Study in Contrasts

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

Fourth 461st Commander

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, Romania, and Yugoslavia.

For its first three months of operations, the average bomb命中 rate 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.

Known targets attacked by this Group include those at Athens, Augsburg, Bad Voslau, Belgrade, Bezier, Biechhammer, Bologna, Bonn, Bratislava, Brux, Bucharest, Budapest, Ferrara, Flims, Friederichshafen, Graz, Graz, Innsbruck, Lina, Lyon, Moonbierbaum, Munich, Odertal, Pitele, Ploesti, Porto Marghera, Regensburg, Trieste, Toulon, Verona, Viets, Wiener-Neustadt, and Zagreb.

205 Missions Flown in Year of Combat

"On April 2, visibility was good, and there was neither flak nor fighters in the air. The Liberator dropped a fine bomb pattern on the rail yards near Bihac, Yugoslavia, and the target of a year later, the rail yards 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 and Ploesti, top-priority target seven times visited by our bombers - and Vienna and Aalborg, Norway that together accounted for 25 of the more than 200 combat missions in our year of fighting.

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 Repolopoggygar factory in Budapest, Hungary, we received our first citation as a distinguished unit. Then there was the July 13 mission to Ploesti, elimination 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, rail yards, 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 Avign non-railroad bridge August 2. It was the 461st Liberator that bomb ed the Kungsten marshalling yards in Austria, February 28, operating from an altitude of 13,000 feet, a remarkably low one for the heavies.

Not all of our missions were "easy". The 461st is composed of a fine corps of flyers, and they have been pulling the gaffs and the gaffs and the gaffs. But we all know that we are a fighting group, and we expect to go on fighting."

'Chutes Are Good Brakes

Horizontally as well as vertically, parachutes serve as brakes. When the "Judy R," 7634th Liberator, had her hydraulic system shot out on a mission to the Oder toll refineries in Germany, this is the way her pilot, Capt. Robert T. Chalmers, landed her. The "Judy R" never reached the target. In a 13-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 here and headed west, but "Judy R," with a great gash in her wing and a two-foot hole in the waist, was strictly for salvage.

Col. Brooks A. Lawhon (Story on Page 12)
Trommershauser Heads 764th Men

Major John Trommershauser of Chicago, Ill., is the fourth commander to receive promotion while in command of the 764th Bomb Squadron. 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, N.C. 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.

The second award of a pair of gold bars went to the former first sergeant of the 765th, John E. Pegge of Richmond, Ind. Pegge enlisted in February, 1941, and received no specialized army education. He assisted the Provost Marshal, Capt. Harold Field, Tex., investigating civil arrests for a year and a half, and later, as a top-secret, activated bomb group 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, our flutes in the darkness vied with 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 team flourished wines, as did those good American greenbacks. S/Sgt. "Big John" Kendrick, who belonged 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 Adorno, Marchio, Gagliodore, Sylvester, and Pasucci, 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 medals trudged half-way up the hill and settled for dry quarters in a former horse corral. Some of the more valiant 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 knee-deep in mud, while sweating out our crew chiefs who had been misplaced somewhere in Africa.

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


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 F. Bell, as vice-president and secretary respectively.

"Put-Put" Appears

Under the instigation of Lt. S.S. Sklansky, and the editorship of Sgt. Art Foley, the "Put-Put" began its fearless, if short, career. Lt. Goodfriend and Cooley were regular contributors to the journal, and Sgt. R.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 used to run his own hardware in Shedon, Ill., fed us as good a Christmas show 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 Pol. Alfred L. Ives was well in the lead in the mail-bag sweeps.

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" Hartough was a profession-al motorcyclist and that a certain B-34 pilot once slung hash at the Bullfrog Inn in Okemah, Okla. 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 Trommers- hauser plays the bass-viol and that lat 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 Weldock, X-X commissair 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 specialties when he's not working on the squadron communications. We're awaiting another session with the Basehead hepcats. Cpl. George Arvanites and Eugene Relley, with T/Sgt. John MacMoriald on the ivories.

The "Beachhead" looks a lot different now. Lt. Veno has prepped 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 car with pins. The "Big Inch" show has begun to trickle warm water, and Bypo has gone AWOL again. Pfc. Joseph Marr's Italian marriage has been blessed with a daughter. Sgt. Guy's of the conservatory Medics is laying even money that the war will be finished by July 15. Those are looking up for the boys on the hill.

