82nd FIGHTER CONTROL SQUADRON

MISSION

To the fighter control squadron goes the responsibility of providing all VHF ground-to-air communications and all VHF navigational aids, such as fixers and homers, together with the means other than land-line (FM and HF radio) of bringing this information to the control center or forward control unit. In the squadron are the necessary technical personnel, officers and enlisted men alike, to carry out this mission. In addition, the squadron has assigned controllers who operate within the control centers and forward control units. The duty of the controller is to use all the facilities of the fighter control squadron and signal battalions to give offensive and defensive control to the fighter groups operating under the Wing, and navigational aids to any aircraft flying in the area of the Army with which the Wing is cooperating. Without perfect ground-to-air communications, the whole system of control breaks down.

LINEAGE

82nd Interceptor Control Squadron
Activated, 9 Feb 1942
Redesignated 82nd Fighter Control Squadron, May 1942
Inactivated, 10 Oct 1945

STATIONS

Harding Field, Baton Rouge, LA
California, Apr 1942-Jan 1943
Algeria, Feb 1943
Tunisia, Mar 1943
Sicily, Jul 1943
Italy, Sep 1943
St. Tropez, France, Oct 1944
Dole, France
Ludres, France
Xertigny, France
Rougemont, France
Edenkoben, Germany
Schwabisch-Hall, Germany
Markheidenfield, Germany

ASSIGNMENTS

COMMANDERS

HONORS
Service Streamers

Campaign Streamers

Armed Forces Expeditionary Streamers

Decorations

EMBLEM

MOTTO

NICKNAME

OPERATIONS
The 82nd Fighter Control Squadron has had its installations operating without interruption from the day it originally commenced operations in Thelepte, Africa, on March 20, 1943, up to the close of hostilities in Europe. In invasions, operations are always maintained on the mainland or island from which the assault is launched, until such time as the beachhead has developed to such an extent that operations can be organized in the newly captured area.

No accurate record has been kept of the number of bearings given, and fixes made, as a result of the information rendered by the fixer and homer stations (SCR-575) of the 82nd Fighter Control Squadron, nor of the amount of homings or air-sea rescues affected. On the island of Pantelleria, immediately preceding the Sicilian campaign and for one week thereafter, an average of three pilots each day were rescued from the sea as a result of the information forwarded to the control center. This enabled the squadron controllers, Captains Bailey, Epps and Scheftel, to effect successful and speedy air-sea rescues by dispatching amphibious aircraft (Walruses) and high-speed air-sea rescue launches based on the island for that purpose. On March 18, 1945, 2506 bearings were told into the control center at Nancy, and 423 fixes were made from these bearings by the four DF stations of the 82nd Fighter Control Squadron. In addition, on that same day, 87 homings were given involving 504 aircraft.

At this time, there was also another control center operating at Dole, two forward sector operations at Saverne and Ribeauville, and three forward fighter control units with the VI, XV, and XXI Corps. These units were also rendering navigational aid to aircraft, as well as the main control center.

In the landing at Sicily, the first Air Corps person who hit the beach in the American sector was an SCR-575 man of this squadron. The enlisted personnel who operate all of the VHF equipment of the organization deserve great credit for the efficient, and often heroic, contributions which they have made to the war effort.

Owing to the nature of VHF, the installations have to be placed, when possible, on the highest ground the immediate area from which operations are conducted. At Pantelleria, Sicily, Salerno and Anzio these installations were constantly exposed to enemy artillery fire and air attacks. In the case of Pantelleria, enemy action came solely from the air; but at Sicily, Salerno, Anzio and the forward control units in France and Germany, it came from both air and ground. The squadron has suffered many casualties, but at no time were operations abandoned. The men who operate and maintain these installations must remain at their post in an exposed position and render accurate information to the control centers or units to which they are attached. Despite the noise and confusion of our own artillery fire and the bursting of enemy shells in their midst, they must carry on. The contributions made by these silent guardians of the pilots' lives is not adequately appreciated. Unlike the ground soldier, the relief of shooting back at the enemy and keeping in constant motion is denied to them.

VHF has been one of the most successful developments to come out of the present war, and as a result the ground-to-air control has been rising rapidly to its present peak of efficiency. This is borne out by the numerous testimonials received from the ground forces, and by such statements as the one made by the captured German general, Lt. Gen. Heinz Guderian, who stated that the success of the Allies was due to the fact that they had mastered the trick of cooperative operations in the field of action between the air forces and the motorized infantry.

THE GENERAL HISTORY OF THE 82ND FIGHTER CONTROL SQUADRON
By 1st Lt. Norman Nierenberg

War, with all its attendant ill effects in a great measure creates as indispensable for victory and achievement of everlasting peace, a harmonious cooperation of men, groups and organizations throughout the whole structure of a warring nation. Total war must be fought by total war efforts on the part of every class, section, economic, political and social unit. The army of the United States has an enviable record in victory of arms. The birth, development and subsequent functioning of the military art and science in the great democracy has survived and flowered such as is rarely discovered in the histories of other armies of the world. As a whole is determined by its parts, so the army in organization and performance is a product and an entity reflecting the manner of structure, function, and cooperation of the various units within the vast organization-special and temporal.

In this exposition we will attempt to cover the inception, growth and development, and work of one of these component parts of the army. In the last war, and more so in the present war, in the battles raging on the far-flung fields of Africa, Europe, Asia, and the South Pacific, it has been proven that the Signal Corps is an important adjunct in the efficient performance of the

Air Corps. The great strides that the Army Air Forces have made in this struggle Have called for even greater activities on the part of Air Raid Warning Groups and Interceptor Squadrons.

The 82nd Fighter Control Squadron as one of the most important parts in the Air Raid Warning setup has beyond any reasonable doubt convinced the military authorities of its "raisorn d'etre". The 82nd Fighter Control Squadron was born at Harding Field, Baton Rouge, Louisiana, without any flurry or excitement accompanying it and littles suspicion manifested itself at the time concerning how the outfit would carry out its share in the victory in North Africa and following campaigns. In the early days it was recognizable as the 82nd Interceptor Control Squadron. This squadron was activated as an intrinsic part of the 82nd Pursuit Group which later due to its courageous and noble exploits in Africa was to make it the favorite of General Jimmy Doolittle.

The 82nd Pursuit Group, however, remained in name only until sometime after that. The personnel of the unit consisted of Cpls. Kimmel and Mercandetti, Pfc. Kosch and Pvts. Tebeleff, Moddy, Munn and Moyes, and was commanded by Lieutenant Charles Duke. Not much is known of these pioneer soldiers of the outfit but apparently they did a sound job because they created a concrete foundation upon which the 82nd was to build a thriving, vital organization.

On March 6, 1942, the organization had 92 enlisted men on its roll, working and planning and carrying on usual squadron duties. Some 158 men joined later, and the days rolled on until April 3, when the squadron was ordered on the alert and received orders to pack and load all equipment preparatory to departure by rail. The unit entrained for March Field, California, with three assigned officers, one attached Medical Corps officer, and 205 enlisted men, and crossed the Mississippi via ferry in three sections. At Anchorage, Louisiana, orders were received a few hours later, changing the destination to Muroc, California. Throughout the trip the officers and men indulged in the usual calisthenics and marching, which is a familiar sight at any station through which troop trains are moving.

On April 30, the squadron arrived at Muroc Bombing and Gunnery Range and then the squadron was dissipated, broken up with various elements of it going to the 82nd Pursuit Group. Thus, in a sense the 82nd Interceptor Squadron was instrumental in creating the 82nd Pursuit Group which hitherto had been existent in name only. Other cadres were taken from training centers and the 1st Pursuit Group and then the group sprung into activity under the able guidance of Lieutenant Colonel Robert Israel (now Brigadier General). From May 5 to May 10, the squadron operated with four men in virtual obscurity. The squadron gained new life when Cpl. Malone was transferred from the 82nd Pursuit Group to the 82nd Interceptor Control Squadron. It was like renewed recognition, and significant in the fact that the 82nd would not be inactivated. Further life was pumped into its veins when Lt. Harry Moorman assumed command on May 19, and four days later S/Sgt. Thomas A. Hancock joined the squadron. May 20, through a general order of the Fourth Air Force, interceptor squadrons were redesignated fighter control squadrons.

Three new men entered and also the assignment of an officer to command gave it substance and the 82nd was again on its way. During the interim of the transfer of Hancock and Lt. Moorman to the organization, 148 enlisted men were brought to the squadron. Eleven other enlisted men came in at the time S/Sgt. Hancock did. During the course of the month of May there was little activity to disturb the serenity of the squadron. The common run of garrison duties occupied the group in filling its operations at Muroc Bombing and Gunnery Range. On July 6, the squadron departed from Muroc and went to Glendale, California, by motor convoy. Lieutenant Mckenna joined the organization August 8, 1942. Five days later there was a station change, and the next location of the 82nd Fighter Control Squadron was the Los Angeles Information Center. On August 22, 1942, Lt. Miller became a member of the organization and assumed command. September was a tranquil month with nothing eventful transpiring. October 26 of the same year Lt. Miller was sent on detached service to Orlando, Florida, and Capt. Phillip Hamilton assumed the position of commanding officer. Lt. Miller returned from Officers' Signal School and relieved Capt. Hamilton of command. On December 30, 1942, Lt. Miller was promoted to captain, still commanding. This brought to a termination what might be called the first phase in the life of the squadron; a period characterized by a rapid increase and decrease of personnel, and frequent change of command; and a period in which the 82nd did not labor at its intended vocation—that of interceptor work.

However, in the next phase the squadron began to function in the manner for which it was intended. It may be divided into two parts — preparation and operation. Preparation embodied the requisition of supplies, fulfilling the medical needs of the squadron, such as "shots" to provide the antitoxins against the various diseases, and bringing the administrative records of the squadron up to date. These activities were determined by the fact that the squadron was preparing for an overseas movement to destination unknown. Logically, as a result of this objective certain techniques and discipline had to be used in these functions which varied decidedly from the normal routine of a unit which wasn't anticipating a similar movement. Consequently, the 82nd had to surmount many obstacles and difficulties which because of its inexperience it had not the occasion to encounter before. They were all overcome.

With the addition of 1st Lt. Robert C. Lomax (now Major) and 2nd Lt. Norman Nierenberg (now 1st Lt.) on January 8, 1943, the squadron started its second phase of development. Those were hectic days. Captain Miller, with the aid of but one officer, Capt. Paul A. Exelby of the Medical Department, with a great many new men, and with secret movement orders attempted to weld the squadron together into one cohesive unit. The problems were numerous and complex. The unit, as to be expected, was alerted. Vaccinations and "shots" were given, pay cards brought up to date, classification cards taken care of, physical examinations to weed out those unfit for foreign service, insurance and bond forms made out, powers of attorney and wills executed, shake-down inspection of men's clothes and equipment held, and the necessary supplies requisitioned, numerous reports sent to Washington and New York Port of Embarkation, hundreds of rosters of one thing or another. All important and secret VHF equipment was sent to the Port of Embarkation under armed guard. The problem of priorities had to be met, inventory and property reports satisfying the requirements of the Base Inspector General, and a host of other requirements. Lt. Lomax, as an efficient aid to Capt. Miller, was instrumental in

the adjustment and solution of these complexities. Lt. Nierenberg handled supply. On January 11, 2nd Lt. (now 1st Lt.) Harold C. Joseph joined the squadron.

