



32^d

photographic
reconnaissance
squadron in

— ITALY —

1944 - 1945

IN MEMORIAM

Lt. James D. Bowerman
Killed in Action

Lt. Harold W. Hutchinson
Killed

Lt. Junior Bickle
Killed

Sgt. Lester F. Butts
Killed

Lt. Keith W. Sheetz
Missing in Action

Lt. Elmer R. Majeske
Missing in Action

Lt. Don E. Walters
Missing in Action

Lt. Drury L. Mays
Missing in Action

Lt. Walter L. Schleifer
Missing in Action

Lt. Clarence J. Baker
Missing in Action

Lt. Donald E. Haug
Missing in Action

VALOR



HEADQUARTERS ARMY AIR FORCES
MEDITERRANEAN THEATER OF OPERATIONS
APO 650


16 January, 1945

GENERAL ORDERS }
NUMBER 2 }

Citation in the name of the President of the United States is public evidence of deserved honor and distinction awarded the following named Unit.

The FIFTH PHOTOGRAPHIC GROUP, RECONNAISSANCE, is cited for outstanding performance of duty in action on 6 September 1944. Previous photographic intelligence disclosed a movement of the German Air Force from one sector of the Balkans to another sector heavily defended by concentrated fire of anti-aircraft batteries. To secure coverage of the new installations, it was necessary for pilots to fly long hours, unescorted, and in unarmed aircraft deep over enemy held territory disregarding intense and accurate antiaircraft fire and the ever present threat of fighter interception. Intelligence obtained through the photographs rushed back to their bases served to provide valuable information to the fighter units who dispatched aircraft which successfully attacked the installations wrecking great destruction upon enemy transport and fighter aircraft vital to the enemy during their evacuation. The untiring efforts, professional skill, gallantry, and determination displayed in overcoming unusually difficult conditions necessary for the rapid production of photographic intelligence were characteristic of the manner with which this unit has repeatedly and successfully completed similar hazardous missions. The FIFTH PHOTOGRAPHIC GROUP, RECONNAISSANCE, has performed its duty in keeping with the finest traditions of the military service.

By command of Lieutenant General EAKER.

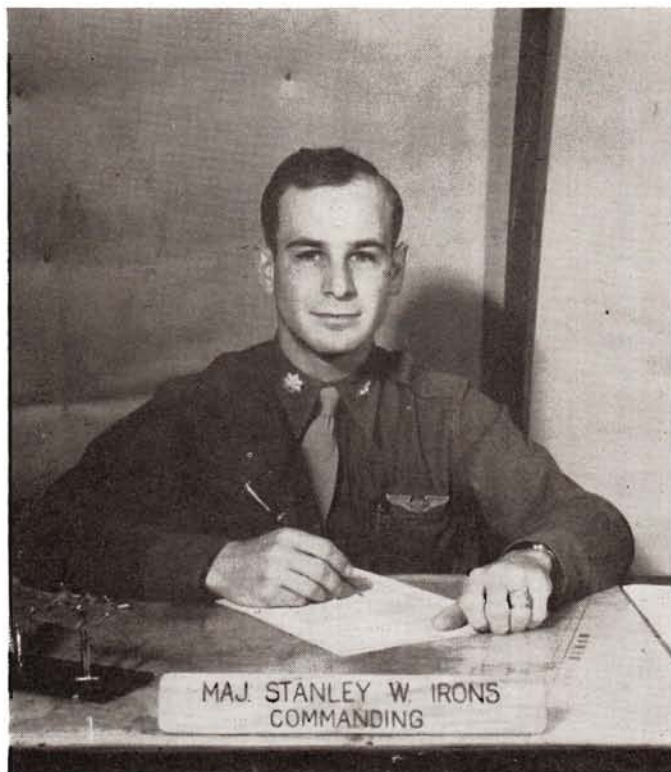




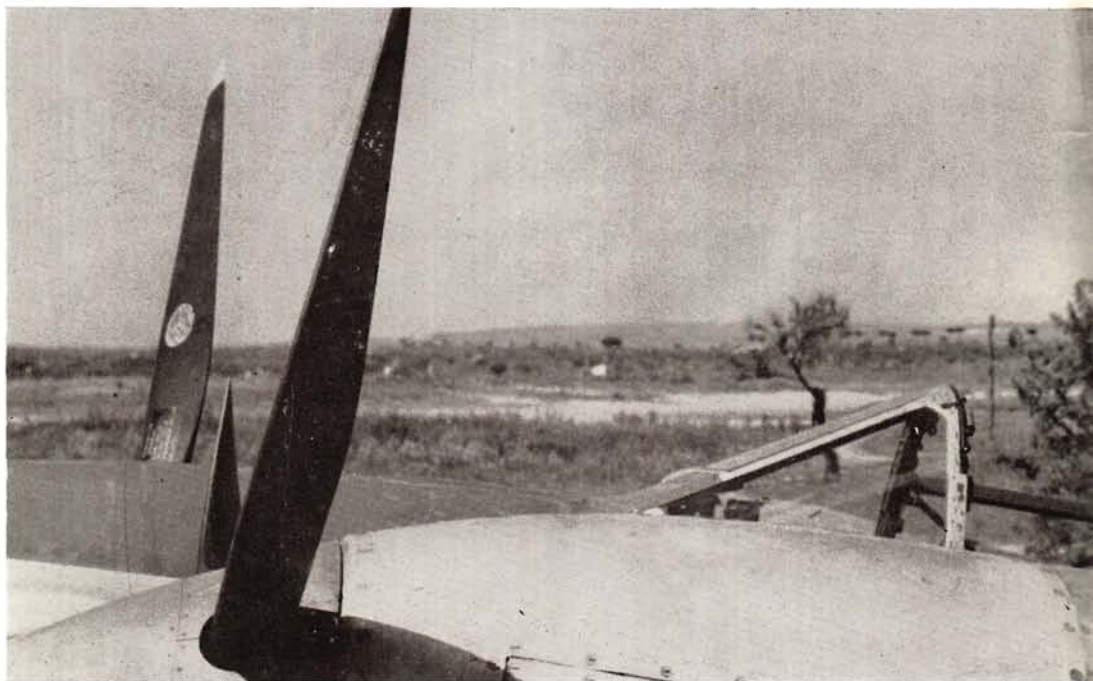
Major General Nathan F. Twining
Commanding General
15th Air Force

Colonel Wilbur H. Stratton
Commanding Officer
5th Photo Group Reconnaissance





Commanding Officer
MAJOR STANLEY W. IRONS
Columbiana, Ohio



A Message From the C. O. - - -

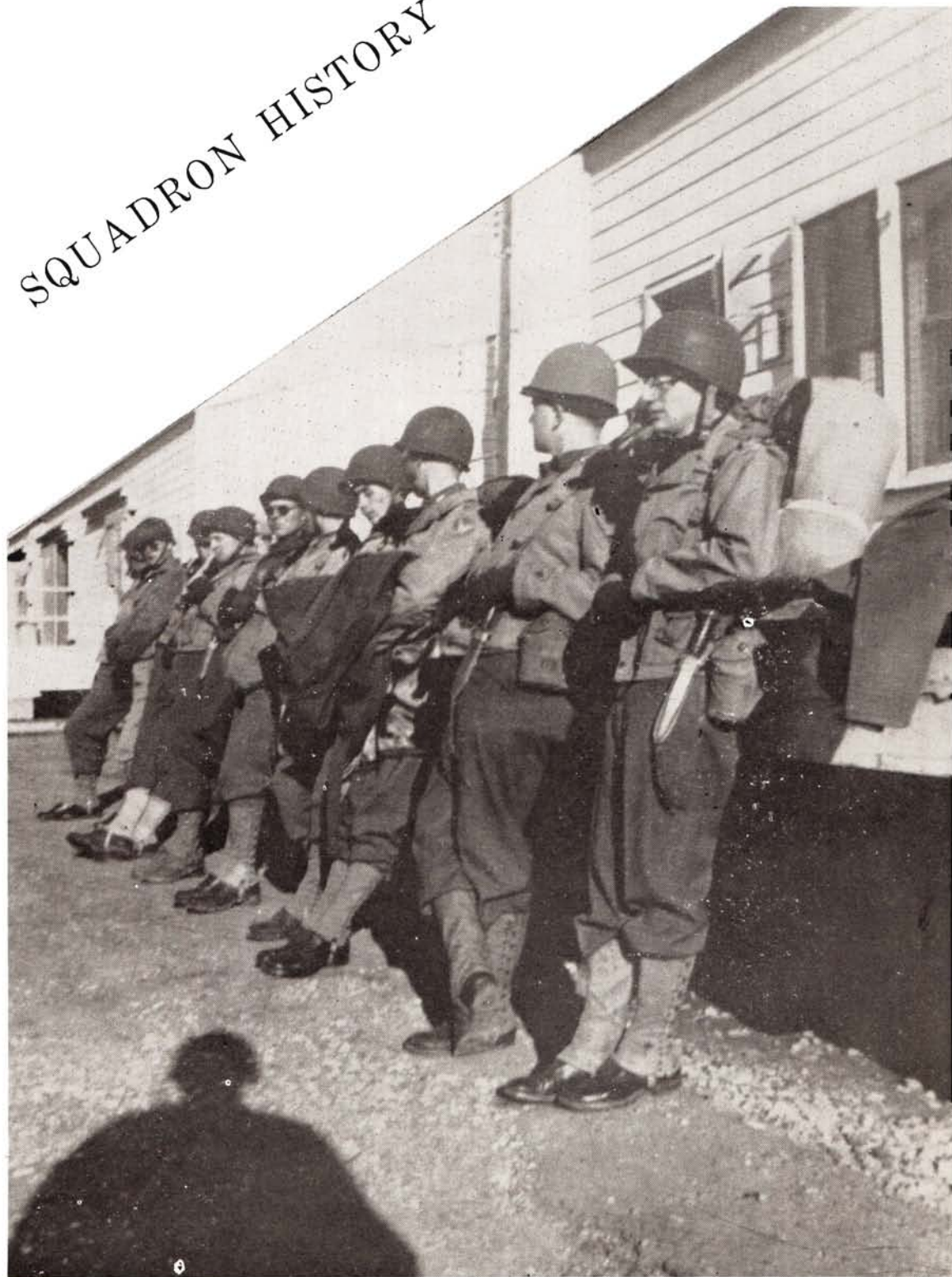
The pages of this annual contain a word and picture story of our Squadron's operations in the past year. It is unfortunate that we are not able to portray exactly what every officer and man has done to enable the Squadron to attain the enviable record we now hold. The photographic intelligence attained through the work of the Thirty-Second Squadron is but a part of the entire picture. We have learned in this one year to work together — to live together — and most important, through our spirit of unity and cooperation to overcome any and all obstacles that have confronted us.

