

MEN OF

*Official Journal of the Men and
12th Air Force, United States*

Issue No. 6



THE 57TH

*Women of the 57th Bomb Wing,
Army Air Force in World War II*

Fall 2025

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8Q, Madge, S/N 43-4025 over target in the Brenner Pass

Madge went into service in May of 1944 and survived the war.
Its last mission was April 24, 1945.

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Millard Rives



FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK...

This edition of the Wing Journal is loaded with stories and information that are sure to be of interest to everyone who is interested in the history of the 57th Bomb Wing.

We start with the story of the ship called “McKinley Junior High School. During the war the Army had a program called “Buy a Bomber.” If you or your organization could raise enough money through War Bond sales, they would name the bomber after you. Somehow the students at McKinley Junior High School in Indiana raised about \$230,000 to ‘buy’ a B-25.

As time went on the Army became less forthcoming about the program. When a ‘purchased’ ship came off the assembly line, they would mock something up with the donor’s name, take a photograph to send to the donor then ship the aircraft out without actually stenciling the name on the plane. However, the McKinley Junior High School did go into service proudly carrying that name. The kids who raised the money for the bomber never heard anything about its service or its fate.

Years after the war, one of our vets visited the Junior High School and discovered that the memory of the event had been totally forgotten. Our vet used that as an opportunity to acquaint the students with the history.

We also review two new books about the war in Italy, and give you an opportunity to go along with Daniel McDuff on a mission to the Canello Marshalling Yards.

You will enjoy reading the war diary of Richard Kienitz. His wit and humor is unique in describing some serious action in the skies over Italy.

In the official Army records the combat crews get most of the attention with only sparse mention of the ground echelons. One place where that is not the case is in the unit newspapers which were usually published by the clerks doing office work. A good example is the “Tough Sheet” newspaper extracts published here.

Accounts of the action by our veterans are fascinating, but I am always equally fascinated by the accounts of the action from the point of view of the enemy who were on the receiving end.

Read about the effectiveness of our bombing missions in the interview with General von Vietinghoff, commander of the German forces in Italy.

And...That’s not all....!



Harry George, Ed Dombrowski and The B-25 Named “McKinley Jr. High School”

[Condensed from the 1978 Fall issue of “The Bridgebusters: The Men of the 57th Bomb Wing” magazine, written by Harry George]

During the war the Army Air Corps instituted a program that would allow a person or organization to “buy” a warplane. There was a price list for fighters, medium and heavy bombers. Somehow, the students at McKinley Jr. High School in Muncie, Indiana managed to raise \$230,000, a huge sum in 1940’s dollars to buy a B-25 that carried the school’s name into battle.

On only its 13th mission it was shot down.

[Harry George and Ed Dombrowski knew each other casually while training in Columbia, South Carolina. Dombrowski left Columbia a few weeks before George and they were surprised to see each other again on Corsia, both as members of the 340th Bomb Group, 487th Bomb Squadron. Harry was a pilot and Ed was a bombardier. On Ed’s 10th mission and Harry’s 7th mission they found themselves assigned to the same aircraft, the McKinley Jr. High School.]

Dawn found us gathered around the plane and everybody seemed a little quieter than they normally were before a mission. We had just come from the briefing and the briefing officer had not painted a very rosy picture of what was in store for us. We were going to bomb the railroad bridge at Gricigliana. The target was

protected by twelve batteries of eighty-eight-millimeter guns. The bridge was one of the most vital links in the transportation network in Italy. The Twelfth Air Force, on three previous occasions, had tried to destroy this bridge. All three attempts met with disastrous results for the attackers. On each occasion, three of our planes had been shot down and the bridge remained intact.

“Let’s go, fellows, there’s the signal from the tower,” I said.

We crawled into the plane, and I started the engines. We taxied onto the runway and took our position in the line.

After the formation had been assembled, we headed northeast. The day was ideal. The blue Mediterranean was spread out below us like a carpet of velvet. It seemed hard to realize that we were on a mission of destruction; and that before long, man would be pitted against one of his instruments of hate.

“Put on your flak suits, boys” was the command that came over the interphone.

“I’ve had mine on since we took off,” was the tail gunner’s reply.

The planes ahead of us were engulfed in black smoke. I could see the bombs leave the lead

ship. Ours quickly followed. Then our plane shook as though it were trying to tear itself apart. The left engine had been shot away. Another screaming report filled the plane. The right engine was sputtering and coughing. I looked around. Fire was sweeping back through the plane. Everyone in back had been killed. Only Ed, Obrovatz, and I remained alive. We dropped out of formation. The plane was still under control, but we were losing altitude fast.

When we had our last engine blown off. When the alarm was given: "Everybody jump," Ed came through the bombardier's crawlway like a man possessed. The fire from the ruptured gas tanks engulfed us. I looked around and saw the Mechanic-Gunner, [George E.] Obrovatz, desperately trying to kick open the forward section escape hatch. He just could not get it open.

Ed's head appeared above the flames. He grabbed Obrovatz and threw him against the bulkhead to get him out of the way, and dove down into the flames. How he ever opened the jammed escape hatch I do not know, but he did. The next I saw Ed was when his head appeared, flaming like a torch. He grabbed Obrovatz and literally threw him out of the plane, screaming: "Jump, goddamn it, jump." Looking around at me, with no expression on his face, he disappeared down through the flames.

I quickly followed and found myself hurtling through space. Finally, the chute opened, and I realized I was alive because Ed had done what so few men ever have the chance to do. He risked his life and suffered terrible burns to save the lives of his buddies.

I saw two other chutes and assumed they were Ed Dombrowski and George Obrovatz, the mechanic-gunner.

All of a sudden, the ground was rushing up at

me. I landed in the wooded hills just north of the small rural town of Barberino di Mugello, which boasted a population of approximately 2,000 people.

Quickly getting rid of my chute I ran as far and as fast as I could up into the hills. I then waited until morning and embarked on a very unique experience.

The men of Barberino di Mugello had located and camouflaged several small caves up in the hills in case an Americano was shot down in their vicinity they would try to help him hide-out and evade capture by the Germans.

I was about 200 miles behind the enemy lines, in a foreign county and unable to speak or understand the language; but I was alive and outside of some minor burns and a jammed foot, I was in pretty good shape.

Shortly after daybreak I saw two men heading up the hill toward me. As they approached, I heard one call out "Americano, Amigo." I cautiously made my way toward them. They greeted me as a long-lost friend and after many abbraccios, indicated they wanted me to go with them. Where we were headed, I had no idea, or even if they would turn me over to the Germans. Up the hill we went and finally stopped in front of a group of small trees. These trees were the front of a very well camouflaged cave. This was to be my home off and on for the next three months.

There were good days and there were bad days, but the good ones outnumbered the bad ones. On the good days the men of Barberino di Mugello, sometimes ten or twelve of them, would arrive at the cave bringing bread, wine, cheese and sometimes salami. The wine would flow, everybody would be talking all at once, and as time went on, I picked up enough of the language to join in on these warm-hearted

gatherings. I learned among other things the average young American pilot is not capable of consuming a large amount of the famous Italian drink, grappa, and remain sober. I further found out that I couldn't even drink a moderate amount and not get fogged out.

I will admit that sometimes I would feel pangs of guilt. There I was a celebrity at a mid-afternoon wine party, getting half crocked and my wife was back in the states with a piece of paper stating I was "missing in action." But such is war.

[Ed Dombrowski's situation was not so cushy. He was captured by the Germans soon after parachuting to the ground, but he managed to escape within hours. For 37 days he lived behind the lines. With the aid of sympathetic Italians, he was able to join a group of Partisans in the mountains. Ed's group had one objective – to harass the enemy by destroying communications, supplies, ammunition and patrols.

Following a battle with the Germans near Florence, Ed's group was almost wiped out. Eight days later he succeeded in contacting the British Sixth Armored Division near Arezzo. Thus, he crossed the front lines to safety.

After about three months Harry George was able to join up with the advancing American Fifth Army about 20 miles north of Florence. He returned to Corsica for a few days then departed for the States.]