Lt. Lomax assumed command January 14, 1943, and thus started inspiring and capable leadership. 2nd Lt. (now Captain) William Cromartie came in the same day and six days later was promoted to 1st Lt. January 15, Lt. Nierenberg was sent on detached service to the Port of New York as Advance Agent to procure supplies for the unit. January 18, the unit left March Field, and on the twenty-third arrived at Camp Kilmer, New Jersey. Last-minute preparations were made at Camp Kilmer. The unit embarked and, after a rather uneventful journey which lasted approximately two weeks, arrived at the port of Mers El Kebir, vicinity of Oran, North Africa, February 21. Many will still remember the trek to Mud Hill, which was the first bivouac area for the 82nd. After arriving, and the subsequent stay, adjustments had to be made to the different living conditions. It was quite memorable.

March 6, fourteen controllers and communications officers were transferred to the organization, as well as 39 enlisted men, who were radio operators and maintenance men.

Orders came through and we were directed to go to Thelepte and to set up an operations block near the airport there. Once again — packing and crating and all the numerous little details had to be worked out and the 82nd moved up by motor convoy, railroad, and plane.

The 82nd Fighter Control Squadron functioned admiratively and operationally under the Third Air Defense Wing, subsequently known as the 64th Fighter Wing, which was assigned to the 12th Air Support Command, later known as the 12th Tactical Air Command.

The 82nd Fighter Control Squadron was now in the war, and its operations and men were about to face action for the first time. Thelepte was the first action station of the squadron and a proving ground of its men and equipment under combat conditions. The British had proven it could be done, but Americans had yet to prove it in the European theater.

A few days after the arrival of the complete organization at Thelepte, on March 15,1943, a second operations block was sent to Sbeitla, an area recently acquired from the Germans, and who were still but a short distance away. The place was entirely mined, and enemy aircraft were constantly overhead. At this point it will be well to state that the 82nd Fighter Control Squadron operated under the direction of the 3rd Air Defense Wing as did the Signal Corps, fighter and fighter-bomber groups. The 3rd Air Defense Wing, after the invasion of Sicily, became the 64th Fighter Wing. The 3rd Air Defense Wing, under the able leadership of Colonel Robert Israel, provided the A-2 and A-3 sections and additional controllers, including Captain Arthur Selby (later Major) as senior controller. Shortly after arrival at Thelepte, Captain Selby was advanced to the rank of Major. The personnel at Operations Block I at Thelepte included the Headquarters of the Wing together with the above-mentioned Capt. Selby, as well as Captain Lomax, Commander of the 82nd and later promoted to the rank of Major; Lieutenants Bailey, Epps and Scheftel (later made captains), and Assistant Controllers Lieutenants Gilbert (now captain), Randolph and Cox. Lt. Gilbert was subsequently made a controller. It was the

responsibility of T/Sgt. Watson to see that the communications in this operations block were always functioning and he performed this duty successfully.

The personnel of Operations Block II at Sbeitla included Lt. Col. Lydon of the 3rd Air Defense Wing in command, with Lts. Jordan, King and McLure (now captains) as controllers, and Lts. Barr, Nolte and Wright (now captains) as assistant controllers. During this time, Captain Exelby carried out his duty as medical officer for the squadron with courage and efficiency.

The main function of the squadron during this time was to maintain fighter cover over American troops engaged in the battles of Gafsa, El Guettar and Maknassy and to protect American airfields at Thelepte from enemy attacks. During this period only one successful attack was made on our airfield at Thelepte by enemy aircraft. In the meantime, numerous interceptions of enemy aircraft were made over the battle zone before they could attack our ground troops, the highlight of which was an interception of 18 JU-87's, of which 14 were shot down, even though they had a fighter escort of ME-109's. During this time, officers of the Wing and of the Squadron, especially Capt. Lomax, were daily risking their lives by making necessary trips between the two operations blocks, and, unfortunately, on one such occasion, Major Meany, head surgeon of the Wing, and Lt. Rosenberg, also of the Wing, were killed.

Operations terminated at Thelepte on April 15, 1943.

Before continuing this eventful history of the 82nd Fighter Control Squadron, it would be well to give a brief overall picture of how the system of air control functioned during this period, and where the squadron fits into the whole picture: The 82nd Fighter Control Squadron is primarily concerned with the operation of Very High Frequency radio, functioning and maintaining of all very high frequency equipment, and the technical men to operate this equipment. The squadron also operates High Frequency equipment as opposed to very high frequency for ground-to-ground communication which includes point-to-point communication between outlying DF units and between the two operations blocks when land lines are not possible or when they become unserviceable. The two operations blocks can generally communicate by means of R-T on their very high frequency sets in a case where speed is of great importance. Subsequently F. M. equipment was added to the T.E. of the organization and was used for point to point communication. It must be borne in mind, however, that anything that goes over the air, if not coded, is almost certain to be intercepted by the enemy and all controllers are always mindful of this fact when sending out a message over the air. Non-coded messages can be used to confuse the enemy, as in the case when Lt. Jordan, who was controller in Milazzo, Sicily, knowing that we had a bombing mission going to Salerno, Italy, with a fighter escort, kept calling his own fighters "Over Naples", thus keeping the enemy fighters, who were airborne at the time, searching for our aircraft over Naples while the bombing of Salerno was carried out with immunity. Our own "Y" Service (Signal Intelligence, which monitored the enemy's radio channels) functioned with a high degree of efficiency throughout the war. In addition to the above-mentioned communication function, the squadron also provided controllers to sit in the operations block and correlate all the information provided by the Signal Corps, ground observation units, VHF-DF vans and pass on this information to the pilots in the planes and

converse with them by means of the VHF transmitter and receiving vans. The controllers are also furnished information by the Wing, A-3 Section, and the Wing A-2 Section, including the interception of enemy radio conversations in the same manner as the enemy intercepts our radio conversation as mentioned in the last paragraph. The controller is at the terminal point of all the information in an air-warning system and must therefore be a person of ability, able to think and make decisions quickly, without being hurried into making forced decisions. The lives of the pilots and the defense of the objectives are in his hands once all the units have been set in motion which provide him with the necessary information. Briefly, the whole system works as follows:

The flight of enemy aircraft is first detected by the Radar units which are controlled by the Signal Corps. This information, which includes the number of aircraft, direction of flight, and distance from the radar station, is called in from' the radar station either by land line radio or HF radio to the filter room. Here the information being passed by the different radar stations is correlated and then passed on to the operations room or van. As mentioned before, it is in the operations room that action is taken on this information. The controller scrambles his pursuit planes and directs them to the interception of the enemy aircraft. The position of the friendly fighter is plotted through bearings sent in by the DF fixer stations. There usually are three stations placed at advantageous positions so as to form a triangle with the airfield, with the operations block in the center.

One of the very important functions of the VHF equipment is the use of the DF homer. This van is located near the airfield on high ground if possible. When pilots become lost, they call the controller for a homing. The controller then turns the pilot over to the crew in the homer van, who, by the use of his VHF radio, can tell the pilot his proper course to the airfield.

It is the controller's duty to direct his fighter planes to the interception of the enemy, and then do everything possible to insure their safe return to their base, or, if necessary, to some other base. The success of this operation depends upon continuous radio communication between the controllers and the pilots and also upon prompt and accurate information from the radar stations and the DF stations. In the above manner all the integrated units fit in and make for a smooth-working system of air control.

To continue with the history of the squadron, Lt. Brown and a small contingent of men went into the Kasserine Pass, famous for its battles, and set up a direction-finding station in the seclusion of the towering mountains surrounded by mine fields. This station proved of great value to the unit as a whole.

In the meantime, the rear echelon of the 82nd maintained their headquarters about two miles southeast of Tebessa and functioned as a supply agency for the Wing and various other units, as well as the 82nd Fighter Control Squadron. Lt. Cromartie acted as Commanding Officer, owing to the absence of Capt. Lomax, who was at the forward operations blocks, and carried out his duties in an efficient manner, with the splendid assistance of 1st Sgt. Edward Magnus. This rear headquarters also acted as a rest camp for radio men who had been exposed to the

enemy and the elements near the front lines. Sergeant Earl E. Wilson (now Master Sergeant) performed excellently in the way in which he maintained the equipment so that forward units were never forced to do without essential power units and other necessary equipment.

Operations 1 joined Operations 2 at Sbeitla and then both sections moved to La Sers, where Operations 1 predominated in activity, as at the time it wasn't necessary to have two operations blocks in operation.

The move to La Sers on April 15 was necessitated in order to make it easier to furnish cover for our advance troops. Here we set up our operations on the high ground a few miles from the airfield. From this location, fighter patrols were maintained over the front lines and fighter sweeps and fighter-bomber missions were sent out as far as Tunis, and the Cape Bon peninsula. Our function on these operations, as at Thelepte, was to keep ground-to-air contact with our aircraft and to furnish them with information of enemy activity in their vicinity. The vital homings of lost aircraft continued to function as heretofore. Great credit should be given the crews who manned the transmitters, receivers, DF fixers and DF homer vans for the work that they did during all these operations. Numerous times each day, some lost pilot would call in for a homing and through our facilities would be directed safely to his base. On occasions, there would be quite a number of separate flights asking for homing's at the same time. When this happens, there is a great deal of confusion, and only the best crews can function properly. As far as our records show, no pilot who called for a homing failed to reach his home base safely. During this period, no enemy raider reached any of the airfields which we were protecting. At this time, another instance of the effectiveness of air control was demonstrated when 10 American fighters shot down four FW-190's and one ME-109, when the enemy aircraft were assembled over the Salt Lake, near Tunis. The mission for which the aircraft were assembling, never came off. We did not lose a single aircraft in this engagement and the pilots were begging the controllers for further information so that they might continue with the kill. Unfortunately, the enemy had enough by this time, and there was nothing left for the controller to do but to tell the pilots to "Return to base and pancake".

From La Sers, the squadron moved to the Cape Bon peninsula in Tunis and set up two operations blocks —one at Korba and one at Kelibia—with five DF fixer stations. The 82nd now entered upon its third phase and had come into its own as a tried and tested organization. It now went to take its part in the successful landing on Pantelleria, the invasion of Sicily, and the first step on the mainland of Europe, in Salerno Bay, Italy. A more detailed account follows: The unit set up at Korba and Kelibia covered the landing on Pantelleria.

On June 10, Captains Bailey, Epps and Scheftel; 2nd Lt. Chapman (now 1st Lt.), T/Sgt. Hannon's crew, T/Sgt. Janeway and crew, plus a 299 crew, Sgt. Gonzales with several maintenance men to assist them, left Sousse staging area to participate in the anticipated seizure of Pantelleria. During the trip Major Selby, senior controller of the Wing, and Capt. Epps, acted as controllers on the headquarters ship, HMS Largs. Capt. Scheftel, with a VHP crew, acted as controller on the standby ship HMS Ulsterman. The above-mentioned officers and men landed early in the afternoon when their duties on the headquarters ships were completed.

Sgt. Gonzales' first-hand picture of the action is portrayed in this excerpt from his personal diary: "On 10th of June went on board boat LCI 113 and set out for ??? Stayed out of Sousse harbor until next morning and arrived at Pantelleria at 1100. Invasion was to begin at 1200. German planes tried to bomb us ... No good . . . Bad aim. Landed at 1230 and many prisoners capitulated . . . almost no resistance at all. Set up our radio and stuff about 1500 hours and went right to work . . . All the men tired as hell. . . Went to bad as soon as it got dark . . . Bombed during the night, but no one moved . . . too tired. Next day—at 0800 hours—16 German dive-bombers came over and raised hell. Dove for cover. Not very happy about it... Scared stiff. At 1300 they came again; and again at 1700. Everyone fine.

"This island was bombed all to hell by our bombers and there is shrapnel all over. The island is all one big rock and a sharp one at that. We always knew when they were coming, so I used to go up on top of the mountain and have a grandstand seat. I had a pair of field glasses and they surely were good. After a couple of weeks, the bombings stopped."

Words could hardly do the job of sufficient laudatory comment about this work on Pantelleria island.

