

A HISTORY OF THE 306th BOMBARDMENT GROUP - EIGHTH AIR FORCE
 Russell A. Strong, 4900 Appleridge Ct., Dayton, Ohio 45424

endeavoring to put together a good history of the 306th
 bombardment group, an idea which has been in my mind for some
 time. I am working diligently on the matter, collecting all
 kinds of data and working through the official history and
 records of the group. I served as a navigator with the 367th
 Bombardment Group from June through November, 1944, and currently am
 a writer of news and information services at Wright State U-
 niversity, Dayton, Ohio. I solicit your assistance in my pro-

I am interested in any special materials which you may have,
 such as good photographs of personnel, battle damage, plane
 insignia, etc. I am also interested in commendations (other
 than the usual Air Medal and DFC) you may have received,
 special stories which you may have in your possession, letters
 that are highly descriptive of combat action, or any other
 documents. I would appreciate receiving xeroxed copies. But,
 if you do not have such facilities readily available, I would
 appreciate the loan of materials which I might copy and re-
 turn to you immediately. I am also interested in manuscripts
 of memoirs which you may have prepared, particularly if they
 were done within a couple of years of the events. Again, I
 would appreciate copies or the opportunity to copy them.

*How IN HELL DID YOU COLLECT ME?
 HAVE LIVED IN 3 STATES AT 10
 ADDRESSES SINCE LEAVING THE SERVICE!!*

home 840-4491

Name LOY F. PETERSON
 4744 E EXETER BLVD
 PHOENIX, ARIZ.
 85018

Address PHOENIX, ARIZ. 85018

Telephone ~~964-4491~~ Date 9-18-75

Occupation V.P. - CORPORATE BANKING DEPT Employer CONTINENTAL BANK

Address 4000 NO. CENTRAL AVE Telephone 248-6145 (602) 2054
PHOENIX 85012 CODE

Service Record:

Before joining the 306th:
 WINGS & BARS - CLASS 42-
 PILOT - ADVANCED FLYING SCHOOL
 MAY '42 TO JUNE '43 FLYING
 SUMMER '43, B-19 TRANSITION TRAINING
 OCTOBER, 1943 - ARRIVAL AT
 After leaving the 306th: - JULY, 1944
 ASSIGNED TO THIRD AF - H
 SERVED AS WING FLYING
 OPERATIONS OFFICER.
 TERMINATED SERVICE, A

306th Record:

Arrival Date DLT. 1943 Squadr

MOS NINE Combat

Missions Completed 32

Promotions TO CAPTAIN

Decorations ✓AM 4olcs DFC 4olcs
PH ✓Battle Stars



RECORD UPDATE

306th Bomb Group Association

(Please complete as much of this form as you wish, and give)
(to Russ Strong at the Las Vegas reunion, or mail to his ad-)
(dress: 5323 cheval Pl., Charlotte, NC 28205)

Date completed 11-4-88

LAST NAME: PETERSON FIRST NAME: LOY Title:

Street address: 4744 E. EXETER BLVD. Telephone: (602) 840-4491

City, state, zip:
PHOENIX AZ 85018

Date of birth: 8-24-18 Wife's name: HENRIETTA

College(s) attended: U. OF AZ. Degree(s): Year(s): 1940 (LAST YR.)
BACH. SC. - BUSINESS ADM.

Last employment & job title:
V.P. - CORPORATE BANKING - CONTINENTAL BANK, PHX.
1965 TO 1983

Year joined 306th Association: ?

Reunions attended: (by year or location)
1979 - PHX (8TH AF) 1988 - L.V. - 306TH

Serial #: 0-724973 Sqdn: 369 Speciality: PILOT

Date joined 306th: 10/43 If combat, what crew? MY OWN.
B-17 G "SATAN'S LADY"

Special duties or assignments w/306th:
A/C COMDR - LED SQDN, GROUP AND WING

If commissioned w/306th, date & specialty:
Date departed: JUNE OR JULY ? 1944 Highest rank/grade w/306th: CAPT.

Other 8thAF units served with:

Top service assignments after 306th: FLYING SAFETY OFFICER, THEN
OPERATIONS OFF. - 3RD AF STAGING WING - HUNTER FIELD, GA.
USAF retirement date: JULY 1945 Rank/grade: CAPT.

Most memorable experience w/306th: (use back of sheet, too)
1) LED ENTIRE 1ST. DIVISION TO HAMM WITH COL. ROBINSON IN RIGHT SEAT
2) PARTICIPATING IN D-DAY OPERATION
3) FINAL MISSION (#32) 6-15-44 (BUT DID NOT KNOW IT AT THE TIME)

In the continuing search for 306th people, please inform the secretary as to any persons you know from the 306th who are not listed in the 1988 directory; con-

Dear Russ -

There is really not a great deal to relate on the "almost U.S. tour" of Satan's Lady and my crew. Fairly early in my command of her the flight and ground crews had established a reputation for a clean, well-maintained fortress. Colonel Robinson and I led the Division on an all out mission, and upon return to base he remarked that we were the most highly trained, professional crew and the cleanest, and smoothest operating B-17 he had flown with and in.

The Lady came to earn a reputation as a lucky ship, and many crews of the 369th wanted to operate her on their last missions.

The Group PRO, Capt. Norman (or Tom Norman, I can't remember at this point), became interested in us - flew a spot mission with us, and was convinced Satan's Lady and crew would be an ideal repeat of the earlier "Memphis Belle" Swing Road tour across the U.S.

About the time of our 30th mission he sadly advised that the promotion had been scrubbed in 8th Air Headquarters.

led to the radio room. Both legs were bruised, his face cut slightly, and he was blue from exposure to the 40-below weather. Crew mates put boric acid in his eyes and covered them with cotton to prevent the fine glass from injuring the tissues. Jones has since returned to duty.

Be It Ever So Crumbled

486TH BOMB GROUP, Dec. 27—T/Sgt. Bonner D. Wimberly Jr., engineer and top turret gunner on a Fortress, gave his home town the works recently when he took part in a bombing attack on the marshalling yards at Coblentz, Germany. Wimberly, whose father was a first sergeant in the Army of Occupation after World War I, was born in 1921 in a medieval castle at the juncture of the Moselle and Rhine. Now out of Phoenix, Ariz., he came to the U.S. with his parents in 1922.

Ward Notes

Bible Saves Soldier's Life

Out of the long list of wounded veterans recovering at hospitals in the U.K. comes an endless line of stories of death or grievous injury fended off by a soldier's equipment or by some personal possession.

Pfc Leroy B. Cutsail, of Frederick, Md., now at 129th General Hospital, was hit in the arm by a shell fragment during the battle for Aachen, but another fragment lodged in the New Testament he was carrying in his left shirt pocket, just over his heart.

Pfc Adelbert Shotwell, of Charlotte, Mich., had his dog tags hanging down his back when a piece of shrapnel hit him, piercing one of the discs and lodging in his back. His ward surgeon at 79th General Hospital said the tag slowed the shrapnel enough to give him only a slight wound.

Pfc Glenn Frost, of Allison, Pa., shared Shotwell's fortune when shrapnel which hit him in the back had to penetrate his trenching shovel, saving him from serious injury. Frost is recovering at 187th General Hospital.

Pvt. John E. Baurhenn, of Pittsburgh, who has 13 letters in his name, made his 13th jump from plane No. 13 without mishap in the airborne invasion of Holland. But in the fighting later on a shell fragment put him out of action, causing his evacuation to 307th Station Hospital.

Wounded after ten days of fighting in the Normandy invasion, S/Sgt. Otis L. Sampson, paratrooper from North Westport, Mass., came right back to partici-

gations carried flowers and banners. When the celebration concluded the GIs returned to the airdrome. In the evening many retired to the Russian restaurant, where they sank their teeth into "antricot," a Russian-type steak, washing it down with champagne.

The Russian management went even further when it handed out enormous layer-cakes, strongly reminiscent of home-baked stuff, to every table.

Classes for Lens Students

AN EIGHTH AF SERVICE COMMAND STATION, Dec. 27—Amateur photographers get a break at this strategic air depot commanded by Col. H. A. Moody, of Santa Cruz, Cal. Each month ten GIs are given the chance to take a full course in photography and darkroom technique taught by members of the base photo lab staff. The men attend the classes at night in their off-duty hours.

pate in the Holland airborne operations. Wounded again, his first stop after an aid station was a Dutch maternity hospital, staffed by U.S. medics. He's now at 7th General Hospital.

Band members at 121st General Hospital are not bashful in giving out with praise for their bass fiddle player, Pvt. Antonio Munivez, of Brownsville, Tex. Munivez was ready to commit penmanship on a Harry James contract when Uncle Sam snapped him up.

ET CETERA: Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, presenting a Pearl Harbor Day performance of their latest play, "Love in Idleness," at 115th General Hospital, paid tribute to five Japanese-Americans, casualties from the Italian and German fronts, who were introduced between acts. "They deserve our thanks and praise," Mr. Lunt said. . . . Laboratory supervisor at 119th General Hospital, S/Sgt. Elias Cohen, of Baltimore, still keeps up research in his chosen profession, zoology. He recently lectured on the subject before the Natural History Society of a nearby town. . . . Sgt. Ralph E. Fritz and Cpl. Richard E. Fritz, identical twins, are administrative clerks at 55th General Hospital. . . . Col. Charles C. Gill, of Balboa, Cal., recently named commanding officer of a general hospital in England, has first hand knowledge of emergency care for battle casualties. He was a post surgeon in Hawaii on Dec. 7, 1941. . . . The war brought back Cpl. James F. Bowman, of Philadelphia, to serve near the land of his birth. Born in Glasgow, Scotland, he is now a wardmaster in 119th General Hospital, England.

arm torn by shrapnel to navigate the bomber back to base. Applying a tourniquet and bandage himself, Decker tumbled at his post to plot the course all the way.

The Fortress Take It Easy, piloted by 1/Lts. Donald H. Sparkman, of Anderson, Ind., and Charles H. Bonner, copilot from Chicago, didn't take it easy on a recent mission over Germany, returning to base middled with flak holes, control cables shattered and three wounded men aboard.

"We were just coming off the target in the Merseburg area," Sparkman recalled. "Up ahead of us a German jet-propelled job was putting on a great acrobatic show for the formation, obviously to divert our attention. Suddenly, Jerry fighters started coming in on our tail. On the first pass my tail, waist and ball turret gunners were hit."

BRIEFINGS: Cpl. Robert S. Williams, musician from Cleveland, and Pfc Herbert Leventhal, former song plucker from New York, both serving with the 100th Bomb Group, put Rainbow Corner into words and music, entitled: "Drop In at the Rainbow Corner." Already published, royalties from the song go to the Red Cross Army Hospital Fund. . . . 352nd Mustang Group has destroyed 569 enemy aircraft in the air and on the ground for the loss of 98—nearly a six-to-one ratio. . . . 1/Lt. Frederick C. McCall, of Gulfport, Miss., scored a double-kill over Berlin recently—his first air victories over the Luftwaffe—while 2/Lt. Dale E. Karger, of McKees Rocks, Pa., registered his initial triumph, tagging an FW190. . . . The 306th Bomb Group Fortress Satan's Lady, operational since October, 1943, has finished 78 missions without an abort. M/Sgt. Harry Tzipowitz, of Philadelphia, is crew chief, assisted by Sgt. James Towns, of Livingston, Tex.; Pfc Shirley Dobbs, of Oneida, Tenn., and Dale W. Baker, of Long Bottom, O.

Hospital Operates Radio Station

135th GENERAL HOSPITAL, Dec. 27—A local "radio station" through which programs are piped to all wards and buildings at this hospital was opened recently. Known as station "REDX," it is located in the Red Cross lounge. Its inaugural program featured Miss Marguerite Pohck, Red Cross director from New York, Chaplain Prince E. Turner, Conway, Ark., 1/Lt. William P. Jones, Edenton, N.C., and Pvt. Harry J. Schneider, Santa Monica, Cal.

The station daily broadcasts a variety of programs, including music, news, sports, and discussion forums. The program director and announcer is Cpl. George J. Jaffe, of Elizabeth, N.J.

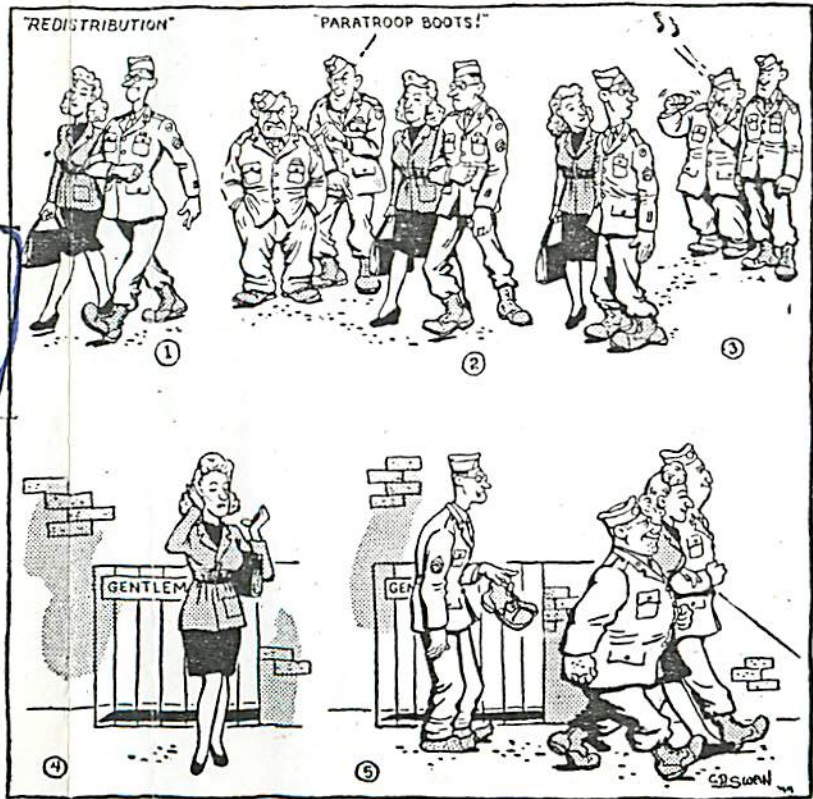
317TH STATION HOSPITAL, Dec. 27—Cpl. Bruno Tattini, of Farmington, Ill., who served eight months in the Pacific before joining this hospital's medical detachment, will take the ETO any day. Food, recreation and working facilities here are far above what the Pacific has to offer, he says.