POSTSCRIPT:

The climax of this story came in 1976 at the 57th Bomb Wing Reunion held at Innisbrook, Florida. Harry George's wife, Margie, was working the reception desk when a well-tailored, middle-aged man approached her. He said: "I haven't registered or paid any dues, but I'd like to participate." She replied: "Just fill in this blue form and return it to me."

A short time later he gave her the blue card. She took one look at it and exclaimed: "Ed, I've been looking for you for 31 years!" He had never seen this woman before and didn't know what was going on. Coming around the reception table she started to cry, threw her arms around him in a hug and kissed a very startled Dombrowski saying: "My husband was shot down with you in Italy."

He thought to himself: "My God, this woman is really carrying a torch," Ed had believed all these years that he and Obrovatz were the only ones who got out of the plane alive. Here was a widow who was coming to the reunions and still carrying a torch for a husband long dead. Needless to say, I am not dead, and the reunion Ed and I had that night in Florida closely paralleled the parties in Barberino di Mugello.



Crew of McKinley Jr. High School:

Pilot: Thomas V. Casey KIA

Copilot: Harry George

Bombardier Ed P. Dombrowski

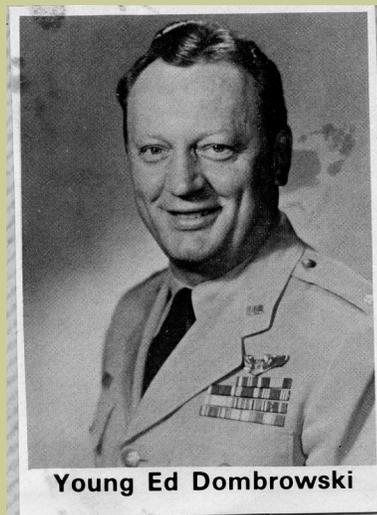
Radio gunner P. G. Ahalstrom

Gunner Paul Kaplan KIA

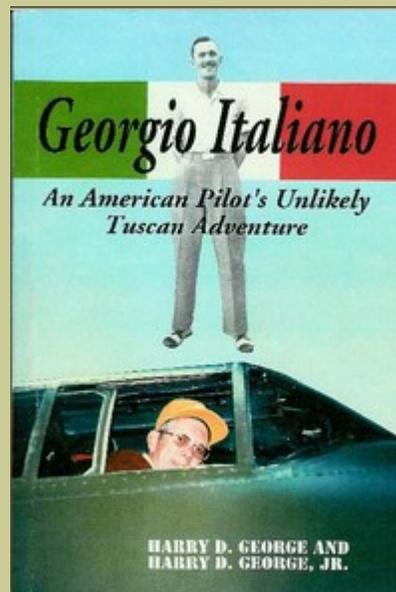
Tail gunner: George E. Obrovatz



Harry D. George



Young Ed Dombrowski



La Battaglia del Brennero

By: Agostino Alberti and Luca Merli

Published by IBN Editore, Rome, Italy 2025



This is a beautifully produced book covering the operational aspects of the Battle of the Brenner.

The authors go into detail about the strategic and tactical considerations regarding the invasion of Italy and its conclusion with the battle to starve out the German armies on the Gothic Line.

It is well illustrated with photos of the aircraft and artillery used by both sides of the conflict.

The focus is on the operational aspects of the battle rather than personal stories of the men who fought the battle.

It is loaded with facts and statistics about the bombing, the damage to the targets and to the aircraft that could not evade the barrages of flak shells bursting all around them.

As a measure of the effectiveness of the Allied efforts the authors point out that in January of 1945 the German army decided to pull

five divisions out of Northern Italy to counter the Russian winter offensive.

It took them three weeks to withdraw the divisions through the heavily damaged Brenner Pass, having to go in stages by train, truck and on foot. Earlier in the war, in September of 1943 the Germans moved four divisions through the Pass in a single day.

The second half of the book is an incredibly researched chronology of the bombing of targets in the Brenner on a day-by-day basis. This will be an invaluable resource for researchers and historians, saving them hours of time.

The book is in Italian only. It can be ordered from IBN Editore here: [La Battaglia del Brennero](#)





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Visit or write the nearest U. S. Army Recruiting Station or write to the Commanding General of the Corps Area nearest you:

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Seventh Corps Area, Omaha, Neb.

Second Corps Area, Governors Island, N.Y.

Fifth Corps Area, Fort Hayes, Columbus, Ohio

Eighth Corps Area, Fort Sam Houston, Texas

Third Corps Area, Baltimore, Md.

Sixth Corps Area, Chicago, Ill.

Ninth Corps Area, Presidio of San Francisco, Calif.

Or write to Enlisted Division, C-4, A.G.O., Washington, D.C.

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Mission to Canello Marshalling Yards

Thursday, September 2, 1943

By Daniel McDuff, 321st BG, 447th BS

Reprinted from the September 1943 War Diary of the 321st BG

Intro:

"At about this time, the effects of flak and the Messerschmitt Twitch were beginning to tell on me. I would come in from a raid totally exhausted and would flop down on my cot and go to sleep. I slept a lot! My weight dropped from about 150 lbs. down to 128. At six feet tall, I was pretty skinny. As a result I didn't log some of my later missions. I was just too tired. The mission that follows was my 42nd. It was the last mission I logged overseas.

The Mission:

On September 2, 1943, I started what I hoped will be my last month of combat by participating in a second raid on the Canello Stores Depot and Marshalling Yards., It was my 42nd mission, and I hoped the next eight are just like this one, Heretofore most of our raids have been coordinated with raids by the 310th, the B-26's and sometimes by the heavies. In that way fighter opposition was split up among all or concentrated on one. But recently fighter opposition has increased considerably and has been taking a heavy toll on whichever flight they hit.

The B-25's, when they behaved themselves and flew formation, had proven they could take care of themselves pretty well. We, the 321st, bow to the 310th for proving this since we have yet to encounter heavy fighter opposition over Italy. The 310th has also proven that when they don't fly formation, they get shot all to hell---as witness a recent raid on which they lost three ships because their escort could not cover their flight which broke

up into two scattered sections.

The B-26's have had very poor luck. Although they have claimed formidable scores in fighters shot down, they seldom go out that they don't lose at least one ship. And this raid has proven just why the B-25 has it all over the B-26. As I describe it, I'll try to draw a parallel with the way the B-26's would probably have done it.



Daniel R McDuff

But first let's start at the beginning. Our formation consisted of 72 ships in two flights of 36 each. That is a lot of airplanes to try to handle in one bunch---and our assembly over the field was very ragged. In fact we weren't assembled until we were half way to Maritimo Island---then we settled down and flew fairly close formation all the way in.

We were out alone. Our raid was a solo job. No one else was in the vicinity at the time, and if there was fighter opposition in the area, we would get it. But, to allow the enemy as little time to get up as possible, our escort had asked us to delay our climb as long as possible, then climb faster than our usual rate. We did---and could have done better since we were at altitude fully five minutes before we went over the coast. Our rate of climb was between 500 and 600 feet per minute at 185 m.p.h. I'm not certain how the B-26's climb,

but I understand that about 400 ft. per minute is maximum. Their speed, I imagine, would be around 170 m.p.h. in the climb. Therefore, to attain the 8000 to 10,000 ft. altitude for bombing, they would have to start sooner and farther out to sea. Enemy radar spots a formation as soon as it leaves the deck, so a flight of 26's would be detected much sooner than 25's.

As soon as we got to the coast we began to get a little scattered flak. We were lined up in a Vee of three flights consisting of 12 ships each in Javelin down---and did evasive action. It was a job to stay in there, and it is doubtful just how much good it did to whip our ships



Cancello Marshalling Yard

around the little we managed. We didn't get hit, though, and I suppose that is proof enough,

Since we were on a left wing, Spingler did the flying. He's a little guy and had quite a tussle holding old Ruff Stuff in place. But he did a darn good job, and I just sat there and watched, looking out for fighters and keeping him off of collision courses.

We hit the coast just north of Salerno, went in east over the mountains, turned north to go over the target, and then left in a diving turn to the west and the sea. Just before the first turn, our flight of 12 went under the others to

get into left echelon for the run. That's not easy to do with 3 ships, so with 12 it was a tough job. We were the last ship of the 12 and if we were not wide open catching up, we were shut down trying to slow up. Then when we made the turn, being on the inside of it, we had to slow up---and since we had not had time to settle down, it caught us with full throttle. DeMoss, leading our element, couldn't slow up either, so we had to pull out for a while and come back in. We managed very well, though, and got settled down early on the run.