As we close out the record for our first year in a foreign theatre, we can look back with pride at our accomplishments. We have contributed much to hasten the downfall of our enemy — and we shall continue to expend all our efforts towards the goal for which we strive — final and decisive victory.

Stanley W. Irons



SQUADRON HISTORY

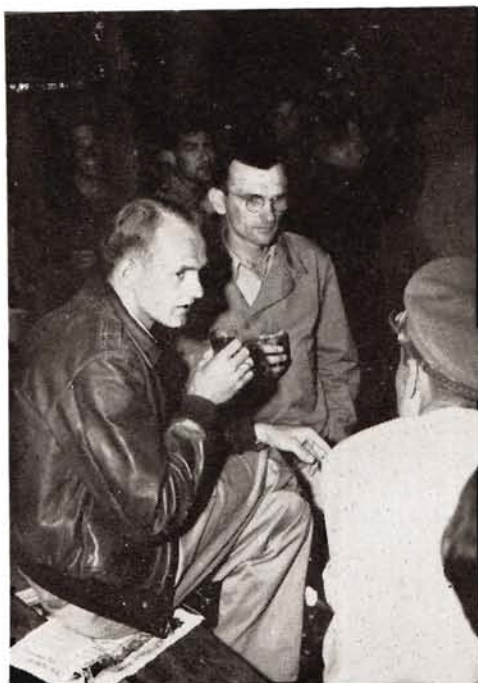




Ready to go at Will Rogers Field

For 19 days the trip was uneventful — and then it happened! At dusk on the 20th of April, off the coast of Algiers, twenty Junker 88's came out of the sky — some strafed, others dropped aerial torpedoes and one Liberty ship was blown sky-high

with all hands lost. It wasn't until the following morning that the identity of the lost ship was discovered. It was the "SS Paul Hamilton" with almost all the 32nd personnel, other Army units, the Navy, and Merchant Marine crews aboard — a total of 500 men — all lost at sea. It came as a severe blow to the 25 remaining ground officers of the 32nd, who followed behind in the same convoy on the "SS Fitzhugh Lee."



Capt. Harry C. Jenkins, first C. O.



1st Row - Lt. McGrade, Lt. Gunther, Capt. Palmer, Lt. McHenry, Lt. Lowitt, Lt. Werthmann.
2nd Row - Lt. Boyd, Lt. Pritchard, Lt. Mayo, Lt. Templeton, Lt. Chabot, Lt. Marcus.
3rd Row - W-O McDonald, Lt. Robeson, Lt. Coady.



Drainage ditch for Photo Lab

Those officers resolved then and there to make every effort to rebuild the Squadron — to carry on the name of the 32nd — to avenge in any and every manner possible those officers and men of the Squadron who had given their lives in the service of their country.

On the shores of Italy, those officers awaited the fate of a “Repple Depple” but the Army was good to them. Under the supervision of the 90th Photographic Wing Reconnaissance and the 5th Photographic Group Reconnaissance, steps were taken immediately to rebuild the Squadron around this small cadre of officers.

It took all of TWENTY days to become operational. On the 18th of May, the first combat mission was flown — a night B-25 mission. One day later, the first regular day sortie was flown by Lt. Holton Smith. To be sure, it didn't look like much of an outfit. There were 5 pilots, including the Commanding Officer, Capt. Harry C. Jenkins and the Operations Officer, 1st Lt. Stanley W. Irons. The enlisted personnel totaled



Cooling off



"Mac" and "Temp" testing a pump

75 — the aircraft, a motley assortment of every type that ever flew with the exception of P-38 photo ships. But the Squadron was working, doing the job it had been assigned and on its way to becoming the best in this or any theater.

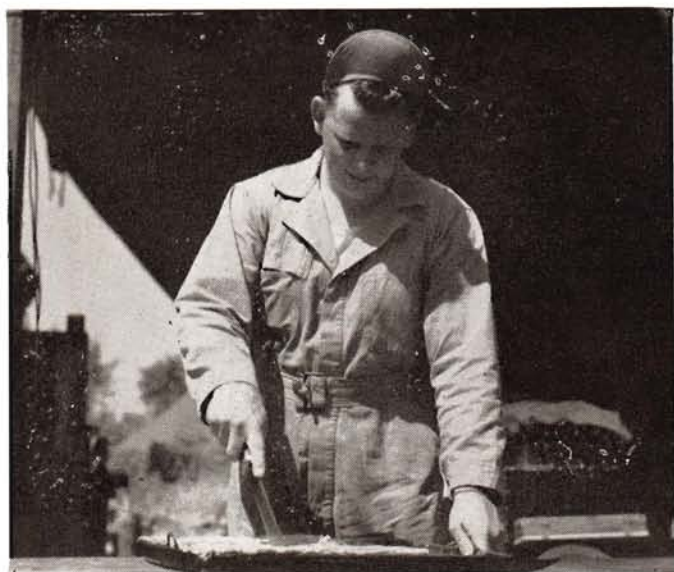
Many changes have taken place in the one year. The Squadron has grown to full strength in personnel and equipment. The bivouac area is no longer a row of tents but resembles a small sized town complete with all utilities. All but one of the original 5 pilots, Major Stanley W. Irons now Commanding Officer, are back in the States. Over 1,000 missions have been flown, each mission a story of courage and of results in ferreting out the enemy wherever he may be. As the course of the war changed, so did the target area; from Greece and Yugoslavia, to Austria, Hungary, and Rumania, around to the birthplace of Nazism, the Munich area, where the enemy proposes to make his last stand. All have been and are the targets of the mechanical eye in the nose of the P-38. In the fall of 1944, the Squadron, along with the rest of the 5th Photographic Group Reconnaissance, became a part of the 15th Air Force.



Before the construction program took place



Wyatt, morale builder



Jake's specialty



Keeping posted

The task of the Squadron took on new and greater importance—seeking out the targets for the Strategic Air Forces and covering the targets for results after bombings became the primary consideration. With this change, Photo Interpretation, Bomb Damage Assessment, and Plotting sections were added to the organization. This enabled the Squadron to handle a mission completely from assigning the targets to the pilot, to issuing the reports which tell the story.

From assigning the targets to issuing the reports—these few words cover

generally what takes place each day—but there is not enough paper in all of Italy to show fully the amount of effort that goes into making this possible. The men on the line that keep 'em flying—the Lab that turns out thousands of prints each night—the Plotting and Interpretation sections from which these final reports are issued—the men in the Motor Pool that keep run-down vehicles going so that the Squadron can move about—Headquarters, Communications, Mess, Supply, Operations, Intelligence, and Medics—a strong combination of 350 officers and men, all working together to insure that the job is done.

The pages of this book show but a small portion of what has been accomplished. However, pages do not show spirit, cooperation, and comradeship. It is these factors that the Squadron boasts of even more proudly than any other of its many accomplishments. These are the characteristics of the Squadron that have made it possible to grow in ability with each passing day.

The 32nd Photographic Reconnaissance Squadron looks to the future with the pledge to continue to produce until all our enemies are crushed.