In New Caledonia and on other Pacific islands where Tattini served with hospital units, medics had to be jacks of all trades, building their own hospitals, piping in water, working from the ground up in care and treatment of the wounded. Tents for wards and living quarters are the only issued equipment.

2 ATC Men Commended

A WEST COAST PORT, Dec. 27—Two Transportation Corps sergeants here have been given Certificates of Merit. The award was made to 1/Sgt. John B. Woodward, of Bryson City, N.C., for leadership and administrative ability, while S/Sgt. Roland O. Schaeffer, of Lemay, Mo., was commended for outstanding services as an assistant chief clerk.

Pfc. Harry E. Anderson, Patton, S.D.; George Baker, Union Mills, N.C.; William L. Baldwin, Seneca, S.C.; William Blackshear, Macon, Ga.; Sidney J. Brock, Cincinnati; Robert L. Brotherton, Given, W. Va.; Francis Chambers, Onley, Va.; Edward Clark, New Albany, Miss.; Philip W. Cloney, Kalamazoo, Mich.; Malcolm Couch, Confluence, Ky.; William D. Cook, London, Ky.; Willis D. Creech, Coffee Springs, Ala.; Stephen R. Deaver, Morris Hill, N.C.; James S. Deese, Albermarle, N.C.; Charles F. Dennis, East Jordan, Mich.; Leroy F. Eldridge, Cutler, Ill.; Warren J. Harrison, Alexandria, Va.; Maurice W. Horn, Delanco, N.J.; Hartwell H. House, Arcadia, S.C.; William L. Jeffries, Oberlin, Kan.; Clarence E. King, Richmond, Va.; Leonard E. Larson, LaFarge, Wis.; Hugh H. Macaulay Jr., Seneca, S.C.; Harry E. McClintock, New Castle, Pa.; Edwin N. Mattila, Atlantik Mine, Mich.; Carl A. Reed, Olean, N.Y.; George W. Styres, Roanoke, Ala.; Alfred Tedesco, Bogota, N.J.; Pfc. Francisco A. Aragon, Luna, N. Mex.; Roy E. Arthur, Warrenville, S.C.; Charles H. Border, Milton, Pa.; Oscar A. Brazzell, Charleston, Ill.; Harry E. Burroughs, Tarkio, Mo.; Charles N. Catt, Vincennes, Ind.; Leonard H. Crabtree, Frankfurt, Ind.; Brian L. Cullen, Staten Island, N.Y.; James H. Dunlap, Columbus, Ohio; Francis E. Engell, Pomfret Center, Conn.; Richard Fassino, Joliet, Ill.; Charles A. Ferraro, Philadelphia; Floyd E. Fults, Texarkana, Tex.; Randolph Gallagher, Covington, Va.; Donald V. Hemps, Poughkeepsie, N.Y.; Leroy A. Huffman, St. Joseph, Mo.; Robert E. Jones, Chicago; Ernest B. Lee, Hartford, Ala.; Dale W. Lewis, Provo, Utah; Richard B. McGregor, Kelly Corners, N.Y.; Martin Nelson, Castle Rock, Colo.; Roger L. Niceley, Battle Creek, Mich.; Stanley L. Peters, Duncannon, Pa.; Milton A. Redin, Aliquippa, Pa.; Vernon E. Simmons, Westwood, Cal.; William Ternowski, New York.



M/SGT TZIPOWITZ WAS AWARDED THE BRONZE STAR FOR HIS SUPPORT OF SATAN'S LADY.

12-28-44 ISSUE

AFF Captain's Wife Smiles On His Love For 'Satan's Lady'

Capt. Loy F. Peterson of Santa Barbara fell in love while he was flying overseas with the Eighth Air Force, but his wife, Meredith, doesn't mind one bit. That's because the object of his affection was the Flying Fortress "Satan's Lady" which the captain, now here at Army Air Forces Redistribution Station No. 3, describes as "the sweetest B-17 ever to come off the line."

Through 32 missions flown by Captain Peterson and his crew, the "Satan's Lady" never once had to turn back, never had a gun jam, never a bomb-rack malfunction, never an engine failure.

"The plane was always in such perfect mechanical condition that I never had to feather a prop," Cap-

tain Peterson said, placing the credit with his crew chief, Master Sgt. Harry Tapowitz, of New York City.

In 32 missions, including three raids on Berlin and 10 attacks on France on D-Day and thereafter, the "Satan's Lady" collected 160 patches to cover holes from flack bursts and enemy fighter plane fire. But no crew member was ever even scratched.

"The 'Satan's Lady' was a lucky ship," Captain Peterson said. "The whole crew loved her and it broke our hearts that we couldn't fly her back to the States. The last I heard she had 54 missions and was still going strong."

With Captain Peterson at the Redistribution Station is his bombardier, Capt. M. A. Phillips, Jr., of Coffeyville, Kan. A native of Phoenix, Ariz., and a graduate of the University of Arizona, Captain Peterson now calls Santa Barbara his home.

OTHER RESEARCH ON THE EIGHTH

The nostalgia wave hits at about 50, or so, say the experts, and in the case of the Eighth Air Force has brought forth a rash of books and research projects. Despite all that has been printed, there is still a great deal to be done. Hence, the work being done on the 306th, on other groups, on specific missions, etc.

One British 306th devotee is working on a listing of plane names, but needs plane numbers to go with them. Can you help?

Another Britisher is working on a book on the Hamm mission of 22 Apr 44. He is in touch with some of our people. Col. Robinson was the air commander that day and Maj. Cheney was the lead navigator. Maj. Phillips was the lead bombardier. The 306th lost no planes on a rough raid, with only Lt. Curtis having serious difficulty.

LOY PETERSON
Phone (602) 959 4491

ship. Had to fly the Deputy Lead position off the Colonel's wing.
Am not keen at all about going into battle in any ship other than the Lady or with any crew but my own boys.

DUKE AIRCRAFT COMMANDER

FORTRESS "SATAN'S LADY"
"RONNIE P FOR PETER"

HAVE MANY
IN MY DIARY,
BUT NO NUMBER
NUMBERS

April 22, 1944

LEAD PLANE -
SATAN'S LADY
AIRCRAFT CHDR.
CAPT. LOY F.
PETERSON,
PHOENIX, AZ.

CAPT. AT THE TIME

ly attained the peak
Robinson, the 306
officer, flew with
e led the entire lot
Germany. The Lady
position for wing ship
t all the way up

to Division Lead in 31 raids. She is a proud, gallant ship, and the crew would not trade her for the newest B-17 out of the factory.

Caught a little flak over the target, but Major Cheney, the Group Navigator, kept us absolutely clear of all flak areas on the way in and out. Weather beautiful, fighter escort right on time, but we did not get back to base until after the sun had set. Raid # 20 for yours truly.

THIS IS A XEROX REPRODUCTION OF TWO PAGES WITHIN WHICH ARE NOTED ALL THE MISSIONS FROM NOVEMBER 3, 1943 TO JUNE 15, 1944. SCRAPBOOK CONTAINING PHOTOS TAKEN AROUND BOMB GROUP, THURLEIGH - NEAR BEDFORD,



306th Bomb Group Historical Association

An Association formed to commemorate the history of the 306th Bomb Group
of the U.S. Army 8th Air Force and the achievements of its personnel
based at Thurleigh, Bedfordshire, England 1942-45.

14, Pavenham Road,
Oakley, Bedford.
England.

17th June, 1983

Dear Russ,

Just a quick note to ask for your help, if possible.

Have been talking to the new owners of the Falcon Inn at Bletsoe who wish to secure some photographs of 306th personnel and the Falcon Inn during the war. Going through the Echoes, in the May 1979 edition, we would like to get a copy of the one *Photo* in Volume 2, No. 4; also copies of the four pictures including the 368th party which appear in the Echoe of July 1980, Volume 5 No. 3. Maybe somewhere you may have a couple of spare copies of these Echoes which you could let us have?

If you have negatives of the photos mentioned, maybe you could send these to us and we will get them photographed and return them to you when we see you in July. If this is not convenient, perhaps you could get two copies of each photograph to us, as I would like a copy also for our collection here at Bedford.

Connie and I have known the new owners of the Falcon Inn for many years, and speaking to her this morning she told me they get a fair number of American visitors in for meals, so if we can get a montage of these photographs, we can supply the 306th decal and put our names on the bottom, also those of Bill Collins and yours, with both addressess. You never know, someone from the States may know a 306th-er lost in the wilderness who could be brought back into the fold!! There was an American in Bedford yesterday who was with the 306th stationed at Thurleigh, but unfortunately he had moved on before we could contact him and since I am writing this at the office, I have'nt got his name with me but he comes from Oshkosh, Wisconsin. Connie has written to him enclosing

Bert Permutter phoned Tuesday night and we did ask him to contact you to tell you that Connie and Di Mills presented a photo on behalf of the 306th to the widow of our departed Mayor who attended the Memorial dedication at Thurleigh. Also that the wreath for the 306th on Memorial day at Cambridge, was laid this year by Col. R. Hedge, Cdr. 306th SAC Wing, Mildenhall. Will give you an official service programme when we see you in July. We are doing a display at the U.S. Air Force Base at ~~Malden~~ *Chicksands* on behalf of the 306th on 3rd July (just to keep the name of the 306th alive!).

Memorial
edition of
Echoe which
will be
there when
he arrives
home.

All for now Russ. Do hope you can help us with the photos. See you soon. All the best to you and your wife.

Yours sincerely,


Gordon, Connie & Lloyd.



er (above) of Univer-
process equip-
of the



Del Webb's
TowneHouse
Phoenix, Arizona

I was then rotated Stateside
via troop ship (14-day convoy)
after reuniting with my wife (and
son whom I had not seen) in
Santa Barbara, Calif. - with some
welcome R & R at Santa Monica
was assigned as Wing Flying
Safety Officer at Third Air Force
Base - Hunter Field - Savannah.
Promoted to Operations Officer -
my assignment until separation
from the service in July, 1945.
Was on terminal leave in S.O.
when V-J Day arrived. I'll
never forget that town that
rite.

HEADQUARTERS 306TH BOMBARDMENT GROUP (H)
Office of the Commanding Officer
United States Forces

(A-7)

APO 557,
22 June, 1944.

SUBJECT: Recommendation for Re-assignment of LOY F. PETERSON, Captain,
O-724973.


TO : Whom It May Concern.

1. Subject Officer has completed 223:00 hours of Combat Flying as a Pilot and Flight Commander. He has completed a total of thirty-two (32) combat missions. During the course of his missions he destroyed no Enemy Aircraft and has been decorated or is eligible for the following decorations:

Air Medal	Five Missions
Oak Leaf Cluster	Ten Missions
Oak Leaf Cluster	Fifteen Missions
Oak Leaf Cluster	Twenty Missions
Distinguished Flying Cross	Thirty Missions

2. Subject Officer's performance of duty is rated by his Commanding Officer as Excellent.

3. Assignment of subject Officer: Immaterial.


GEORGE L. ROBINSON,
Colonel, Air Corps,
Commanding.

The crew serial numbers may serve as a starting point to determine their original addresses:

Information in my files are:

Convey - no record

Picarello - last known address: 312/
4750 Malden St. Chicago 90640

* Watkins - no record

* Hayes - Box 387, Claridge, Pa. 15623 (this
is current) 412/ 744-2970

Haywood - deceased

Henillo - "

Richardson

* Christensen - 3543 Adams, Lansing, Ill. 60438
(this is current) 312/
REPLACED WATKINS

* Lamp - no record

Foley - last known address:
1159 47th St. - ^{Brown}Brooklyn 212/

* Tripovitz (crew chief) you have him on file

* Phillips - you have him on file

* Not final crew members of Satan's Lady

* We still exchange Xmas cards - Hayes
always encloses one dollar for a
Holiday Toddy.

P.S. Hayes (my waist gunner) has an extensive
collection of strike photos.

CUSTOMER COUNTER

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SHIPPER COPY — CANARY

SHIPPING RECORD

RECEIVED FROM (PLEASE USE STAMP OR PRINT)		
NAME	ROY F. PETERSON	DATE # 1/6/79
STREET	4744 E. EXETER BLVD	
CITY	PHOENIX AZ	STATE ZIP 85018



United Parcel Service

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PACKAGE	SEND TO ADDRESS	C.O.D. AMOUNT	DECLARED VALUE	UPS ZONE	CUSTOMER COUNTER	DATE	TRANS	CHARGES	
								AMOUNT	TYPE
1	NAME 306TH BOMB GROUP HISTORICAL ASSN STREET 10 R. A. STRONG ROUTE 1, TURNPIKE ROAD CITY LAURINBURG, N.C. CAROLINA 28352	\$.	\$ 50.00		870			Scrapbook follow label only	COD EX. VAL. PKG.
2	NAME STREET CITY STATE ZIP	\$.	\$.		870				COD EX. VAL. PKG.
3	NAME STREET CITY STATE ZIP	\$.	\$.		870				COD EX. VAL. PKG.
4	NAME STREET CITY STATE ZIP	\$.	\$.		870				COD EX. VAL. PKG.
5	NAME STREET CITY STATE ZIP	\$.	\$.		870				COD EX. VAL. PKG.

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2.83

Thank You For Using

United Parcel Service

I have much good material in my 306th scrapbook and my diary of each of my missions, but am fearful of loss in the mails — Saturn's Lady & my crew were almost selected to do another Memphis Belle tour to U.S.