Joseph Boyle

In looking out for fighters I had a little time to look over the country---something I had not been able to do since I lost Nixon. We were inside Mt. Vesuvius--a gaping hole about 3500 ft. high. The immense crater looked like a bed of blue/black embers giving off a slight smoke that seemed to spread out immediately in the thin haze that filled the sky. On the western rim of the crater there was a thin geyser of steam or smoke rising from an impertinent little spout above the wide crater. It looked almost silly up there by itself,



Luther I. Lalum

There we were almost east of Naples and I could look down to our left and see a fairly large airport. I counted five large transports--probably the six-engine ME 323--and probably 30 or 40 smaller craft. As I looked I could see tracers from the waist gun of some ship ahead going right for the field. But we were too high to do any good, and whoever it was stopped after a few bursts.



Richard Springler

Off to our left and slightly behind I could see flak bursts--the gray puffs of light caliber and the black, rolling balls of the heavy caliber---all too high to worry us. We were on our bomb run anyhow and so couldn't be bothered.

I glanced at the air-speed. The needle was steady on 210, which is our usual speed over. B-26's go over the target at 185. They can go faster, but their ships are hard to hold in formation at higher speeds.

Suddenly the increase in breezes through the ship and the hollow roar of the wind in the bomb bay told me our doors were opened. Bombs began to fall out of the ships all around and I looked at the indicator light on the instrument panel just in time to see the last light come on and go out. The interphone said, "Bombs away! Doors Closed." And as though every pilot heard it, the whole formation turned to get the hell out of there.

Richardson, leading our flight of six, dove under the rest and came out on the right in Vee again. Morton, who led the first six of our twelve, must have stayed a little longer, but I

was too busy on the props and watching the skies to notice who went where.

It took all Ruff Stuff had to keep in position. At one time, when I happened to look, our air speed was 280. It may have been higher and it often is---sometimes hitting 310 and 320. Lalum called on the interphone---"Target well hit. Blown all to hell!"

Flak followed us almost to the coast, but it never got near enough to worry us. Then after we left the coast some guns on the island to our left opened up, but their bursts were well behind us.

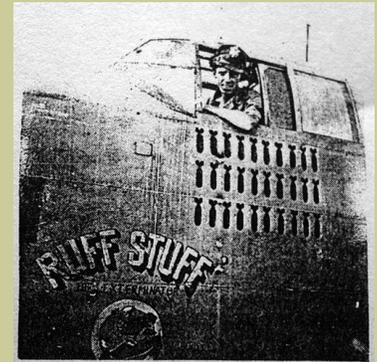
When we hit the deck we held an air speed of 250 for about 15 minutes when the second flight of 36 came up to us. Then we hit our cruising 185 to 190.

In diving off the target, B-26's seldom get over 210. Their ships are too hard to handle.

About 25 or 30 minutes after leaving the coast, six or seven enemy fighters slipped up on us from the rear and fired about 10 or 12 shots with their rocket flak guns. The bursts were all 200 or 300 yards behind us, and I would never have known it if Lalum hadn't called me. Our escort got hot after them and claim to have knocked one of them down.

As we left Italy behind, we had only a few of our escort P-38's with us. The main body of our 72 fighters were way to our rear, having engaged a large force of enemy fighters that got up too late to intercept us. It must have been a real fight; the P-38's claim 23 of the enemy destroyed to a loss of 10 of their own.

So, in this case our fast climb and our speed over and off the target got us out before the enemy could intercept us. Going at



Lt. Daniel McDuff, Pilot

slower speeds, climbing and diving slower, it is understandable the B-26's get into so much trouble. But hell, the next time we may get our socks shot off, Who knows?

Pictures of the target showed almost all of our bombs in the target area. The railroad yards

were completely covered as was the stores area. All choke points in the yards and around them were hit. All lines coming in were cut in several places, and large fires were started among the buildings in the area. Lalum was right: we knocked hell out of it,



Crew of "Ruff Stuff" S/N 41-30000:

Pilot: 1st Lt. Daniel R. McDuff

Co-Pilot: 2nd Lt. Richard H. Springer

Bombardier: 2nd Lt. Joseph G. Boyle Jr.

Engineer: S/Sgt Luther Lalum

Radio Gunner: T/Sgt Edward B. Jackson

Tail Gunner: S/Sgt. Hendrick Osowiecki



B-26S PASS 10,000 FT. SMOKE COLUMN FROM EXPLODING NAZI V-2 DUMP.

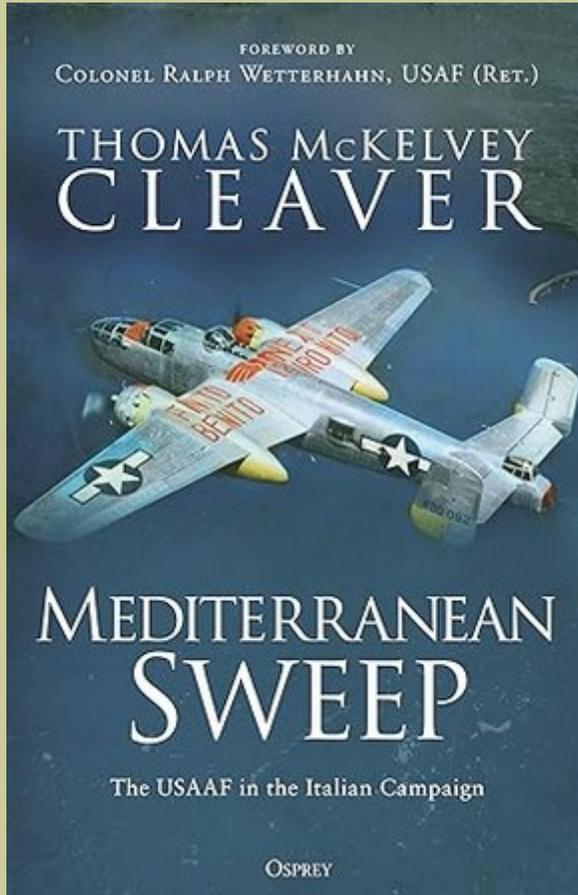
US AAF PHOTO 230-13

The B-26 Martin Marauder had the reputation of being more difficult to fly than the North American B-25.

Mediterranean Sweep: The USAAF in the Italian Campaign

By Thomas McKelvey Cleaver

Osprey Publishing 2025



Tom Cleaver has brought out another book covering the air war on the Italian peninsula during World War II.

The 57th Bomb Wing figures prominently in the book, but it is not the central thrust of the narrative.

After the victory in North Africa, Cleaver first details the strategic situation facing the Allies. No one wanted to fight a war in Italy, except Winston Churchill. The US was already looking toward the invasion of France and planning the initial attack as well as the drive to Berlin.

Churchill, however, wanted an invasion of Italy, which he called “the soft underbelly of Europe.” He thought Italian resistance would collapse, and the Germans would not want to waste resources there. Churchill saw Italy as a jumping off point to Greece and the Balkans where the British army could block the expansion of Russia after the war.

But the Germans dug in and fought a brilliant delaying strategy which ended up with more casualties than the Normandy invasion and the push into Germany. Churchill finally had to grudgingly admit that the underbelly of Europe wasn't so soft after all.

Tom Cleaver describes the role of the Army Air Corps in this struggle. Much of the narrative consists of harrowing first-person accounts of the fighter pilots facing a still-potent Luftwaffe. In the summer of 1944, the Luftwaffe was redeployed to the Russian front, and the narrative includes more accounts of the bomber crews and the growing threat of flak as the Germans moved more and more artillery into Italy.

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Chapter Seven: The Colossal Mistake

Chapter Eight: Pursuing The Wehrmacht

Chapter Nine: Those Little Black Flowers That Grow in The Sky

Chapter Ten: The Italian Air Forces

Chapter Eleven: Victory in Italy

This is a really good book for anyone who has a general interest in the war in the Mediterranean Theatre of Operations. It is full of descriptions of fierce air battles as well as the conflict on the ground.

Find it on Amazon in either print or Kindle editions.