THE MISSION



The Birdmen



MAJOR
S. W. IRONS

CAPT. E. A.
PELAEZ

CAPT. A. B.
BERGER



CAPT. J. R.
RAMSEY

CAPT. C. W.
BIGBY

CAPT. C. L.
APPLEBURY

CAPT.
M. O. PINK

LT. C. R.
DOUGHERTY

LT. W. H.
PONTINEN

LT. H. M.
SMITH



LT.
SMITH

LT. L. A.
BROWN

LT. G. W.
RENNE

LT. H. M.
DELLAHUNT

LT. D. H.
BRADSHAW

LT. R. B.
BORCHERT

LT. T. K.
FOLLIS



LT. S. F.
DREYER

LT. W. V.
PROPST

LT. W. R.
PREECE

F/O J. F.
MORRIS

LT. J. J.
EGAN

LT. C. T.
ALLEN

LT. E. S.
ECKERT



LT. A. V.
MANN

LT. J. M.
BURGESS

LT. C. W.
PRATHER

LT. J. J.
FAUST

LT. W.
BUTLER

LT. O. R.
BOWMAN

LT. H. P.
PANSCH



LT. D. E.
BLUE

LT. R. E.
DAVIS

LT. C. W.
COOPER

LT. F. L.
PONTIOUS

F/O G. E.
CAVIN

F/O E. S.
CHAPPIN

F/O T. B.
DeCLUE

Aerial reconnaissance has clearly been a powerful weapon against the enemy. Its role has been as deadly as the bombers who daily hit Berlin and Munich, the fighters who daily strike at enemy communications and smash troop concentrations. Life in the 32nd Photographic Reconnaissance Squadron is an interesting and busy one. The Squadron is active night and day and operates on a twenty-four hour schedule.

A normal day begins as the horse drawn carts of the Italian farmers head out towards the fields. The Charge of Quarters, who has been up practically all night with the guard, answering the phone and numerous other details, is about to wreck vengeance on all the world. With complete disregard for man's desire to sleep "just a few moments longer", he awakens the enlisted men, usually by the devious method of



Slow but sure

pounding on the tent top with a long stick. A few moments later, with the ringing of mess kits in the early morning air, the chow line forms and the outfit stirs into action. In the officer's tent area, the quiet is broken by Lt. Randall's ear splitting "Come on, get up!"



Come and get it

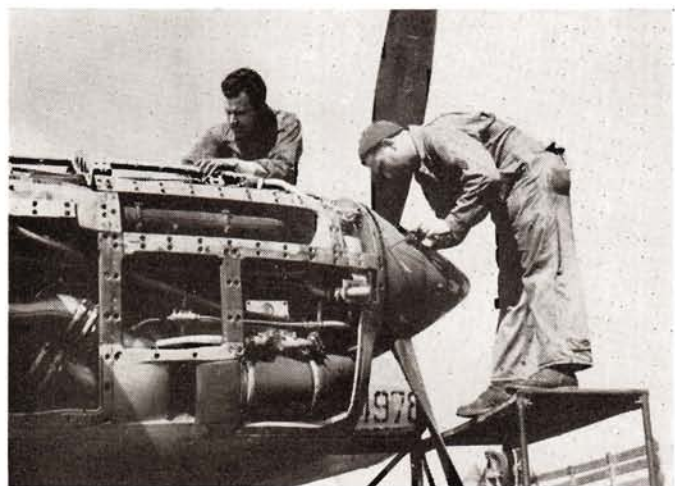


7 o'clock and all is not well



1st Row — Shufflebotham, Harvey, Lockwood, Tate, Smith, Kuhlman, Durgan, Powell, Pulliam, Glasgow.
 2nd Row — Radcliffe, Copeland, Allen, Buczynski, Alden, Moran, Wilson, Cramer, Lt. Gunther, Burgess,
 Clark, Rambo, Fitzgerald, Kenney, Williams. 3rd Row — Wolf, Adams, Blomquist, Metz, Angelino, P.
 Ziegler, Braud, Howard, Hill, Timmins, Thompson, Taylor, McGuirk, Cook. 4th Row — H. Ziegler,
 Shinnors, Eades, Guzman, Brittain, Forst, Bochy, Stoddard, Strebin, Randall, Young, Landis, Tuft,
 Ruehlman, Gooding, Haecker.

Engineering



Plane doctors Lockwood and Forst



Down on the line, Lt. Vic Gunther's engineering men are seen constantly busy pre-fighting planes, like that last minute check-up before the '38's go up into the blue. Line Chiefs M/Sgts. Leo W. Ruehlman and William H. Vaughn have all the Squadron's airplanes under their guidance, with T/Sgts. James W. Kenney, Robert D. McGuirk, and Robert Wilson filling the capacity of Flight Chiefs.

But as we approach engineering, we see the pilot arriving on the line, ready to start another combat mission. Both pilot and crew chief go over Form 1-A (Flight Report) and if any discrepancies are found at time of pre-flight, such discrepancies are noted and pilot signs an Exceptional Release. As for a crew chief, you can take your pick among the best plane doctors in this Theater, namely, T/Sgts. J. R. Bishop, J. S. Brown, V. B. Cook, M. A. Haecker, R. B. Hill, F. B. McConnell, J. R. Shinnors, R. W. Taylor, J. H. Tuft; S/Sgts. T. R. Durgan, H. B. Gooding, L. C. Smith, C. W. Thompson; and Sgts. A. R. Angelino, J. M. Cramer, J. B. Durden, G. P. Moran, and R. G. Rambo.

Once everything is checked and found O. K. with the plane, the crew chief then directs the ship out onto the taxi strip where the pilot taxis to the runway and receives his clearance from Gracie Tower for take-off. The crew chief stands by until the plane has left the ground and is out of sight. Then "sweating out" the mission begins for the crew chiefs and their able mechanics. Most of this time is spent catching up on the latest T. O.s or helping other crew chiefs with their planes. If there is nothing to do in the form of work, the ever-present cards are always at an arm's length, or the writing of letters, or that favorite G. I. pastime — sleep!

Throughout the day and night, the



Buczynski and Bochy, gadget masters



Any flak holes today, gentlemen?



Treat 'em gently, Tommy and Lloyd



Daly, Andy, "Rebel", and Money looking over "204's" record

section is busy keeping our maintenance standards high with prominent men like T/Sgts. C. W. Leisman, W. F. Radcliffe, A. N. Repholz; S/Sgts. F. T. Pulliam, H. A. Ziegler; Sgts. P. Duvall, A. M. Landis, E. A. Bochy, F. R. Lockwood, C. L. Strebin, A. C. Timmins, J. E. Wolf, P. D. Ziegler; Cpls. O. L. Allen, O. J. Braud, C. W. Clark, O. L. Copeland, E. A. Harvey, R. J. Metz, J. E. Money, H. J. Powell, W. M. Tate, C. E. Williams, R. R. Wright; and Pfc. W. A. Eades, E. H. Howard, J. Blomquist and Pvt. T. W. Shufflebotham and T. R. Stoddard, Sgt. E. Buczynski.

Sheet metal and welding departments also come under the scope of engineering. Here we find Sgt. Jep Smith heading sheet metal with Cpl. E. Byrum as helper; while Sgt. N. H. Burgess and Cpl. W. Alden do the welding.

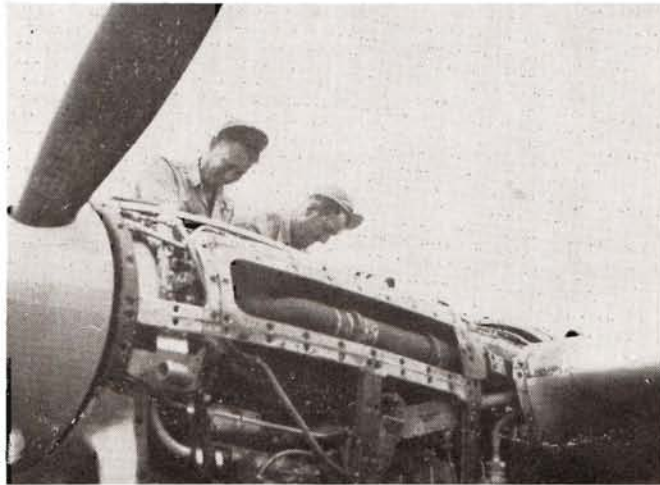
When the plane returns from the mission, the crew chief and his helpers are always on hand to greet it and go over Form 1-A again and talk with the pilot to see how their "baby" behaved on the trip. The crew chief then turns Form 1-A with all its information and remarks over to S/Sgt. Willy Evans, Sgt. Ray Kuhlin, or Cpl. "Pat" Fitzgerald, engineering clerks, who in turn, put all this info in its proper place of record for filing.



The Ziegler brothers pull an engine



"Horrible" Harry's 50th



Every day about this time



"Look, Mom, I'm a pilot!"



1st Row — Kent, Sedicino, White, Scott, Tillman, Ruiz, Sundberg. 2nd Row — Ramirez, Fisher, Beasley, Lazarczyk, Stashek, Litman, F. G. Smith, Hartin, Lane, Van Blarcom. 3rd Row — Fitzgerald, Kochman, Jensen, Moran, Capt. Leach, Henson, Schuster, Tharp, Oleksa. 4th Row — R. H. Smith, Denoto, Victoria, Gunner, Martin, Chiarito, Soldatt, Isler, Faenza.