Among the activities performed by this gallant group of men were air-sea rescues averaging approximately three per day, as well as providing cover for the convoys who later were engaged in the invasion of Sicily. During that invasion they homed the distressed pilots. They assisted the troop-carrier planes on their return from Sicily after they had dropped paratroopers. Another important function that the crew on the island engaged in was that of early warning to stations in North Africa of approaching enemy aircraft.

Captain Cavanagh of the Wing, and Lt. Gilbert of the 82nd, acted as controllers on the headquarters ships. Sgt. Stratmann and a crew of men were dispatched to a staging area and everything was prepared for the Sicilian invasion and the campaign. The air was charged with expectation in this small group, and the same feeling permeated the assorted commands, headquarters and staffs, even up to General Eisenhower. The hour was about to strike. The Allies were coming! The European Fortress was to be subjected to the force of the greatest armada of fleets and masses of men ever to take an objective, and the 82nd was to play its prominent part as it had in the past.

Plans—plans—plans. Weeks of preparation, and then came the day.

On July 10, at about four o'clock in the morning, the world received the news that Sicily had been invaded.

Two separate groups of 82nd radio men were landed at Gela, on the Sicilian beach, in the early hours when the going was rough. The first, the crew of Sgt. Stratmann's DF van, hit the beach a mile or more to the right of the town. They were subjected to strafing and unmerciful shellfire, and lost no time in digging in. Six other 82nd men, composed of 299 Crew Chief McCauley,

DelMonaco, Dubs, Diven, Maxwell and Neffi, went ashore shortly after daybreak, landing practically at the foot of Gela's main street. These men were attached temporarily with a new Provisional Battalion, made up of radio and signal men, both British and American, for the setting up of early radio operation for this specific Sicilian landing. They were bivouacked in a heavily-mined olive orchard, and, during the course of the morning, there were over a dozen casualties from mines and mine fragments, although none of the 82nd personnel present was injured. Many of our Rangers still lay where they had been struck down—victims of the H-Hour assault—their toes pointing downward, into the drifting island sand.

Our boys picked the building across the street from an edifice that later housed the operations block known as the information center.

On July 13, word was received that enemy tanks were coming through, and the group was told to get out. That occurred about three times. The tanks were stopped dead in their tracks by naval artillery. That evening the town was bombed again.

Captain Exelby, Lt. Joseph and Lt. Brown, accompanied by a large contingent of men, left the Tunis area and came to the island three days later. Lt. Cromartie and his men landed after three more days. The remainder of the squadron, except for the few left on Cape Bon, drifted in shortly afterward, one section setting up in Gela, and the other in Palermo.

On August 30, thirteen officers and 82 enlisted men moved to the Milazzo staging area from Gela. A few days later they were joined with the contingent from Palermo.

Meanwhile, several VHP homers and their crews were distributed at various locations in Sicily, all preparatory to the Italian invasion.

On September 3, eight officers and 78 enlisted men departed for an area on the other side of Milazzo and prepared to go on the invasion of Italy. (Lt. Gilbert of the 82nd acted as controller on the headquarters ship Ancon, and Capt. Bruce of the Wing on the headquarters ship Hilary. After landing, Capt. Bruce was wounded and put out of action by shellfire.) This group was split up, and one part, with Capt. Epps, arrived in the Salerno area on the ninth of the month. The other group, under Major Lomax, departed from that same staging area on the ninth, and arrived in the Salerno area on the tenth, sleeping on the boat overnight before going ashore. A third section left the eleventh and arrived the twelfth. Meanwhile, one operations block located in Milazzo helped cover the invasion of Italy.

The day after arrival the Ops block was set up about one mile from the landing beach, just east of Montecorvino airport, which could not be used owing to the fact that it was being shelled. Landing grounds were speedily constructed between the Ops block and the sea. During this trying period, the officers and men performed their duties under the direct shellfire of the enemy and under the constant noise of our own guns, situated directly behind the Ops block and headquarters building. In one instance, Capt. Scheftel saw the fighter-bombers which he was controlling, demolish their target, by looking out of a window of the operations room.

Later, A-2 reports disclosed that two "88" guns were knocked out, and 300 Germans killed in that raid. Had it not been for this mission, the history of this squadron might have ended on that night.

In Italy the squadron controlled aircraft over the battle zones, defending the harbor of Naples as its primary function with air-sea rescues and homing of pilots as secondary.

On October 12, Operations I was established at Frattamaggiore. Operations II then came in from Capri and was split up and absorbed by Ops 1 and Ops 2. On October 26, Ops 2 set up at Sorrento.

On October 26, the 82nd Fighter Control Squadron took part in the first front-line controlling ever done by any unit of the Air Forces in the American Army in the European theatre. By front-line controlling is meant the actual controlling of the dive-bombers when they are over their targets and by visual observation of the target and of the results of the bombings. Contact was also kept with escorting fighters at the Sime time. This form of controlling was accomplished by occupying a position of advantage, whereby the targets which were being bombed could be observed. At the same time, contact was maintained with Commanders of the various units of the infantry and the Commanding General, by land lines. The mission proved to be entirely successful and the targets were successfully demolished.

Captain Scheftel and Lt. Gilbert were the controllers, and Lt. Brown was in charge of VHF installation. Cpl. Crutcher, in charge of the VHF crew under Lt. Brown, did a magnificent job in placing the ground-modified 522 VHF set in operation within 20 minutes after arrival. Contact with the aircraft was extremely clear and it was possible to direct the pilots to pin-point locations by this means. Captain Scheftel controlled the fighter-bombers on one channel, while Lt. Gilbert maintained contact with the escorting planes on another channel by means of a ground-modified 522 set installed in a jeep.

(Let it be said that in mentioning the fact that this was the first front-line controlling ever done by any unit of the American Air Force, that the 82nd Fighter Control Squadron has always had its operations block near, or even ahead, of the most forward airfields which may be anywhere from five to 40 miles behind the front lines, except in the case of the landing in Italy, when the operations block was actually directly behind the front lines and the headquarters ship, Hilary, remained off-shore to take over in case the operations block was destroyed by shellfire. The above-mentioned front-line controlling was naturally coordinated with the controller in the operations room at the forward airports from which the fighter and fighter-bombers took off.)

During this time the squadron was augmented by four new controllers who had just arrived from the States—2nd. Lts. Henry Byrnes Jr., George K. Miller, Baddia Rashid and Arthur I. Krohn.

In the next period, from November to May, when the armies of liberation were stopped by the Axis, all types of devices were used to keep the soldiers occupied during their leisure hours. It was a time when Special Services came into its own, more or less blossomed forth as a

respected member of the family of services rendered the troops. USO stage shows were presented, movies, both to the local units and to the movie houses in Naples, were abundantly furnished; books of all sizes and types were supplied, rations improved enormously, tournaments of volleyball, Softball, boxing and horseshoes starting with small units and developing into leagues throughout the theater, and finally merging into theater championships—all a part of an enormous program to promote the welfare of the troops. Red Cross provided buildings for officers and enlisted men in Naples, having facilities for showers, snack bar, and various recreations. The English had their ENS A shows. Bars for officers and enlisted men were opened. Tours of Pompeii and Vesuvius were organized. Operas, concerts, forums, lectures—all marked the change in the treatment of the soldier—a complete recognition of the social and recreational needs. Rest camps were provided, and unit newspapers published. The later battles of Anzio and Cassino, of course, tempered the whole movement.

All the Special Services are indeed a record of the history of any military unit in this period.

We had a few air raids over the Naples area from the month of October through March. None did any damage of consequence.

Squadron activity at this period was at a low ebb. The usual fighter control coverage and defense of the harbor of Naples was its primary activity.

On December 16, one officer, Lt. Brown, and 17 enlisted men, were dispatched to the island of Ventotene.

Cassino and Montecassino Abbey were the big names between November and May. Secretary of War Stimson said that the Germans stopped us. They commanded the heights and their natural defenses were superb.

On January 20, 1944, the 328th Fighter Control Squadron and the 593rd Signal Air Warning Battalion arrived at Bari, from the U.S. and joined the other units of the 64th Fighter Wing.

By far, the biggest battle of the campaign of Italy was the Battle of the Anzio Beachhead. Many military experts and army personnel who have participated in the battle have called it the biggest of the war. (The late Ernie Pyle, noted war correspondent, has devoted a great many words and much space to that battle. It has called for plans, programs and bills for the increase of the infantryman's pay. The combat at Anzio and Cassino have brought the infantryman back into vogue. He is played up in newspapers and all forms of advertising in the States. The foot soldier's role in the war has assumed new prominence because of the static warfare in Italy, as well as the reinforcements of infantry needed in the invasion of Normandy.

Operations II provided fighter control in the air coverage both offensive and defensive at Anzio. The name "Grubstake", the call-sign of Ops 2, was well known and highly regarded. Grubstake's operations at Anzio illuminated the history of the squadron as no other battles before and since

have done. That they have performed creditably and successfully goes without saying. The courage and bravery of the men under Nazi fire (and there were loads of it), as excerpts from their official diary will disclose, has been an inspiration to all, and there was no area in Anzio which was not subjected to intense bombing, strafing and artillery fire. The following are extractions from one of the official diaries of Ops 2, edited and compiled by Cpl. Franklin E. Diven: "Friday, January 14: The outfit is moving on schedule, and the operations have closed down. We are on our way—a long, grueling ride down the Sorrento Peninsula and thence to the main road to Naples. We drive past beautiful villas and vacation spots over very much-bombed and torn-up roads, and pass destroyed factories and installations. Mount Vesuvius slips by, and it is a beautiful sight, with its ever-spouting, and ever-drifting smoke. The panorama of Vesuvius is breath-taking, and it makes you feel so small. We arrive in Naples, or should we say, "Dirty Naples" ? So old, and yet, so new. There are modern structures standing alongside those which have stood there for centuries. It is the strangest city that we have ever seen. Some of its streets have a stench to high Heaven, and many people are both dirty and hungry. We climb the hills behind Naples and come along the outskirts of a big airfield called "Capodachino". It was once the Naples Municipal Airport and is now in use as an Allied fighter and bomber base. Soon we arrived in Naples and some of the men are staying at the staging area beside the Pallazzo Reale (King's Palace). They are in the grove of trees to one side of that large building.

"January 15, 16, 17: In the staging area everyone is preparing for what is to come, and waterproofing is being done on all vehicles. Everything is getting under way. We spend three days here, and then we move into various ships in Naples harbor. On the sixteenth we're still fooling around, getting ready, and all of the men have been without a shower for some time and are getting pretty crusty looking. Fighting men! Finally, we leave!

"January 18: About 20 per cent of the men are going in on D-Day, and the remainder will follow on D-5. As we sail along, we're waiting for whatever is to come, and we hope that the coming event will be an exciting one, but that it won't be too rough for us to handle.

"January 19, 20, 21: We move out of Naples Harbor and go along the coast to a cove, which, it seems, is the rendezvous for all of the invasion boats. We bob with the waves and wait for anything that is to come, and finally leave on the twenty-first. Then conies the briefing. We are going to make a landing just south of Rome, at the towns of Nettuno and Anzio, and the beaches are supposed to be heavily mined. The English First Division is to hit from above, the Rangers to take the towns, and the American Third Division is to land below the towns. Intelligence has said that there are two German divisions in the vicinity with tanks. The object of the landing is to aid and assist in the capture of Rome. Now we are all sweating out H-Hour, which will be very soon—tomorrow morning—and it is already very late. We spend time going over our maps, showing routes to our rendezvous points."

The control ship, the Ulster Queen, with Captain Larry Cavanaugh, Lts. Flynn and Fields of the 34th Fighter Wing, and Lt. John Gilbert Jr., this squadron, were in operation off Anzio on D-Day, while the Palimires was the standby ship, with Lts. Schumm Hancock (now captains) of the Wing, aboard her. The Palimires later struck a mine. Lt. Schumm joined the other officers on the

Ulster Queen, while Lt. Hancock went back to the 64th Fighter Wing headquarters. There were no casualties on the Palimires. These two ships participated in operations for approximately ten days, in which they suffered 54 raids by Nazi aircraft.