[Mediterranean Sweep on Amazon](#)



*Maynard G. Weppner, 321st BG, 447th BS
with fragmentation bomb load.*

Being a True and Unsolicited Account of the Quandary of Richard Carlton Kienitz

[We were gifted with a copy of the diary kept by Richard Kienitz, 310th BG 381th BS. The diary begins September 14, 1943 and ends with his 67th mission November 11, 1944. He flew an additional five missions totaling 72. It is too long to publish in its entirety here, so we begin with his 10th mission on March 7, 1944. It is full of nicknames and 1940's slang. Part of the fun is trying to figure out who lurks behind the nicknames and deciphering the obsolete slang.]

3-7-44: Medium altitude mission over San Stefano (*Porto Santo Stefano*). There were twenty-four planes. M. H. rode his first time as bombardier and did fine. Said he didn't see any flak until the bombs were away and when he finally notice it scooted back to my compartment like greased lightning...The interest doesn't last as long on these as on sea sweeps....There was heavy flak which put two small holes in our fuselage and one in the wing ship's wing.....There were three Red Cross girls or nurses dishing out doughnuts afterward..... **Mission # 10 – 2:00 hours.**

3-10-44: Took up where we left off yesterday on the mission to San St. (*Porto Santo Stefano*)There was quite an overcast below us but the first squadron dropped its bombs....we saw that they were only falling in the water and turned off just on the edge of the flak....was just about as mush as last time....Sent Easter roses to P. and Mother through a Pittsburgh florist who is sergeant here.....**Mission # 11: 2:00 hrs.**

3-14-44: Last night the group officer's club opened, and most drinking characters were gay, only I was only five drinks worth gay....Played soft ball this afternoon and made two hits (aren't I wonderful?)....Mission this morning over Piombino was too rough for comfort. They had our range and every time one of those 88 mm bursts went whoof the escape hatch jumped up. Our two wing men were shot up. Branum went down into the sea and not hide nor hair of him was found except a dead gunner on a raft. Hiller had his aileron shot out and plummeted 4000 feet before he regained control and staggered home with eighty-two holes in his plane. Schwindle, leading the elements behind us, was shot up over the target and blew up before he hit the water. We led the entire formation, picked up a dozen holes for **Mission # 12 – 2:00 hrs.**

3-16-44: Leghorn (Livorno) today. Four bursts of flak. No fighters. Fine day. **Mission #13 – 2:30 hrs.**

3-17-44: St Patrick's Day and not so very nice. Spent half the evening in slit trenches sweating out a couple of air raids reportedly by twenty planes. No bombs dropped.

3-18-44: Dug slit trenches of our own. Joyce and I watched the mission take off from a runway -light-eye's view.

3-19-44: Two missions this fine day. In the morning we worried our way through some inaccurate flak at Portoferraio on Elba to sink a couple of boats. **Mission #14: 2:00 hrs.** In the afternoon back to San Stefano(*Porto Santo Stefano*) for a tour of their shooting gallery. Lots of planes came in with lots of holes. **Mission #15: 2:00 hrs.** Last night there were two air (raid) alerts. Set in a slit trench during the first one. Slept through the second. The Jerries tried dropping tin foil on our radar so they could run missions past us to Anzio.

3-21-44: Went a hunting for railroad bridges and bagged a small road bridge instead. **Mission #16: 2:20 hrs.** It was at Poggibonsi.

3-23-44: Dropped thousand pounders for a change – on Pontassieve railroad bridge and yards. **Mission #17: 2:30 hrs.**

3-24-44: Mt. Vesuvius erupted, and I think they're evacuating Naples. 340th lost its planes in the lava. One of our planes flying through the lava said it was worse than any flak they ever saw. Leghorn (Livorno) today. Never saw the results as we ran into clouds on the run. Six bursts of flak. The fighters could have picked us off easily. **Mission #18: 2:00 hrs.**

3-28-44: Have been taking [...?] for three days now, and last night slept under mosquito netting. Mission this afternoon to the marshalling yards at Montepescali. Saw no fighters and only a few dismal whiffs of flak from Elba. Pretty fine looking country over there in Italy. **Mission #19: 2:30 hrs.**

4-1-44: Pep and Leasure and I took a trip to Elmus, Sardinia today and had steak and apple pie for dinner so you see the world isn't so bad after all. A new Red Cross girl arrived – blonde, thirtyish and hardly my type....Elmer climbed down the bomb bay on a mission today to loosen a bomb.

4-2-44: U.S.O. show today and I went to both showings. Went on a mission on a viaduct at Poggibonsi this morning. We led the formation. Leasure and I had trouble with the target. Now you see it – now you don't. **Mission #20: hrs.**

4-7-44: We had a practice session repelling invaders tonight. Some French commandos simulated the enemy. For five hours we were out there among the weeds and mosquitoes. In hat, pistol and canteen. For myself I took along a mosquito hood and didn't have to slap all of the time....There was a mission on a bridge and marshalling yard this afternoon. The place was Certaldo; the results fine; flew with Capt. Evans. We met half the T.A.F. coming back just as we passed Elba on the way out. **Mission #21: 2:30 hrs.**

4-9-44: Easter Sunday. Everyone turned out at their respective churches. The entire day off. Started a chess feud with Lewis. Lost ten bucks in the classic softball game between the Regulars and Prior's Irregulars. Am reading "Paul Revere" by Esther Forbes – good.

4-11-44: Among other things there was a three hour stalemate chess game. First I've ever

been in.....A haphazard ball game in the afternoon that furnished exercise and I actually played center field.....Led a mission on a bridge at Poggibonsi. Wandered a little but made the I.P. point. All in all, a fine day....**Mission #22: 2:10 hrs.**

4-12-44: Big dance tonight. Five nurses and the colored band. They're as good as any band at home. Mission to Certaldo this morning. The target was closed in, so we cleaned out both bridges at Cecina. Someone will catch hell for wasting bombs. Flew with Peplinski. **Mission #23: 2:10 hrs.**

4-14-44: We caught hell for a lousy mission on Leghorn (Livorno) marshalling yards. About six bombs hit it. And it was lousy with cars. I think Fayard hit it. It was **Mission #24: 2:10 hrs.** Moderate heavy flak.

4-15-44: Saw Olivia De H. in the movies. Ah! Finished reading Voltaire's "Candide". Flew another mission with Mac this time. Went back to Leghorn (Livorno) to finish the job. Did OK this trip. Caught one flak hole. The ship will need a new stabilizer. Other flak scraped off paint all over. Thought one burst had us tagged. **Mission #25: 2:10 hrs.**

4-16-44: Found another hole in the plane. Broke the main wing spar. Air raid alert tonight. Too bad I heard it. Slept through the one last night.

4-19-44: Started to frag bomb an oil dump in Central Italy but ran into weather over land and turned back. Saw enemy fighters scouting around but they kept clear. Watched two groups catch hell over Piombino from four miles away. Put on kakis for the first time today. **Mission #26: 2:15 hrs.**

4-20-44: Proceeded to Lake Tarsimeno for purposes of destroying a gasoline dump. The bombs (frags) hit in the prescribed spot, but no inferno developed. S-2 must have had the wrong slant on things. Fighters floating around again. A dog-fight ensued. The Thunderbolts and Spits are arguing over who done nit. **Mission #27: 3:00 hrs.**

4-24-44: Mac has been gone for four days now. The rest of the crews outside the co-pilot must sit on the ground during his absence. They can't change us off on other crews because of professional jealousy. Joyce and I watch the formations take off everyday and heckle the wheels. The missions are getting rougher since the Jerries have scattered flak positions around aimlessly in all directions.

4-28-44: Early in the morning at 05:30; had eggs for breakfast; few spaces in the morning missions and turned around at Monte Cristo (*Isola di Montecristo*). Went on a wild goose chase in the afternoon to a bridge about 8 miles north of Orvieto. They had about 20 88mm's and we must have wiggled in and out among them all. Clouds obscured the target. So we headed for the alternate at Poda de Marco and went through all the work of dropping the bombs only to find that the electrical system didn't even open the bomb bay doors. **Mission #28: 2:30 hrs.**

4-29-44: This morning's mission was earlier than yesterdays. And we flew into the sun all the

way. The object of attention was a bridge south of Attigliano(?). The bridge is no more. We turned off in sight of the target and came home all alone with one doubtful engine. We sweated that out going past a field with at least 60 fighters. **Mission #29: 2:30 hrs.** Gordy Prim was sent home today for a 30-day leave, but I doubt if he'll ever be sent back here. The doctors won't allow it after 3 cases of malaria, 2 of jaundice, and a break down over Schwindle's death.