Communications



Ruiz and White in 'Hush Hush' room

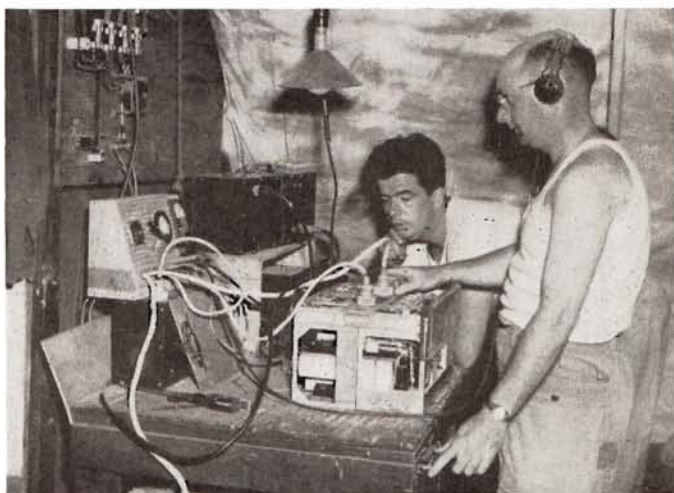
Capt. Charles N. Leach's communications boys are also amongst the early risers down on the line. Each radio has to be pre-flighted with a special monitored receiver in the communications hut.

T/Sgt. Henry G. Kochman is Communications NCO and under his guidance, the section has grown to full strength with experienced radio operators and mechanics, teletype and telephone operators, cryptographic men, etc.

S/Sgts. Bill Henson, Warren Schuster, Sgts. Bill Lazarczyk, Dick Smith, C. W. Martin and Cpls. Bill Fitzgerald, Bob Jenson, and Dan Stashek are busy all day with repair work, modifications, inspections, and general maintenance work. This is all in addition to keeping "Fossil" on the air every minute of the day that a 32nd plane is in the air, either on a combat mission or on a local flight. A mobile van is in operation with S/Sgts. Charlie Van Blarcom, Bob Ramirez, Sgt. Al Chiarito, Cpl. R. W. Beasley, Pfc. B. Gunner, and John Victoria at the controls. This van is in contact with Group Headquarters at all times and the operators stand by in case of teletype or telephone failures.

S/Sgt. Jim Tharp is in charge of setting up all types of telephone wires throughout the Squadron area, ably assisted by Cpl. R. C. Fisher. Among the choice operators who get your desired party on the line in nothing flat are Cpl. Sundberg, Pfc. Kent, Oleksa, F. G. Smith, Denoto and little Faenza.

Over in the cryptographic section of communications where the message center is located, a 24-hour schedule is in effect, both sending and receiving coded messages. Among the few stalwarts who man these teletype machines are Cpls. Litman, Scott, Tillman, Sedicino, Ruiz, and Pfc. C. E. Lane. T/Sgt. R. N. Isler is head of the crypto room with Sgt. J. A. White, Cpl. J. C. Moran, and Pfc. Hartin lending a big hand. Lest we forget Cpl. Bob Soldatt who handles all the paper work. Insofar as the returning pilot is concerned, a radio mechanic is always present to question him about his radio, and repair any discrepancy noted.



Static chasers, Fitzgerald and R. H. Smith



Radio being repaired by Van Blarcom and Fitzgerald



Feeneesh Dixieland!!



1st Row - Cortner, Mondragon, Kalman. 2nd Row - Lt. Bradshaw, Capt. Pelaez, Lt. Randall.

Before the flight, we find the pilot in the parachute shack getting dressed for his mission. Cpl. Tommy Adams has the important job of keeping all personal flying equipment in shape and is as busy as a back stage seamstress. This is where "Pop" Prather is always misplacing his oxygen mask, "Silver" Ramsay can't find his heated gloves, "Creamboy" Bradshaw breaks the zipper on his flying boots. Think Tommy isn't busy?

Operations



Planning tomorrow's operations

The pilot goes next to "Ops" and "Ints" for any last minute briefing. It was the evening before, however, that the wheels began to turn for this mission. Sometime between 3 in the afternoon and midnight, the Field Order from Group Headquarters puts in its appearance — usually in the form of a TWX — with the Field Order comes the Intelligence Annex. An informal meeting then takes place between Capt. Pelaez, Operations Officer, Capt. Lowitt, Intelligence Officer, and Lt. Randall, Weather Officer, at which time, through a discussion on importance of coverage, demands, number of aircraft and escorts available, weather, and numerous other factors, the missions are laid out on the huge board in the briefing room. With this accomplished, the enlisted men of the sections step into action. S/Sgt. Simmons, Intelligence NCO, with Cpl. Darcy, lay out the maps, draw up a list of the targets, pull out all available briefing material, and bring the flak situation up to date. In the meantime, S/Sgt. "Pop" Cortner, Operations NCO, is fixing the "Pilot Up" board, listing times of take-off and landing, while Sgt. Kalman begins the long drawn out process of calling in clearances.

Only when all this and more has been accomplished is the pilot called down



When the Squadron was young



The strategists review the situation



Lt. Randall brewing up some good weather



1st Row - Bograkos, Kelley, Darcy. 2nd Row - Capt. Berger, Simmons, Capt. Lowitt.

Intelligence



Typing up the interrogation reports



for briefing. Each pilot is briefed individually on his targets, enemy capabilities, fighter escort, time of take-off and rendezvous, possible friendly aircraft in the target and route area, and the weather conditions. For an additional hour, the pilot pours over his maps, draws course lines, studies the targets and briefing pictures, and only then is the first part of the mission complete.

Upon his return from a mission, the pilot is interrogated by Capt. Lowitt. A detailed trace is made of his mission, visual observations are recorded and all targets listed. Sgts. "Tim" Bograkos and Kelley take over then and prepare the numerous copies of traces and interrogations for distribution, while Cpl. Mondragon keeps Group Operations informed of the results.

Briefings, interrogations, and all preparations for missions usually take up most of the day. Always though, there is extensive paper work to fill in all spare moments. Operations must keep the Form 5's up to date and keep an accurate record of all flying time. The Intelligence section has the War Diary, Squadron History, and the all important task of checking on coverage of other units.



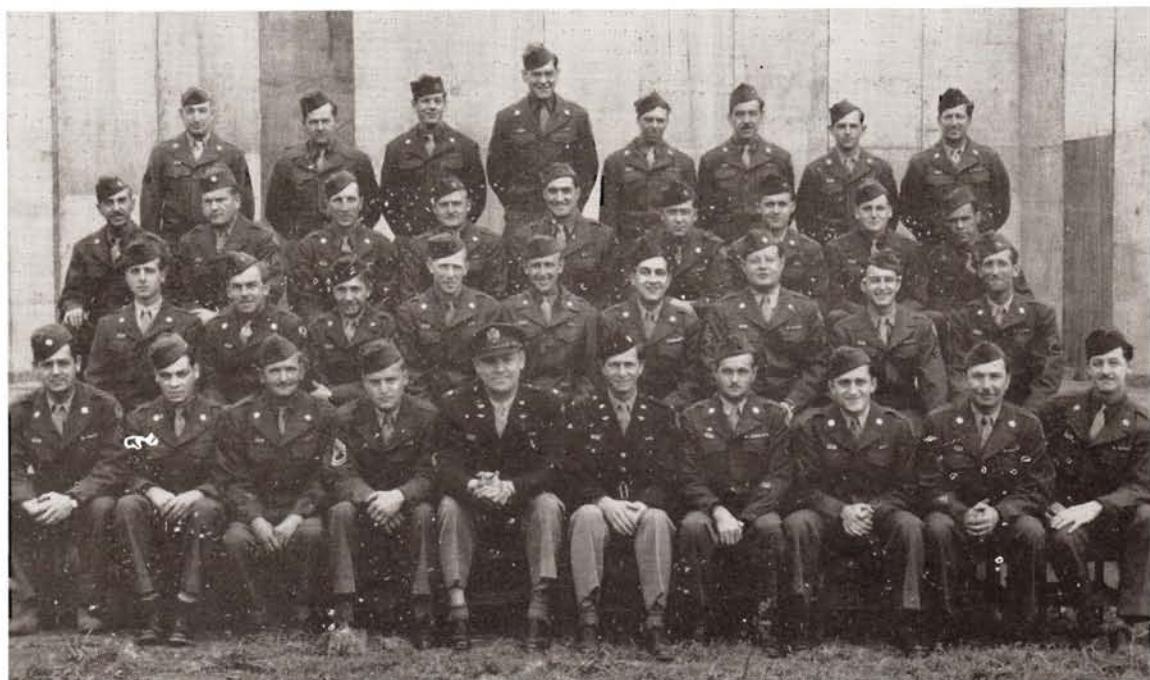
Lt. Bradshaw being interrogated by Capt. Lowitt