19 January 1979

Mr. Loy Peterson
4744 E. Exeter
Phoenix, AZ 85018

Dear Loy:

Appreciated your notes, received yesterday.

I would very much like to look at the materials you have, but appreciate your reluctance to trust them to the mails. However, up to this point I have had no difficulty in receiving and returning scrapbooks, hundreds of pictures, diaries, etc. So, if you should decide to take a chance, I'd like a look, and most likely would put it back in the mails within 24-48 hours.

If you can find your 201 file, I would appreciate your checking any orders you have against the accompanying roster. Slowly I am accumulating a pretty good collection--better than Uncle Sam has been able to show me thus far--and they are helpful in trying to establish a lot of things.

Also, could you tell me anything more about Satan's Lady almost being picked for a tour? Hadn't heard about that, and perhaps it would make a good piece for the Echoes. As I recall, I do have a photo of Satan's Lady.

Sincerely yours,

Russell A. Strong

L
D
O
J

HEADQUARTERS 306TH BOMBARDMENT GROUP (H)
Office of the Commanding Officer
United States Forces

(A-7)

APO 557,
22 June, 1944.

SUBJECT: Recommendation for Re-assignment of LOY F. PETERSON, Captain,
O-724973.

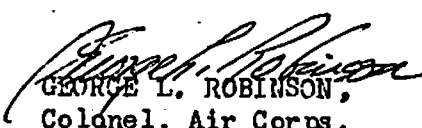
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Oak Leaf Cluster	Fifteen Missions
Oak Leaf Cluster	Twenty Missions
Distinguished Flying Cross	Thirty Missions

2. Subject Officer's performance of duty is rated by his Commanding Officer as Excellent.

3. Assignment of subject Officer: Immaterial.


GEORGE L. ROBINSON,
Colonel, Air Corps,
Commanding.

EXTRACT

SO 41

Hq ETCUSA

10 Feb 1944.

* * *

40. Announcement is made of the temp promotion of the following O, AC, Eighth AF, to the gr indicated in AUS with rank fr date of this order:

* * *

1st Lt to Capt

* * *

LOY F. PETERSON, 0724973

* * *

2nd Lt to 1st Lt

* * *

JOHN E. CALDWELL, JR, 0735265

* * *

KENNETH F. DOWELL, 0802077

* * *


By command of General EISENHOWER:

R. E. LORD,
Colonel, GSC, Deputy Chief of Staff.

OFFICIAL: SEAL

R. B. LOVETT,
Brigadier General, USA, Adjutant General.

A TRUE EXTRACT:


PAUL J. BAILLIE,
1st Lt, Air Corps,
Assistant Adjutant.

12 February 1979

Dear Loy:

As has been my practice all along, I have copied the orders which you sent, and am returning your copies. I have copied them basically because the original paper is deteriorating quite rapidly (actually, it is being eaten by microbes).

The squadron order was especially helpful.

As to sending a scrapbook, I think today I'd choose UPS, rather than the postal service.

Sincerely yours,

23 September 1976

Mr. Dean C. Allen
1744 Morris Landers Rd.
Atlanta, GA 30345

Dear Dean:

It was nice to talk with you the other day, and I am sorry that I have not gotten these materials in the mail to you earlier. Because they are copies of copies they are not too clear, but I think you will be able to make them out.

I have been working on the 306th for a year and a half now, and have assembled considerable information. The Missing Air Crew Reports got to me late this summer, and I have spent several weeks combing through them for data.

As you will see, the actual information on what happened is pretty sparse and largely conjecture.

I am enclosing a copy of a new form I have just been developing trying to get information on what happened to missing aircraft. Actually in this regard I have more data on the very early missions, during the first year, than I have on many of those missing later.

I would be most grateful if you would complete the enclosed forms and return them to me in the envelope provided, and that will be one additional bit of information to add to my growing pile.

Incidentally, I flew the day you were shot down. And when we got back to England the weather was miserable. Three of our planes made it back to Thurleigh and the remainder were sent off to the west of England and remained there for a day or so. We were the first of the three planes to land at Thurleigh, and they had a mission ready to go the next day, but it was scrubbed.

I have seen Rapp's son and had some correspondence with him. He is anxious to know more about his father, but has never been able to get very much information.

Sincerely yours,

Russell A. Strong

Rt. 1, Scotch Meadows Dr.
Laurinburg, NC 28352

26 April 1979

Mr. Loy B. Peterson
4744 E. Exeter
Phoenix, AZ 85018

Dear Pete:

I hope that by the time you receive this, your scrapbook is safely home again. I certainly enjoyed looking through it and copying the pictures.

As I was adding a dozen new names to the roster today, it occurred to me that perhaps you could give a little assist in checking out some Arizona names. We have the WW II hometowns of some men, but have not come up with any addresses. I thought that perhaps through the bank, or some other means, you might be able to locate some, or to find out date of death, or other information.

If you are so inclined, here is the list:

Bisbee - Hugh F. Smith
Buckeye - Lee Allen Prugh
Canada - James E. Hunt
Phoenix - Lyle V. Edwards, Stanley N. Kisseberth, George L. Matthews, R. Novinger, Mason Novinger, Albert G. Smith.
Safford - Epifanci F. Campos
Tucson, - Paul J. George

Of them, the two I am most interested in are Kisseberth and George. George was a ground officer, flew one day in the wrong plane and was shot down. If he is living, would be 79 years of age. He was a passenger with Ledgerwood on Oct. 8, 1943, to Bremen, and was an engineering officer.

Sincerely yours,

16 February 1982

Dear Loy:

I had planned that I would be in Phoenix in late February for some meetings, but we have had to switch dates, and it will now be March 25 and 26.

It would be nice if we could get some 306 people together for breakfast on the 26th, or perhaps for dinner on the 25th.

I'll put together a list of names, write each of them, and send a roster along to you.

Perhaps it will not be possible, but I'd like to give it a try, and I'll be back in touch with you soon.

Sincerely yours,

Did not reproduce my notes on
our flight from Grand Island
to Presque Isle, Maine to
Amherst Lake, Newfoundland to
Goose Bay, Labrador to Blue
West, One - Greenland; as this
era did not concern the 306th.

LOY F. PETERSON
4744 E EXETER BLVD
PHOENIX, ARIZ.
85018



Mills' Appeal

(From page 7)

License? We would not wish to have anything which you would rather keep, but rest assured that your "Fan Club" over here will take very good care of anything which is sent.

We look forward to meeting many of you in the future, if not over here then at the 1980 8AF Reunion which Diane and I hope to attend.

Until then,
Sincerely,
John P. Mills

↑
BILL FLANAGAN, MAJOR

LOY PETERSON

Returning visitors often served here. Unfortunately, the latest place to go being look very much as it was platform, looked at the sea uniformed soliders and air "Wow, I really AM in the sticky tape had gone, but 1st, when the doors closed and concrete object with wonder if "Progress" is alv

Whilst on the subject of means nothing to us), a la small girl she used to crea cockpit of one particula through the gap where the ship was called WEARY After much searching she and she has set her heart So, please, if WEARY BO ground, please write to me

Before ending these note not acquired a home for th that goal. I have great ho things. Perhaps in the ne news, who knows!

KEITH PAUL
(Writing on Thurleigh A

MY ETO TOUR -
/Nov. 1, '43 to mid July 44
32 MISSIONS

Dear Bill -

This is a picture which will have a place in my

Log Peterson's DIARY

Memories are strange things. We have so many of them. Many good—some bad—We retain them all—Yet so few come back to us unless we are reminded by a written word, a friend or a landmark—So many fine memories are stored away each day that can be recalled in later years by a simple word or two—



1943

The following pages will not be a day by day account of my life in the Army since I have not kept any written record since my enlistment as an Aviation Cadet September 25, 1941.

Rather it will be a dated collection of the highlights of my combat tour of duty with my crew— and our ship, a Flying Fortress which we named "Garten's Lady."

Crew #13 was formed in Pyote, Texas on June, 1943 where we began our Second Air Force combat training.

The original crew consisted of the following men:

- Sgt. H. H. Peterson, pilot - Arizona
- Sgt. G. R. Haywood, co-pilot - Pennsylvania
- Sgt. C. B. Jackson, bombardier - Kansas
- Sgt. C. P. Conroy, navigator - Colorado
- Sgt. A. Piccirillo, engineer and top turret gunner - Massachusetts
- Sgt. G. B. Richardson, ass't. engineer and ball turret gunner - Ohio
- Sgt. B. W. Watkins, radio operator - gunner - Mississippi
- Sgt. C. H. Hugo - crew armorer and left waist gunner - New York
- Sgt. C. W. Kemp - right waist gunner - South Dakota
- Sgt. C. W. Foley - tail gunner - New York - 18 years old when he joined the crew.

Between the time the crew started training together and the day we flew our first raid over enemy territory a few personnel changes took place due to various conditions. The combat crew of "Satan's Lady" finally wound up with these changes:

- Sgt. W. H. Daniels, bombardier - Missouri
- Sgt. B. W. Christenson, radio operator - gunner - Illinois
- Sgt. J. W. Bentley - right waist gunner - New York

I have never worked with a finer group of men. This account has its beginning on the day we took off from Grand Island, Nebraska to fly to England. Hold your hat, here we go!

October 4, 1943

BLUE WEST ONE
GREENLAND

Saw the ~~aurora~~ ^{aurora} borealis for the first time last night - an awesome, beautiful, indescribable display of Nature's strangest phenomenon. Took off in the dead, cold dawn, climbed out of the gorge to get 11,000 ft. of space under us before crossing the Greenland icecap. Solid expanse of glaring ice & dark crevasses as far as the eye could see. Glad to leave it & get out over the Atlantic. Ran into a bit of weather before sighting Iceland. But the ship was an old veteran of weather by this time.

Quite the most desolate field we have ever seen - built out on a peninsula of gravel and lava beds - no trees, no shrubs - nothing but wind. Had to lay over here one day due to bad weather, and spent all our time in one of the huts trading our money in poker games.

Let's get out of here! Decision was unanimous so we blew the joint. Last leg to dear old England was uneventful, but we were immediately initiated to English weather. Course hit the northern tip of Scotland right on the nose & I flew instruments from there on in. Broke into the clear bright over Prestwick & set her down with a sigh of relief. England, two years to the very day since I had made my first flight with my Army instructor for the little old Stearman trainer!

After sweating and bawling the ship all the way across the Arctic Circle what did they do but take her away from us the minute the wheels stopped rolling. A maddening bunch of men you have never seen! C'est la guerre!

After some flubbing around with some odd ground school in England, we were assigned to 306th Bomb Group, 369th Bomb Squadron, 8th AAF. ON OCTOBER 16, 1943

November 3, 1943

Rollled out at the crack of dawn again - damned tired of having missions scrubbed, but this was the real McCoy. #1 for the entire crew and "Sten's Fly". Target: shipyards at Wilhelmshaven - we flew the position, and element, lead squadron of the lead Group. Formation was a bit rough and two of our ships in the high squadron collided in mid-air over the North Sea and exploded. I didn't see them come together, but my waist gunners said it was a sight they'll never forget. Fighter escort - P-47's - arrived right on time. Slight scattering of flak over the continent - few enemy fighters, but below & behind us.

Routine return to our base -

all tired, but triumphant at having finally "sweated out" our initiation to combat. Pathfinder mission.

November 5, 1943

Breakfast before dawn again - weather looked good so our Props ran high. Got off with no trouble - target was Gelsenkirchen, smack in the heart of the Ruhr - "Happy Valley" to all bomber crews. We had heard about the flak in this area but I never dreamed it could get so thick - Group Leader made some beautiful evasive action, and we only received a few scattered bursts at low level. Saw #3 position of high squadron leader. Satan's Lady collected a crease across the top of right wing - first battle damage. Instrument procedure let-down through overcast over England. Saw only one FW-190 at all close to us, but we were flying at 29,000 ft. and the boys in the waist really suffered from the cold - a minus 40°C!

November 11, 1943

Armistice day - one quarter of a century later what would Dad have thought if he had known 25 years ago that I would be flying over Germany - fighting it all over again.

Awakened in the dark, cold, pre-dawn hours again - guess everyone was pretty anxious to give those bastards a parting in this memorable day, but Mother Nature stepped in with other ideas. As we approached the enemy coast the overcast was building up right in front of us - leader saw we couldn't make it over the top & turned back - mission abandoned. As far as you could see there were B-17's & P-47's streaming back to England; - don't know how many hundreds of planes in all.

Over enemy territory when turned back, but no mission executed.

November 16, 1943

Happened to be out at the ship last night when they were filling the to-be tanks, so I knew there was a long haul in the offing.

What do you know? Off to Knaben, Norway to ~~find~~ plaster the mid-~~land~~ mountains there. Had to climb through an overcast on Group assembly & Endeavour and managed to miss the rest of our ships somehow. Damned if we were going to abort - so we flew out to the Coast and tacked onto the high squadron of another Group going west. Didn't go very high, but God it was a long haul, and we dodged snow storms all the way across the North Sea. Beautifully clear over Norway (rugged country) & our Group made the first run on the target - a beautiful bulls eye -

precision bombing at its best. Sweated out our gas supply all the way back to England. Left the Group we had flown with at the Coast and proceeded home on our own. Lt. Conroy, navigator and Sgt. Christensen, radio operator did a beautiful job bringing us in, and I got some nasty instrument practice sitting down through a blinding snow storm 500 feet above the ground. Landed at base before the rest of our Group, and were waiting for them with sarcastic questions like - "well where the Hell have you been all this time?"

The "Lady" perched beautifully, thanks to that "on the ball" ground crew of ours. Three yellow bones on her nose now.