The 461st LIBERAIER

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Somewhere in Italy

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

Istituto Grafico Romano • Il Vescovo • Roma • Via Mario de' Fiori, 104
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... the sound of the motor... the casualties on the squadron before it even reached its overseas destination... how we felt when we first glimpsed at what we were going to in Italy? Those first few weeks of converting barren farm buildings into our head quarters, sleeping on straw mats, eating out of 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 reach the nearest descriptively impressionable Armament slang... whistling at the signorinas with their king size accessories. The opening of the officer’s “Chop Amazon”...

Our first mission against the enemy... how we sweated out the return of the crew... the colorful pictures on our original combat ships: “Leaping Lacy”, “Injuncta”, “Rhode Island Red”, “Big Strinky”, “The Uprising 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 bodos failed to return from combat flights and others came back having shed their blood to preserve our American way of life.

The intimation of malaria control and discipline... our use of nets to keep off the “Malaria Mosquito” and the “Sacke”... the repellant that kept even our best friends at a distance. The opening of the EM’s “Rome Hollow”... the first flight party which put us all in good spirits. The construction of the squadron house... and how it was the envy of the entire Group.

THEN THERE WAS Colonel Giants being a clever way of scolding us because we were only “first in the entire 18th 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 the new men the marvelous stories about the rigors of combat... almost enough to make them flinch.

AND REMEMBER... the signs on the supply bulletin board telling the new men to pack up their flak repellent... the day a certain pilot gave the area a buzz job that never will... its value... the wonder and the fear the man had of being hit. The practice air raid... gas alarm... the morale... until ground defense during which we were definitely not under any simulated attack by enemy paratroopers... the slit trenches we dug after the Nazis had left a few miles from home.

The tollsone project of lining up the tents to company streets... the Yank’s eyes that began to glisten when seeing the army men scurry across the squadron area to withstand a second winter in Italy... the installation work on the 2nd echelon tent area... the “Rube Goldberg” generator created from an old motor... the mess hall... the organization of the engineering section who were tired of being kept in the dark. Our first Christmas... in a very ordinary day... combat as usual... parties in the clubs of 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 crept 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’ White, cotton, complete with sun helmet, dark glasses and sneeze, no doubt looking for a tropical Hershey. Joe Kuczycki, proud to become a citizen of the land for which he fought. The new 18th Mission Buckeye Boys of the 44th bombing group...

Bub-A-Dub... Frank... authority on Guatamala and coffee... best custome... the Spenk Hollow bar... holder of the worlds’ non-stop cumenting record. Jim “The Head” Koval... his popularity varies with the amount of incoming mail. Jim “The Scap” 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... battles the Axis with Chinese letters painted on his B-24. Alfred “Bill” Henry... knuckle knocker from Ponder River.

Jake “The Voice” Genuardi and Muff “The Body” Dyer taking their daily weightlifting workout... it is rumored that they have completed the course and are setting records in the muscules. Jack “Colossus” Kramers “Guinea” laborers working hard to work a WPA. “Haystack Hattie’s” has been fighting a 2nd pilot 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. Monet “You’re Never Eaten Better In Your Life” Peterson, the “O” rating king... creating his clientele of bow and arrows 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”. You tell. Shorty... always carrying the torch for an old flame. COMBAT STORY... “Long John” Tamburriono struggling with “Short Stuff” Johnson... one can’t reach above the belt and the other can’t get below it. Two word portrait... “What Fer?”

Baker Returns From MIA
To Resume 765th Command

The latest in the 765th Bomb Squadron’s line of nine commanders is one that didn’t grow in Cleveland, Ohio... William Baker of Albany, N.Y., who entered on his present duties December 22. Listed as missing following the February 14th 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 16th mission to Rostomheim, Germany.

766th Man Recalls Year's Highspots

By Sgt. Ira L. Fehrboth

We've gone a long way since the original cadre days of such men as: Tremaine, Caruth, Lautieri, R. H. Johnson, O. H. Campbel, Estberry, Royce, Dittrich, Bishop, Thelwell, Smith, and Zacek—to mention a few.

Everyone will always remember Captain B. J. Christian, CO, with the greatest respect. Do you recall the weekly beer parties in California? Alas, with the notable absence of messkits, the parties featured one occasion Long John Tenery at the drums, Butch Malsoni on the squeeze box and Boogie-Woogie Halvesvat on the ivory. Now Halvesvat is directing the grooviest band in the mess hall, while Butch is king of all the officers' survey—and eating like a mess hall.