Simmons and Kelly bringing targets up to date



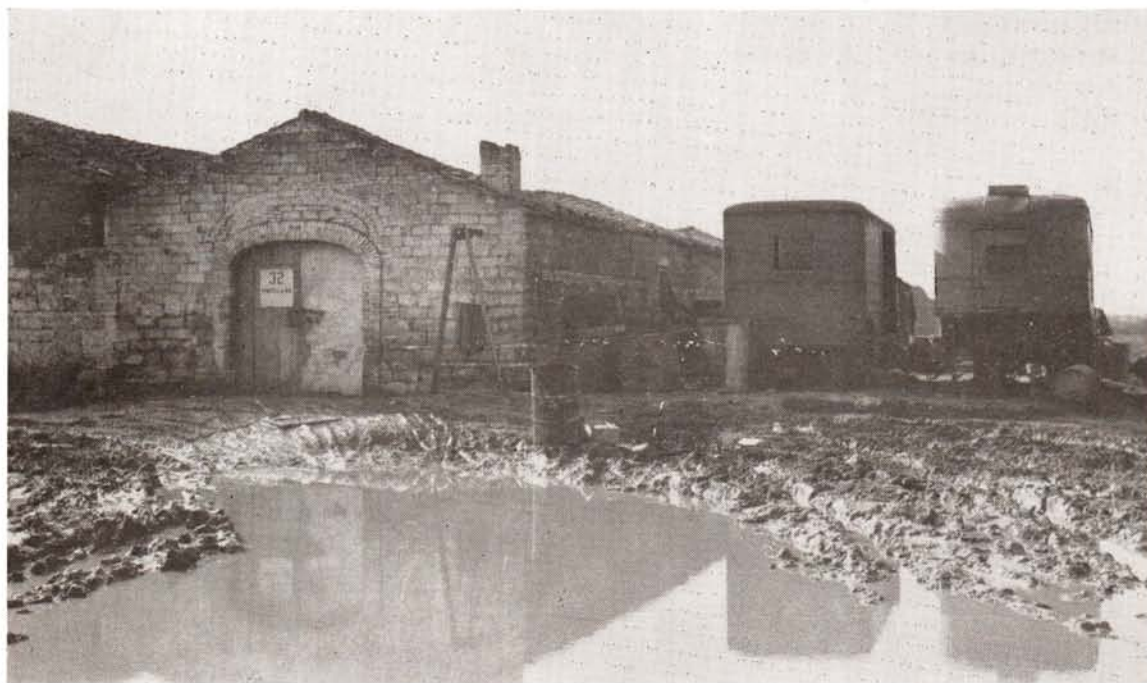
Passing in review



1st Row — Frankel, Cook, Dankel, Rocheleau, Major Gedney, Lt. McHenry, Tankersley, Bator, Roden, Gorski. 2nd Row — Aletto, Anderson, Koch, Dahl, Jacobsen, Farris, Rothberg, Hanis, Davis. 3rd Row — Smith, Clark, Fitzgerald, Soboleski, Sollame, Mosteller, Stowe, Stigers, Morrow. 4th Row — Thompson, Ferris, Reiter, Kulasinski, Meyers, Evans, Brouse, Niles.

Photo Lab

Although preparations take place a few hours before, the actual work of the Photo Lab does not begin until the '38 lands after a mission. The magazines are then removed by the Camera Tech men and rushed to the lab where Lt. Don McHenry, T/Sgts. "Tank" Tankersley, Bob Rocheleau, and crew take over.



Italian mud and Photo Lab

The first stop for the valuable film is the processing section where Sgts. Bill Syzdek and El Jacobsen await its arrival. Chief processors include Cpls. F. Farris, Anderson, and Pfc. Len Baker. Following the development, the film is rapidly dried, edited, and the negatives numbered. Helping in this phase of work are men like S/Sgt. Joe Sollame, Cpls. Dysart, Stigers, W. L. Evans, and Pfc. Les Stowe.

S/Sgt. Brouse and the printing boys, like S/Sgts. Rothberg, R. Davis, Sgts. Gorski, Masia, Roden, and Cpls. "De" DeBernardis and Ed Kulasinski, are next in line where port, starboard, and verticals are printed simultaneously on 3 printers. Splashing the prints in the different chemicals, we find S/Sgt. Koch, Sgt. O. L. Clark, Cpls. L. Ferris, Hanis, and Pfc. John A. Cook.

After a thorough washing and quick drying under the guidance of Cpls. Morrow and Mosteller, Pfc. Meyers, and Pvts. Soboleski, "Hank" Fitzgerald, and Dankel, the prints are sorted in their numerical sequence by Sgt. B. Thompson, Cpls. Aletto, Reiter, and Pvt. Totten and are ready for the P. I. and Plotting sections. Throughout the night, we find a stand by crew at the lab whose job is to supply reprints for distribution with the various reports. Of course, card games fill in on off moments and a special room for relaxation has been built for this purpose.

S/Sgt. Zat handles the supplies for lab operation while the tedious but necessary paper work is taken care of by Sgt. Dave Frankel. An important part of the Squadron's work is in Public Relations and ground photos. M/Sgt. Marv Smith is in charge of this department and has done a fine job, aided by the capable assistance of S/Sgt. Bator and Sgt. Roy Niles.

Major Jesse L. Gedney and his entire crew have shown great efficiency in their line of work.



What, no cook book, Nix?



Film examiner Rocheleau



Film driers in action



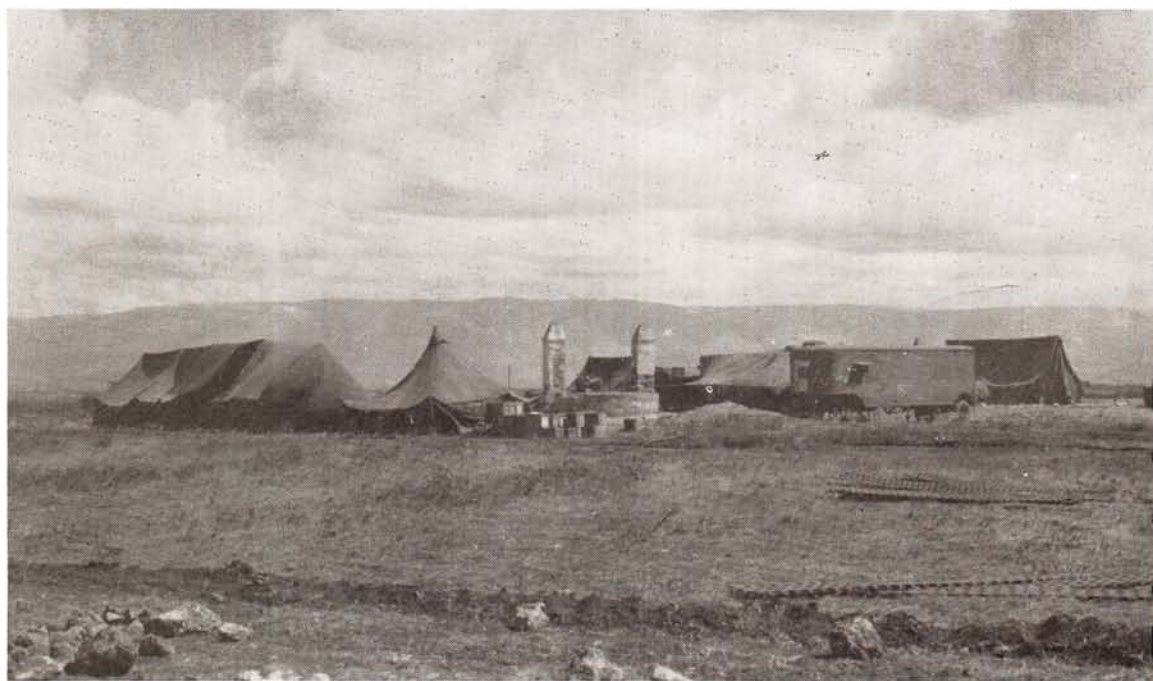
Stigers making a title overlay



Splash 'em, Joe and Manny



Matthews and Baker, print launderers



Old Photo Lab site



Here comes the finished product



How does it look, Bill?



Alletto putting them in order



1st Row - Ostergaard, Snee, Lt. Marcus, Legere. 2nd Row - Bratcher, Diefenbacher, Overend, Nox, Lukes.

Plot

After evening chow, the "plot" boys, under the guidance of Lt. Joseph S. Marcus and S/Sgt. Thomas L. Snee, go to work on the pints. They locate the exact areas covered by the photos and record these on an overlay. Drop in some time around 3 A. M. and watch Sgt. Bill Diefenbacher and Cpl. Roy L. Nix trying to locate a rail yard in Munich. A few more of these night hawks include Sgts. W. H. Bratcher, Al Ostergaard, O. A. Legere, and Cpl. George T. Overend. Reproductions of these plots for distribution to interested parties are made by use of a gelatin roll. Cpl. "Chuck" Lukes was all excited when he was assigned to this job because he thought the gelatin roll was something to eat—he found out differently.



A plot a day keeps Jerry away



O where, O where, can that A-D be?



1st Row - Lt. Tomann, Capt. English, Lt. Pritchard. 2nd Row - Catri, Capt. Rickett, Lt. Kendall, Lt. Hansen, Pokorski. 3rd Row - Bennice, White, Evans, Board, Davis.



1st Row - Clarridge, Hartin. 2nd Row - Lt. Canolesio, Lt. Frandsen, Lt. Lachman, Lt. Parris.