"The morning of the twenty-third", continues the diary, "found us in operation and the shelling was still going on full blast. The preceding night had been fairly uneventful, and the only noticeable incidents were intermittent shelling by 88's and some mortars. There had been no air raids. All day long boats have been unloading, and the rest of our men are coming ashore from the LST's. We move into a small clearing beside a thick forest, between Nettuno and Anzio. It looks like rain, and we hope we can get all of our operations set up before it starts. But we didn't. And now it's raining torrents.

"January 24: Last night was very noisy. There are four 155 mm's located nearby in the woods and they have been firing all night. Outside of this, nothing happened. We are clearing the area and are finishing the setting up of equipment and digging foxholes. At 1300 hours we received our 10-in-l rations and we were told to eat as best we could until the cooks arrived. FW's and ME's have been coming in most of the day and making hit-and-run attacks on our shipping. We have good fighter cover and they really have to move to get away from our pilots. Our stations are all in operation and everything is under control. We had a couple of air raids in the course of the afternoon, but they didn't amount to much.

"January 26: The weather is bad, and there is very little air activity. The men are very nervous, but, nevertheless, the operations are going along fine. It is now 1800 hours, and a heavy raid is on at the moment. Flares are reported all above the docks at Anzio. We can feel the bombs and hear them through our ack-ack. They have hit one of our ammunition dumps and it is going up into the air. Our ack-ack has shot down five Jerry bombers, and one of our night fighters reported shooting down a Heinkel. The strain of these raids, and the incessant shelling is telling on the men, and they are all on edge; nevertheless, everyone is sticking to his post and doing a wonderful job with the operations.

"February 8: Bad news! It was too good to last. A shell landed and wounded five of our men, Sgts. Calegory, Gordon and McCarthy, and Cpls. Clendenin and Platco. Gordon and Clendenin are very seriously injured with abdominal shrapnel wounds; Platco was struck in the elbow, Calegory received a slight head wound, and McCarthy, deep leg wounds. It was an unfortunate occasion for us, and a warning of caution to the rest of the personnel.

"February 13 : General Clark's tunnel was bombed, and our operations block knocked out. The men are working furiously to get things in shape again, although still under shellfire. Corporal Clendenin, one of those men wounded a few days ago, and whose home was in Texas, died this morning. He was a very popular young fellow, and all of our men feel very bad about the tragedy. Another of the wounded, S/Sgt. Tom Calegory, returned to duty. His was a superficial head wound. Jerry was overhead all night and raised hell again.

"March 20: We had a small raid this morning. Our pilots got three, and one of ours was lost. One of their bombs hit our mess tent and we had to wait for breakfast. It must have been a 500-pounder, because it surely made a dent in our bivouac area."

During this period all the Ops 2 personnel were commended for extraordinary courage and devotion to duty under hazardous circumstances.

Meanwhile, back at headquarters operations were continuing on the main front. On April 11, a comprehensive malarial control plan was inaugurated. April 15, Lts. Byrnes and Miller left for Cairo by air to attend a six-week' course in Ground Controlled Interception. The British had practically monopolized that form of controlling and the Americans were now invading the field. On April 12, we had one of the biggest air raids in the Naples area. A reputed 60-plus planes were over. Wing headquarters had a dud bounce on it and a little damage resulted.

April 28, General John R. Hawkins was relieved of command and General Glenn O. Barcus assumed command.

Under a policy of rotation in this theater on September of 1943, four enlisted men, Sgts. Lipkvich, Gallagher and Dixon, and Cpl. Gates, left for the States.

It was during the month of March that squadron headquarters started to send men to Ops 2 to relieve their personnel and send them back for a rest. Special Services continued to be a great morale building factor.

On May 14, the big offensive swung into action. The conference at Teheran, with Roosevelt, Churchill and Stalin, was bearing fruit. Subsequent events bore out the fact that this was the first of a series of knockout blows by the armies of liberation. The offensive finally gave Rome back her freedom and did away with the Anzio beachhead. The Fifth and Eighth Armies marched, and with them the Air Forces paved the way and obliterated stubborn resistance pockets of the enemy. Twelfth Tactical Air Command, 64th Fighter Wing and the 82nd Fighter Control Squadron provided the air cooperation which included the forward fighter control operations. Telegrams and congratulatory messages from Supreme Commanders down to the chain of command to the Privates were numerous. Some are substantially as follows: Paraphrase of Radiogram received from General Eaker, Commanding General, Allied Air Forces, Mediterranean Theater: Following is a cable which was received by me from General Eisenhower: "The battle which commenced on 12 May in Italy has advanced to the point where it is, by itself, a first-class major Allied victory. All officers and enlisted personnel of each nationality participating may feel proud of the service rendered the common cause by them. This entire command is assuredly proud of their accomplishments. Please extend to all commanders concerned my personal congratulations." I take pleasure in adding my personal commendation and thanks for successful efforts of all personnel in my command in winning such high praise.

Letter to Gordon Saville, Commanding General, XII Tactical Air Command, from Oliver Leese, Commanding General, Eighth Army, dated June 7, 1944: As the Desert Air Force takes over at this moment, on behalf of the Eighth Army, I send you our warm appreciation and very grateful thanks for the magnificent support the XII Tactical Air Command has given us and which has contributed so largely to our recent successes. It would be impossible for me to praise too highly the gallantry of your air crews and the wholehearted cooperation of your staff. The high efficiency in every operation which you have carried out for us has won the complete confidence of our troops. It has been a real pleasure to work with the XII Tactical Air Command, and I look forward to the time when the Eighth Army may again have your great support. With my personal thanks to you.

A lively race had begun with the Fifth and Eighth Armies trying to keep contact with the fleeing Germans. Whole German units had become separated from their divisions. The squadron and the operations I and II had to keep close on the heels of the Armies and provide the control of aircraft coverage. So, a series of movements started.

At this time the re-organization of the Wing was affected. Three sector operations were organized from elements of the 64th Fighter Wing, the 582nd and 593rd Signal Air Warning Battalions and the 328th and 82nd Fighter Control Squadrons. The remainder of these units were to comprise the Headquarters, and their function was to move with the forward sector Ops. Each Ops was to be self-sufficient in operations, supply and administration. Also, the operational strategy called for each Ops hopping one another in succeeding missions.

On May 29, the squadron received a letter from Twelfth Air Force, augmenting the Tables of Organization by two more ground-controlled interception teams.

June 1 and 2, the squadron moved to St. Felice, Point Circeo, in Italy. On June 5 the armies were in Rome and on June 6 we moved again, to Rocca Di Papa, 20 miles south of the Eternal City, in the Lake Albano sector. On June 9, Ops 2 moved to Civitavecchia. On June 15, S/Sgt. Stratmann's DF and S/Sgt. McCauley's 299 crew went to the Island of Orbetello. Ops 3 known as "Baseball"—moved to Orbetello with the headquarters. Operations I, whose callsign is "Changer", remained at Rocca Di Papa. June 21, Captains Charles Hicks and Paul Exelby, Cpl. D'Argento and Pfc. Gall were rotated to the States. On June 28, Operations II moved to St. Popa-line, near Piombino.

The plans of the Allied leaders for the crushing of Germany began unfolding with the invasion of Normandy on June 6, 1944. Thousands of men poured from England to France. Meanwhile, from the East, the Russian legions were imposing devastating defeats in a series of pounding blows at the Hun. Marshall Tito and his armies in Yugoslavia were making large contributions to the United Nations' war efforts. Heavy bombers from England, Italy and Russia were hammering Germany's industries; fighter-bombers were bombing and strafing military objectives. Fighters were providing protective escort-strafing enemy troops and coordinating with our ground forces in combat.

The Southern France invasion plan—"Operation Bigot-Anvil"—was still in the formulative stage when the 64th Fighter Wing and the 82nd Fighter Control Squadron arrived at the XII Tactical Air Command staging area and at Santa Marie, Italy, 19-20 July, 1944. Detachment Ops 1 left Rocca Di Papa, 19 July, 1944, and arrived at the staging area at Civitavecchia the same date.

The activities at the staging area were a mixture of preparation for assault against the beaches of Southern France, and Special Services.

Conference and board meetings were held in Naples by top commanders of various services and branches in the MTO, which coordinated the plans for "Anvil" movement. Piers and docks were busy with loading, checking of personnel, equipment, and the various other duties involved in preparation for invasion

In the area, the men were entertained by Joe Louis, who gave an exhibition at Caserta. Captain McLure, 328th Fighter Control officer, formerly of this squadron; S/Sgt. Dinwiddie and Sgt. McCarthy went to another staging area, on their way to the States.

Swimming, movies, ping-pong, passes, ice cream, beer, volleyball—all went to make things a bit more pleasant.

The combined American and French forces invaded the beaches of Southern France at 0800 hours on August 15, preceded by a naval and air bombardment lasting two hours. Operations IV, a provisional organization, was scheduled to land on D-Day, while personnel and equipment of Operations II were to follow in two days and join with them. As the plan developed, both operations units landed almost simultaneously and pooled their efforts. Originally, a joint sector-British GCI control was inaugurated; but by D-plus-4 a full sector Ops control was set up near St. Tropez, augmented by GCI night control.

Meanwhile, the air control over the beachhead was handled by the fighter control ships. The USS Catoctin was the command ship, where all air ground plans were coordinated. The FDT 13 had operational control of the beachhead patrols and interception work, and the Ulster Queen acted chiefly as standby control ship. When the landings became secure, the "Pineapple" missions against opportunity targets took first priority, and this phase of operations was placed under control of the unit on board the USS Catoctin.

Around August 20, the ground control at St. Tropez became fully operational and the control ships remained at standby. The patrols were handled by the sector operations, while fighter-bomber missions were directed by a separate control unit established at XII TAG headquarters. In addition to these, there was a naval carrier task force control which directed operations in the Marseilles area. Enemy air activity was less than expected, concentrating on reconnaissance flights over the beachhead area and the harbor. However, there were a few raids, two of which were aimed at the shipping anchored in the harbor and St. Tropez itself. By far, the greatest support rendered the ground forces were attacks concentrated on enemy convoys retreating up the Rhone Valley.

On September 5, coastal control accepted operations from us, and our sector Ops were moved to cover the Allied advance to the north. Our 82nd personnel were represented im all operations, those on director ships, those on land, and those with both the naval and ground task forces.

Second Lt. (now 1st Lt.) Paul Moore joined the organization at Santa Maria, Italy, August 19.

Plays, dances and musicales kept the men entertained. Katharine Cornell and Brian Aherne, in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street", was one of the more outstanding performances. Meanwhile, General Patch and the Seventh Army were making tremendous strides into the heart of France.

September 4, the men in headquarters started to pack. Inspections were carried out. Cpl. Diven, in his Squadron Diary, describes the movement as follows: "September 5: We crawled out of bed at 0430 hours this morning and ate an extremely early breakfast. By 0800, over a hundred men and three dozen vehicles left for the dock. Thirty-seven 82nd men, one from the Wing, and two attached men, were left behind, and, at the last moment, 10 vehicles, in charge of S/Sgt. Thruston and Lt. Joseph, were left behind. The group of 37 men moved across the road and ate with the Air Corps transient mess for a day and stayed there for the night. By noon, our former 82nd home was an empty, barren spot.

"September 6: Our 37 men ate an early breakfast at the transient mess, then were transported by two 328th PCS vehicles to the harbor. After an hour's wait, we boarded LST No. 655. The big headquarters group boarded No. 626. The convoy was busy loading and assembling in proper respective positions until late in the afternoon. During our supper hour, we steamed slowly out of the Port of Naples, and a convoy of approximately 40 LST's and merchant and Liberty ships was on its way to France. It was a beautiful evening, and the blue water of Naples bay was calm.