4-30-44: Thirty-five bags of mail for the squadron today.....A morning mission at seven. Went to Ficulle North bridge (*just north of Orvieto and south of Chiusi*). Capt. Allison drove us crazy with his cold evasive action. The formation went through four minutes of flak. Somehow or other our box skirted it and we had a ringside view of aircraft taking an awful beating. The bombing was 87% effective; yesterdays was 78%. **Mission #30: 2:25 hrs.**

5-1-44: May Day and no Maypole – but it was an especially fine day. A great peacefulness descended and even the planes seemed to float, rather than roar through the air....went as spares this morning but no one dropped out. Swung a compass this afternoon....part of it in enemy territory when Kuster had trouble rolling out on his heading.

5-2-44: This early rising is conducive to a good night's sleep. Today's mission took us to Ficulle south bridge. Had a J that flew good. Food mission. Flak was moderate heavy, but we out-smarted them with a sharp, climbing, left turn. Moss has a nice back to hide behind. Swung another compass and dropped a couple of practice bombs. **Had 590 hours of total flying time at the end of the month. Mission #31: 3:05 hrs.**



Richard Kienitz went on to marry a nurse, Marian Hayes, of Dubuque. They had 5 children: Anne; Amy (Jim) Steffen; Paul (Susan); Andrew and Peter (Michelle) Kienitz. He kept writing, mostly as a writer for the Milwaukee Journal – winning many awards, including writing an article series that won the Journal a Pulitzer Prize. Dick and Marian traveled the world, making it to all continents except Antarctica. Dick passed away April 16, 2009 at the age of 90.



GOOD OLD ARMY STEW

Words by permission of David R. McLean
Tune: Bell Bottom Trousers

Moderato

I've flown a-cross the o - cean, from Ice - land to Po - ru, I've
seen a thou-sand won-ders, some old and oth-ers new;— But no-where in the
world have I found an e - qual to that gas - tro-nom - ic mar - vel, a
dish of ar - my stew. Sing-ing soap chips, dish - rags seal - ing wax and
glue, You will find them all in a dish of ar - my stew!—

100

2. A cannibal I met on the isle of Icky Poo,
Said "Come home for supper, the meat course will be you!"
I went into his kitchen and showed him what to do,
And now the guy eats nothing but good old Army Stew.

CHORUS

Singing of soap chips, dish rags, sealing wax and glue—
You will find them all in a dish of Army stew.

3. The captain of a whaler that sailed the Arctic Sea,
Harpooned the biggest whaler in all his memory;
It was easy to explain just why it grew and grew,
For when they cut it open it was full of Army Stew.

CHORUS

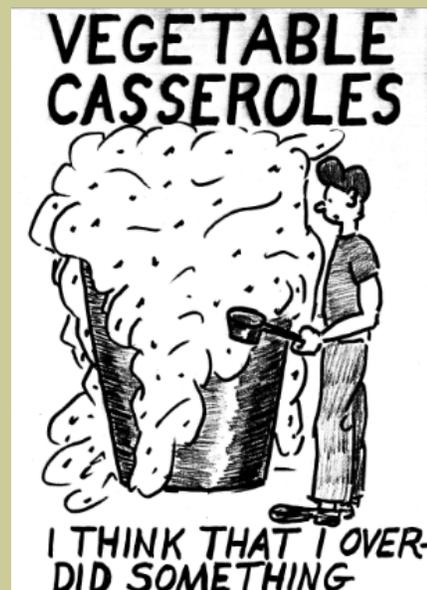
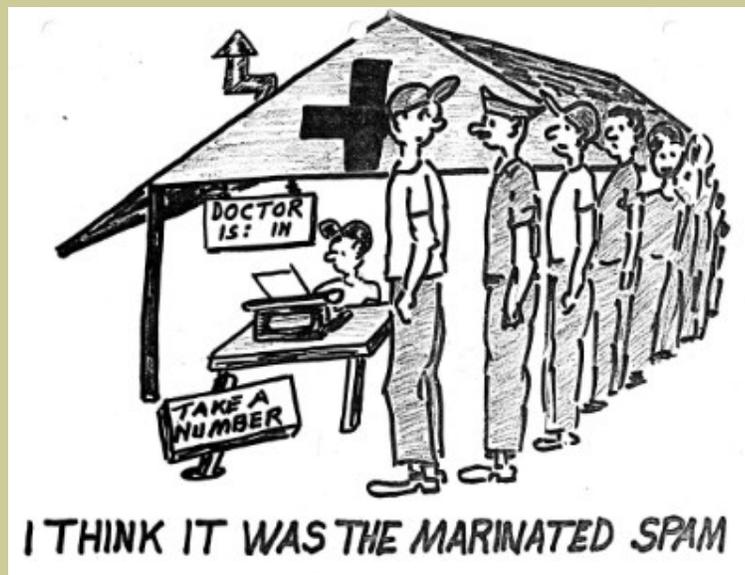
4. I was stranded in the desert in an old B-17,
We didn't have a drop of either oil or gasoline,
In less than an hour we were flying straight and true,
Because we filled the gas tank with good old Army Stew.

CHORUS:

101

From the "Air Force Airs Songbook" published 1943. [Joan DeBoer Heath Collection]

Cartoons below by Edward Betts, 310th BG, 379th BS



Newspaper of the 381st Bomb Squadron March 6, 1945 Ghisonaccia, Corsica



A.C. 565

An aircraft without a name, defied legendary Air Corps jinx by recently completing one hundred combat missions without once returning early for maintenance difficulties.

The ship, AC 565, was assigned to the 381st Squadron back in May of 1944, and was crewed by T/Sgt. L. Snyder, for the first fifteen missions after which he was transferred out of the Squadron. The ship was left in the care of S/Sgt. John P. Rainville, of Glens Falls, N.Y., who crewed the ship for the rest of its 100 mission streak.

Besides its successful military missions, AC 565, has also aided Sgt. Rainville by taking him to the arms of a certain amorous "signorina" in Rome. Rainville's assistant mechanic (for the military missions) is Cpl. Charles Zander.

Also to be cited in connection with this achievement are Pfc. A.F. Olson for Armament maintenance, and S/Sgt. Thomas Willis, who has kept the radio on the ship in perfect operational order.

Sad Song in Five Bars

More than a score of men in the organization are celebrating or commiserating on their 30th month overseas anniversary on March 5th. They left the states on August 5th, 1942, and England was their first stop. They rejoined the organization when the first ground echelon took part in the invasion of Africa in November of 1942. They have seen Morocco, Algeria, Tunisia, and lastly, this base.

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LOCALISMS

Crime Does Not Pay

Last Thursday an effort was made to present the "Articles of War" to the Squadron in a modern Hollywood manner. A film entitled: "The Articles of War" was projected on the screen in the mess hall but the power unit did not supply enough juice for the sound to be heard while the picture was projected onto the screen, and vice-versa. It resolved itself into hearing the sound-track in the dark or "seeing" the "Articles," sans sound

The final outcome was Major Campbell's presentation of the Articles by the old fashioned method of reading them to the Squadron personnel. There was a roll-call and the "wise money" boys who were not present for the reading, were, at last reports, still burning the midnite oil copying every word, comma, and semi-colon of the lengthy all-time best seller, "The Articles of War."

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Brothers Meet at Front after Three Years

T/Sgt. Harry J. Cale has just returned from a trip to the Italian front where he had a grand reunion with his younger brother T/5 James N. Cale whom he had not seen since the latter left the states almost three years ago. He spent four days with his brother who is driving a half-track with an Armored Division at the front. "He hasn't changed a bit," remarked Harry, "and we did one thing I know will make the folks back home happy. We both signed the same letter."