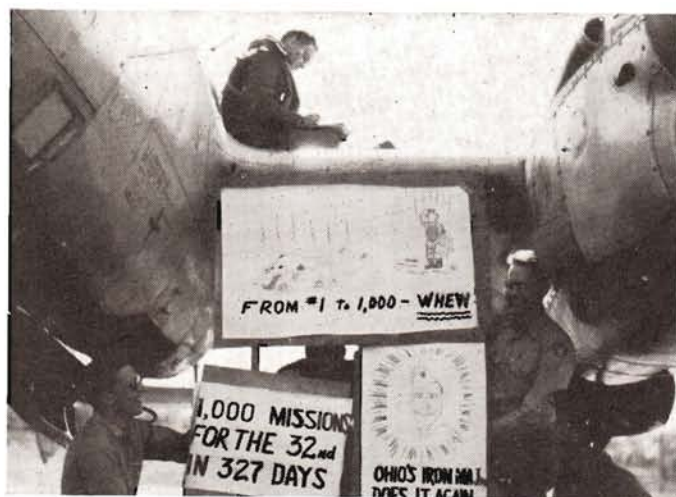
Photo Interpretation

It is not uncommon to find the Interpretation section operating on a 24-hour schedule, as it is necessary to complete all reports of the day's cover before closing shop. Occasionally the day clerks, Sgt. Granville K. Clarridge and Cpl. Warren R. White, upon arrival in the morning, have found the doors open and the mimeograph machine grinding out reports.

Interpretation is divided into 1st and 2nd phase under Capt. John J. English and a Bomb Damage section under Lt. Donald L. Frandsen. Theirs is the job of getting all available information from the photos and distributing this information to intelligence planning boards for use in future operations. With Lts. Jon E. Canolesio, Benjamin E. Lachman, and Leon L. Parris jotting away, the Bomb Damage section issues reports on extent of damage to bombed targets while 1st and 2nd phase



A joyful welcome



Major Irons filling out Form 1-A



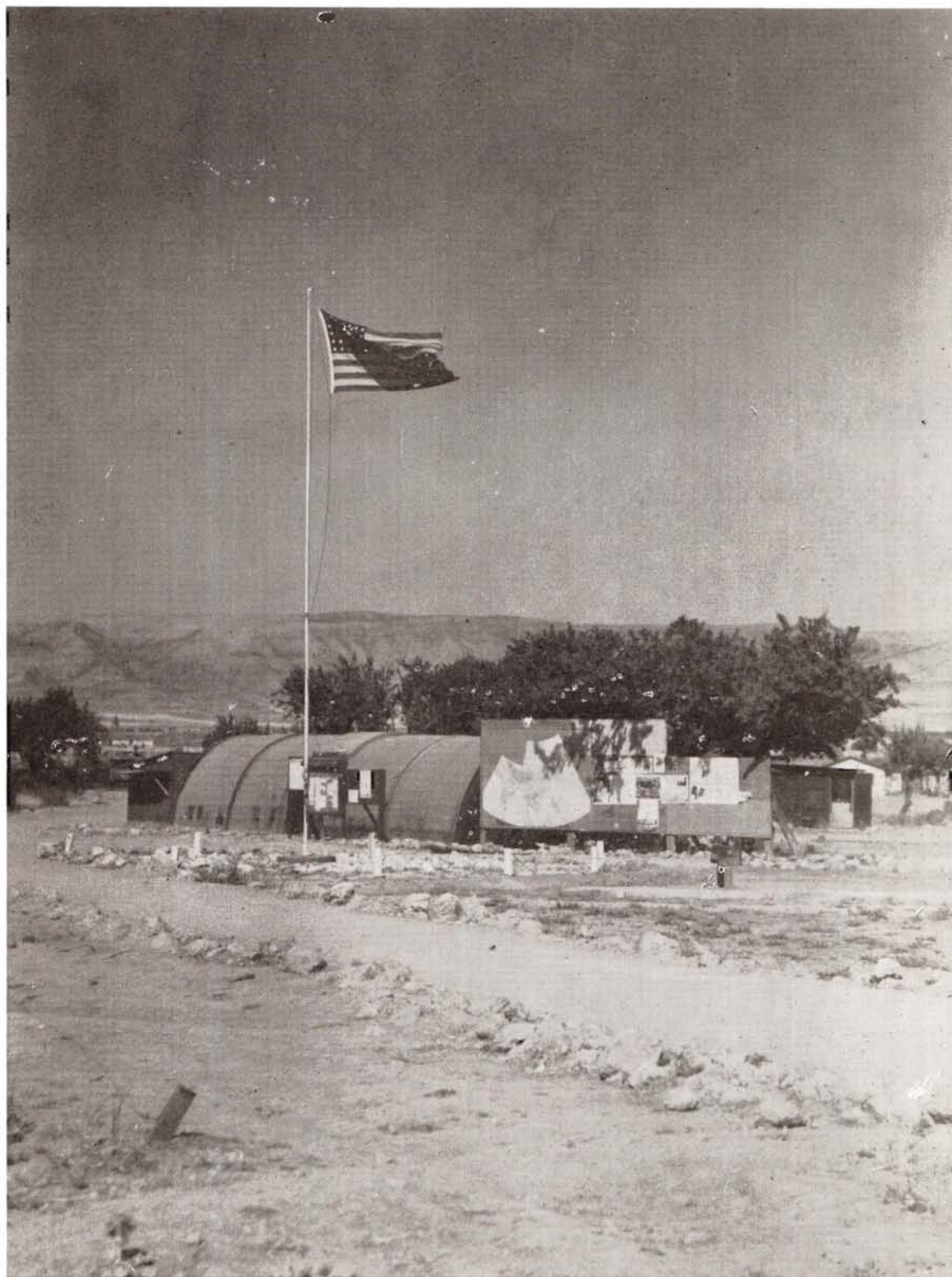
Welcoming party talking it over

completed the Squadron's 1000th mission in this same ship.

That, in itself, is terrific, but not for old "204", the traveler and pace-setter. In her younger days of June, July, and August, she flew shuttle runs to Russia where she was on D. S. for a while and each time she would return weary, but under the tender care of T/Sgt. Arvin, she'd soon perk up again. On September 11, 1944, she went to England and had herself a time and by the 25th of the month, she was tired again and glad to settle down to be cared for, this time by T/Sgt. "Curley" Haecker.

Old "204" is the heroine of the Squadron because in reality, she exemplifies the ability and energies of no one individual, but the merit of the whole Squadron. This is typified by the fact that 5 men; T/Sgts. Arvin and Haecker, S/Sgt. L. C. Smith, Sgt. Moran, and Cpl. Williams have crewed her for her 33 combat missions, flown by twenty pilots. Four engine changes have insured her against either powerplant conking out while she's helped more than half of her pilots to complete their missions so they could return to the States.

Regardless of all her work, our proud old dame has never been pierced by flak and she's as good today as ever, while five of her former pilots have "hit the silk" from other planes, as they just can't all be like "204".



HEADQUARTERS AND OTHER SECTIONS



1st Row - King, Lt. Werthmann, Major Irons, Major Studebaker, Capt. Blye, Salley.
2nd Row - Bennett, Skinner, Lincoln, Strecks, Willner, Sadlier.

White collar men in O. D.

S/Sgt. Edward N. Sadlier, a World War I veteran, gave his fatherly concern to the Private's story and then exclaimed, "Your's is a sad case and deserves a bigger audience." Guitar playing Personnel NCO S/Sgt. "Dick" Bennett III, was out buying liquor for the bar and file clerk Cpl. Caswell L. Skinner was on guard the night before so he was getting a little "sack time" but "Pop" called over S/Sgt. Hugh G. Strecks, a classification expert, and typist Cpl. Harry B. Lincoln. They listened patiently to the private's tale, but couldn't agree that he had had a key defense job and should never



Capt. George W. Blye, Adjutant

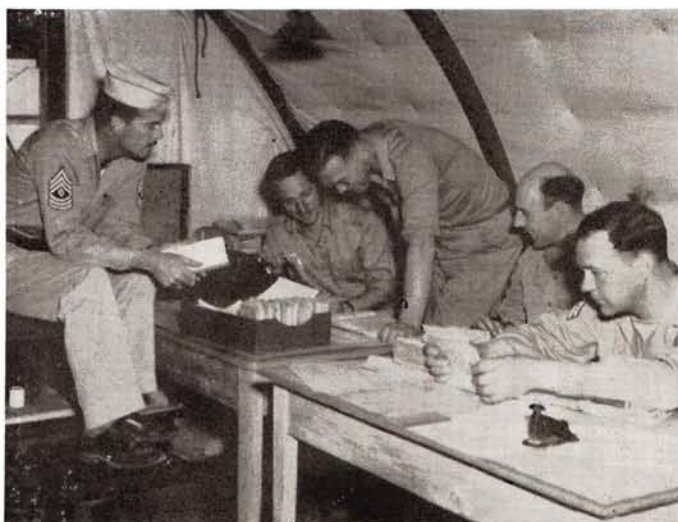


Lt. Edward G. Werthmann, Personnel Officer

have been drafted, especially since he had a girl back home. Poor boy!

In the meantime, congenial Sgt. Major Kenneth Salley was in the command hut where he was figuring with Adjutant George W. Blye. "Der Kapitan" is instrumental in the smooth functioning of our organization, but it seems T/Sgt. Salley and S/Sgts. Bennett and Sadlier, whose combined ages are 124 years, were wondering if they could take advantage of a year at college at the Government's expense and still collect social security. Sgt. "Boom Boom" Willner, our pay roll

How many points have I, fellas?