December 1, 1943

When they awakened me this morning I was perplexed to find that more of my other officers were going with me. Found that I was to be Lt. Murphy's co-pilot, and we were leading the Flightin' Bitch boys in the low position - I was to be "checked out" on leading the Squadron. Levenshausen in Stapp Valley was the target - another Catfisher job. Murphy couldn't see well enough across the cockpit to fly us in position, so I flew most of the raid - the sun right in my eyes gave me most of the trouble today. Flak very moderate, but very accurate, bombing hard to judge because of cloud cover. Ship above me almost dropped his bomb load through my plane, but eventually he slid over the top of the lead squadron & when his bombs went away one knocked the cabin off of Lt. Bomb's ship - another knocked

out his #3 engine. He did a beautiful job of keeping her under control, dropped back out of formation and brought the ship home. What a head-up stunt that was - dropping bombs with another plane beneath. Flak hit the #3 engine of a ship ahead of us in the lead group and within 30 seconds the interior of the plane was a sheet of flame. Pilot kept her flying straight & level for almost 4 minutes before the flames melted the plates & she broke in half. Not a chute left the ship.

Also saw a sight I'll never forget - a '17 in a spin, only they don't spin in the conventional manner - they'll go down end over end or wing over wing. Our ship wasn't even hit, but I sure did some fancy sweating!

December 5, 1943

Flying without some of my boys again today, although my gunners will be along. Co-pilot with Major Flammigan leading the 369th in the high position. Target on the southern coast of France - can't mention the name because we didn't get there.

Mother Nature had her way again, & stopped us about 200 miles inside France.

Some target was sure going to have caught Hell today - I analyzed the true significance behind the statement, "Supremacy in the Air" today. The sky over France was almost black with Fortress Liberators & fighter escort - I would estimate roughly that there were 600-700 planes within my field of vision. Victory through air power - and each raid larger than the last.

Since we were so deep in enemy territory for a long time, Bomber Command gave us credit for a raid - chalk up 5-!

December 11, 1943

The field has been soaked in for almost a week, but it was a beautiful, clear & cold moonlight last night so I was sure of an early briefing.

Group went to Eindhoven, but my crew did not go - guess they want to give some of the newer crews to get some experience. That fate sat on us, two raids up on us now. @!?!-d-xx 369th lost off. Noack & his crew today - direct burst of flak in #2 engine & he had to drop out of formation. Everyone says he was under control so we can hope for a successful abandonment of the ship. A good man - I flew as his co-pilot as what might have been my first mission, but it was scrubbed before we left England.

About noon I said to Hell with all, & went into town to do a little shopping and see a show.

December 13, 1943

Our squadron is off operations for this raid, so we checked the rest of the Group off the ground as they left for a slight fracas over Kiel - after those damned sub pens again - kill them in the nest, so to speak.

H. Heap - another squadron pilot, flew the Lady today so the crew & I sat around "sweating her out." She came back again - per 5th raid - with just a couple of small holes in the wings. Our ship is now three raids up on us, and gaining fast, blast the luck!

Group Capt H. Brinsley & his crew today - they were flying with another Group, & when last heard from they were sending out an SOS over the North Sea.

December 14, 1943

When the orderly woke us up at the ungodly hour of 3:00 A.M. we thought it was kidding - I had barely gotten my sack warm. Reunion! The entire crew back together again, and we are flying the Lady & great day!

Mission scrubbed just before engines were started, & everyone called back to be briefed for another target! Time marched on, in the cold light of dawn everybody felt as though they had already put in a full day. Briefed & out of the ship again - and guess what, mission scrubbed again! New Eighth AAF record - 2 missions scrubbed within 3 hours. Back to the sack for the rest of the morning. Spent the afternoon out at my disposal doing some painting & adding ends on the ship. She has collected about 18 patches already. Honorable scars of battle - and more undoubtedly coming.

December 16, 1943

Eight months ago today Houser & I left Salinas as brand new first lieutenants for B-17 transition school at Hobbs, N. M. How time flies! Pretty rough day today - I led the "Futin' Biting" boys into Bremen, Germany. Had to make a take-off on instruments and rendezvous above the muck. Saw nothing but a solid carpet of clouds all the way to the target & back - strictly a Cathfinder job, but from the smoke pouring up through the clouds I would say that Bremen has "had it."

Procedure instrument let down back over England - hedge-hopped cross country at 500 ft. back to base - and St. Conroy did a good job of finding the field. When the wheels touched the ground the fuel warning lights came on - guess we were running on the smell of gas.

As usual, Bremen threw up a solid curtain of flak, but I managed to maneuver the squadron around the edge of it - no hits on the ships.

Not a mile run by a long shot.
Chalk up #6

December 20, 1943

A damned cold has me grounded so I missed today's raid - had a little job to finish, I guess - back to Bremen again. Planning to make another "Hamlet" out of it.

Lt. Dwyke flew Detain's lady and brought her back with just a few minor nicks - said he had a little trouble with #1 engine. She has 10 raids now of which I flew the first 3, and the bold girl "ain't" what she used to be.

369th had some bad luck today - the bombardier on St. Kinsey's crew evidently fished his oxygen line loose at altitude, and passed out. The crew could not revive him, and he was dead upon landing - also the tail gunner on St. Hilton's crew had oxygen trouble, & when they returned to base he was alive & rational - but totally blind.

It was clear over Bremen and, as usual, a curtain of steel - all planes pretty badly shot up.

December 22, 1943

In the dispensary with a blasted English cold - missed going today with the Group to Ennsberg in "Happy Valley". Haywood went along as tail gunner-observer and Cosrey as Ass't. Navigator in the lead ship.

Group lost Lt. Winters & his crew - fighters ganged up on him in the few minutes that our escort was not around those bastards play marbles for keeps.

Satan's Lady came back again.

December 24, 1943

This damn cold still has me grounded, and I missed the easiest raid of the year. Every plane in the Eighth Air Force that could get off the ground hopped across the Channel to plaster some highly important military targets around the Cotin d'Calais and Cherbourg Peninsula.

Raywood went along as tail gunner. Observer in the lead ship.
Don I browned off!

December 30, 1943

Briefed at 0200 A.M. this morning take off at dawn, leading the 389th into Ludwigshafen, Germany. There was a 10/10ths undercast all the way - consequently a Patchfinder job. Beautifully clear at 23,000, and we rendezvoused in the nose with our fighter escort (ah, those beautiful P-38s) Encountered some light flak over the target - saw a couple enemy fighters on the way out. All in all - the most uneventful raid so far except for being long. This was the 13th raid for Satan's Lady, but only the fourth one on which our crew had flown his. Scott's squadron - low group.

December 31, 1943

Briefed at 0500 A.M. - take off & rendezvous over the field before dawn. Formation got together by following the blinking Aldis lamp in the tail of the ship ahead & spotting the Group Leader's flares.

Leading the 369th - High Squadron, Low Group all the way down across the Brest peninsula, across the Bay of Biscay into southern France to bomb a big airfield outside of Bourdeaux.

365th Group led the Wing and a more screwed up job of leading I have never seen. A few evasive action all over Biscay - crossed the French coast almost on the Spanish border -

took a Cook's tour of most of France, and ended up by breaking away from the 305th and making out of our bomb run on an airfield outside of Cognac. Plastered Well out of it, but by this time we had thrown away an hour's precious gas. Briefed the boys home on the long haul - flak over Orient - Arrived over England to find a ceiling of 3000 ft. which lowered to 300 ft over our base. By this time the sun had set and the visibility was what you could see straight beneath you. Planes flying in every direction. Made two passes at the field and finally landed - drenched in my own perspiration. One ship in the High Squadron crash landed - everyone else safely down. 9 hours 50 minutes. What a day! Aged 5 years.

January 4, 1944

Starting the new year off with a bang - literally. The four o'clock Breakfast Club met this morning - target for today, industrial section of Kiel in Northern Germany. Took off before dawn, flying on the right wing of lead ship as Deputy Group Leader. Captain Schoolfield 369th A Flight Leader led the Group - his 25th mission (fortunate fellow). Long haul over the North Sea and in over Denmark which is covered with snow. 10/10ths overcast so we bombed on the Pathfinder ship. Lots of flak, but otherwise uneventful. Group lost one ship - Lt. Tucker. 15th consecutive mission for Satans Lady. #9 for the crew.

January 5, '44

Dear diary - Today we "had it." Four o'clock Breakfast Club met again - target for today, the sub pens at Kiel, Germany. Marking the first time in the history of Eighth Air Force that the Forts have hit the same target on two consecutive days. I took off with the 369th boys one hour before dawn to rendezvous with another composite Group I fly as their high Squadron. They got all snuffed in the dark & the composite Group never showed up. Damned if I was going to take the boys back home so I hot tacked on to a low Group which only had one Squadron. Visual bombing today & the boys really beat Hell out of the

target. The lead Group almost
scrambled things up over the target,
& were not in proper formation
when the fighters hit us 10 minutes
later. They lined up at one o'clock
high and came right in at our
nose - 15 of them - faster than I can
write this. One of the bastards started
blinking his guns right in my face,
so I bunched the ship down & he
missed us. Some son-of-a-squarehead
popped a 20 mm right into my wing
by the #4 four engine nacelle, but
God was with us & it missed our
gas lines by two inches. Blew a hole
about 5 inches in diameter & ripped
all the outer skin off the wing

for about two feet - exploding
fragments peppered the radio comp-
artment just missing Chris. Attack
lasted about ten minutes and then
those beautiful P-38's appeared &
engaged the Meinis elsewhere. All I
could hear over the interphone was Foley
back in the tail yelling, "Holy Christ
what a dog fight - watch out, rockets!
Jelly, a rocket just hit a '17, and it
exploded in a million pieces - Christ, what
a dog fight!"

St. Wolfe on his 4th mission was on
my right wing, and during the dog fight
and attack he disappeared. Capt Elliot
crashed & burned on take-off. Altogether a
bad day. Satan's Lady's 16th mission, but
she'll be in the hospital for a couple weeks
now. Little Pump did a good job today.

January 11

Today, the Eighth Air Force "had it". Satan's Lady is still in the hangar getting her wing patched up. My left ear is plugged or I haven't flown since the last Kiel fracas, so we did not go on the raid today. For which, I am now duly thankful.

The target was somewhere in central Germany, and about an hour after the planes left the field closed in and it started snowing. A blind man could see that the boys would not be able to land at the base upon their return. Entire Group diverted to coastal fields, and about nightfall the reports started seeping in. My God, what

reports! Only nine planes crossed the Coast with the Colonel. Cassidy crash lands with crew & plane all shot up; Dowell has to do the same thing; - two planes land here, three more there - scattered all over England. Kinsey lands his plane okay, but he'll never fly again. Toftershall flying old 993 on her third raid disappeared over Germany - nobody even saw him go! All told, the Squadron loses 4 Forts and one entire crew, plus a number of badly wounded men. The Group loses 26 Forts & crews - and the final count isn't in yet on how many Forts are to be salvaged. 59 planes & crews down over Germany - a damn black day for the Eighth! Weather still stinking.

February 3, 1944

Weather clear as a bell this morning at the meeting of the four o'clock breakfast club. Briefed target was Wilhelmshaven - but just said over again. Double crossed; raining when we took off - flying two groups off the field now, 306A and 306B and we got 41 bombers off the ground in 16 minutes 45 seconds. Beautiful timing. Soon as we got to about 18,000 feet started flying through haze and dense contrails, and we flew instruments formation (a neat trick) all the way up to 37,000. Lost the high squadron in the muck (leader aborted) and could not catch up with the rest of the Wing so the lead squadron of 7

ships and my low squadron of 7 ships flew into Germany and bombed all by our lonesomes. Thank God there was a solid undercast so the fighters couldn't reach us. Letting down over the North Sea we went into the soup at 26,000 feet and I lost sight of the lead and most of my squadron split up so I made an instrument let down for 24,000 feet. Waves 15 feet high on the sea, but it still looked good after that snow & ice. Lt. Wong on my left wing started falling back over the target - lost sight of him when we went into the storm & the ship have not been heard from since. Satan's Lady complete her 18th & I finally got my 11th - altogether a very unsatisfactory mission.

February 4, 1944

Didn't get to go today - being held back for lead positions only (don't know as I like) 306 A and 306 B went to Frankfurt and St. Nowell flew Satan's Lady - St. Danille, my boy, went along with him. It is hell having to stay on the ground & sweat out the return of my own ship. Stood by her disposal area & fired my binoculars on every plane as it peeled off - but no Lady! Talked to the other boys as they landed and St. Nowell dropped out of formation at Frankfurt. I aged 2 years in the next hour & a half, but she finally limped in. All four engines burned up - not actually aflame, but beat up beyond further use. And they have never given me a moment's trouble. Back to the hangar goes the Lady. Damn these junior birdmen!

St. Berry - one of our best pilots - caught a flak burst on one engine and went down over Germany with one entire wing aflame, but the plane still under control when he went into the clouds. Good chance that they all were able to bail out in time. Two crews down in two days marks a pretty black period for the Squadron.

Wintgen raids for the Lady, but she will be laid up again for a few days.

February 5, 1944

Spice number twelve coming up -
We almost flew banker's hours today.
Didn't get us^{up} until 0600 in the
morning - briefed target a Luftwaffe
air training center at Chateaudun
southwest of Paris. Beautiful
weather - for a change - and I led
the 'lites' 'lites' boys in the low squadron,
high group position. Went in at only
14,000 feet - target clear - and we
made a beautiful job of precision
bombing as the Enaben Norway raid.
Some flak over the target - one plane
caught it in the wing, but stayed
with us.

A highly enjoyable and successful
mission.

No. 13 next! (or rather 128)

February 8, 1944

Over the hump! Just a shade more
than halfway through now. Target
for today - Frankfurt. A target that
has earned a bad reputation lately.
Have moved up another notch - Major
Hannagan & I led the Group today.
Weather over England beautiful for
take-off & rendezvous, but as we came
over the continent it became 8-10/10
undercast - definitely a Pathfinder job.
Moderate accurate flak over the target -
I collected a piece for a souvenir which
came in the side of the ship 4 inches
from my hip. Fighter attacks on the
way out - Lt. Snyder, #1 man in our
squadron was straggling & they got him.
It is believed that he bailed out safely.
Saturn's Lady still in the hangar getting
her four new engines.