Naturally there was a "bull session" in which the two brothers swapped combat stories. James N. described the trying days at Anzio and claimed that all of his buddies were unanimous in praising the swell work the Air Force did at Anzio and is doing today at the front. Every time they see our fighters and bombers overhead going toward the enemy targets, the typical remark that can be heard is, "I'm sure glad they are on our side."

T/Sgt. Harry J. Cale of this squadron has just completed seventy missions.

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Help Wanted

Are there four or five fellows in the Squadron who would be willing to serve on a committee to promote a dance for the Squadron? We have a good dance band available, led by Sgt. Don Eliot of this organization. The band has been playing many engagements in other squadrons, but thus far has had only a single appearance on its home grounds. See Eliot if you can lend a hand.

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Hot Stuff! Ice Cream

A snooping reporter of this newspaper recently dropped in on the Enlisted Men's Red Cross Club and picked a valuable piece of information which heretofore has seemed to have been marked "Secret." Ice Cream on Thurs. & Sat. at 2:15.

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MORALIZING

by

M/Sgt. John E. McGary

Once upon a mid-night dreary,
Quoting Edgar Allen Poe.
A Raven rapped upon the door,
And sang his tale of woe.

But whats he got to wail about,
This little feathered friend.
He didn't have his spark plugs fouled,
Or leaking tanks to mend.

He'd never heard of ack-ack fire,
To cut his doings in shreads.
He never had to belly in,
With his under-carriage dead.

He never had his finish rust,
Corroded by the rain.
Nor did he have his speed discussed,
In language quite profane.

The moral of this story is,
A Raven much alive
Is considerably much better off,
Than a salvaged B-TWO-FIVE!

ON THE LINE

Armament:

Lang suggests that “Wee Willie” Schromm enter the TUFF SHEET contest. It is believed that he will be disqualified as his contribution (photo of his map), while it would undoubtedly win the humor prize, was not his own creation...Armament would like to challenge the Motor Pool on a “Hog Calling” contest. It would be the real “battle of the century” with Jum Feeney pitted against Hart...Why do so many boys call Glass grandmother?”...Malloy has a problem. Should he get to Cairo via the “TUFF SHEET” contest, or just sweat out “Wheel Call?”.....

Medics:

Beware of Plasma—he now has rank. Congratulations, Corporal...Fischer is looking for the book, “A Tree Grows in Brooklyn,” as he doesn't believe it, having never seen one there. Quincey McLendon is wondering why he has to soak his feet in a certain solution at the dispensary, and what good is it doing him...”Moose” Lorentzen was wondering if Captain Penn took off his hat whenever he got a haircut.

Engineering:

The recent curtailment of liberty (passes) has put the skids under numerus affaires d'amour, nipping them in the bud, as well as other places...Q. McLendon is harboring a deep, dark secret concerning happenings in Rome. Some of us know, but we won't tell — will we?...F.L. Johnson has been grounded again by the Whip, for taxiing too fast....or was it too high, oh well, meme chose...Berry Picker King the engine change wizard, is not thoroughly convinced that the airplane is here to stay.....Salvo claims that his only object in playing poker is

to send home sufficient cabbage to pay the taxes...Arch Kemp was heard telling the boys just where they could find the Great Speckled Bird on their radios....Frenchie Comstock certainly has a way with the local belles, they are inviting him out to dinner.

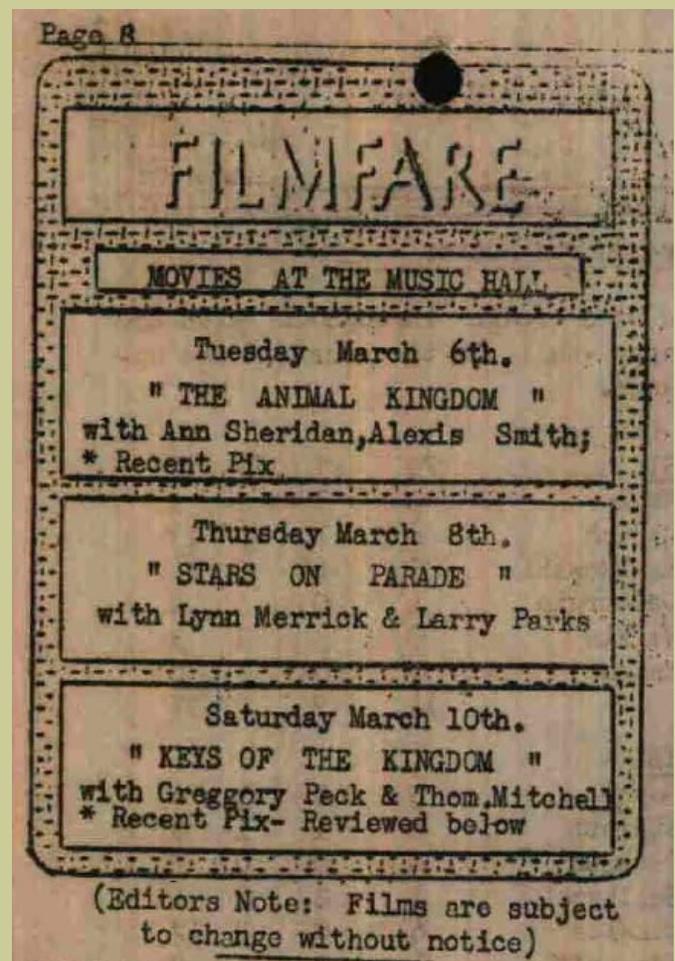
Ordnance:

Sgt. “Clem” Reilly wasn't enthused about going to Rome until O'Connor came back with an encouraging report. Now we are sweating out Reilly's return to learn if his report tops O'Connor's. Who ever heard of an Irishman letting anyone top his story?..

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**You knock 'em out—
We'll knock 'em down**



MORE PRODUCTION

Interview with: General Heinrich von Vietinghoff

General Heinrich von Vietinghoff had to contend with the actions of the 57th Bomb Wing during the whole of the prolonged delaying action which was the war in Italy.

He was born into an aristocratic Prussian family in 1887. When he was 15-years old he lied about his age to join the Army. He served in WWI, and following that war he remained in the army and continued to advance in rank.

In 1938 he assumed command of the 5th Panzer Division, taking them into battle during the invasion of Poland.

He served in the Balkans and France before taking over command of the 10th Army in Southern Italy.

Following his surrender of the German forces on May 2, 1945 he was interviewed by US Army Intelligence and asked about the effectiveness of the Allied air operations.

APPRAISAL OF ALLIED FORCE EMPLOYMENT

1) Period from the Landing at Anzio to 9 April 1945

a) Overall Disruption of Communications

Through attack against important points, road traffic was made much more difficult. The ceaseless use of fighter-bombers succeeded in paralyzing all day-time movement and through this alone the tactical counter-measures became of secondary importance. In general, air attacks against bridges interrupted traffic only temporarily. In about 50% of the cases the bridges were so damaged in the first attack, and the remainder in subsequent attacks, that they could no longer be used. Destroyed bridges in every case brought a hampering of communications, but were never able to cripple them, for in the Po plain, above all, there were sufficient auxiliary routes provided in the secondary roads. Good air raid warning and air raid shelter on all the main roads limited losses and accidents considerably.

b) Air Attacks on Rail Targets

Rail traffic was struck in the most protracted fashion by the destruction of bridges. Restoration of bridges required much time; the larger bridges could not be repaired. As improvisation, many bridge sites were detoured or the supplies were reloaded. With the increasing intensity of the air attacks, especially on the stretch of the Brenner, the damaged sections were so great and so numerous that this stretch, despite the best of repair organization and the employment of the most powerful rebuilding effort, became ever worse and was only ever locally and temporarily usable. A few bad weather days, in which the Allied Air Force could not have flown, would often have sufficed to bring the traffic again to its peak. Only in February and March was it again possible to travel by rail through the Brenner to Bologna.

