", "B-29's", "B-32's", "South Pacific", "Home", floating from mouth to mouth.

FIN - EESH, LINE TAXI!



Fin-eesh Line Taxi! The 767th ground personnel ruefully cart away to salvage the remnants of their spare-time hobby. For several months last fall, the pride of the line, this unauthorized aircraft was put together by enthusiasts from odd parts and leftover parts gleaned from British airfields. The RAF swapped a section of fuselage for an American baseball bat.

Service Squadron Has B-24 Medics

For a period of eight months not a single plane in the 461st Bomb group was grounded for lack of parts. This fine accomplishment can be attributed to the maximum cooperation of the 563rd Air Corps Supply and Engineering, who scoured the country side for the necessary parts. We congratulate DuPont, Varley, Campman, Holmes, Ross, and Lingnau of Supply and Marshall, Shellabarger, Rynn, Prock, Esposito, Corwin, and Paschke of Engineering who made this possible.

Everyone who saw ship 31, tired and wearily sitting on its broken landing gear with its smashed nose section, said, "Salvage, salvage!" But as our Engineering officer surveyed the wreck, he immediately said, "O.K., boys, let's get busy and repair this." And so today 31 is now back there fighting and she can thank Drs. Hutchins, Soares, Jow, Churchill, and Modesto of Sheetmetal Surgery and Drs. Knuth, Holzner, Garber,

and Courtney, AM sawbones, that she isn't in her grave.

Ask Toler, Trout, Webb, Donald, Sullivan, Gibson, Russell, or Dziekanowski how it feels looking for a needle in a hay stack. Such was their problem in finding that leak in the fuel system, which kept ship 33 on the ground for such a long period of time.

LaFollette and Campbell received an Unsatisfactory Report on an engine from the 765th recently, and consulted our medical officer. The engine coughed twice and stopped. "Doc" prescribed two pills every four hours!

Our entire Squadron has worked side by side with the 461st Bomb group ever since they arrived overseas, and have tried to aid them in every way possible to maintain a good operational record. With Major Peter, our Squadron Commander, we want to congratulate the 461st on its first anniversary of combat.

A Visit To Jo's Place



Colonel Rogers Becomes Fifth Liberaider Deputy C. O.

The latest deputy commander of the 461st Bomb Group, Col. Craven C. Rogers, is five missions deep in his tour of duty. A 35-year old Oklahoman with nearly 15 years of continuous army service, the colonel received his first taste of enemy flak on the March 22 mission to Vienna.

Colonel Rogers began his army career in June, 1930. He has been squadron, group, and wing adjutant and has flown over 2,000 hours.

Prior to arriving in this theater in January, he was director of B-29 training at Lowry Field, Colo.

Fifth in the line of deputy commanders of this group, Col. Rogers was preceded in this office by Lt. Col. Otha B. Hardy, Jr., Col. Brooks A. Lawhon, Col. Philip R. Hawes, and Major Robert E. Smith.



Rogers

Determines Destiny

The signature that determines the destiny of all 461st personnel is that of the Group Adjutant, Major R. Foster Scott, of Dale Ind. That imprinted signature, stenciled thousands of times since activation on Aug 11, 1943 has assigned 461st members to sections, crews, rest camps, stockades and rotation; Major Scott's reproduced name will achieve all-time importance when it appears on the demobilization orders.

High Bomb Score

The highest bombing percentage achieved by the 461st Bomb Group during the first year of combat was 92.2 and was chalked up against the Smederevo ferry slips in Yugoslavia September 3.

An even higher percentage was recorded on April 6 in our second year of combat when Major Thackston, 765th commander led the group against the Breda armament works at Brescia, Italy. With 1st Lt. Hampton A. Handley, 767th squadron bombardier in the lead, the Libs scored 95.5 %, the highest record ever made in this wing.