February 11, 1944

Group went again to Frankfurt today - that damnable target!! Not sure if bombing results - worse luck. Lost one plane - Lt. Eli Betta & his crew. A little fellow, and I remember him way back in Gyote, Tex. He was one ~~good~~ behind me, and how he used to love to play with Dimit, my black cocker spaniel. He arrived over here later than I, but believe that today was his 20th raid.

Spent all day cruising around in the "Lady" getting her new set of engines worn in. What a ship - even at radically reduced power settings she sailed along at 160 m.p.h. I'll bet when these engines get broken in she'll do 230 m.p.h. at 2300 r.p.m. at 38 inches manifold pressure. Going to try to give her an altitude check tomorrow.

February 22, 1944

Sent two Groups from the field today - target was "deep in the heart of" - ~~Frankfurt~~ ^{Frankfurt} Germany - aircraft plant & field. The Luftwaffe is still here - I told you no! I didn't go today, but the boys tell me that they came in head on in waves - four & six abreast. 306th lost seven planes today - one entire squadron. We lost two crews - Lt. Quaintance and Lt. Horst, two damned good men to say nothing of the crews.

Lt. Oglebe flew the Lady on her 20th raid. She had to go to the hangar for a new wing panel & a lot of patching & then a jeep ran into her tail & tore up the left horizontal stabilizer.

February 24, 1944

Got on the ground again today - Group went to Schweinfurt & that widow-making target that cost the Eighth AAF 60 planes on Oct. 14th. Today the Group lost Lt. Page and Lt. Garrett - both of them were leading the hi & low squadrons respectively. First time in many months that Squadron leaders have been shot down.

Luftwaffe is still putting up a desperate fight.

Third party is getting rough, I'm going to get my pants & go home.

Spent the afternoon giving a new plane an altitude test hop at 25,000 ft. No heating system & I froze my ass.

February 25, 1944

Out again today - but not yours truly - I'm being saved for a more glorious fate, I guess. Group went so deep today that they could see the Alps. Augsburg, or something like that, just northwest of Munich. Goddam - is somebody trying to prove that these Fortresses can stay in the air indefinitely!

Group lost three planes - Lt. Coleman, Lt. Bay and Lt. Bayless. Making a loss of 12 planes & crews in one week - what a way to make a living!

Lt. O'Dyke flew the Lady again today - & the poor old gal came back shot full of holes again. Back in the hanger again for another wing panel, new Plexiglass nose and about two dozen patches. Her 21st raid.

February 28, 1944

Group wasn't alerted today until the middle of the morning - so everyone dashed madly in all directions getting bombs, gas & oxygen in the ships - also the little matter of getting the guns wiped off and installed in their receivers.

Our target was a "quackie" in the Pas de Calais French Coast area, and we were briefed to bomb by individual squadrons. First time I have set up a bombing run with my bombardier since leaving the States due to overcast & haze we were not able to locate our briefed target, but finally (after 2 circles over the area) dropped on another little job - plastered completely.

Had a lot of trouble with snow storms over England on return, but we made our way around & through a mere thousand feet off the ground.

Number 22 for the Lady, and number 14 for most of the crew.

- Just in Passing -

War is certainly hard on equipment - they figure that the average life of a heavy bomber in this theatre of operations is 18 missions. Satan's Lady now has completed 22 raids, & is now thoroughly battle scarred & patched; but she is still flying & good for a few more. The following list shows what these scars cost her:

- 4 new engines
- 1 propeller
- 2 superchargers
- 1 ball turret
- 1 new plexi-glass nose
- 2 new tires
- 1 horizontal stabilizer
- 2 elevators
- 4 new .50 calibre gun barrels
- 1 outer wing panel
- 3 new gas tanks
- 3 dozen odd patches

March 6, 1944

The Group finally went to Berlin today after three scrubbed briefings and two abortive attempts last week.

A black day for the Eighth Air Force - 65 planes lost with but questionable bombing results. Maybe High Command figures the loss worth it - but I do not!

Group lost St. Smith and crew, and St. Adams got badly shot up coming home. One gunner killed - interphone went out, and four gunners bailed out when they lost contact with the pilot. We limped home with two engines, four officers, one ball turret gunner and one dead man.

March 8, 1944

My turn to lead the Group today - flew with Major Flannagan, and the target for the entire Eighth Air Force was Berlin - the big city & the most beautifully coordinated fighter escort that we had ever seen - our Group was flying in an excellent position. High Group, second Combat Wing of the second Division over the target so we got the fighter cover as they went in and came out. Must have been 800-1000 Allied fighters in the air over Germany plus another 700 heavy bombers over Berlin. All specified targets plastered since the weather was clear & unlimited over the city and most of the continent. Light, accurate flak over target - few enemy fighters sighted en route. Groups returned to base without a single loss.

A record day for the 8th A.A.F.
38 planes
lost! 19 hours 40 minutes

March 9, 1944

Just for the record - Eighth Air Force again blasted Berlin in daylight today. Solid undercast and bombing done by Pathfinder technique. Losses for the day - the astounding figure of 7 bombers and 1 fighter. I took 68 to 7 in four days of bombing. What's up ???

March 11, 1944

Group did fly today - but only on a practice mission. Heavy bombers did go into Germany though. Bombed Munster, north of "Happy Valley" and returned without the loss of a single heavy bomber!! Utterly amazing!!

I flew as Col. Robinson's copilot today - he is 306 Group Commanding Officer - he wanted to drop some

experimental bombs over the North Sea. We took the Lady and she purred like a kitten all the way. When we landed the Colonel paid all of us on the ~~go~~ crew a very nice compliment. Said it was the finest flying and maintained ship he had ever flown off the field.

Really makes all our efforts & attention to little things about the ship seem worth the while.

March 23, 1944

Chiefs & they are going to let me lead the Low Squadron today - it is nice to get a mission occasionally.

Target was an airfield outside of Namur, but when we got there the cloud cover made it impossible to bomb the briefed target. Wing Leader told us to pick a industrial target of opportunity - we saw a hole, and Eureka - by sheer blind luck managed to hit plaster a railway marshalling yard at Hamm that Bomber Command had been trying to destroy for a solid year - and it was done with only 2 Groups of B-17's.

Returned without a scratch on the plane, although we encountered moderate flak. Absolutely perfect fighter escort synchronization. Number 26 for the Lady - number 16 for most of the crew.

March 26, 1944

Really don't know what to say at this writing. A more discouraging day I cannot remember since the crew started flying combat.

To begin the beginning - rolled us out of bed at two thirty this morning for a seven o'clock take-off. I was to lead a composite group in the low position. Mission scrubbed just as we climbed into the Lady. Went back to bed and managed to sneak in a couple hours shut-eye before being awakened for a quick briefing. Target was secret military installations at St. Omer just southeast of Calais. Bombing was done by squadrons, and we were prepared to see some flak over the target, but were stunned at the intensity and accuracy of fire which we encountered. I believe they were picking out which engine on the ships they wanted to hit.

I had managed to keep my Squadron

out of all flak by violent and continuous evasive maneuvering, but on the bomb run there was no way of avoiding it, and about 40 seconds before bomb release it started hitting us & three bursts at a time right under the ship. The whole plane jumped and shook continuously under the barrage. They knocked my second element leader out of formation - St. Price - he was last seen hitting the deck & heading home, but has not been heard from since. For a period of two minutes I had mentally accepted the fact that disaster had at last caught up with Satan's Lady & her crew. The second bombs were away & I made a diving turn to get the Hell out of there & didn't quite turn & diving until we had the North Sea ~~was~~ under us. Counted noses & was amazed to find that no one was even

scratched. The Lady was a sieve & gasoline was streaming from fractured tanks in the left wing. Why we didn't have a fire I'll never know. Returned to base with my two remaining wing men to find chaos at its worst. Ships in all kinds of trouble - no brakes - wounded aboard. Three ships off the runway; one in its belly, one with a flat tire - one ground looped to avoid running off the end. I had just pulled off the runway after landing & the ship behind me ran off the end, made a wide circle and crashed into a building. By sheer luck it did not catch fire. One of my missing wingmen crashlanded on the Coast with a dead bombardier - the other made it home. Another ship from the Group crash landed on the Coast also. A supposed milk run that ended in disaster! Number 17 for the crew - number 27 for the Lady, but she won't fly again for a few days.

March 29, 1944

The day which I have dreaded since the crew was formed back in Cygnet finally arrived today. We finally found the crew of the Lady at last.

I didn't fly today - the Group went to Brunswick. I deep in the heart of Jerry Kaywood, my old co-pilot, went out high spirited and confident because this was his last raid. Bill Daniels, my bombardier, flew with him as fate would have it. Little did I know as we waved them down the runway that I would not be seeing the boys again.

Was not able to get a coherent story from any of the returning crews, but evidently they had about a five minute fighter attack right after leaving the

target, and one of Jerry's inboard engines was knocked off, and he dove out of formation. From there - who knows??

J. Schuering & his crew also went down at that time - he was on his last raid too, and all told, six men on those two crews went down on their last raid. What a bitter day for the Latin, Britin' Squadron.

I just can't seem to adjust myself to the loss of the two boys - it is something that seemed out of the question for Jerry - particularly on his last raid!

What in God's name can I write to their families??

April 30, 1944

Dear God, I only hope that we do not have to "sweat out" our last raid as long as we have on this 18th job. Finally completed it today after it was scrubbed twice on the ground and abandoned twice after take-off.

Only the weather would permit such beautifully timed and rendezvous on every raid. I flew with Lt. Col. Pagan leading the Combat Wing - it was his last mission.

Target was the Brussels-Evere airbase & everything was working out smoothly until our bombsight broke down on the bombing run. We had to make a 360° turn (and sweated)

and signal the Deputy Leader on our right wing to take over the lead for bombing. He took over immediately, but did not do it according to standard procedure, and almost scattered the Group all over the sky. Lt. Howard, his bombardier, did a beautiful job on such short notice - the target was absolutely put out of action. Satan's Lady took over the lead again & the return to base was uneventful.

A mob of officers swarmed the plane when we parked her, and proceeded to give Col. Pagan the traditionally thorough printing plus a dunking in the nearest pool of water. And me without a camera!

Mission # 29 for the Lady!

April
~~March~~ 11, 1944

Another black day for the Fighting
Britis' boys, and two more of my
close friends down over enemy territory.

My crew did not fly today - thank
God! Capt. Opdyke led the Composite
Group with the 93rd Group and the
305th Group furnishing the high and
low squadrons to the 369th Squadron's
lead. (Those bastards wouldn't know
good formation if they saw it) According
to the reports I gathered from returning
crews there was a gap in our fighter
escort just after the target, and the
bandits made two passes in waves of
thirty ships - flying abreast. All Hell
broke loose. Capt. Opdyke was
evidently badly injured by a 20mm

burst in the cockpit and St. Olson,
his co-pilot, was last seen fighting
him off the controls as they dropped
out of formation. St. Arlstrom
caught a blast in his wing tanks &
exploded, St. Torr got one engine
& his nose section shot out &
ground-looped the ship on a field
just inside the coastline - no brakes
either. As soon as we knew where
he had landed I hopped into the
Lady and screamed up there at
210 mph. h. to pick up all the equip-
ment and what was left of the crew.
His bombardier (flying on his 1st raid)
and his navigator were both killed
when the nose section caught

a blast and the entire interior of that part of the plane looked as tho' someone had gone hog wild with a can of red paint - only this wasn't paint! St. Lawrence was white and rather shaken up - this was the second bombardier that has been killed in combat with him.

Capt. Opdyke was on his next to last raid, and was the first Group leader to be shot down from our Group in the 19 months they have flown over here.

The really sad part of the story is the fact that both Capt. Opdyke & St. Olson were going to be fathers in the next two or three weeks. How will their wives stand such news?

April 20, 1944

But beautiful - give me eleven more like that in eleven more days! Well, I can dream can't I? ✓

Slaw Satan's Lady on her 30th raid leading the 306th "A" Force into France to bomb the highly secret and highly publicized military installations in the Calais area.

The shortest raid we have ever flown, and my first trip on which I saw not one burst of flak - although some came up behind us.

Felt particularly elated because St. Phillips, my bombardier, hit the target - whereas the "B" Force dropped long, and the "C" Force brought their bombs back.

Returned without a scratch - 3:45 minutes from the time we left our dispersal until I called "switches off"!

April 21, 1944

Mission abandoned after three hours of floundering around in lousy weather with clouds all the way from 3000 ft. up to 18,000 ft.

I was happy about the whole thing, because I was the only member of the crew flying - wasn't even in my own ship. Had to fly the Deputy Lead position off the Colonel's wing.

Am not keen at all about going into battle in any ship other than the Lady or with any crew but my own boys.

April 22, 1944

Today Satan's Lady attained the peak of her career! Col. Robinson, the 306 Group Commanding Officer, flew with the crew today, and we led the entire 1st Division into Hamm, Germany. The Lady has moved from the position far wing ship in the second element all the way up to Division Lead in 31 raids. She is a proud, gallant ship, and the crew would not trade her for the newest B-17 out of the factory.

Caught a little flak over the target, but Major Chaney, the Group Navigator, kept us absolutely clear of all flak areas on the way in and out. Weather beautiful, fighter escort right on time, but we did not get back to base until after the sun had set. Orid #20 for yours truly 31

April 24, 1944

Today was not only a black day for 306th Bomb Group - it was tragic for the Fiti's Bitin' Squadron. Target was a few miles outside of Munich and the Group evidently was jumped by a wave of fighters just before & just after the target.

We sat out by the runway "sweating out" the return of the planes as they dribbled in one by one. First two on the ground field red-red flares wounded aboard. Only two of our 16 planes returned, one of those with a badly wounded top turret gunner. 10 planes out of the Group failed to return. Stoly, the ^{leader} Group was last seen heading for Switzerland with 2 engines out. Crews missing from 369th - St. Tarr, St. James, St. Biggs, and St. Ramsey - which kind of blocks the Squadron on its ass.