Heinrich von Vietinghoff



Vietinghoff in 1944

c) Air Attacks on the Battlefield

By heavy attacks prior to 9 April the bomber units were able to smash even strongly fortified areas and to cut them off for the first moment. The actual losses, however, were not too high in the last analysis. In special mass carpet bombing in open terrain, for example at Anzio, many were buried alive. In cities such as Cassino the remains of houses and barricaded streets offered good opportunities for battle for an opponent schooled in close-range combat (for example, 1 FS Rifle Division) especially against the enemy armor. The fighter-bomber pilots had a genuinely damaging effect. They hindered practically all essential movement at the focal points. Even the radio and telephone communications were delayed threefold. Local reserves, which should have been moved by day, often arrived with great delay at the ordered position. Even the tanks could move only at night because of the employment of fighter-bombers; however, the actual losses were

few. The effectiveness of the fighter-bombers lay in that their presence alone over the battlefield paralyzed every movement. The artillery-spotting pilots were unpleasant as well. Their mere presence enforced silence upon our artillery. Each soldier felt himself observed and recognized by the artillery-spotting pilot, even when this was not the case. In this manner, in decisive phases of the battle, the center of gravity of our defense, the artillery, fell away. Our light, medium and heavy artillery in the front lines had few casualties from air attacks, especially, from those of light bombers.

2) Period from 9 April 1945 until the Capitulation

From the 9th to the 20th of April was the period of the most effective employment of the Allied Air Force. In the attack on Senio fortifications the number of casualties was increased by the dropping of numerous small-caliber fragmentation bombs. Especially in the region of Ferrara and Lake Commacchio the resistance of the troops was greatly reduced and communications and command were disrupted as never before. Through the destruction of almost all crossings of the numerous canals trans-shipment was made much more difficult and we had to leave much heavy equipment behind. The smashing of all communications connections was especially disastrous. Thereafter the orders failed to come through at all or failed to come through at the right time. In any case, the command was not able to keep itself informed of the situation on the front, so that its own decisions and commands came, for the most part, too late. The air attack on the Headquarters of Army Group C on the 20th of April 1945 at Recoaro inflicted only slight damage, for the most necessary command positions had already been made bomb-proof. The crossings of the Reno and the Po were decisively influenced by the employment of the Allied Air Forces. The smashing of almost all ferries and bridges made an ordered retreat across the Po no longer possible. The troops amassed at the crossing points and often had to swim to the other bank without heavy weapons. After the 20th of April less use was made of the Air Force. In considering the most important effects of Allied air power, the morale effect upon the German troops must not be underestimated. However, it was here decisive in that, as a result of their complete lack of an air force of their own, without the promise of the help of a like force, the troops felt still more the enemy's superiority of materiel.

Sketches by Donald Soderlund, 310th BG, 380th BS



Ghisonaccia, Corsica



Charlie Brust



Eric Swanson

Ragnar Godfrey Lind

Aka Jeffrey Lynn



Lynn in *Four Daughters* (1938)

In March of 1944 man by the name of Ragnar G. Lind arrived on Corsica to be the Assistant Intelligence Officer for the 447th Bomb Squadron.

Ragnar Lind was better known as Jeffrey Lynn, a Hollywood actor who had established himself as one of the premier talents of his time.

He was a top contender for the role of Ashley Wilkes in *Gone with the Wind*, but ultimately lost out to Leslie Howard. Instead, he appeared with James Cagney and Humphrey Bogart in *The Roaring Twenties* (1939) gangster film.

He joined Cagney again in *The Fighting 69th* (1940), playing the part of the soldier/poet Joyce Kilmer.

“While in service he often served as a bartender in his unit's Officer's Club. He legally changed his name to his stage name while in service as he noted "that he wanted to serve his country during World War II under the name that had become popular.” *Credit: Wikipedia*

He was not just a pretty face, he was awarded a Bronze Star for his service as a combat intelligence officer, and also flew on several combat missions.

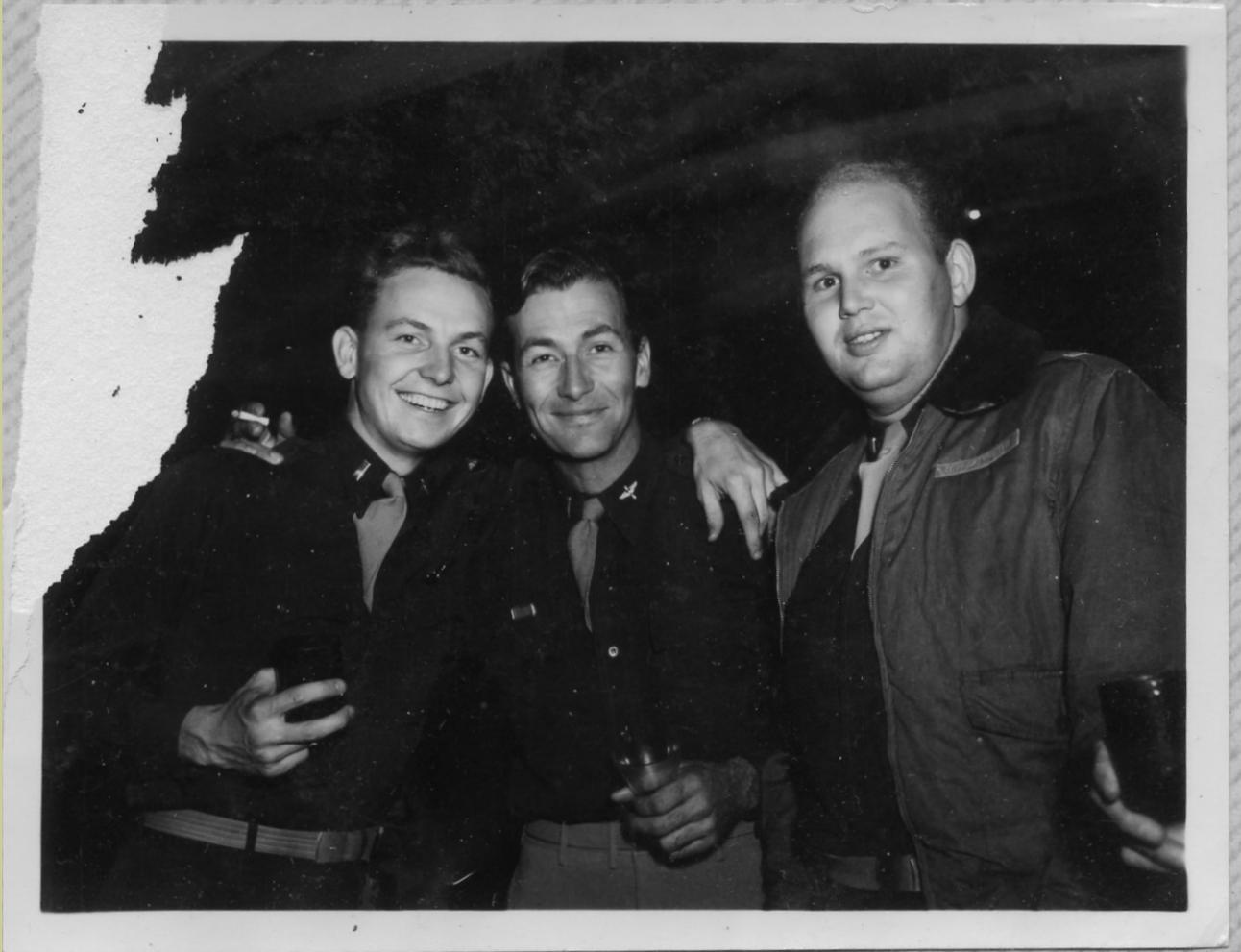
After the war he returned to Hollywood and appeared in a number of films along side such stars as Marilyn Monroe, Laurence Harvey, and Frank Sinatra. He was with Elizabeth Taylor in *BUtterfield 8*.

See his long list of credits on Wikipedia here: [Jeffrey Lynn](#)



Humphrey Bogart, James Cagney, and Jeffrey Lynn in *The Roaring Twenties* (1939)

JEFFREY LYNN



[L to R] Lt. Marvin Spruill, Lt Jeff Lynn, Lt. Hugh Lancaster





SWITCH ON! CONTACTS!

We received several new photographs from Judith Jones and Walston Jones. Their father was Walston S. Jones, a pilot with the 489th Bombardment Squadron.