Down 129 Fighters in Combat Year

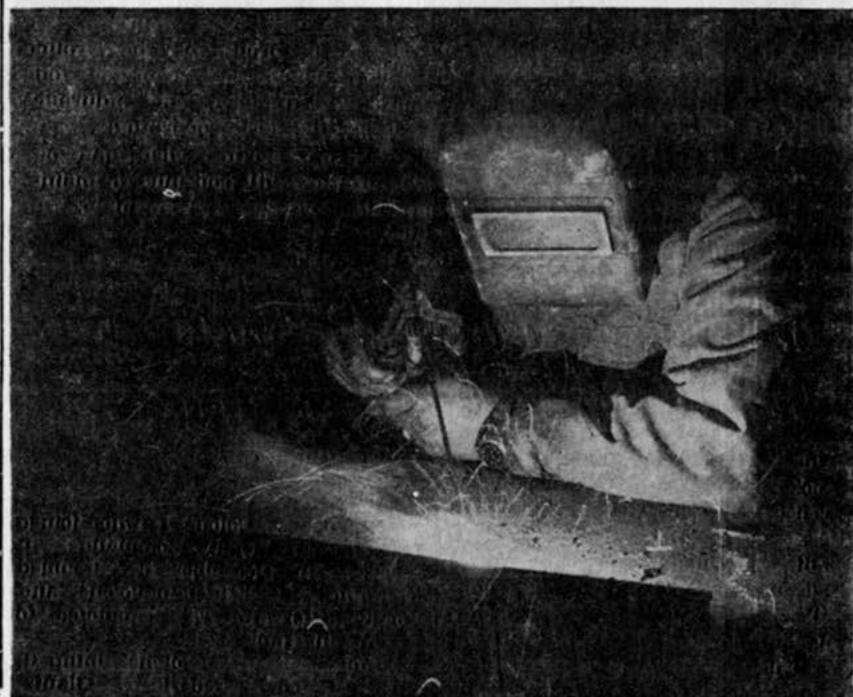
Of the 129 enemy fighters destroyed in one year of combat, more than half were accounted for in three large aerial combats.

The largest single attack on our Libs came when Major William Burke, group operations officer, led a mission to the Hermann Goering tank works July 25. Of the 150 FW 190s, ME 109s, and ME 410s that met us, 461st guns took care of 36.

The May 10, attack on the Weiner-Neustadt airdrome brought up a swarm of 50-60 fighters, of which our guns downed 12 with eight probables.

The last large scale attack occurred over the Odertal oil refineries on December 17 when 40-50 fighters came through a complete undercast. Nineteen were destroyed.

563rd Welder At Work



Headquarters Men Throng Snuffy's Tavern Nightly

It's Saturday night at Snuffy's Tavern. Around the gaming tables are Albert Ross, Chuck Bredice, Roy Taylor, Louis Francello and Andy Spagnoletti. Sipping strawberry are Leonard Delaney and Roy Patterson. The war map is being traced by John Jozwick, Norm Tober and Bill Sabin.

Les Newburg, Ted Epstein, Bob Quick, and Smitty are having a rousing game of pinochle. The Bird Cage gang, Ace Larsen, Horace Mertz, Bill Ryser, and Leroy Rioux, are talking of the day when their roommate, Claude Hisey burnt down the latrine. The B.C.'s sixth member, Tom Gillaspie, is, as usual, away on D/S playing golf.

Eating toasted cheese sandwiches and sipping coke are Len Cole, George Brinker, and "Never Had it Better." Horvat. Then there are the

tent teams—the weather boys Ed Corton, Bob Oertli, Joe Baxter, Nye Norris, Walt Lowery, and Mike Schwartz—the Tool Box Pup Tent—Dick Muhlmann, Tom Flaherty, Bob Patterson and Walt Stewart.

The letter-writers, Mark Royce and John O'Brien and Charles Gartland, are busy scribbling. The snappiest looking soldier of them all, Eino Bjorn, has just come in from pass. Art Blockhaus is playing the radio.

Trying to read above all the din are Dave Godfrey, Stan Fugett and Honest John Steck.

Midnight approaches. John Wells Rege Wiegand, Vince Moran, and Ernie Maynard burst into song. Carl Shipp and John Howe have trapped a couple of newcomers in a hand of poker.

"Best we close, now," says Snuff.



This is what a 155-millimeter shell does to the waist-section of a Liberator. A split-second after Major Frank M. Poole's ship 70 had dropped its load of high explosive on the railyards of Graz, March 10, the shell whistled through the open bomb-bays, and smashed the radio compartment to splinters.

Miraculously, not a person was hurt, with the exception of the radio operator who received a slight smack in the arm. Rudder cables, interphone and oxygen systems were cut, but the plane returned safely to the home base.

From left to right (standing): Hook, Spencer, Shaw, Ryan, Ferrara, Poturalski (kneeling): Dooner, Hanley, Herbert, Scott. Not in this picture were Major Poole and 1st Lt. Holmes.

Wing Commander Extends Anniversary Congrats



The following message has been received from Brig. Gen. William L. Lee, Wing commander:

"To all members of the 461st Bomb Group, I extend my congratulations on the splendid record you have achieved during your first year in combat.

"The willingness and co-operation of all personnel have contributed in no small means to the complete destruction of enemy installations and materiel.

"I am proud of every combat crew that has manned your Liberators with skill and courage; and equally as proud of the ground echelon which has worked long hours with patience and endurance to assist the aerial operations.

"It is my heartfelt wish that your organization will continue to maintain its excellent performance of duty."

Colonel Lawhon Flies 35th Combat Mission

Our commanding officer, Colonel Brooks A. Lawhon, of Tacoma, Wash., recently flew his 35th mission, an attack on the Muhlendorf railyards, near Munich, Germany.