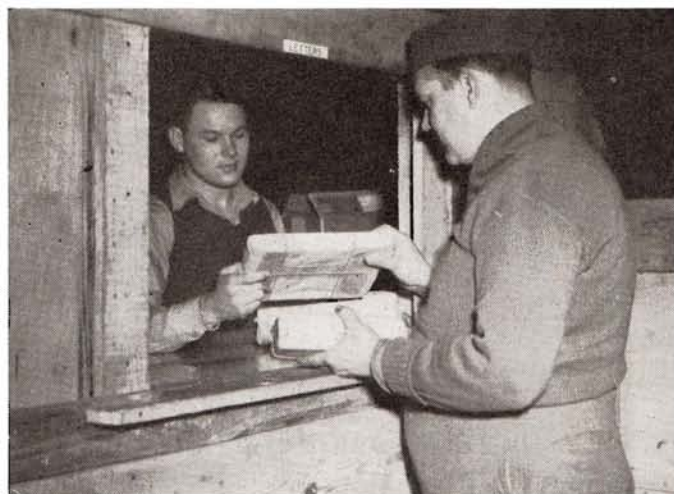


man, might have known the answer to that but he was in Torre Maggiore arranging for the eagle.

F/Sgt. King just returned to reload a flare gun after performing his "Buck Roger's act" on some Italians trying to enter the Squadron area. Our Texas first soldier is a F/Sgt. who doesn't "pass the buck" and you can talk to him anytime without fear of seeing your name on a K. P. roster the following day.

In a specially constructed addition to our V-Mail size orderly room sat Lt. Edward G. Werthmann, Assistant Ad-

Mailman Joe Orsak



jutant, Personnel and Mess Officer, incorporated, with a stack of important looking papers before him. "No promotions in that pile!" moaned the enlisted men staff which has seen but two stripes come their way all year—but we can't all be Master Sergeants, fellas!

Mail and distribution is morale builder Number 1 and the job calls for men with high morals and we have those men in Cpl. Willard Wyatt and Pfc. Joe Orsak. As guardians of the U. S. mail, they're two fellas who are really delivering in this outfit.



5th Group Citations to King, Bishop, Heaney



1st Row - Bethurum, Overbeck, Cannon, Nelson, Belcher.
 2nd Row - Gillis, Hall, Goswick, Lt. Robeson, Turley, Peer, Winburn.
 3rd Row - Neff, Saums, W. E. Brown, F. E. Brown, Bauer.

Is this trip necessary?

Up to the day Transportation received definite orders to winterize, our Motor Pool was a mere dust bowl parking lot for a lot of wrecks, jalopies and "Sad Sacks" which had just enough power to make it here. It seems we never got a vehicle unless every other pool in the Army first refused it and it was only a miracle that our mechanics, Sgts. Edward Bethurum, Andrew Bauer, Cpl. John Truelove, Pfc. Robert Hall and George Neff could keep them running. A big portion of the winterization program for the Squadron fell squarely on the Motor Pool where we had our own construction problems underway after seeing our first attempt at building a garage blow down.

Because a large percentage of our vehicles were always in Ordnance, while those able to run were on long trips to Rome, Naples, or San Cesarea, our dispatchers, Pfc.





Barkhurst, F. E. Brown, Bauer, and Bethurum "Keep 'em running"

George Overbeck, Simon Peer, and Robert Winburn usually had to work out a share-a-ride plan.

The painting of appropriate names for our vehicles such as "Spam Express" for the Mess truck, and "Lens Lice" for Camera Tech, etc., became a major job with the large personnel turnover in drivers always wanting their vehicles named and renamed after loved ones back home.

Sgt. Harry Stanley, first serving under Lt. Lowitt and later under Lt. Robeson, was Transportation's well respected section chief with every ability and foresight necessary to "Keep 'Em Running,"

but Sgt. Stanley returned to the States because of illness and a thoroughly capable successor was found in "Pappy" Bethurum.

With Sgts. Robert Porr and Walton Nelson, Cpls. Blaine Barkhurst, Francis Brown, and Steve Gillis, Pfc. Richard Belcher, Robert Cannon, and Odell Turley, and Pvts. William Brown, Alton Goswick, Garrett Hamby, Anthony Mannarino, and Charley Stone behind the steering wheels, each month Transportation runs its vehicles for a combined total mileage which would circle this globe in our ceaseless efforts in keeping our Squadron well supplied.



Going to town? Hop on!



Weinberg, Mullins, Capt. Palmer, Bishop

Gentlemen, your health

Fortunately, a man overseas seldom rides the sick book. A woman's strongest asset is man's imagination and imagination is the greatest ailment and rarest drug of all. But there's no faking our Capt. "Doc" Palmer who has a complete knowledge of our troubles. Occasionally a walking corpse shows up with no pulse, no temperature, and no heartbeat, and he stands a good chance of being sent to the 4th Field Hospital. Nobody in the Squadron has had any "Sad Sack" experiences of being treated for something other than what he claimed ailed him. And nobody drew "nervous in the service" discharges, medically known as "compulsive psychothenia", — a section eight.

It seems "shots" are always due and that's a busy day for S/Sgt. "Moon" Mullins and his men. The first few enlisted men to get stuck always yell for bloody murder to create that gruesome thought in the minds of the poor fellas waiting in the line winding around the dispensary. No matter how well Cpl. James W. Bishop, Jr., and Pfc. Cletus L. Weinburg, the great breaker of ambulance springs, handle the needle, many of the fellas demand a Purple Heart be presented to them on the spot.

The section functions very satisfactorily with the crash line being pulled 2 days a week along with their routine work, which isn't so routine. About the only way the department could do a better service would be to have a beautiful nurse greet the men on sick call, but such Lieutenants are more in need elsewhere. The men of Medics strive to serve the Squadron always in all ways.



"Doc" Palmer treating Andy



1st Row - Meares, Alexander, Lt. Werthmann, Zuccarelli, Slonski
 2nd Row - Kunicki, McCollum, Pierson, Kearney, Stewart, Jacobson, Harvey.

Come and get it!

Since the very first days of our Squadron, when old S/Sgt. "Jake" Jacobson was managing our picnic like Mess, it has never been necessary to yell, "Chow, Come and Get It!" Whether the meal consists of rations on rotation slung together by Cpl. Frank Zuccarelli and Pfc. Earl Meares, or fresh frozen meats and items from the local market prepared by Cpl. Kenneth Cash and Pfc. Stuart Pierson, there's always that line to sweat out.



Eat hearty, me lads



Turkey with all the trimmings



Old mess area



Christmas time



Dale McCollum and friends

Undoubtedly the best feature of our Mess is the fact that there's no K. P. to pull and we always feel especially sorry for a K. P. who is trying to satisfy everybody when we have fried Air Corps chicken to be dished out which is all wings and tail.

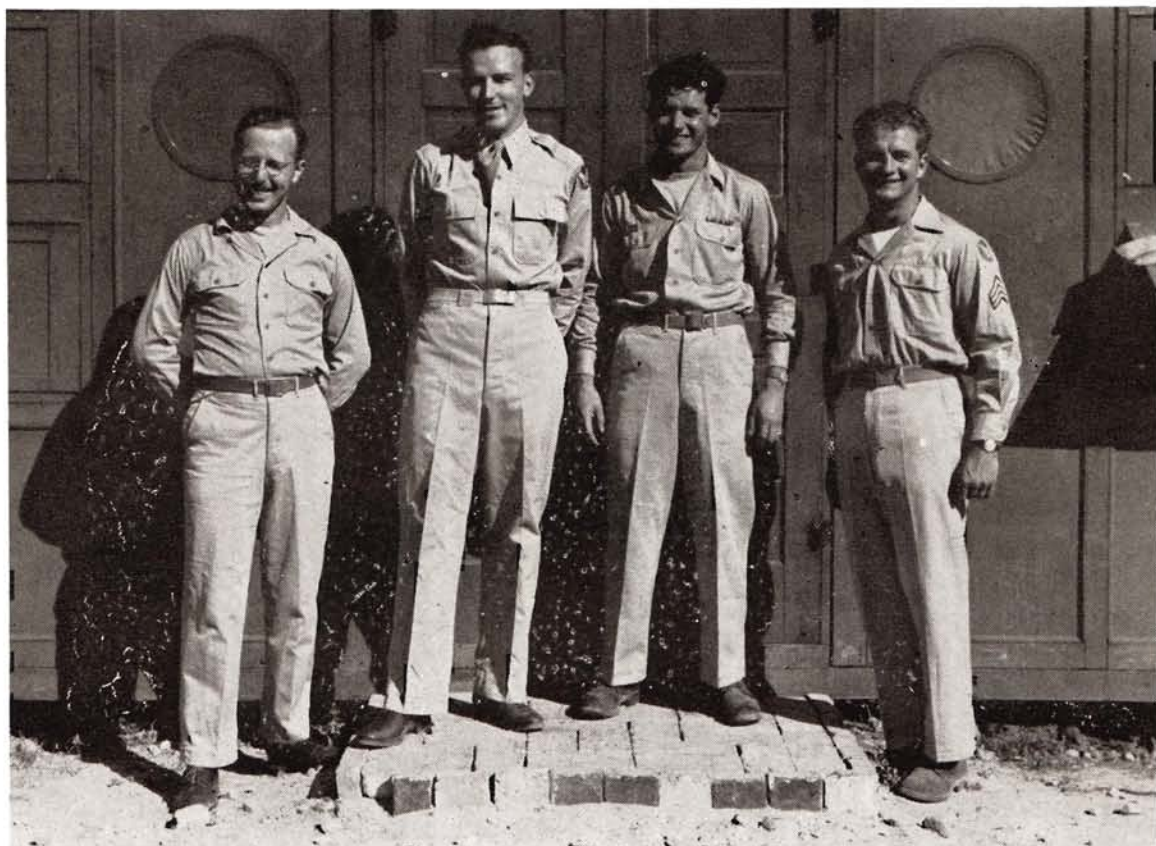
The magnificent culinary achievements presented for the enjoyment of all by Lt. Werthmann and his cooks on holidays such as Thanksgiving, Christmas, and New Year's overshadow by far the monotony of "C" ration concoctions, and affords T/Sgt. Russell Blakeman and his men a real opportunity to display their proved talents. On such occasions, our attractive circus tent mess hall and officer's club are always something to write home about.