"September 7: Today the sea is roughening as we enter open water, and, in the distance, it appears that a rain squall is coming to greet us. The food is but fair. The LST crew are American sailors, many of them extremely young. Our four dogs are finding some difficult scratching on the steel decks of this boat. Many of our fellows already are very seasick. The convoy is traveling at a very slow clip. We had a light shower this afternoon, but our bedding was moved before much of it got wet. The night was starry, but very windy and rough.

"September 8: We spent practically all day inside the Sardinian Straits, between Corsica and Sardinia. Not much evidence of life on either island; they're very barren, rocky and woebegone in appearance. Today we spotted a seven-foot shark—swimming off our starboard bow, so near that it could easily have been hit with a baseball. We saw a few American planes, probably from Corsican bases. Wind is so heavy we've already lost three barrage balloons. They tear loose, and whip themselves to pieces, or soar gracefully out of sight and into oblivion.

"September 9: We got our first glimpse of the French Riviera early this morning, and a pleasant view it was, after our rough sailing. The Frenchmen aboard, and Arab troops of the French Army, were visibly thrilled at the approach to the shores of France. Many of the French boys were returning to their homeland after as long as four and five years. As we entered the harbor at St. Tropez, between Nice and Toulon, the beautiful resort homes greeted us, and the wide bays, filled with all manner and sort of Allied craft, from huge battleships to small, powerful torpedo boats, with their brass torpedoes glistening in the sun, formed an amazing spectacle. By 1530 we had dropped anchor in the bay, where we stood-by until supper time. We landed an hour before dusk, and were cordially greeted by civilians onshore. The men and dogs both were happy to feel solid ground under them again. Major Lomax was there, with newly-promoted Captain Williams, and they made arrangements for our transportation, and then led us to the former Ops 2 headquarters, approximately 10 miles from our landing place. We had just enough time to improvise shelter for the night. We were very tired. Late at night, the remainder of the 100-odd men unloaded from LST 626 and arrived in camp.

"September 10 : The setting up of the camp started early this morning, but the work was hampered because so much of the equipment, which had been unloaded in the port area last night, was slow in arriving. The "Commodore", T/Sgt. (now Master Sergeant) Earl Wilson, took a crew of men to that area and until late this afternoon they were unloading and re-loading heavy stuff. By evening, our camp was fairly well set up. The Enlisted Men's bar was wide open this evening, and we sampled the Ops 2 favorite concoction—the "Grubstake Special"—for the first time, with relish. The rum here is excellent; it has a fragrant bouquet, somewhat resembling that of Scotch whiskey."

The landings in Southern France by the 64th Fighter Wing were substantially in this fashion: Ops 2 departed from Santa Maria, Italy, August 13, by boat, and arrived at St. Tropez, France, on D-Day, August 15. An Ops detachment of the Wing departed from the island of Corsica, August 23, by boat, and hit St. Tropez on August 24, subsequently departing, and arriving in Dole, France, on September 3. Ops 2 went on from St. Tropez to Biol.

About September 15, the Normandy army and the Southern France troops joined.

Squadron life is characterized by the further excerpt of Cpl. Diven's diary: "September 28: An Edgar Berge-Charlie McCarthy show, 'Song of the Open Road', was given this evening. It was a warm day, and the evenings have been very cool. War news has slowed, somewhat, since the advent of the air-borne troops being repulsed on their hard-fought jaunt across the Rhine. The Jewish boys, who had been in Marseilles on holiday, returned late this evening with a Wing vehicle. Beer was dispensed this evening, and Bingo was played.

"September 29: A small convoy of 82nd men and radio vehicles left this morning for the forward operations. They will form a 'forward headquarters', with their own radio, transportation and other set-ups, so as to be more closely situated in contacting individual radio units which are on location. Our mail situation is bad; it's said the mail is going directly to the forward locations. Thus far, it has not been re-sent down here. We are due to move in a few

days. The furnishings of the buildings have been inventoried, billets have been selected, and the formal requisition has been submitted. The orderly room staff worked very late this evening on the draft of the requisition. Among those who left this morning on the northbound convoy, were: S/Sgt. Faullin, representing squadron supply; S/Sgt. Kissinger, tech supply; T/Sgt. Lauderdale, motor pool. T/Sgt. Wilson, who came down to organize the out-going convoy, returned with them, also. Beer was brought from Marseilles today, and T/Sgt. Quezada of the squadron medics, accompanied the beer wagon and brought back medical supplies. The 582nd brought our movie today. We saw the film, 'The Butler's Sister'.

"September 30: The last day of the month finds our group probably more scattered than they have ever been. We have operations units near Switzerland, Germany, and here in France, at many scattered points. We, here at rear headquarters, are readying ourselves to move into a beach villa within the next few days. It will be a trifle crowded for our personnel, but it is a grand house and should suffice for room if handled efficiently. Tonight's show was 'Hairy Ape', with an additional G.I. short. A purchase was swung today with the departing 325th PCS, in which we obtained a lot of good furniture, fine glassware and electrical fixtures for our EMC bar, and approximately one ton of Special Service equipment was given us. The squadron left in a hurry, and their loss was our gain, in that they had personally purchased the furniture and fixtures for their own club. There was a physical inspection today, conducted by a Wing medical flight officer, and late this evening the men lined up for monthly Pay Call. Roger for this month."

St. Tropez, France, was one of the most scenic places this squadron has had the good fortune to visit. Its small wharves and piers, and even the wreckage of the craft, and the buildings at the wharves, had a quaint beauty about it. The blue sky and the reflection in the water made the harbor of this famous resort town the subject of innumerable paintings.

The ancient port city of Marseilles, reminiscent even after the blight of war, of the gaudiness and ribaldry for which it had renown, was only a bare 80 miles from the Riviera, resplendent in beauty and serenity. Toulon, St. Raphael, Cannes and Nice were among the towns to which our boys had passes, or had gone on squadron business.

In the meantime, the first forward fighter controls were sent to the VI Corps of the Seventh Army and the Second Corps of the First French Army.

Beautiful girls on bicycles abounded everywhere. The open cafes and bars in the central park of St. Tropez were picturesque. The blue Mediterranean, with the mountains in the background, and the small white sailboats, like ducks on the water, made a magnificent scene.

It was amidst this setting that the headquarters spent about two and one half months, and certain segments of the headquarters, about a month longer. Lt. Robert B. Chapman was the acting Commanding Officer of headquarters, as Major Lomax handled communications for the Wing at Dole and Ludres.

At this time, Capt. Scheftel of the Wing, Lt. Rashid, Lt. Krohn, and five enlisted men, moved to Rougemont, France, for initial operations with the French Army.

The men received one-day passes to Marseilles, while the officers received passes to Cannes, and stayed at the Officers' Rest Hotel there. Cannes is a tourist town, whose specialty is the growing and sales of flowers, and the manufacture and sales of perfume.

The resort towns along the Riviera felt the ravages of war probably less than any other towns in France; that is, from a physical standpoint. However, the people suffered hunger. There just wasn't enough food in sufficient quantities available. Perhaps, the reason for this was the lack of transportation and the fact that that particular area, was not cattle-producing country.

The 82nd headquarters was truly a rear echelon at St. Tropez, but, from time to time, various groups would depart for the control centers, or the sector Ops or other installations, for the purpose of bringing mail or other administrative functions.

Special Service activities kept the men occupied. Dances, in particular, seemed the most popular. Arrangements for these dances were made with a local woman—a former pianist of considerable European repute. She acted as hostess at these dances, bringing with her some truly fine French girls, most of whom were her piano students.

Two predominant activities occurred at this time. One was the transfer of the bulk of the 1st VHP installation crew, and the other was soldier voting. Soldier voting in World War II had many interesting aspects. Volumes could be written about it. However, because of the many newspaper and radio accounts of the attitude of the state and the debates in Congress, as well as the fight and eventual compromise between the state government and the federal government, we will treat it here primarily from a unit and soldier's standpoint.

The Army assumed the responsibility for the distribution of literature for voting as well as making available the opportunity to vote upon the part of eligible soldiers. Because of the wide prominence given to soldier voting, great pains were taken by the Army, from the Secretary of War, on down to the lowest level of command, to see that everything was done accurately. Charts, maps, pamphlets, and distribution of all kinds came down to the organization from higher headquarters. Soldier Voting Officers were appointed in all organizations. Lt.Norman Nierenberg was the Soldier Voting Officer for this squadron. Conferences were held of these voting officers, in which they all were made familiar with the facts and procedure entailed in soldier voting. The whole procedure laid down by the War Department, and the effectiveness of the operation of that procedure was determined by the excellent results obtained. Throughout the whole election there was little evidence of irregularities of any nature on the part of any participants in the soldier voting program. The soldier vote determined the results in a few states.
In the squadron, the voting received small response; most individuals claimed that they weren't familiar enough with the candidates; that is, local and state. Soldier voting, however, as carried out by the Army, may well serve as a model for civilian elections.

Headquarters rear of the 82nd left St. Tropez, France, November 19, by motor convoy, and arrived at Luneville, France, November 22,1944. Roads were slippery and wet, and the weather was cold and rainy. Luneville was quite a contrast to St. Tropez. The manner of dress of the people was different. On the whole, a more somber attitude pervaded the town. That the community had been through the war was apparent upon the faces of the individuals.

The squadron took over an old apartment house with an adjoining garage suitable for accommodation of vehicles and equipment of varying size. Later the organization secured additional buildings and houses. Supply was located in a former store building, with adjoining quarters for the men.

Control Center I was at Dole at this time, while Control Center II was at Ludres, France. Forward Sector Ops I carried on operations at Xertigny, while Forward Sector Ops II (headquarters) was located at Rougemont.

The organization occupied the Hotel Vosges in Luneville. The men had many decided advantages there, among which was a bar, kitchen and adjacent recreation hall. Dances and movies were held in this hall.

The squadron was housed in four buildings in the town, and, as a result, had to take an active part in collaboration with Civil Affairs and other units in the town to solve common problems. Continental Advance Section, 51st Station Hospital, and the Headquarters, 82nd Fighter Control Squadron, together with an ordnance outfit, arranged a dance at the Municipal College Hall, on Christmas Eve. About 300 officers, nurses and French girls attended. It was a lavish affair—beautifully decorated—superb orchestra and replete with a tall Christmas Tree.

During the early part of December, an FM (Frequency Modulation) school was conducted in the Transportation building at the Luneville headquarters. The school lasted two weeks.

About this time, the weather was a governing factor in military operations. Up north, Montgomery's British First Army, Crerar's Second Canadian Army, Hodges' First Army, Simpson's Ninth, and Patton's Third Army, were immobilized to a greater or lesser degree, because of cold, rain and mud. The preponderance of power of our armored forces—such as tanks and artillery—and aircraft were reduced as a striking force because of the barriers of snow and slush. The First French Corps, at this time, attacked through the Belfort Gap, reached the Rhine and took Mulhouse. The Second French Corps was on the defensive, withstanding constant German counterattacks in the Colmar sector.

Unfavorable weather led to a fight principally between the German infantry and that of the Allies, and eventually paved the way for the Ardennes offensive of Rundstedt, the efficient German general, and the Battle of the Bulge. We suffered great casualties and tremendous losses of men and equipment. Rochefort and Bastogne will go down in history as examples of courage and prowess of American arms and men.