Walston S. Jones, 489th BS Photos:



CONTACTS! (cont'd)



Walston Jones with ship 9M, Athena

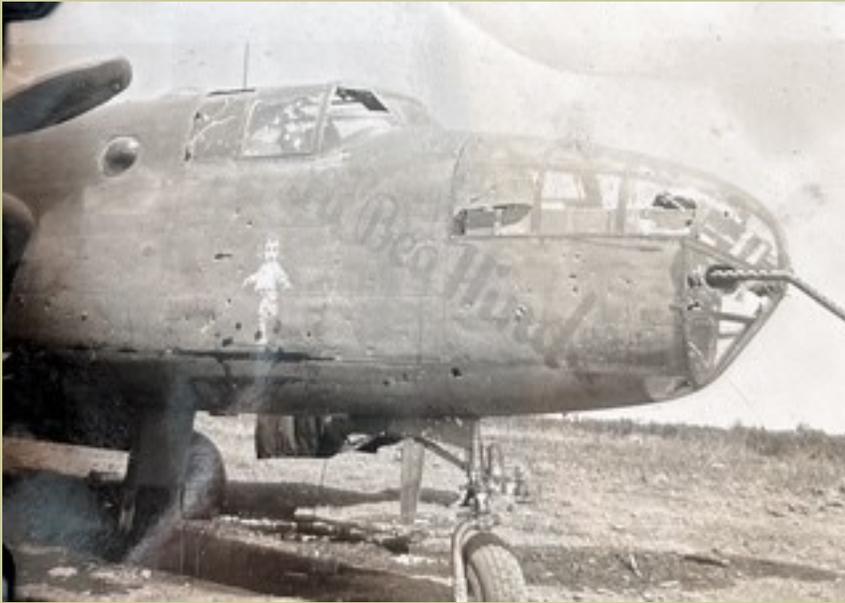
CONTACTS! (cont'd)



[Above] Ship 7P Solid Jackson!



CONTACTS! (cont'd)



Ship Lil Bea Hind, showing shrapnel damage and busted plexiglass.

[Right] Same ship? Showing major shrapnel damage. Possibly from the May 1944 Luftwaffe attack on Alesani.



Damage to a vertical stabilizer on an unidentified B-25.

CONTACTS! (cont'd)

Researching the loss of the ship and crew of STUD

Mirco Caporali, an Italian friend of the 57th Bomb Wing, and researcher with the group, Aerei Perduti (Lost Aircraft) sent to us an article detailing the circumstances of the loss of the ship named STUD.



STUD, S/N 43-57649, flew in the 310th BG, 379th BS. It was shot down by flak following a successful raid on the rail lines at San Ambrogio in the Brenner Pass on January 18, 1945.

The whole crew was lost. They were:

Pilot	Ellis J. McKanna
Co-Pilot	Edwards I. Phillips
Navigator	Walter J. Rath
Bombardier	George S. Watts
Radio-gunner	Paul A. Basso
Gunner	Robert E. Stewart
Tail Gunner	James D. Nelson

CONTACTS! (cont'd)

Researching the loss of the ship and crew of STUD

This is the eyewitness report by Joseph Althouse as recorded in the MACR:

“The lead box of planes came off the target doing violent evasive action. We followed behind and to the right of them. The anti-aircraft batteries kept following us well over Lake Garda. A/C 43-27649 was hit in the left engine when approximately over the center of the lake. The left engine was afire.

The plane then went into a steep dive which extinguished the flames, although it continued smoking. The pilot made several efforts to bring the plane under control and it would level off for a few seconds at a time. I observed the plane as it levelled off three times before crashing about 300 yards inland from the east shore of lake Garda.

It burst into flames and when last seen it was still burning. I saw no parachutes.”



CONTACTS! (cont'd)

Researching the loss of the ship and crew of STUD

Following a crash on Italian soil, the usual sequence of events was for the German authorities to secure the site. They would strip the aircraft of anything useful and recover the bodies of any deceased crewmen.

In this case the bodies were so consumed by the intense fire of the crash, that they could not be identified and their remains were buried together. The exception was the tail gunner, James Nelson, whose position in the rear of the aircraft possibly kept him from the worst of the fire. His remains were eventually returned to the States for burial.

After the Germans finished their tasks, the crashed aircraft would be left to the local citizens, who would dismantle the aircraft and salvage the aluminum and other metal and materials for sale to recyclers.



CONTACTS! (cont'd)

Researching the loss of the ship and crew of STUD

Mirco Caporali led the group of researchers that searched the site of the crash to see if they could find any remaining evidence of the crashed aircraft.

The site of the crash is now a vineyard and they had to wait for the grapes to be harvested before they could conduct their search.

Here are a few photos of fragments they recovered:



CONTACTS! (cont'd)

Researching the loss of the ship and crew of STUD

The complete article has been posted online in Italian. But even if you can not read Italian, the photos and the original documents in English are worth viewing.

You can find it here: [Crash of the STUD](#)

The group, Aerie Perduti, does fine work. They have identified many crash sites, not only of B-25s but also other Allied and Axis aircraft.

Some of the other B-25 crash sites they have searched are:

[The Crash of 9A, March 7, 1945](#)

[The Crash of "Maybe," 321st BG, February 6, 1945](#)

[The Crash of s/n 43-36216, 319th BG December 10, 1944](#)

For their next project they will attempt to pinpoint the site of the crash of the "Ruptured Duck," shot down near Legnago, Italy on January 18, 1945.

See these and more at:

AEREI PERDUTI

Velivoli militari precipitati per cause belliche Nord Est Po Valley 1941-1945

WHAT'S NEW ONLINE

Historical Marker for the crew and the ship “The Big Swing,”

The Swiss historian, Christian Gloor, was instrumental in the erection of a memorial to the Big Swing, 321th BG, 448th BS.

The ship was hit by flak on February 7, 1945. Too damaged to make it back to Corsica, the pilot decided to head for Switzerland rather than have his crew bail out into enemy territory.

This action saved the lives of his crew, but they were detained in Switzerland until the end of the war.

The marker is located close to where the ship crashed in a wooded area, and it is beautiful!



WHAT'S NEW ONLINE (cont'd)

The 57th Bomb Wing website continues to be a very busy place. Here are the statistics for 2025:

Month	Unique visitors	Number of visits	Pages	Hits	Bandwidth
Jan 2025	1,042	1,837	3,480	23,144	20.66 GB
Feb 2025	1,586	2,076	5,920	22,390	17.26 GB
Mar 2025	1,425	2,226	3,577	16,479	16.16 GB
Apr 2025	1,114	1,807	3,234	18,411	35.62 GB
May 2025	1,327	1,932	3,218	18,787	13.22 GB
Jun 2025	1,402	1,715	3,417	21,145	16.76 GB
Jul 2025	1,092	1,350	2,439	15,774	15.66 GB
Aug 2025	1,288	1,689	4,585	22,208	24.97 GB
Sep 2025	1,817	2,379	6,761	23,491	28.59 GB
Oct 2025	4,623	5,043	6,341	27,511	35.95 GB
Nov 2025	0	0	0	0	0
Dec 2025	0	0	0	0	0
Total	16,716	22,054	42,972	209,340	224.86 GB

And the top 10 downloads for the month of October 2025:

Downloads (Top 10) - Full list					
Downloads: 796		Hits	206 Hits	Bandwidth	Average size
	/340th_History/487th_History/transcripts/16_Hist_Aug_1944_transc...	202	0	21.26 MB	107.76 KB
	/Journals/2025_Winter.pdf	93	37	715.51 MB	5.50 MB
	/321Ref_files/19February1944.pdf	58	0	2.65 GB	46.74 MB
	/321stHistory/321_BG_1944-05.pdf	57	0	259.12 MB	4.55 MB
	/340th_History/340th_Diary/15_March1944.pdf	56	18	179.99 MB	2.43 MB
	/321stHistory/321_BG_1943-08.pdf	55	0	133.27 MB	2.42 MB
	/321stHistory/321_BG_1944-06.pdf	52	11	180.47 MB	2.86 MB
	/321stHistory/321_BG_1944-01.pdf	51	3	160.81 MB	2.98 MB
	/321stHistory/321_BG_1944-09.pdf	49	0	345.07 MB	7.04 MB
	/321stHistory/321_BG_1944-08.pdf	48	7	245.67 MB	4.47 MB

On our Facebook page we now have 982 members!



LET'S KEEP 'EM FLYING



WWW.57THBOMBWING.COM