For 365 days a year, Sgt. Dale McCollum sees to it that S/Sgt. Ed Kunicki, Pfc. Walt Slonski, and Pvt. Dale Baird at the officer's club, and T/Sgt. Blakeman and his men have plenty of food for hundreds of hungry G. I.'s. Sgt. Al Alexander's tasty baking and Cpl. Phil Kearney's and Sgt. Jimmy Harvey's all-around good work completes our excellent mess staff.

The burlesque sandwiches with nothing on them, which are slapped together for the men working nights are something we'll always faintly remember.



Oh, boy - C rations



Lawson, Lt. Willison, Castello, Schmeck

Special Services, Public Relations, Information and Education, and Morale, Incorporated

It's quite true that the Army crats and ships overseas just about everything except our wives and sweethearts and much of what they send on this wrong side of the world which isn't used directly for a military purpose comes under the title of Special Services.



Battle plans



"Dearest, I am still in Italy"



Light and heavy reading



"Prof" Applebury and class

Cpl. Ceylon "Pop" Buskirk always had a jammed house for his unveiling of good, as well as bad, films and finally the evening crowds were somewhat relieved by flickering afternoon shows for the matinee idols who worked the grave shift.

The day room will always be remembered as the place where you would try writing a letter with a radio going at full blast while somebody was always having you move while they retrieved a ping-pong ball. Sgt. George "Curley" Schmeck managed the home-like conditions of the Squadron living room and also handled a good library.

In the third building of our business section is located a modernistic bar of which we have a multitude of varied individual experiences and remembrances, but nobody was ever actually seen in it with a pink elephant.

Squadron meetings with principal speakers and quiz programs became a high point on our week's activities mainly because of the humorous impromptu cracks from the audience, especially during the "gripe" session.



"Pop" Buskirk and "Smiley"



"For blood"



Magazines will be returned to the rack

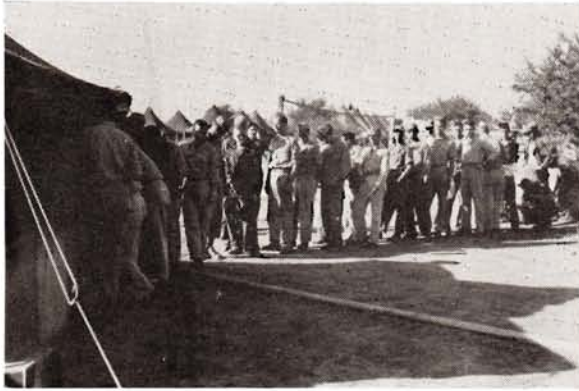
Mental ruts, faraway APO "blues" and how to spend one's spare time are among the department's problems, while also managing a P. X. without having it closed half the time for inventory. The P. X. is Pfc. Bernard "My Boy" Castello's big headache.

Pfc. Ralph Miller's remark, "What I want to get most out of this Army is me" always took on a full meaning with each appearance of our cute Red Cross girl distributing her coffee and doughnuts prior to an outdoor movie. Big crowds were always assured for the stage and clubmobile unit shows where an added attraction was the numerous shooting stars streaking across the black sky.

At its very best, Special Services, as a morale builder, can never outrank our five minute furloughs received in the form of a letter or chow, but that just spurred Lt. William R. Willison and his department just that much more toward making Army life more pleasant for the Squadron.



Oh! That Italian gin!



Sweatin' it out



A popular place

If we weren't actively participating in the inter-department athletic programs, we usually could be found in the crowd cheering some Squadron pee wee trying to climb the net to bat a volley-ball down the throat of a 6 footer. A non-magnetic horseshoe tournament is planned for the near future and the winner will be busy all summer defending his title.

When complimenting Sgt. "Shorty" Stratton, Cpl. Jack Van Order, and Pfc. Henry Payne for their construction of a terrific new outdoor theater, they were only too eager to show us the elaborate plans they've just completed for the stage next year.

Much of Special Services work depends on the individual, and the purpose of information and education is to let us know how we're doing in the war and to keep us from getting mentally rusty.



Put it down his throat!



Christmas candy for the orphans of San Severo



Drama



Is you is or is you ain't my baby?

Public Relations is principally concerned with keeping up the home morale and officially notifying the folks back home what you undoubtedly wrote them months ago.

The news in the Squadron paper, "The Lightning", sponsored by Lt. Willison and edited by Cpl. Arthur L. Lawson, was usually history but everybody was always anxious to see their name in print or to read some good joke about a buddy. The publication of such a paper was commended by higher headquarters and gained a bigger following with each edition.

By no means can Special Services' value or complete work be put into so many words for their efforts to make Army life more liveable pay off in countless other ways which are helping to end this war.



Seemeelar Charlie



Our theater



Up and over



You get no bread with oooone meatball



Roosian dance



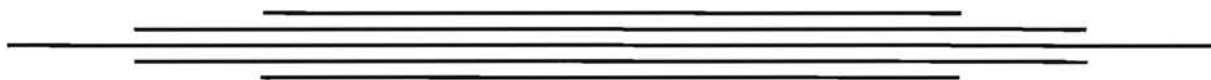
Always check the wind



Faster, Faster!



Original Club Thirty-Two



Keep your eye on the doughnut



Doc's place



San Severo

No account of our life in Italy could be complete without a word concerning that mass of tan stone and crowded humanity known as the town of San Severo.

It was a tired and dusty group of officers that jumped from the trucks into this foreign and multiodorous place that day in May over a year ago. After a meal which proved to be a welcome change from the bland monotony of the food on the ship, we were taken to our first billet in Italy, a stone building which closely resembled



Quanta costa?

countless other stone buildings in San Severo. While struggling with the baggage, we were besieged by a motley assortment of street urchins and ragged bambini who accompanied our efforts with a shrill chorus of pleas; "Hey, Joe! Caramelle, choon gom, cigerette fer papa; whatsa matta, Joe, you no goot?"

Upon entering the billet, we encountered that special "inside" odor peculiar to southern Italian homes. Many years, people, horses, and much Italian cooking have participated in the production of this odor. Long glances were cast at the elaborately painted ceilings and longer glances fell upon the hard floors which were to be our beds. Bedding rolls were prepared with liberal applications of DDT and with the unsupported mosquito bar draped about one, the first night in Italy was endured with a great deal of discomfort accompanied by thoughts of fleas, lice, and malaria.

Enlisted men of all ranks will remember "Club 90" and "1-2-3 Club" as both were in full operation when we arrived. Both clubs offered good mixed drinks, snacks, and entertainment on special occasions. 1-2-3 members will recall those warm, sunny afternoons when a good heaping dish of ice cream and cookies cooled you off a bit and made you somewhat nearer to that corner drug store back home.

Vino shops and sidewalk cafes were and still are non-existent in San Severo; for



Mmmmm --- buono!!



Too mucha, Joe

live American gals.

Outside of the two approved clubs and the ever present Red Cross, many of us always looked for that little "casa" where you could buy a decent drink of Vino, because we have either seen or heard how the Italians press their grapes to make the stuff, and you can't blame us for wanting the best. Somehow or other, you usually wound up the evening sipping some of the wash woman's "private stock" of Vermouth

such luxuries, you had to visit Rome, Naples, or San Ceserea Rest Camp, which was just what all of us did. But we never found the drinks or snacks any better at those places, only higher.

Then, too, you could enjoy a good movie at the Opera House, that is, if you hadn't seen it back in the states two or three years before. However, once in a while, they would sneak a new movie over on you, as well as some USO unit featuring some good, real,



All by hand



Shopping in San Severo

or Champagne, and comparing her closely guarded daughters with those you met on Via Roma and sighing or wishing you could go on another furlough or rest leave soon.

Our memories of San Severo will contain the pleasant and unpleasant, but probably we shall remember it principally as typifying southern Italy, the southern Italy we lived in and worked in for so many long months.



STAFF

Art and Layout — Lt. William R. Willison and Sgt. Costas G. Bograkos.

Photography — Cpl. Frederick W. DeBernardis, M/Sgt. Marvin C. Smith, Sgt. Royal A. Niles, S/Sgt. Walter W. Bator, T/Sgt. Channing F. Tankersley.

Script — Capt. Julian Lowitt, Lt. William E. Pritchard, Lt. Oliver J. Kendall, Pfc. George M. Overbeck, S/Sgt. William C. Henson, Cpl. David K. Darcy.

Supervisory Officer — Lt. Ray F. Randall.