The German offensive in the Bitche-Hagenau area, occurred about January 1, 1945. We sent our fighter-bombers out in great strength against enemy troop concentrations and installations, thus allowing us time to withdraw safely. Meanwhile, enemy forces crossed the Rhine and established several strong bridgeheads, endangering and harassing the right flank of the Seventh Army and the left flank of the First French Army in their attempt to recapture Strassbourg. In succeeding missions against these bridgeheads members of one fighter-bomber squadron were awarded the Croix-de-Guerre for outstanding courage.

By this time forward fighter controls had been established with all Corps of the Seventh Army and the First French Army, and with a majority of the Divisions. During these offensive operations, the forward controls were directing both French and American fighter-bombers to stem the tide of the enemy advance. Division commanders proclaimed that the air co-operation and Tac/R information was, in part, responsible for halting the German assault and obliterating the bridgeheads.

Forward Sector Ops I left Xertigny by motor convoy December 1, 1944, and arrived at Gugenheim, December 8. Forward Sector Ops II left Rougemont December 21, and set up their installations at Altkirch on December 28.

On December 22, Pfc. Anthony Domkowski and S/Sgt. James Faullin both were critically injured in a vehicle accident. Pfc. Domkowski died as a result of the injuries.

The spirit of the Christmas and New Year's holidays, as interpreted in Cpl. Diven's diary, runs as follows: "December 24: Last-minute preparations are underway by our mess-sergeant, T/Sgt. Eugene Rice, for tomorrow's big feed. He has been a busy soldier for the past several days. There is a bit of the Christmas spirit in the air. but it is somewhat tempered by the large and serious German counter-attack, which is still progressing in places. Many of our boys attended Christmas Masses tonight in local cathedrals.

"December 25: Well, today is Christmas! After a good breakfast, we waited until 1500 hours for our dinner. We all were very hungry by then, and what a spread it was! There were 23 separate items of food on the dinner menu. Of course, roast turkey was the prize item of interest. It was a fine meal. Menus were printed by the writer at one of the city's small print-shops. A squadron dance was held in the evening, a few hours after dinner, and it was in progress until 0100 hours. The only marring incident was a red alert and German planes overhead. This was the second night running that German planes were over. They dropped a few anti-personnel bombs at a nearby ration dump, but no damage was done in this town. Some strafing was done on nearby roads. S/Sgt. Faullin continues to improve, in a Nancy hospital. Some of our boys have visited him.

"December 26: We had enemy planes overhead last night for the third night in a row. No apparent local damage; they have only the appearance of 'nuisance' raids. S/Sgt. Faullin steadily improves. Lt. Paul E. Moore has been promoted from 2nd to 1st Lt. T. Joseph is to leave his

work with CC 2, and he'll return to FSO 2. There were a few hangovers in and around the squadron this morning. Probably too much turkey yesterday. The central German thrust is still driving toward the Meuse river.

"December 30: Some of the new units left this morning for their respective new locations; others are preparing to leave; and still others are doing their best to hold on for New Year's dinner and pay day. Some of the boys attended a movie again in the City Hall building. They change pictures every two days there, but most of them already have been seen by our men. It's pretty chilly there to sit through a picture; so many of the boys don't attend for this reason. Pvt. Burke has been transferred in from the Wing, and has gone to Transportation as a new 82nd driver.

S/Sgt. James Faullin, in the hospital from the recent wreck which nearly cost his life, is reported to be improving daily.
"December 31: Well, today is the last day of the year. Last year at this time headquarters was located at St. Antimo, Italy, on the outskirts of Naples. Where will we be next year at this time ? Some of the boys are getting lined up for tonight's 'watch' party, to see the New Year in. It was a busy place early in the evening here, but later the place was quite deserted. The boys, for a large part, attended private parties with the townspeople. A small amount of mail arrived late this evening. Weather, cold and cloudy, with wisps of snow. War news is just so-so. In a speech tonight, Hitler prophesies he would win victory for the Germans in the next six months. Most of the boys are thinking of their folks back home tonight. Perhaps many of us will be with them for next New Year's. We can hope, can't we!

"January 1: Well, the New Year is here. We were given orders to vacate our men from the Vosges Hotel, so that Seventh Army (Rear) could take over the place. They permitted us to finish our dandy holiday feast; and, shortly afterward, part of the kitchen equipment was on its way to the new place, two and one half blocks down the street. It is a small dark mass hall and kitchen, after having had such an elaborate dining room, but it's sufficient. Our officers, here at Headquarters, cooks, medics and others were moved out. The orderly room remains in the same building where it had stood. The day is cold. The Germans are fighting hard in their large and potent counterattack at Rochefort and Bastogne."

The Army Information and Education plan began to develop at the Wing and First Tactical Air Force through a series of conferences.

During the week of January, the Italian front had little activity, but the Allies were continually advancing.

In the middle of January, the headquarters outfits moved to Nancy and occupied the University of Nancy. Messing facilities and officers' quarters were in a chateau on the university grounds. The officers of the Wing took over the Hotel Excelsior. Wing garages, motor pool, mail rooms and accommodations were also provided on a joint basis. All of the organizations shared these

facilities. This was the first time that an arrangement like this had been made. Many advantages and disadvantages accrued.

Lt. Moore was left as acting C.O. in charge of a group of approximately 50 men in Luneville. The men belonged predominantly to the transportation, supply, and radio sections.

Col. Nelson P. Jackson assumed command of the 64th Fighter Wing January 29, 1945.

With the advent of General Ben Lear in the ETO as Deputy Commander, the Information and Education program was given added impetus. Phase maps on operations was General Lear's pet project for the orientation program. Another significant aspect of his job was to furnish infantry replacements. To implement this, he proceeded to comb the communication zone and rear area headquarters to find personnel to fill the needs of combat soldiers. About January 24, infantry replacement plans took effect in the organization. Friday, January 26, is characterized thusly in Cpl. Diven's Diary: "The day has cleared up some, and a few of our planes were over us at intermittent periods. Today, the 'biggest excitement' was the physical examination given some of the men of this squadron, from the ranks of private to sergeant inclusive. It is rumored that a quota from that group will be picked co enter the infantry, and be sent to infantry training centers. For them, it is not a pleasant prospect to embark upon a career of infantry basic training, when some of them have had two years' work overseas with the Air Corps in this theater. There has been a buzz of excitement all during the day; and, although many of them are joking about it, it is easy to discern that they are gravely affected by the order. Capt. Schiuma, our medical officer, has been conducting the physical examinations during the day."

On the operational front, some American divisions were attached to the First French Army for the reduction of the Colmar pocket. Forward fighter control teams, comprised of both French and American personnel, worked jointly at the corps and divisions to provide air support for the assault from the north and the south. Personnel of this squadron were employed with these teams. American and French fighter-bombers were concentrating their attacks on the enemy supply lines, tanks, and fortified towns. Despite the handicap of language barriers, close cooperation was effected between the French and American control liaison officers.

American pilots, in one instance, attacked a battery of 80-mm dual-purpose guns, while the guns fired directly at them—for which action they were decorated by the French Commander of the ground forces. French pilots, on another occasion, attacked pillboxes a few hundred yards ahead of our troops with such success that forward elements immediately advanced to capture them. The controllers on these and other missions were commended highly by French division generals.

French units of the First French Corps effected a junction with American units of the Second French Corps a few miles south of Colmar. By the end of January, the remaining pockets of resistance were pounded incessantly from the air by planes of both nations. It was only a matter of days before Alsace was finally cleared of all the enemy (except those in the Hagenau pocket), and the Rhine was reached on the entire French front.

Around the first of February the Russian winter offensive reached the Oder river fronting Berlin.

Orientation lectures and talks, and discussion meetings were inaugurated the first week of February at the University of Nancy headquarters building in Nancy. Trips to Paris for officers and men were formed.

The following personnel were awarded the Bronze Star during the month of February, for "meritorious service and support of combat operations": Major Lomax, S/Sgt. Larson, S/Sgt. Crutcher, Sgt. Louie and Cpl. Keane.

Lt. Nierenberg attended a three-day conference of Information and Education Officers at Headquarters, First Tactical Air Force, Provisional.

At this time the Yalta Conference took place, and Messrs. Roosevelt, Churchill and Stalin discussed the problems affecting Poland and Greece, and the status of small nations generally, as well as the prosecution of the war. Plans were made in general terms for the treatment and occupation of Germany. It was decided to hold a Security Conference, sponsored by the United States, Russia, China and France.
As for the squadron's business, Lt. Miller and Lt. Colip left for England to attend Control School there.

Discussion on a Wing basis were rather frequent.

Subjects included "Rotation", "Post-War Problems", and kindred subjects. Capt. William J. Fitzpatrick was transferred into the outfit, and Capt. Nolte was transferred to the 324th Fighter Group.

With the advent of March, 1945, came warm weather, and the men's desire for outdoor sports. Special Service yielded athletic equipment of all kinds, and the men basked in the sun, playing catch, and just generally frolicking. The Squadron War Room became a meeting place. The first phase of the I. &. E. program was extensive.

Maps, Army Talks, Bulletins, Fact Sheets, Stars and Stripes, and assorted literature of all types, were passed out to the men. Trips to England and Paris became more frequent. Lt. Nierenberg and S/Sgt. Gerisch attended I. & E. schools in Paris during the month. Inspections, V. D. lectures, movies, which included Combat Films, were all part of the activities during this period.

Major Lomax and Capt. Williams were in charge of Communications for the Wing, and during this month, when the breaching of the Siegfried line and the reduction of the Saar pocket occurred, were kept busy.

The breakthrough of the Siegfried defenses was a coordinated offensive by three corps which began on March 15. The greatest weight of the attack was shouldered by the XVth Corps

through the Saar-briicken defenses. Attached to each division was a forward fighter control team in which the 82nd Fighter Control Squadron personnel were well represented. One Day an all-high record of 1600 sorties were flown by bombers and fighter-bombers of the 1st Tactical Air Force. The main forward controls handled over two-thirds of these missions. The air attacks were concentrated chiefly on enemy command I posts, communication centers and supply points.

Stiffest ground resistance naturally occurred around the first line of pillboxes of the Siegfried line, necessitating numerous missions of medium bombers to neutralize the fortifications. And yet, fighter-bomber cooperation controlled by forward units continued to effect devastating results on enemy strongholds. An I average of 300 sorties was handled daily by each corps for a period of eight days.

Fifteenth Corps were the first to break through, leaving in their path charred ruins of Bitche and Homburg. Hundreds of enemy transports were destroyed in the mass evacuation before the advancing Americans. On one day alone, over 1000 German vehicles were accounted for by air attacks. By the end of March, the entire Seventh Army was fighting on German soil.

Co-ordinated with the American Third Army, the Seventh Army commenced the reduction of the Saar pocket. The Third Army tank spearheads crossed the Moselle, and in a lightning drive reached Kaisers-lautern within a few days and seized a bridge across the Rhine. At the same time, elements of the Seventh Army formed a junction with them southwest of Kaiserslautern and then turned east to drive towards the Rhine. Meanwhile, the Sixth Corps was opposed by the bulk of the German forces near Landau. Disorganized enemy divisions were retreating eastward while our forward controllers pounded them from the air. In two cases, it is definitely established that our fighter-bombers destroyed practically two complete divisions, the "37th Volks Grenadier" and the "17th SS". Our efforts, however, were not concentrated on enemy concentrations solely; scattered resistance in isolated pockets forced us to direct our attacks on such targets as gun batteries, "Nebelwerfers" (German rocket guns), fortified towns and troop concentrations. By March 30, the last German resistance was erased from the west bank of the Rhine and the total number of prisoners of both armies reached into the hundreds of thousands.