270 April 26, 1944

Number twenty one today, but when the orderly woke me up at 1:00 in the morning I was hot for calling the whole show off. Target was Brunswick, and I had to fly in a Pathfinder ship as Deputy Combat Wing Leader - so Satan's Army and the crew sat on the ground & sweated me out. Take-off before dawn to rendezvous above the overcast, and St. Schaeffer crashed & burned on take-off killing all but the tail gunner.

Solid undercast over the entire continent & we bombed by Pathfinder procedure - I had to take over the lead on the bomb run, but all went smoothly. No fighter attacks encountered. My oxygen mask went bad on me, and I was only half conscious most of the time.

April 28, 1944

If I hadn't seen it I wouldn't believe it. A miracle of maintenance and repair considering that this a combat zone overseas.

Yesterday Lt. Baxter returned from a raid in a brand new ship, but could not extend his left landing gear - so he was instructed by the tower to stay in the air until his excessive gasoline was used up & then crash land her.

So the poor crew had to circle the field for 4½ more hours while the word spread and crowd gathered - the field was cleared, and he brought her in on the grass with the one wheel down & one up. A beautiful job of piloting, and he set her down like a crate of eggs - she slowly

settled on the left wing, and ground-looped to a stop - nobody hurt and the plane did not catch fire.

Now, - 28 hours later that plane is in the air slow-timing her two new engines - a new wing installed and landing gear repaired - a plane everyone thought would be nothing but salvage.

May 4, 1944

Brosely had warmed the old sacks when they got me up this A.M. Scheduled to lead the 306th Group in the low position, 40th Combat Wing. Target, guess what - "Big B" - Berlin!

Made rendezvous okay, but combat wing got split up in some bad weather on the way to Coast. Finally found the lead Group again - after much sweating, started our climb across the Channel into enemy territory. Just got inside Germany when all planes were recalled due to bad weather missing up too many of the combat wing rendezvous points. Credit was given for a raid - number twenty-two for me & 32 for the Lady.

May 7, 1944

Had to roll out again this morning after only 3 hours sleep - to find that they were determined to take another crack at "Big B" - leading Group - same set-up as last one. Kind of a long, high trip for the tired Lady - and cold as Hell! (-42°C) Bombed through the overcast at 25,000 feet, but the flak was there to greet us nonetheless - hot and heavy. By outguessing the square heads with my evasive section, got the boys out of the flak area with but a few minor scratches. Returned to base without the loss of a ship - fighters escort beautifully synchronized - no enemy planes seen or encountered. Landed to find that Conroy had made captaincy - good show! Number 23 for me - no 23 for the Lady.

May 8, 1944 My aching ass!
This is getting damn old! Awakened
at 1230 midnite - roll out of the sacks
to find that our target is - Berlin!
Before we ever went out to our planes
I said that the Group was pushing
its luck to go to that damn place 2
days in succession - and I'm here to
say that we just pushed our luck right
over the cliff. We lost five ships today -
two of them from 369th Squadron.

I was leading a composite Group
composed of two 369th Squadrons and one
Squadron from the 92nd Group, and in
the past it has always meant trouble
when we flew such a combination. Those
92nd boys wouldn't know good formation
- 45° -

flying if they saw it - or am I
deploring myself?

Just before we reached the target
two ships in the low squadron came
together with one ship in the lead ship
and all went down in a tangled mess -
no chutes observed. St. Lambert's and
St. Schlect's crews from 369th went down.
What a miserable way to get it!

Little Camp, the crew's good luck charm,
was working like mad today - a combat
wing just ahead of us caught a fight
and two 17's were seen going down in
flames before our fighter escort jumped
in and broke it up. That over target -
lost a ship there - where it went ???

I would say a highly unsuccessful day!
Bombed three over target - results unobserved.
Number 24 for your truly - 34 for the Lady

May 12, 1944

NUMBER 25!

Today I would have been finished if some general hadn't whipped up the bright idea of raising the quota to thirty raids! C'est le guerre!

Meeting of the four o'clock Breakfast Club again this morning - target was something new for the books - a huge synthetic gasoline plant at Mersburg, Germany a few miles southwest of Berlin.

Poor Satan's Lady is developing negative dihedral in her wings from taking off with 2800 gallons of gas all the time.

Led the Group for the high position again today - thick haze at the rendezvous point, but everyone got assembled without too much trouble.

Heavy flak at the target, but I laid the whole Group over on their wing-tips,

and with continual evasive action managed to get the Hell out of there without any serious damage. Everyone practically kissed me when we got back to base. Phillips did a beautiful job of pin-pointing the bombs onto the target, and the results were most spectacular! The Lord was watching over us again - we didn't meet any fighters, but we could hear someone catching a battle over the radio.

It is a very satisfactory feeling to lead a successful raid like that and have every plane return to base. Unfortunately, things don't always work out as beautifully as this one.

The Lady chalks up her 25th raid today, and is still purring contently. She had delivered more than 175,000 pounds of grief to Hitler's Europe.

May 20, 1944

Just long before dawn again this morning to find I was leading the combat wing with Major Flanagan. And believe it or not, the gas load was only 2100 gals. today instead of the usual 2800 gallons that we have had for the past 4 raids! Target for today was an airfield on the ~~out~~ edge of Paris, and the bombing was one of the best jobs the team of Satan's Lady will ever do - a perfect bomb pattern thanks to the 306th formation flying, and squarely on the briefed point of impact. Group Intelligence terms the results Excellent, and everyone is highly pleased. (But wait until we miss one) Moderate flak over target ~~over target~~ but I managed to turn out of it. Saw the Eiffel Tower in all its sad glory, and now we can say that we have bombed the capitals of Germany, France and Belgium.

Group returned to base 100%, but all due credit must be given to our fighter escort which was ample and right on time at all points.

All in all the most satisfactory said the crew has flown so fast and results really make getting up at 0300 A.M. quite worthwhile.

A neighboring Group had some big tragic luck on take-off though. We had to make our take-off on instruments this morning due to a low fog and haze up to 10,000 ft. Three B-17's at this other base crashed on take-off and exploded all over Hell! They were loaded with 1,000 pound bombs and the damn things continued to explode at intervals for hours afterwards.

Number 37 for the Lady - she sneaked one in on us the other day.

May 23, 1944

Today I aged 15 years! Due to being grounded they sent my entire crew and "Satan's Lady" on a raid with another lead pilot. I sat on the damn ground and sweated them out - I don't know which is worse - "sitting it out" or actually flying the blasted raid.

Every body returned in good shape tho' and the Lady chalked up her 38th raid. Afraid her face is beginning to creep up on her tip & I estimate that there must be at least 150 metal and fabric patches on & in her. The crew still wouldn't trade her for the newest damned ship off the line & scars and all!

May 24, 1944

Today the crew and the Lady were paid a very high compliment - if you want to call it that.

We were nominated from this base along with two other crews from other bases as the crew and ship to go on detached service for a couple of weeks, - assignment: to fly General Spaatz!! Where or when I do not know, because higher Command chose one of the other crews to do the job.

None of us were particularly disappointed - the deal of flying the Lady home means more to us, but at any rate we were chosen from this base against some few other candidates.

May 25, 1944

Just barely got my sack warm this morning when that horrible voice cracked into my dreams. Target for today - the railway marshalling yards at Thionville in northeastern France. Took off at 5:20 A.M. - just the crack of dawn. Alas Satan's lady in her 39th did leading the 7th Group. Bombing was visual, and Capt. Phillips really laid those eggs in the pickle barrel - in fact, the whole combat wing did a beautiful job.

Lighter escort was marvelous, altho' the wing behind us caught a fight.

Lead navigator also really in the ball - all the way in and back out without a single burst of flak. Really rare!

Another highly satisfactory raid, and well worth getting up in the middle of the night.

May 27, 1944

Bomber's hours this morning - briefing was not held until 0900 hours. Target was just on the Coast of France, but I can not say more due to the fact that it was experimental bombing. I led the Combat Wing so naturally could not fly in my own ship with the boys - and the crew was screwed royally. One of those raids where I came back feeling elated to be back, but highly browned off at the general set-up. Being a wing leader may be quite a high position, but it does not have many compensations.

Raid number 28 - still two more to sweat out! - Capt. Jorgenson of our Squadron finished his tour today!!!

Not a very satisfactory day -

May 31, 1944

The crew did not fly today - aside from dropping 10 practice bombs, but Satan's lady led the Division on her 40th raid. Those dirty square-headed flak gunners put a big hole right through one of the bombs painted on her nose, and almost hit the navigator!

That makes about 151 patches on the old gal now - but she is still the Queen!

I told the Colonel today that I did not want any part of leading the combat wing - in the first place I cannot fly with my own crew, and in the second place I do not have enough rank to back me up. I think he is unhappy with me -

June 2, 1944

Had to "sweat it out" again today - we sent Hayes, Picarello and Foley on a short raid today with another crew in order to catch them up with all of my crew. Everything worked out fine though, and it brings all of us up to a total of 38 raids with the exception of Capt. Conroy who is still 2 behind us. It will really be an unusual day if all of the crew can finish up at the same time - and God, will it be drunk out that night!

So far, we have all been most fortunate, and it seems almost asking too much to have this deal of flying the lady home work out. It is what we have all been working towards, though.

Group went out on 2 raids today - all planes returned safely to Base.

June 3, 1944

Scheduled last night to lead the Combat Wing with Major Annagan and my own crew & ship, but scratched off this morning because the weather was still bad over the Continent. Capt. Phillips, my bombardier, cannot go on a raid unless the target is visual so that means we are going to have to sit around on these last two raids waiting for Mother Nature to make up her mind about the weather. - And from what I've seen of this climate the past few months we'll all have a good case of "nerves" sweating out the weather. Such is the price of having a good combat team.

Heard a re-broadcast tonite of the one that CBS commentator Edward R. Morrow made from

one of our planes yesterday on the raid over the French Coast. He was talking directly from the plane via London to radio audiences in the U.S. He made some very favorable comments on the Group's formation & crew air discipline. The plane was a new B-17-G from the Eager Beaver (368th) Squadron - the name of the plane - "Report to the Nation." Capt. Van Norman, our Public Relations Officer, is really getting on the inside track on his publicity work. Hope he does as well on our deal to fly Satan's Lady home. He is also working on a little scheme to get Princess Elizabeth the here on the Base to christen the ship which has been named after her.

SUPREME HEADQUARTERS
ALLIED EXPEDITIONARY FORCE



Soldiers, Sailors and Airmen of the Allied Expeditionary Force!

You are about to embark upon the Great Crusade, toward which we have striven these many months. The eyes of the world are upon you. The hopes and prayers of liberty-loving people everywhere march with you. In company with our brave Allies and brothers-in-arms on other Fronts, you will bring about the destruction of the German war machine, the elimination of Nazi tyranny over the oppressed peoples of Europe, and security for ourselves in a free world.

Your task will not be an easy one. Your enemy is well trained, well equipped and battle-hardened. He will fight savagely.

But this is the year 1944! Much has happened since the Nazi triumphs of 1940-41. The United Nations have inflicted upon the Germans great defeats, in open battle, man-to-man. Our air offensive has seriously reduced their strength in the air and their capacity to wage war on the ground. Our Home Fronts have given us an overwhelming superiority in weapons and munitions of war, and placed at our disposal great reserves of trained fighting men. The tide has turned! The free men of the world are marching together to Victory!

I have full confidence in your courage, devotion to duty and skill in battle. We will accept nothing less than full Victory!

Good Luck! And let us all beseech the blessing of Almighty God upon this great and noble undertaking.

Dwight D. Eisenhower

This was distributed to all flight personnel June 6, 1944.

JUNE 6, 1944 "D-DAY"!

What I have seen and heard today - the most momentous day in the annals of military history - can hardly be properly and adequately described in so many words.

Today's undertaking is something which I will always be proud to have taken part in - not only did I see history in the making - the crew, ^{the crew} ~~Satan's~~ ^{God's} body and myself helped make it!

When they got us out of the sack at midnight this morning or last night - everyone could sense an electric air of tension and expectation. Briefing confirmed our hopes - this was the day millions of people had been awaiting!

Take-off was at 30 hours - our Base was dispatching 54 planes in three

waves - everything timed right to the minute. We reached the beachhead at 0405 hours - exactly 20 minutes before the first wave of troops landed. Eighth Air Force put 1,350 heavy bombers over the area within the period of 30 minutes - a masterpiece of planning and timing! Altogether there must have been close to 11,000 Allied planes in that area during the day - flying a total of 20,000 sorties. The Germans never knew the meaning of "air power." Couldn't see much of the operations below us due to clouds - the biggest disappointment of the day. No sign of the Luftwaffe.

Mission number 29, but it looks as though we shall have to continue flying regardless of specified tour. Number 41 for the Lady!

June 8, 1944 MISSION No. 30

Set the Combat Wing with Major Salada today in the Lady - her 42nd raid (a Squadron record) - target an airfield on the outskirts of Rennes, France. Weather double crossed us again, and altho' we made two runs on the target, a ground fog so obscured it that Capt. Phillips held his bombs - when bombing in France you have to be positive of accurate bombing or bring the bombs back. Which we did - having to have to do it on our last (technically) raid.

Coming out, we flew directly over the beachhead operations and could see everything beautifully. The whole affair is so immense that I could not even comprehend it while looking at it. I won't even attempt to put on paper

what I have seen today - it would not do it justice.

Capt. Van Norman, our Public Relations Officer, was on hand when we landed to take pictures of the crew. Six of us went over the top today - myself, Capt. Phillips, 1st Lt. Casavello, 2nd Lt. Christenson, Sgt. Richardson and Sgt. Hayes.

Under the present emergency we shall have to continue to fly raids - but we have been promised that none of them will be long hauls.

- I would like to see my son before he graduates from High School!

June 12, 1944

#31

Last night I didn't even go to bed - called up Group Operations about 2345 hours and found that breakfast was scheduled less than two hours away.