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

The only one singing was our boy Duke. Then the first train ride—we recall with relish a visit from a crackup between Anzalone and Lauer.

Bilke Newhouse and his swell guitar—pointed destinations Jim Campbell, Jr., and Bob Dunn continually had, aided and abetted by Joe (Geography) Gaffney. There was Jim Breuil, Jeck Mtymrute and Chuck Percival jousting the trees across the screen table, and Wesley Fatchwoods in charge of B flight, picking up the guys and doing a great job of keeping them in line.

Sub Aler

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

Remember Max Cenzer, the 1500 lb. Father? We went on our first air raid mission. Or our first night in Italy. For those who didn't have to dream we would be in marble halls it will be most easy to recall the old marble floors. And did we see the Senator from Texas, the Hon. John Briley, cuddling a bottle of vino, crouching as if it were an infirmity? (I've never seen another spin around the tent, and walking miles and miles for food last March. Our last meal was a quart of lenters in stables until the tents were set up. What a show line—out in the open in all kinds of weather, with rain, and the trouble of keeping order in the line which fell to George Patricianzello and the rest of his crew: Joe Maloney, George Nix, Berrie Valdes, Herb Bellsma, Eddie Ropowskyi, Johnny Bilmurki, Chuck and Murphy.

Enlisted Men's Club Notes: The opening in March, '44, with John Walbraam as president, was a most successful event. He had the assistance of Ray Valentia, Eddy Barker, Milt Burrall, all back home now with Billy Burnie with his flair for painting and sketching beautiful women on the walls; Ray Rivers and Teddy DeWolfe, barmen. —Ray, too, had his flair for sketching. Did you ever get in on the educational discussions between Dave Mulliner and Bob Patterson, 'way back in the corner—and quiet little Wally Bierman, and a bow to Fred Lautieri, Sam Lipetz, Larry Earnhart and Billy Glover, 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 sun for the moment.

Personalities: Bill Foyle was a hit in the area on the general Boden carrying on the ordinary room; Hawk Hawthkinson with his favorite. You can't jump me for that one; Beau Brunnete Rubie is 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 Alwardon, Dapper on a supper table, hardworking mailman; Al (Outdoors) Tomok, laborator, who was out for spring training a little early, threw an autograph which picked the coach and handed himself from the bounty.

Del Cowley, who was the first in the group to win the Legion of Merit Award, is a shy, studious fellow; Rippy Hastings, Emilo Nicolac, Rubie, Joe Hammer, Will Avery, Frank Kosyuk, Jack Tipton, who is now at the PX, Celia Proulx, who was hustled by Ralph (Frag) Grigera, Bob (I Love That Man) Reiter; Jack Bailey, the boy who knows all the numbers. And when it comes to a 2-line 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 wit, was an old soldier, and good old Irish brogue; Jake Feyma, a solid citizen of Sandstone, Minn.; the Gold Dust Twins, The Pants, Fortune and Frederic, a man who's happy when spits are gay; Stu Gutshier, a gay young blade; J. J. Hains, who receives apples from his pupils; Lee Henry, who met a young lady from his hometown in a USO show at our theater.

And of course there are the inane: Cheater Hartwell, Stu Gutshier and Vinny Ruiter; Russ MacEather, who always seems to be going out in the rain; Jim Mangella, who drives the "wheels"; good old MacAdams, Pete Weigel's chief assistant in the dispensary; remember the Chopin and his cute little daughter at the California Christmas party?

Odd observations:

Orbit has been showing a lot of class lately; Lee Oslorhomer's latest move is to apply for Infantry OSS; Shorty Peippo, who comes from Bridgeton, N.J., always talks about Phil Shorty's better half, Artie Dampier, who has taken himself down to group these days Joe Quattrach, it gives every moment to the hit in movie love scenes. That devil-my-care personality, John C. Heath, keeps a truck in town.

More personalities

George Sibbotro years to be in Idaho, Lou Ricard, who turned cook with a vengeance; Bernie Saleman, an armorer who gives freely of his time to help Hairbrained Harry in the PX; Wes Simmons, the general overseer of the EM Club; Eddie Schmid, a right smart operator in the movies; Joe Schwengt the war would end March 19th; Harry Simon, so young and beautiful; Johnny Speranza, small dark and willful; Wills Turner around as hell of his home town; New Orleans; Frank Ulenzy, the Long Brook, L.I., gent, who earned his place 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 walking girl, as Feyma would say, when he gets back home: and to wind up, a salute to Grady Wee, who volunteered for a second tour.