In April, the 82nd moved to Edenkoben, near Landau. Germany, while elements of the 64th Fighter Wing moved to Schwabisch Hall. A detachment of MEW (microwave early warning) arrived at Mark-heidenfeld. The move by headquarters to Edenkoben is detailed in Diven's diary:
"We left Nancy this morning at 0930. In the headquarters group convoy led by 1st Sgt. Magnus, there were two 2 %-ton trucks with trailers, a weapons carrier and a "399" radio vehicle. We made rapid time, although the road, until we reached the German border, was very rough and congested with traffic. We drove through Sarguemines, and, by early afternoon, were entering the Siegfried defense. One of the first sights to greet us in Germany was a woman with her underslung dachshund puppy, out for a stroll. German roads we encountered were fine; we drove at a steady pace, and at 1530 we reached our new bivouac area—a large country castle

and estate— which should admirably fill our needs. Our cooks already were on the job, and hot coffee was very welcome. There are a couple of our crews in operation on adjacent hills. What we saw of Germany en-route here is especially fine, well-kept agricultural land."

In Edenkoben the outfit first encountered the non-fraternization policy of General Eisenhower. It was forbidden to fraternize with Germans except on official business. In Germany, we employed the former slave-labor of the Nazis—mainly Russians and Poles.

President Roosevelt's death at this time was felt personally by almost everyone. History will record him as the world's leading citizen of our time. The world-wide tribute for him was tremendous.

Hitler's birthday, three weeks later, caused the army to take special alert precautions, consequently for two days the squadron was alerted. Business trips were made throughout Germany, particularly the area adjacent to the bivouac site. Cities like Neustadt, Mannheim, Kaiserlautern, and Heidelberg were visited. On May 5, the squadron moved to Schwabisch Hall. Our forward fighter controls with the 15th and 21st Corps crossed the Rhine river during March with the first radar units. The historic Rhine river crossings marked the final drive on the Nazis. The Ruhr pocket, engineered by Eisenhower, and one of the greatest strategic developments ever achieved in the history of warfare, occurred in April. The booty and prisoners of war mounted into astronomical figures. Russia's hammering of Berlin and her southern army's over-running of Silesia, started the final defeat of Germany. The Russian and American Armies linked up and split the Germans. All was marked with festivity.

The rumor of a German redoubt area was prevalent, however, it later proved to be fictitious.

In the latter part of April, and the first part of May, Hitler's death was reported. Negotiations for peace commenced and were concluded May 7. May 8 and 9 were declared Victory-in-Europe Days by England and the United States. Russia declared V-E Day on May 10. The Germans surrendered piecemeal. Army groups surrendered one by one. Spasmodic fighting continued in Czecho-Slovakia, certain sections of Austria, port areas in France and Germany, and Norway. All finally capitulated.

The Russians, Americans, English and French have occupied certain areas according to the Yalta agreement.

The Adjusted Service Rating Scores of individuals, physical profiles, Information and Education, and all the numerous phases of re-adjustment and re-deployment, were brought into effect with the victory in Europe and the unit fell in line with the program. While adjustments were taking place in all the active and inactive theaters of war and the complex problems engendered by the German defeat were being solved, the World Conference at San Francisco was formulating plans for peace.

The part this Fighter Control Squadron played in these invasions and subsequent campaigns will someday be accurately assessed and the evaluation will be such as to make apparent the excellent job and the important part it played in this total success of the operations.

The 82nd's function was to operate an offensive air control which must be part and parcel of an advancing army as well as providing protection for the important objectives already taken. All these functions were made possible through the personnel and equipment of the squadron.

The unit has provided a splendid example in their co-operation with similar British and French units for the attainment of the common goal. It is this sort of co-operation which blossoms forth into the mutual effort of whole nations and its fruit is felt and formulated at the peace table and the creation of a happier world for mankind.

The 82nd Fighter Control Squadron's operations throughout the Sicilian campaign were both offensive and defensive in nature. In addition, its men and equipment supplied much in the way of "aids to navigation" and air-sea rescue facilities to the pilots of all commands flying over Sicily and Italy.

Forward Ops 2 of the Third Air Defense Wing was assigned the duty of setting up the first sector ops room in Sicily. The 82nd Fighter Control Squadron supplied the VHP crews, D/F crews, SCR-299 crews and controllers. The unit staged in Algiers where it was split up for loading purposes on two different ships. All of the 82nd personnel were loaded on LST-338. After sailing to Tunis harbor and spending several days on shore in another staging area, we again boarded the LST and joined the LST convoy on July 8, 1943. During the night of July 9th, after a very rough day at sea, our convoy joined the numerous convoys which made up the invasion fleet at a rendezvous point just north of Malta. This invasion fleet was the largest ever assembled by any nation or group of nations. Its total complement included more than 2300 ships.

At 0130 hours the following morning we lay quietly about eight miles off the southern coast of Sicily near Gela, awaiting "H" hour. The long-awaited moment finally arrived at 0245 hours, the silence was broken, and the air became alive with tracers from machine guns, naval guns, and return fire from the enemy's shore batteries. Powerful searchlights played across the water from shore in an effort to locate the small landing craft which were taking the infantry ashore on the first assault waves. Starshells lighted the beaches in some spots. We were all impressed by this tremendous display of naval gun fire. The show was magnificent.

By 0600 hours most of the shore batteries had been silenced, the searchlights had been knocked out and the reports from the infantry units ashore were favorable. Our LST was to be the first to go in, so with the coming of daylight we headed for the beach. Daylight also brought enemy fighters and fighter-bombers as well as our own Spitfires. These enemy planes made small, but frequent, attacks on the shipping. They were successful in sinking several ships before the day was finished. We successfully crossed a sand bar about 400 yards offshore and scraped to a standstill on the sand about 400 feet off "DIME" beach, east of Gela.

The navy's Seabees moved the pontoons into position, and we started to unload. The unloading moved slowly, because the engineers who were the first to leave the ship, found it necessary to build an exit from the beach across the sand dunes which lay just back of the water line. German artillery began firing on the ship before the lower deck had been unloaded. The firing continued until we had finally reached an assembly area back of the dunes. We were fortunate in that none of our own men became casualties.

Our prearranged plans were to meet the other party at the airfield near Gela. Instead, however, we were forced to stay in this one spot because we were cut off from other forces by a German counterattack. It was not until July 12 that we were able to move into Gela and set up operations.
The Gela Ops room was set up quickly and was operated along the lines of a standard sector Ops. We had several light warning radar sets reporting in addition to a British GCI and a ship borne GCI. Our two DF stations were sited and placed in operation. Air attacks continued for several days. Other units of the 82nd Fighter Control Squadron came ashore, bringing with them the heavier transmitter and receiver vans, and the Ops block (SCR-572). Much credit is due our VHF crews, who for five days kept the Ops on the air with four VHF channels 24 hours a day, using SCR-522's only.

On July 19, the Gela Ops was turned over to Ops 1, and Ops 2 moved to Agrigento with its mobile setup, under command of Captain Carl W. Eckhardt of the Wing. There was practically no work to be done by Ops 2 at this location. On July 27 the Ops moved to Palermo on the North coast of Sicily. The following day it went into operation on a site just east of Termini-Imerese where it was to stay until about September 5, and where it was to do a job which gave its personnel a great deal of satisfaction.

It would be well to describe this forward Ops and its method of operating, because although it was quite mobile, it was capable of performing all the functions of a complete sector operations room. Its mobility was due to the fact that all equipment except the HF radio was mounted in vans. The kitchen was small enough to be loaded on one truck, there were about 125 men and officers all told, and with the exception of one pyramidal tent, the officers and men lived in puptents. There were four channels of VHP radio for ground-air communications. The operations could go off the air and be on the road in convoy in less than two hours. It could also go back into operation within two hours after reaching a new site.

The radar equipment attached to the unit consisted of two light warning sets (SCR-602's), two British GCI COL stations, (AMES 8032 and 8035), and a British MRU, (AMES 329), and when possible, land line communications were established between the radar stations and Forward Ops 2 with HF radio for standby communications. One DF station, (SCR-575), was located with the Ops.

Daytime operations consisted of warning friendly aircraft of other commands, of the approach of enemy aircraft, of vectoring our own fighters onto enemy aircraft, homing crippled or lost aircraft, air-sea rescue, and of supplying early warning and identification to antiaircraft artillery.

Many times heavy and medium bomber flights with their escorts, were told of enemy fighters which were about to attack them before they had seen them, and in time for them to position themselves for the attack. This happened often as far away as Naples and Salerno. This information came to the controller, who passed it on to the pilots from an RAF "Y" service team which was assigned to the Ops and commanded by FL Turner. The information he supplied was invaluable, and it won many friends for the Ops among pilots of the bomber groups.

An interesting example of the type of work that was made possible by this "Y" service will illustrate the value of monitoring the enemy air-ground radio channels. During this period of the operation, we were sited at a location where it was possible for our monitoring service to hear the German ground controller at Naples. On the other hand his monitoring service could also hear our controllers, as well as the pilots in the air. As a result of these conditions an interesting situation developed. In order to safeguard our own outgoing raids and in order to effect successful interceptions of enemy planes, our controllers found themselves playing a verbal bluffing game with the German controllers. For example, two groups of medium bombers escorted by one group of A-36's ran a mission over Salerno one day. It was nearly 200 miles from the north coast of Sicily to the Bay of Naples. Salerno is about 30 miles southeast of the city of Naples.

In effecting rendezvous between the bombers and their escort, a certain amount of RT was necessary. The German controller, therefore, knew that he must expect some sort of raid. The raid was laid on at low level and, therefore, the German radar was unable to pick up the flight as it approached. As a protective measure he put five squadrons of fighters in the air on patrol over both Naples and Salerno. As our flights approached, our own controller began to warn the pilots of enemy fighters. He repeatedly gave the positions of enemy flights, but always in relation to Naples. That is, when an enemy squadron was over Salerno he told the pilots that the flight was 30 miles southeast of Naples. Every transmission included the word Naples. The German controller, who was receiving immediate reports of all of our transmissions, finally became convinced that the raid was going to hit Naples and when it was still about 40 miles offshore he sent all of his fighter squadrons to Naples. The raid hit Salerno and returned without sighting a single enemy fighter. It is interesting to note that the German controller completely lost his head when he learned of his mistake, and was still frantically trying to scramble another squadron, when the bombers were 40 miles out on the return trip.

Many crippled planes were homed safely into emergency fields during this period of the Sicilian operations. On several occasions pilots were "talked" in after they were ready to' ditch their planes or bail out. A large number of planes did go down in the long stretch between Italy and Sicily, and the Ops carried out dozens of successful air-sea rescues. In order to obtain "fixes", a very close liaison was kept with the sector operations of Coastal Command at Palermo. We had direct landline communications with their controller so that we could exchange information on DF bearings and fixes. They cooperated beautifully with our con-trollers. They never failed to send their air-sea rescue planes to us when we needed them. Often we furnished the fighter escort for the job. Later at Milazzo both Walrus air-sea rescue planes and launches were assigned to our control.

During this period the balance of the 82nd Fighter Control Squadron and Ops 1 were located at Gela, where they had much work to do as to the Wing Headquarters Ops. On about the first of September, Ops 1 and the balance of the 82nd moved to Milazzo for staging in preparation for the landings in Italy. Ops 2 was moved to Milazzo on the fifth of September. They were supposed to stage for movement to Italy several days after D-Day, but it became necessary to set up the Ops to help out the Forward Fighter Control of the Desert Air Force of the RAF.

The move to Milazzo ended the Operations in Sicily for the 82nd Fighter Control Squadron except for Ops 2. This Ops stayed in operation at Milazzo until about September 18, when it was moved into the staging area to go to Salerno.

Ops 2 operated in a more or less routine manner at Milazzo, most of the operation consisting of homing aircraft, and running air-sea rescue. It is interesting to note that Generals Hawkins and Cannon were rescued on the same afternoon while Ops 2 was at this location.

Night operations were quite standard throughout the Sicilian campaign. We handled our own night fighters and for a short time we also handled the night fighters of Coastal Command until they had completed their sector ops room at Palermo.