Target for this raid was an airfield at Stille, France - leading the Combat Wing with Major Chalfant in the Lady - the 43rd said. We dispatched 20 planes from this Base today.

Caught flak from Antwerp and some mobile railway guns on the way in to the target and I have never felt so trapped in my life! I did everything but roll the entire Group over on its back, but could not outguess those square-head gunners - they kept right on plotting me and hammering the

line right into the formation. No planes lost out of my Group, but one shot out of the Low Group. Target was well plastered so I guess it was worth it - ?? Most serious

damage to the Lady was an oxygen tank below the radio room blown out.

Capt. Van Norman, PRO from the Base flew with the crew today - and at this point he is well checked out on flak. Gave him a pretty good ride though.

Worst the worst flak I have met since our last visit to the St. Omer road and gun club.

- Don't know how much longer I can take it - feel thoroughly burned out, and we have stretched our luck to the breaking point.

June 13, 1944

Today should have been a great, unforgettable day! Capt. Phillips, Sgt. Picarello, Christenson, Richardson, and Stays and myself were awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross - which should have meant that we were all finished with our combat tour. But we are not! Need I say more?

June 14, 1944

Major Lannagan flew the Lady leading the 45th "D" Combat Wing. Today she set the new record in this field for raids flown. 44, and at the same time her crew chief, M/Sgt. Tripowity was informed that he is going to be awarded the Bronze Star for meritorious achievement!

MISSION #32

June 15, 1944

Had to roll out of bed again this morning before I had even fallen asleep. Target was a railroad bridge in Nantes, France - almost to the Bay of Biscay. Leading the entire First Division of 430 Fortresses with Lt. Col. MacDonold - Satan's Lady's 45th mission! Take off before sun-up and we hit the target about 0800 hours - bombing results were fair and those square-heads on the flak guns were tracking which engine they wanted to hit - almost lost our #4 engine.

We flew almost two entire Combat Wings off the Base this morning & 8th AAF must have put up 1500 planes today. Got one plane over the target. At long last! Heard today

that B-29 superfortresses had
bombed Japan from unknown bases!
I hope we can annihilate the entire
race of fanatic beasts!

June 16, 1944
Eight months ago today the crew
arrived at the 306th Bomb Group
and assigned to the 'Fifin' Britin'
Squadron. Eight months of sweating -
eight months of watching crews come
and go as the 8th AAF grew to
be an Army in itself - filled with
the tragedy of seeing friends and
buddies go down with their ships.
But today was the final crowning blow.
Capt. McKim, our flight surgeon
called me in to tell me that he
was grounding me from all further
combat flying, so I guess that
32 raids will be my final total.
Flew down to tell Capt. Houser
the wonderful news only to hear the
tragic news that the best friend I'll

ever have was killed in a mid-air collision five days ago. - And what was he flying - a G-4-B-26! These words cannot express my sorrow today - I know I could not feel any worse if he had been my own brother.

I am at a loss as to what I can say when I write to Bibby and Snobie, because this is one of the bitterest moments of my life. If there is a God, He must be calling for all the good men first - taking all the no-good bastards to haunt the Earth. Heywood, Pops, Galyke, Olsen, Danny, - and now Glenn!

Going out and stay drunk for a few days -

June 18, 1944
Today the final word came down from Division Hdqts. on the present length of combat tour. All personnel who have completed 30 or more raids by midnite of June 30 are eligible for relief from duty - the standard tour of duty from that date forward to be 65 missions. On a pro rata basis that gives me two extra raids, and a total of 37 missions to my credit. Actually, I flew two unnecessary raids, and Capt. McKim rescinded his recommendation, grounding me since I am through anyway - for which I am duly thankful! How hell we have to do is sweat out the word from higher H.Q. on flying the Lady & crew home.

There's something akin to a human bond,
As men watch a ship take off in the dawn,
It's a love you'd never understand;
What a flying fort can mean to a man.

To them, you see, she's a shapely,
A powerful thunderous symphony
Of craft and speed and sweat and skill,
For any creation of human will;
A thousand years of kings and courts
And the sounds of men in a flying fort.

Her voice is her bombs and shattering guns,
Her heritage, victories up by the sun,
Her spirit, American pioneering crew,
Her mission, destruction, her goal is the crew.

That's why, to the ground crew, she's something
Than "just a fort" as they watch her soar
Away toward a fighter-and-flak-filled Hell,
That pilots and gunners know so well.

It's a personal pride when they hear what she did,
Like a father's whose son saves the neighbor's kid.
She's a Dempsey, a Gimbis, a champ of champs.
She's permits the kids put in war savings
stamps.

She fights her load thru and comes back for more,
Cable's look at her side, at her bombing score.
To the ground crew guys they mean battle
Campaign ribbons pinned there by ^{stars;} Mars.

When she battles home from a long, tough ride,
With a shell-torn wing or a hole in her side,
You can understand the reason why
There's pride in the heart of a ground crew guy,
They're proud of the way she outrode the flak,
Outmaneuvered and out-distanced a fighter pack.

Like the mother whose girl's losing arm
Played in the ball game and knocked a
And her voice, the bombs and cannons too,
The pilot, the gunners, the whole damn crew,
Know that ground crews are the guys
that code,

And there's more to a "fort" than you
read in a book.

CPL. ELLSWORTH B. LAWRENCE.

June 26, 1944

No sale! The deal fell through; guess some timid soul was afraid of establishing a precedent. That means that if any of us get to go home it will only be the officers as Group is not receiving enlisted men at this time unless they volunteer for a second tour and go home for a 30 day rest. What a screwing!

Sgt. Christman and possibly Sgt. Foley will receive officers' commissions after some required training, and I believe I have the rest of the boys lined up with jobs calling for their talents, so at least they won't be on permanent guard duty or K.P.

June 27, 1944

Today orders were published relieving Capt. Conroy, Capt. Phillips & myself of further duty in the E.T.O. & sending us home -- so we can now start the wheels rolling.

Damned shame to have to break up as smooth a combat team as ours, but at least we can say we gave Group their money's worth out of us.

This is about the end of another chapter in my life -- and also the end of this story.

California Here I Come!!

EXCERPT FROM THE COMBAT DIARY
of
CAPTAIN LOY F. PETERSON

JANUARY 5, 1944

Dear Diary - Today we "had it". Four o'clock Breakfast Club met again - target for today, the sub pens at Kiel, Germany. Marking the first time in the history of Eighth Air Force that the forts have hit the same target on two consecutive days. I took off with the 369th boys one hour before dawn to rendezvous with another composite Group & fly as their high Squadron. They got all snafued in the dark & the composite Group never showed up. Damned if I was going to take the boys back home so I tacked onto a low Group which only had one squadron. Visual bombing today & the boys really beat Hell out of the target. The lead Group (of the Combat Wing) almost screwed things up over the target, & were not in proper formation when the fighters hit us 10 minutes later. They lined up at one o'clock high and came right in at our nose - 15 of them - faster than I can write this. One of the bastards started blinking his guns right in my face, so I bounced the ship down & he missed us. Some son-of-a-squarehead popped a 20mm into the wing by the #4 engine nacelle, but God was with us & it missed gas lines by two inches. Blew a hole about 5 inches in diameter & ripped the outer skin off the wing for about two feet - exploding fragments peppered the radio compartment just missing Chris. Attack lasted about ten minutes and then those beautiful P-38's appeared & engaged those Heinies elsewhere. All I could hear over the interphone was Foley back in the tail yelling, "Holy Christ what a dogfight - watch out - rockets!! Jeez, a rocket just hit a '17 and it exploded in a million pieces - Christ, what a dogfight!!

Lt. Wolfe on his 4th mission was on my right wing, and during the dogfight and attack he disappeared. Capt. Elliot crashed & burned on takeoff. Altogether, a bad day... Satan's Lady's 16th mission, but she'll be in the hospital for a couple weeks now.

from tape of Grand Island, Neb. Sept. 1943 to end of tour June 26, 44

BACKGROUND DATA ON BOEING
B-17G FLYING FORTRESS
" SATAN'S LADY "

B-17G Serial Number 231143

Operational: October, 1943 to V-E Day, 1945

Aircraft was assigned to 306th Heavy Bomb Group, 369th "Fightin' Bitin' " Squadron, Eighth Air Force, England.
Station: Thurleigh, a village near Bedford in the Midlands, approx. 60 miles north of London.

Crew Chief from day one to completion of her combat career was:
Master Sgt. Harry Tzipowitz of Philadelphia, Pa.
Harry married a lovely English girl, and they have resided at 3408 W. Westmoreland, Philadelphia since he retired from the service.

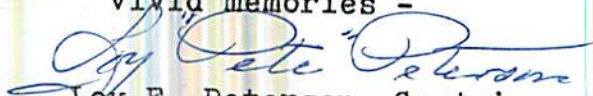
My crew flew a B-17F from Grand Island, Nebraska to Prestwick, Scotland - via Presque Isle, Maine to Newfoundland to Labrador to Greenland to Iceland then to Prestwick, arriving October 6, 1943... two years to the day from my solo flight as an Aviation Cadet. We had named the B-17 we flew across " Satan's Mistress", but we had to turn in the aircraft and her papers at Prestwick as we had arrived in the European Theatre as a replacement crew.

About mid-October we were assigned to the 369th Squadron and the new B-17G s/n 231143. We mutually agreed to christen our new baby " Satan's Lady " - a name and plane which would become well known in the ensuing months.

Although Sgt. Tzipowitz revealed to me that he had never crewed a B-17 that completed more than eight missions, the "Lady", as she came to be affectionately known, earned a reputation as a "lucky" ship. Crews begged to fly their last mission in the Lady. Between October, 1943 and the cease-fire in the ETO, this aircraft accumulated 112 combat missions without aborting due to mechanical problems or failures - nor did any of her many flight crews ever suffer an in-flight fatality. Harry was awarded (and I do mean earned) the Bronze Star for his dedication to his aircraft.

MR. LOY F. PETERSON
4744 E. EXETER BLVD.
PHOENIX, ARIZONA 85018
MR. LOY F. PETERSON
4744 E. EXETER BLVD.
PHOENIX, ARIZONA

Respectfully submitted - with
vivid memories -


Loy F. Peterson, Captain,
U.S. Army Air Corps (Ret) Pilot

SUPREME HEADQUARTERS
ALLIED EXPEDITIONARY FORCE



Soldiers, Sailors and Airmen of the Allied Expeditionary Force!

You are about to embark upon the Great Crusade, toward which we have striven these many months. The eyes of the world are upon you. The hopes and prayers of liberty-loving people everywhere march with you. In company with our brave Allies and brothers-in-arms on other Fronts, you will bring about the destruction of the German war machine, the elimination of Nazi tyranny over the oppressed peoples of Europe, and security for ourselves in a free world.

Your task will not be an easy one. Your enemy is well trained, well equipped and battle-hardened. He will fight savagely.

But this is the year 1944! Much has happened since the Nazi triumphs of 1940-41. The United Nations have inflicted upon the Germans great defeats, in open battle, man-to-man. Our air offensive has seriously reduced their strength in the air and their capacity to wage war on the ground. Our Home Fronts have given us an overwhelming superiority in weapons and munitions of war, and placed at our disposal great reserves of trained fighting men. The tide has turned! The free men of the world are marching together to Victory!

I have full confidence in your courage, devotion to duty and skill in battle. We will accept nothing less than full Victory!

Good Luck! And let us all beseech the blessing of Almighty God upon this great and noble undertaking.

Dwight D. Eisenhower

JUNE 6, 1944 "D-DAY"!

What I have seen and heard today - the most momentous day in the annals of military history - can hardly be properly and adequately described in so many words. Today's undertaking is something which I will always be proud to have taken part in - not only did I see history in the making - the crew, Satan's Lady and myself helped make it!

When they got us out of the sack at midnight this morning or last night - everyone could sense an electric air of tension and expectation. Briefing confirmed our hopes - this was the day millions of people had been awaiting!

Take-off was at 30 hours - our Base was dispatching 54 planes in three

waves - everything timed right to the minute. We reached the beachhead at 0405 hours - exactly 20 minutes before the first wave of troops landed. Eighth Air Force put 1,350 heavy bombers over the area within the period of 30 minutes - a masterpiece of planning and timing! Altogether there must have been close to 11,000 Allied planes in that area during the day - flying a total of 20,000 sorties. The Germans never knew the meaning of "air power". Couldn't see much of the operations below us due to clouds - the biggest disappointment of the day. No sign of the Luftwaffe.

Mission number 29, but it looks as though we shall have to continue flying regardless of specified ton. Number 1, for the Lady!

23 September 1975

Dear Loy:

Elementary, finding you!

I have microfilmed records of many of the activities of the 306th, and I noticed one day that for a period of about six months news releases were included. And in some of these stories it was mentioned if the individual had gone to college.

In your case, I wrote the University of Arizona and got a quick reply. I found about 75 names in this way and am getting addresses back on about two-thirds of them. But, many of the 306th will remain lost forever.

You mentioned in your note that you still exchange Christmas cards with some of your crew. I'd appreciate adding their names and addresses to my list, if you'd send them along.

At a later date I'll discuss with you some of the other materials you have.

Thus far I've interviewed Robert Williams, John Bairnsfather and John Regan, and expect to see George Robinson in a couple of weeks.

It has been a lot of fun and I'm learning tremendous amounts about the organization that I didn't know. I would guess I'll spend another year on research and then begin writing. Yesterday I talked on the phone with Norm Eilar, who was a lead navigator from the 367th. He lives nearby, and I located hi-m the same way I found you.

Thanks for your response, and I would appreciate getting any other names and addresses you may have.

Sincerely yours,

Russell A. Strong

4900 Appleridge Court
Dayton, Ohio 45424

4 June 1984

Dear Loy:

As to your A-2 jacket, I think you might first contact the new 8th AF Museum at Barksdale AFB, LA, and ask them if they are interested. Perhaps a Polaroid snap or two of it would help sell them that it is a good one to have.

They are looking for materials, and might well be interested.

Then there is the SAC Museum at Offutt AFB, NE, which is also building its WWII collection.