And this is close to the end of the trail. We couldn't mention everyone. Some of us don't 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 "Mil Run"

The double century mark in the bombing missions flown by the 46th bomb group was reached March 25 with the bombing of the Nagarn 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 a 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. He promises not to allow that to Major followed his appointment as CO.

Command of the 766th was formerly held by Major Harrison G. Word, Major William Burke, Major James C. Dooley, and Capt. William H. Darden.
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.
Top row: reading from left to right: S/Sgt. Charles F. Bishop changes the props on one of the 760th ships; S/Sgt. John E. Eggle 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, 760th crew-chief, lightens one of the wheels; ground gear on the landing gear; S/Sgt. Frank Martinez, S/Sgt. George Kruike, and S/Sgt. Carl H. Blandford, 760th line-man, 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 were dressed in this non-O.I. fashion.

Grazie, Photo Lab
To the 451st Group photo lab goes much of the credit for pulling 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 camera of the Group photo lab come these pictures of Liberator formations. From left to right: A Liberator 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 leg 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 in proof. Maybeo, says Clark 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

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

Plenty of Rank

Pride of the 56-odd men in the 461st who hail from Oklahoma was the "Tulsonian," 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.


On her twentieth mission, December 17, the ship was ditched in the Adriatic after a furious battle over the Odental oil refineries.
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 that while Italian marble might be ideal to decorate building, it never would take the place of interspersed marbles. Knowing that our "hotel" was heated some of us mistakenly provided for the contingency by purchasing 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 watches.

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 and sleeping car. 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 Xeraxis do 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 sullen language. For a long time we waited for the Blue Skies of the song and the travel folders.

Almost as soon as we arrived, we were besieged by the local peasants, who solicited our laundry for their wives to do in their spare time. Hibbert 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 conscience husbands seldom failed to keep them perpetually pregnant.

In many ways we found the country and its people like a page out of the Middle Ages. The peasants were uselessly ignorant, superstitious, and subservient to the Padre. In their houses and basins we often saw horses called 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 locally. 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 shrewdness 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 saw 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 hair 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 flags 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.

Third Citation?

To those of you who have been wondering where that third Distinguished Unit Citation is, 1st Lt. Louis C. Fisler, 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 "Birthday 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.
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 Bomber Squadron." But that wasn't long before this child of war began to develop a personality. To show how this useless baby grew to an adult member of that fighting family, the USAAP, the following snapshots from its life are presented:

SCENE I: A barracks at the Idaho base. Time: 19:00 AM. A short little man with a bald head, sporting two shiny golden bars and a suntan shirt with the OCS insignia, plods purposefully toward his room. The door opens and a look 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, beer and cigars.

SCENE II: A dusty spot somewhere. Its all its characters are beginning to arrive, first in drabness, then in a steady stream. The same captain we saw before now acts in the manner, too. He's the owner of the new draft board. Jack Samenskiy, for instance, was a foreman in a ladies' garment factory; he says he measured women's fit clothes Joe Di Paola, telephone lineman in Jersey, worked in an embroidery shop but he is not telling exactly what his duties were. "I knew everything," he said. Joe Hudson, a member of the original crews, was a twogun sheriff, while Jack Nantovech helped manage a dude ranch, and Mike Al- derete 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 a drinker and drinking instead of just drinking. Everyone knows that Capt. Wilkowitz was a lawyer - but it may be news to some that Major Poole was a salesman of wholesale goods. Capt. Benett is a hod carrier. Capt. Haper, a purveyor of medical devices, Lt. Ozulich, a machine operator. "He's going to make some money," Dr. Peakey exchanged flavors with" for bombs when he joined the army, and Hague Parman was the proprietor of a famed Hollywood tailor shop. Mechanic Jack Inman made sausages.

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-24's at Fort Worth, Tex., and for a year an instructor in twin-engine ships, Major Poole had over 2,000 hours of flight 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 3 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. Don-ovan, Lt. Col. James B. Knapp, and Capt. Royce B. Glenn.

FIN - EESH, LINE TAXI!