His first combat mission was flown while he was assistant wing operations officer, and the entire wing hit an airfield at Belgrade, Yugoslavia.

On two successive missions to the Blechhammer oil refineries he won

the Distinguished Flying Cross and an Oak Leaf Cluster.

With four years experience as operations officer, Colonel Lawhon joined the 461st as deputy commander in August. In December he assumed command as a lieutenant colonel and shortly afterward was promoted to his present rank.

Former CO's were Colonel Philip R. Hawes, Colonel Frederic E. Glantzberg, and Lt. Col. Willis G. Carter.

Nearly 7000 Awards In First Combat Year

In its year of combat, the 461st Bomb Group has presented close to 7,000 individual awards to its personnel. Three of these have been Legions of Merit, fourth ranking award in the United States Army.

The first presentation of this award was to Sgt. Delmas H. Cowley, chief armorer of the 766th who designed a gauge for the recoil spring of the 50 calibre machine gun. Cowley, for years an inspector of machine guns in the Lend-Lease program, devised the gadget for use in his squadron. It has since become standard War Department equipment.

To another buck sergeant went the

second Legion of Merit. S/Sgt. James B. Jones, 764th ball-turret gunner, on the July 25 mission to the Hermann Goering tank works at Linz, was wounded in the thighs by 20-millimeter shell fire. He stuck to his turret and knocked off one fighter and another probable. S/Sgt. Wallace H. McLean, 765th engineer-gunner, received flak wounds in both thighs, but refused to accept treatment or leave his guns until his plane was out of danger.

Capt. Edward F. Veliuva, and his co-pilot, 1st Lt. Max L. Lucas, of the 764th, both won the award on the August 7 mission to a Vienna oil refinery when they flew to the aid of a B-24 from another group, crippled and harried by Nazi fighters.

Posthumous award

Posthumous award of the Silver Star was made to Flight Officer Seymour J. Tenner, 765th navigator, who on January 20, anticipated a crack-up when the nose wheel of his ship failed to lock. Before his plane came to a crash-landing, he pulled three men from the nose compartment, but was himself killed when the ship struck the runway.

Three other recipients of this galaxy of Silver Stars were Col. Frederic E. Glantzberg and Col. Philip R. Hawes, former group C.O.'s, and Lt. Col. James B. Knapp, former 767th commander.

In addition to these outstanding awards, the personnel of the 461st received 264 Distinguished Flying Crosses with 27 Oak Leaf Clusters, 261 Purple Hearts with eight Oak Leaf Clusters, 12 Soldiers Medals, 58 Bronze Stars, and 2,632 Air Medals with 3,709 Oak Leaf Clusters.

Silver Stars

The next ranking decoration, the Silver Star, has been awarded to ten 461st men. This medal, presented for "gallantry in action," was first awarded to Capt. David P. McQuillan of the 767th.

On the April 13 mission to the aircraft components factory at Budapest, that won our first unit citation, Capt. McQuillan flew his ship, with one engine gone, to the defense of a crippled B-24. Still in the flak area and undergoing repeated attacks by some 50 fighters, McQuillan and his crew lent the protection of their guns until the wounded plane was in safe territory.

1st Lt. Leonard P. Cash, also of the 767th, was flown back from Rome when Maj. Gen. Nathan E. Twining arrived at this base unexpectedly to present him with the Silver Star. Cash, who won the award for covering his buddy's plane when it was attacked on the June 11 mission to Giurgiu, Rumania, picked up the medal and returned to his Rome leave the same day.

Gunners wounded

Awards of the Silver Star went to two enlisted men who stuck to their guns even after they had been se-

205 MISSIONS IN FIRST YEAR

(Continued from Page 1)

remembered for their flak and fighters. Ground crews will well remember the Lyons mission, for, within a scant twelve hours they had to ready a maximum of aircraft for the job of hauling fuel, bombs, and ammunition. The job called for the removal of all waist guns and ball-turrets, an undertaking that required ground crews to work late into the night. On this mission, many ground personnel had their first flying experience overseas.

Against the fast-dwindling targets of the Axis this group has dropped more than 9600 tons of bombs. Its gunners have been credited with 129 enemy fighters destroyed, 44 probably destroyed, and 16 damaged.

In the course of a year of combat we have seen some of the toughest targets disappear from the blackboards of operations: Ploesti, Bucharest, Blechhammer, Zagreb, Budapest, and Giurgiu. Fast-falling into the hands of the Red Army are Vienna, Wiener-Neustadt, Linz, Graz, and Munich.

But, fair weather or foul, until the last ack-ack gun is fired, the 461st will continue to deliver their loads to the points where they are most needed.

INTERIOR DECORATORS

Files of the group Information and Education section reveal that two members of the 764th have enrolled for college extension courses in Interior Decoration at the University of Minnesota. Cpl. Samuel E. Anderson and Cpl. Herbert Bevington.