Either of these repositories would take good care of it, I am sure.

I don't think the 306th Restaurant would be the best place, as it would not be seen there well and could easily be vandalized.

There is also the AF Museum at Wright-Patterson AFB, OH.

Color photos and emphasis on the good condition of the jacket ought to help them make a favorable decision. Any of the organizations might also be interested in your other memorabilia.

I was sorry to hear about your wife's illness, and hope that things go well for you in the months ahead.

Sincerely yours,



LOY F. PETERSON
4744 E. Exeter Blvd.
Phoenix, Arizona 85018

5/26

Dear Russ -

At Aida's suggestion I am contacting you. But I must begin by **Congratulations** on the 306th Directory - which just arrived. Beautiful job, and nicely cross-referenced! Also delighted to note "Satan's Lady" right on the cover. A signal honor for the old gal.

Anyway, I have my A-2 Juked - with the Jukin Biter insignia on the front and

4/9/84

Dear Jay,

Thanks for the check. *

The 306th B.G. Restaurant is located in Sarasota, Fl.

However, a better suggestion is that you get in touch with Russell Strong, who is the 306th B.G. Historian. 5041 Hillsdale, Kalamazoo, Mi. 49007. He may have a better idea for your H-2 jacket than sending it to the Restaurant.

The Restaurant could nail it to a wall, and there is no security to know when it might be "ripped" off by some one.

Best of luck in your search for a good home for your jacket.

Have a Good year.

Qida

* I am Treasurer of the AZ Chapter,
8th AF Historical Society



LOY F. PETERSON
4744 E. Exeter Blvd.
Phoenix, Arizona 85018

Dear Press -

An added note - I still
exchange Christmas cards with
Phillips, Conroy, Hayes,
Christensen and our crew
chief, Harry Tripowitz. Just
saw Mal and Vera - they came
through Phoenix with their 4
grandchildren on a grand tour.
Harry & his English bride visited
us many years ago. The others
I have not seen since
Newleigh. Won't be able to



LOY F. PETERSON
4744 E. Exeter Blvd.
Phoenix, Arizona 85018

2800

DEATHS

Dear Russ -

It is my sad mission
to report the passing of my
Radio Friend in mid-
October.

Paul W. Christensen

3543 Adams

Jansing, Illinois 60438

Age 71

Crew member (our senior
citizen) of "Saturn's Lady" from
Oct '43 to June '44.

L. Peterson

Colot 3/6/46

first known crew who came we finished our tour -

It was my great pleasure to report your death.



LOY F. PETERSON
4744 E. Exeter Blvd.
Phoenix, Arizona 85018

10/75

Dear Russ -

Enjoyed our brief chat last night and, after reading my diary re the that mission, I found a reference to "little Pump". This was the ship's talisman, and always being ^{HUNTS} between me and my copilot. Anecdote: One morning we arrived at the Lady's Headstand and I had forgotten Pump. The crew demanded I go get it before "start engines". In the many subsequent years it has

From the Desk of:



LOY F. PETERSON

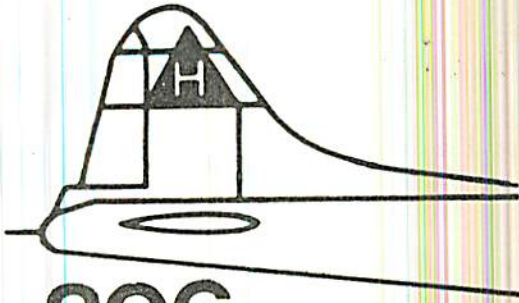
You continue to
to do a magnificent
job on Echoes - here
is some assist -



LOY F. PETERSON
4744 E. Exeter Blvd.
Phoenix, Arizona 85018

11-22-84

Dear Mr. Briscoe -
Forty-six years ago, Nov. 3, 1943,
the crew of B-17G "Saturn's Lady"
flew our first missions to the
shipyards at Mikalmskaven.
We were the first crew
assigned to this new aircraft.
My check this time is in
respectful memory of the fine
men who went into combat
with me, and my loyal and
most capable Groundcrew Chief.
Many of these men have
exchanged Christmas cards
with me these the years.



367th, 368th, 369th, 423rd Squadrons, and service organizations
Thurleigh, Bedfordshire, England – September 1942-April 1945

306TH BOMBARDMENT GROUP ASSOCIATION

Secretary/Historian

Russell A. Strong
2041 Hilldale
Kalamazoo, MI 49007

5323 Cheval Pl
Charlotte, NC 28205

704/568-0153

Author

First Over Germany

Editor

306th Echoes

Dear 306th Friend:

In trying to expand a telephone directory of 306th people, I would like to ask your assistance in at least plunging into your local directory and extracting numbers for our use.

Note the geographical breakdown in the back of the current 306th directory by state and city, and work from there.

If you feel so moved, you might visit your local library and review their telephone directory collection for your state.

Once you have gathered any appreciable set of numbers, please send them to me in the enclosed envelope.

If this is just not your "cup of tea", I hope you haven't been offended by my request. Just let me know, and I'll seek another person in your area to help.

Sincerely yours,

Dear Russ -
I recognize that your motives have merit, but I am reluctant to give phone numbers without permission.
Regards & see you soon -
Loy

MR. LOY F. PETERSON
4744 E. EXETER BLVD.
PHOENIX, ARIZONA 85018

(602) 840-4491



B-174 "SATAN'S LADY"

LOY F. PETERSON
4744 E. Exeter Blvd.
Phoenix, Arizona 85018

36974

3 May

Dear Russ -

Replying to your request for info on planes and missions flown, I do have a combat diary covering my crew from Grand Island, Neb. to Ansligh via Cresque Isle, Gander, Goose Bay, Quie West, Greenland, Meeks Ill., Iceland to Crestwick plus missions from 11/3/43 to 6/2/45.

However, my memory seems to tell me I furnished you some data a couple years ago - ?? If the above is



LOY F. PETERSON

~~4744 E. Exeter Blvd.~~

~~Phoenix, Arizona 85018~~

21 July

Hi Russ -

After 27 years, we sold the
homestead. Apartment living
isn't all that great! I had
a blast in England!

Pete

A/C Commander - Satan's Lodge

369

Loy F Peterson

4744 E Exeter

Phoenix, AZ 85018-2819

NEW

Loy F. Peterson
2700 N. Hayden Rd.
No. 2039
Scottsdale, AZ 85257

DIORAMA MEASURES 50" X 18"

OVER

n the town of Bedford stadium. It was
rd newspaper. The stadium was packed
t and we rolled all over the defenseless

ty-five of us, a medical officer, a special
o players got on Station Special Orders
articipate in athletic contest. TD approx.
hearts out. But we could not win. They
al line stand to hold on to a 13-13 tie

n with a 6 to 0 victory over Harrington and
our record was as follows:

- 0 Bassingbourn 0
- 0 Nuthampstead 6
- 13 Bassingbourn 0
- 0 Nuthampstead 12
- 13 St. 179 S.O.S. 12
- 25 Harrington 0
- 13 St. 157 Read. 13
- 6 Harrington 0
- 13 Grafton Und. 6

ays' the strong players played the full
e. These men were strong, tough, and
their coach."

g included Abraham H. Grondin, head
services officer, and Arthur R. Weihe,

orge H. Bower, 2nd Lt. Donald C. Mac
Warren E. Gray, 367th; 1st Sgt. LeeRoy
Elmus L. Arledge, 368th; Sgt. George
c. Robert T. Yahn, 369th; T/Sgt. George
n J. Sellen, Pvt. Kirtland E. Coburn and
n C. Clarke and Sgt. John A. Savedge,
Swoope, GP headquarters; Cpl. Robert
Hartman, 876th Chemical Co., and Pfc.

306th Publications

Published materials now available from the Group will help you follow the 306th through the combat period, 1942-45:

Combat Diary of the 369th Squadron

Day-by-day diary, kept by intelligence officers, of the squadron combat activities, with some other information. 144 pages, plastic bound.

306th Echoes, on microfiche

Now available from 1976 through 1991, with a 41-page index covering those years. Can be viewed at any library.

Men of the 306th, on microfilm

A role of 16mm film duplicates the 306th card file of nearly 11,000 men, including data extracted from various 306th records, and personal data on some of the men.

Other materials will be advertised in **Echoes** as they become available. Work has been started on the **367th Combat Diary**, and at the 1993 Reunion it is hoped to have all of the Squadron diaries available.

ORDER FORM

369th Combat Diary	\$17.00	<u>1</u>
306th Echoes, microfiche	\$10.00	_____
Men of the 306th, microfilm	\$10.00	_____
	Total \$	<u>17.00</u>

Make check payable to 306th Bomb Group Association (prices quoted include postage and packaging charges)

Loy F. Peterson
2700 N. Hayden Rd.
No. 2039
Scottsdale, AZ 85257

Send to: Secretary
306th Bomb Group Association
5323 Cheval Place
Charlotte, NC 28205

*ORIGINAL PILOT
A CREW OF
SATAN'S LADY 42-31143*

*Greetings Russ -
Enjoyed a lunch with Don Ross, and he
brought me up to speed on the Thurleigh bus.
Noted to miss it, but Mrs. P no longer travels
well. Showed him my combat diary and photo
album & he advised they belong in the archives.
Whom should I address at the AF Academy?
Thanks for giving Don my whereabouts. De to Peterson
YOU CONTINUE TO DO A TROJAN JOB!!*



LOY F. PETERSON

4744 E. F. _____

Loy F. Peterson
2700 N. Hayden Rd.
No. 2039
Scottsdale, AZ 85257

11/14

Dear Russ -

What a Trojan task you have executed! The 364th Combat Diary is to be treasured.

I spent this entire afternoon tying it in with my personal diary of my 33 missions.

Please mail another copy

~~direct to my son and I~~

will mark it for my son in Texas.

Sent 12/15/92

Also, include the sheet containing pp. 25, 26 - missing from my copy; Chronologically, these

Pilot Survey

Name LOY F. PETERSON

Cadet Class 42-D

Adv. Trng. Location STOCKTON

Combat Missions 32

Date leaving 306th 6/44

Rank on leaving 306th CAPT.

Did you fly with the Casey Jones Project in 1945-46? _____

Send to: Russell A. Strong, 5232 Cheval Place, Charlotte, NC 28205

IST OF

IA SM

369TH AIRCRAFT "SATAN'S LADY"

U. *the*
Century
blitzard ??

(Guess I won't complain about our heat)

1-800-437-1020

Three Pictures Receive Names

Three of the five unknown pictures we ran on page 10 of the October issue of *Echoes* have been accounted for now.

But, we need to know the people in the middle picture of Fightin Bitin III. Capt. William Hilton, 369th pilot, is standing at the left. We have a couple of assists on the remaining names, but they don't agree.

The crew gathered around Capt. Wm. Van Norman, PIO, remains a mystery at this point.

Now, the top picture included, top row, left to right: James Vaughter B, Edward Hughel CP, Ralph Peters P, and Daniel Peterson N. The front row is: Manford John ro, Edward J. Mayer tg, Daniel Piedmont lw, Blair Steed rw, and Richard Kern bt. The picture was taken 11 Oct 43 and the crew was shot down on Black Thursday 14 Oct 43. 369th Squadron.

The second picture down, back row, left to right: Charles Munger P, Roger Barton N, Leon Feldman B, and the editor believes the last man is Henry Engel CP. Middle row: Ground armorer, John Brinkman bt, Herbert Hawkes eng, and the crew chief. Front row: John Jessup wg, Jay Braman wg, Edwin Borlik ro, and Lester Parks tg. 423rd Squadron. Picture taken 20 Oct 43.

The bottom picture, back row left to right: Irving Pedersen P, Richard Townsend CP, never w/306th, Edward Todd B, and Charles Belforte eng. Front row: unknown, Earl Duncan ro, Joseph Daniels bt, Leon Ruettgers wg and Ralph Story tg. 367th Squadron.

Now try your talents on the prints below.

Billy flew a mission
with us (Spring 44?)
and my photo album
has a picture of him,
with the crew, beside
Satan's Sledge —

You Found Crew Picture?

to publish crew pictures in
ure, we still need many, many
pictures.

e copied and returned a
ictures thus far, and we need
rdred more if we are to fulfill
ion." The total number of
aws was something around
ugh this would include a
f permutations as crews
er the combat tour.

f the crews we show will be
a pilot who brought a crew
ill include co-pilots or pilots
had a crew until later in their
they were assign a group
became a cohesive unit for
twenty missions.

r you have, and particularly
to identify, the editor needs.

under the October issue of *Echoes* we
added an additional 20 crews to our
listing, and still have some in various
stages of indentification.

We showed 65 crew pictures as on
hand in October, and the 20 we have
added include as pilots: Joseph Belser,
Raymond Birdwell, Raymond Braun,
Wesley Brinkley, Philip Field, Robert
Mox, Charles Munger, Irving Pedersen,
Ralph Peters, Walter D. Peterson, Elton
Rabe, Robert Ritter, Alvin Schuering,
Wilmer Schultz, Alfred Switzer, Hubert
Verdick, Richard Vogel, Frank Wagen-
fohr, George F. Walter and Winston W.
Wood. Several other photos are in
various stages of processing and are
not included in this listing.

Let's hear it for YOUR crew!

Guss -
I believe you have
my crew picture in
your files. If not, I
will dig into my combat
photo album.

Regards -
Oeto Peterson

Contributions in support of this effort may
be remitted to the treasurer.

SECRETARY/EDITOR:

Handles all changes of address, edito-
rial comments and records.

**Russell A. Strong, 5323 Cheval
Pl., Charlotte, NC 28205. Phone
704/568-0153.**

TREASURER:

Send contributions to:

**C.F. (Casey) Jones, 136 Coven-
try Dr., Henderson, NV 89014.
Phone 702/361-7218**

The 306th Bomb Group Historical Asso-
ciation is a Federally tax-exempt organi-
zation and as a veteran's group is classified
as 501 (c)(19).