Fin-eesh Line Taxi! The 767th ground personnel ruefully cart away to salvage the remnants of their sparse work clothes. And months after, a group of devoted, often neglected, looking creatures are standing knee-deep in mud and snow, with their eyes closed. They are now and then cans of Vienna sausage. Crashes hot, chile, dehydrated hot dogs, and once, a few weeks before that, a magic in the field. If you listen, you can hear whispers of "FIN - EESH, 767th!" from somewhere in the south.
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 461st Air Corps Supply and Engineering, who scoured the country side for the necessary parts. We congratulate DuPont, Varle, Campman, Holmes, Ross, and Lingman of Supply and Marshall, Shelinbarger, Rynn, Prock, Espoito, Corwin, and Paschke of Engineering who made this possible.

Everyone who saw ship 31, tired and weary, 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 where it belongs and can help us wearisome and Modesto of Sheetmetal Surgery and Drs. Knuth, Holzer, Garber, and Courtney, AM sawbones, that she isn't in her grave.

Ask Toer, Trout, Webb, Donald, Sullivan, Gibson, Russell, or Dzieka nowski how it feels looking for a needle in a haystack. Such was their problem in finding that leak in the fuel system, which kept ship 31 on the ground for such a long period of time.

LaPoulette 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 over seas, and have tried to aid them in every way possible to maintain a good operational record. With Major Peters, our Squadron Commander, we want to congratulate the 461st on its first anniversary of combat.

A Visit to Jo's Place

Headquarters Men Throng Snuffy's Tavern Nightly
It's Saturday night at Snuffy's Tavern. Around the gaming tables are Albert Ross, Chuck Berlino, Roy Taylor, Louis Francello and Andy Spagnolotti. Sipping strawbery are Leonard Delaney and Roy Patterson. The war map is being traced by John Jozwiak, Norman Tober and Bill Sabin.

Les Nowbury, Ted Epstein, Bob Quirk, and Smitty are having a rousing game of pinchole. The Bird Cage gang, Ace Larsen, Horace Mertz, Bill Ryzor, and Leroy Rioux, are talking of the day when their roommate, Claude, went down the line. The B.C.'s sixth member, Tom Gillispe, is, as usual, away on D/S playing golf.

Eating toasted cheese sandwiches and sipping coffee 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 Mirer Schwartz—the Tool Box Pup Tent—Dick Muhlmann, Tom Fisherty, Bob Patterson and Walt Stewart.

The letter-writers, Mark Royce and John O'Brien and Charles Garland, are busy scribbling. The smallest looking soldier of them all, Eino Bjorn, has just come in from pass. Art Bloechhaus 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.
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, four to 20 men in the United States Army.

The first presentation of this award was to Sgt. Donald H. Crowell, crew armor of the 767th who designed a guide for the recoil spring of the 50 caliber machine gun. Crowell, for six years an instructor of machine guns in the Lent-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. Sgt. Francis M. Wheeler, turret specialist in the 461st, invented a position first trainer. This device, which teaches gunners how much lead to take on enemy aircraft, has become a model for Air Corps instruction.

M/Sgt. Joseph Doddy, 764th radio chief, won the third award for organizing engine-change and tire-change departments that facilitated the work of line mechanics and reduced the time planes need be grounded for repairs.

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 from enemy fighters, McQuillan kept his crew under the protection of his 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 base unexpectedly to present him with the Silver Star. Cash, who won the award for covering the buddy’s place when it was attacked on the June 11 mission to Giurgiu, Rumunia, 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 shot down enemy guns with one hand, the other had been shot away by a 15mm. round.

INTERIOR DECORATORS

Files of the group Information and Education section reveal that two members of the 764th have enrolled for college extension courses. For the last 24 hours at the University of Minnesota, Capt. Samuel E. Anderson and Capt. Herbert Bevington,

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 material.

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, at Tacoma, Wash., recently flew his 35th mission, an attack on the Muhlendorf rail yards, 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 B. Hawes, Colonel Frederick E. Glaister and Lt. Col. Willis O. Carter.

205 MISSIONS IN FIRST YEAR

(Continued from Page 1)

remembered for their skill and fighting. Ground crews will well remember the Lyres mission, when, in 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.

Against the fast-dwindling targets of the Axis this group has dropped more than 2600 tons of bombs. Its gunners have been credited with 129 enemy fighters destroyed, 41 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: Velstadt, Budapest, Blechhammer, Zagreb, Budapest, and Giurgiu. Fast-flying into the hands of the enemy are Vienna, Wiener-Neustadt, Linz, Graz, and Munich.

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