In conclusion, it can be stated quite frankly and honestly that the men of the 82nd Fighter Control Squadron can feel justly proud of their part in the Sicilian campaign. They carried out their duties, often under adverse conditions, with a spirit of loyalty to their officers and to their organization. Mostly they were loyal in their responsibilities to the pilots, whose lives were at stake. The controllers came to trust their VHF and DF crews implicitly. The men who made up those crews are quite definitely responsible for saving the lives of many a pilot and his crew.

This second phase of the war in Italj' came with the withdrawal of the Germans from Naples. After several engagements in the outskirts troops of the Fifth army entered the city on October 1. Plans were already underway for the transfer of air operations from the Salerno plain to the Naples area.

Advance units of the squadron moved October 7 and by October 9 all units of the Wing were operational at Frattamaggiore, a small town eight miles north of Naples. Squadron headquarters was established at St. Antimo, a neighboring village three miles west of Frattamaggiore.

American and British units of the Fifth army were pressing the retreating Germans north of the Volturno river and it looked as if we were on our way to Rome—that our stay would be short in this location. However, after our troops had crossed the river they found the enemy had withdrawn to the natural defenses of the mountainous terrain around Venafro, Cassino, Mt. Croce, Sessa, to Gaeta gulf—a rugged area bisected by the Liri and Garigliano rivers. Here the Germans elected to make their stand before Rome, resulting in our spending the winter in the Naples area.

Since being assigned to the 64th Fighter Wing in Africa the squadron had been called upon to put units in the field or furnish personnel and equipment under Wing direction for tactical air-ground operations which were new and untried. This called for the development of new operational and organizational techniques in which men of this squadron did commendable spadework.

Direct cooperation with ground forces, using close operational control, probably had its inception in Africa but it grew in stages as will be noted in the history of this squadron. In fact, the history of this fighter control unit is practically a story of the evolution of fighter defense to fighter offense from the standpoint of ground control.

It was during this period that many missions were carried out by officers and men of the squadron which furnished valuable experience in the development of close cooperation with the ground forces.

One such mission was sent out on October 26 when the Third Infantry division requested close air cooperation against a strategically located enemy position. The cooperating artillery of this division found the German strongpoints around the town of Pietravarano well defiladed and very difficult to reach.

Two controllers from the squadron took a ground modified SCR-522 to a vantage point on a hill over-looking the town. A land line was run from this visual control spot to the division CP and pilots from the 27th and 33rd fighter groups were prebriefed on the strongpoints. One controller directed the fighter bombers which came over in flights of six aircraft against the enemy positions which were giving the most trouble at the time. The other controller directed a defensive patrol of Spitfires over the target area.

When the particular targets had been well saturated and the division was satisfied with the results, the command was relayed from the CP to the controllers and bombing was stopped. The infantry then moved into the town and encountered little resistance.

The success of this mission prompted other calls from Army and when the enemy rallied his forces around the historical town of Cassino three similar forward control units composed of squadron personnel were sent out. One was sent to cover Gaeta gulf, the second to cover Cassino and the Liri valley, and the third to cover the Venafro area. These missions were not so successful due to the lack of close liaison with the ground forces and good visual observation points. Also no means of directing aircraft other than that of visual control was then in practical use.

The defensive positions of the enemy in the Hitler-Gustav line were of such a nature that the allied command decided the cost would be too great for a frontal attack without a superior force of men and materials or an end-around amphibious invasion. Both would take time to prepare.

It was during this stalemate that the German high command felt the situation ripe for the use of its waning air power. The Luftwaffe increased its air activity.

This activity resulted in more aircraft being assigned to the Wing for the defense of our front lines as well as the Naples harbor area. For the Salerno show the Wing had three RAF units—the 322 Wing, 324 Wing—both using Spitfires—and the 600 Night-fighter squadron with Bristol Beaufighters. These were in addition to the American 31st group, with Spitfires, and the 33rd group, with Warhawks, which had been with us since Africa.

On October 12, the American 415 Nightfighter Squadron, flying Beaufighters, was assigned to the Wing. The 322 Wing, which went to the Coastal Command after Salerno, was replaced by the 244 Spit Wing, January 19, in time for the Anzio invasion.

The first two weeks in October saw little enemy air action due in part to bad weather, but also to the enemy's loss of many airfields in the Foggia area. By October, the moves apparently had been com-pleted because the Germans began sending both day and night raids into our area. On October 23, a 40-plane raid was sent over Naples and the harbor, inflicting some damage in the city and losing four aircraft to our nightfighters.

Continuous patrols were maintained both day and night over the battle areas as well as over the harbor and the shipping lanes. This defense was necessary because the enemy continued to send day and night raids through November and December. Fighter cover was frequently given the navy for minesweeping as well as for destroyers and cruisers which went into enemy waters to engage shore positions.

The squadron learned to appreciate the efficient RAF air-sea rescue organization as squadron personnel had had access to its facilities both in Africa, Sicily and at Salerno. Much of the allied air operation was still over water, so consequently these facilities were still made available. Air cover was most always furnished the high speed launches, the amphibious Walrus and the long range Warwick type aircraft. No figures are available as to the number of air-sea rescue missions sent out in this period but it was not unusual on a busy day for the controller to have two or three missions going on at the same time.

The Germans were using between 20 and 30 FW-190's with 12 to 15 ME-109's as cover for most of their daylight raids and an estimated 30 to 40 bombers for their night raids. Sneak raids were naturally of a small number. The facts show that many of these raids were turned back before they even reached their objectives and practically every contact made with the enemy both day and night resulted in claims of at least two to one in our favor.

There is no question about the enemy's great respect for our air defense of the Naples area. Only once did the Hun successfully penetrate this area with a daylight raid and that came on the morning of November 12 at 0725 hours. Approximately 15 fighter-bombers with cover attacked Pomigliano D'Arco airdrome. Fragmentation type bombs were dropped, causing

damage to ten aircraft. Actually slight damage was done to the combat aircraft on the field, but the Wing flight section was all but wiped out. The only casualties reported were several injured at a 40 mm. gun position.

Night raids continued on Naples through November, but the daylight raids slowed to such an extent that our Spits were sent on many fighter sweeps deep into enemy territory and particularly over enemy airdromes.

This resulted in first-hand information on the strength of the enemy and his desire to continue his air threat. The intelligence estimate at this time gave the Germans 150 ME-109's and FW-190's plus some 20 ME-109's for reconnaissance work. The night bombers, consisting mostly of JU-88's and HE-177's, were based farther north in the Po Valley and a reliable estimate was not available.

January 22 marked the beginning of another phase of the Italian campaign with the long-awaited, end-around amphibious invasion at Anzio. The Wing assumed direct operations control of three more groups for this show, the 244th RAF Spit Wing, 324th and 79th American fighter-bomber groups flying Warhawks.

Air operations in the Cassino area were overshadowed through February and March by action over the beachhead. This invasion was a direct threat to Rome, so the Germans bent every effort to cut short our offensive. The squadron's part in the operations at the beachhead is another complete story in itself and is thoroughly covered in another chapter of the squadron history.

Day and night air action increased with the invasion. Just prior to this amphibious maneuver night action had decreased to the extent that our night-fighters were being sent on intruder mission. Now, however, an average of 15 to 20 patrols per night were being flown. Our areas of responsibility had increased, but this had not decreased our defense. For example, on the night of January 24, our nightfighters destroyed four JU-88's, two HE-177's and one DO-217.

Considerable credit for our effective air defense is due the RAF units working with this squadron and under the Wing. Both the British GCI stations and the crack 600 Nightfighter Squadron, as well as the two Spitfire Wings were outstanding in their eagerness and success in the "Hunt for the Hun".

Though the RAF units, both air and ground, were outstanding, our own units reached a peak which merits attention. One surprising fact in point was the score chalked up by our Warhawk groups.

This type of aircraft was not considered the best for fighter defense, but due without question to superior flying ability over that of the enemy, these aircraft received credit for more destroyed than was expected of them. For example, of 35 destroyed and 8 damaged on January

27, these fighter-bombers claimed all but 8 destroyed and 4 damaged which were shot down by Spitfires.
The veteran 33rd group flew their last mission with the Wing February 2. This month also saw the intro-duction of the Thunderbolt to our part of the Mediterranean theater. By the middle of June all American fighter groups cooperating with Fifth army had been changed from either Intruder or Warhawks to Thunderbolts. In March, the 31st group was changed from Spits to Mustangs and transferred to the XVth Air force for heavy-bomber escort work.

It was soon discovered that the Thunderbolt could take out a load of two 1000-pound bombs with ease. However, the first few months of operation found these new fighter-bombers encountering a more aggressive enemy. In fact, the Germans, on more than one occasion were known to have scrambled his fighters against our Thunderbolts. This New spirit displayed by the Luftwaffe was no doubt influenced by the arrival of the Ace of Spades group, a flying circus composed of crack pilots believed transferred from the Russian front.

With the increased demand for ground support and air defense, coupled with the need for air warning over a greater area and more navigational aid and air-sea rescue facilities, the burden fell heavy on this squadron and the 582nd Signal AW Bn., both in the call for personnel and for equipment. This burden was relieved considerably in January by the assignment to the Wing of the 328th Fighter Control Squadron and in March by the addition of the 593rd Signal AW Bn.

The operation at Anzio began on D-Day, January 22, 1944, as a forward control unit organization, and lasted until the capture of Rome, June 6, 1944, when it was a complete air operation in itself. In the foil-ow¬ing report I shall attempt to trace the expansion.

Air operations at Anzio was the responsibility of Ops 2, 64th Fighter Wing, which was made up (as are most sector controls) of Wing personnel, together with the personnel of its subordinate units: the 82nd Fighter Control Squadron, 328th Fighter Control Squadron, 582nd Signal Air Warning Battalion and the 593rd Signal Air Warning Battalion. Roughly, the Wing provided the command and administrative functions, the fighter control squadrons provided the communications and control, while the signal air warning battalions provided the radar equipment, and were responsible for the collection and display of information concerning allied and hostile aircraft.

The advance party of Ops 2, 64th Fighter Wing, landed on D-Day and D-plus-one on Anzio beach. The landings were remarkably easy, particularly in view of what we had been led to expect. Our initial equipment consisted of two LW's from the 582nd, "Texas", commanded by Lt. Cupples, and "Arizona", commanded by Lt. Virilli, as well as an AMES 889, a British GCI station, commanded by Flight Lt. Williams. The overall commanding officer was Capt. Lee P. Jordan, Jr., of the 82nd. His subordinate officers were Lts. King and Wright, controllers; Lts. Boutiller, Benz and Barrett, filter officers.

In addition to the radar, we had a "Y" service unit, known as "Sneaky", commanded by Lt. St. Phalle, of the 849th Signal Intelligence Service. Our equipment was supplemented by a DF

station (from the 82nd F.C.S.), which was under the direction of T Sgt. Zdunich. For the early days of the operation, until more complete equipment could be sent in, we made use of AMES 889's VHP. The setting up of this VHP for our use was under the supervision of TSgt. Valdes.

We were ready for complete operations on D-plus-three. Previous to that time a control ship patrolled the Anzio harbor to direct our fighter aircraft.

Our first operations room was from within a large wall tent situated about a mile from the water's edge to the southeast of Nettuno. Despite limitations, made necessary by equipment and communications shortages, it was remarkably efficient. Radar coverage was amazingly good; in the early days of the operation no hostile planes attacked without warning having been given. In the first five days of the operation at least 30 German planes were shot down by dayfighters under the control of "Grubstake", (our call sign). And at least five were destroyed by our nightfighters, which were under our satellite GCI station. Ack-ack fire accounted for additional enemy planes. The ack-ack gun operations room was tied in to our room and the guns were under our negative control. Thus, we were able to have the authority to have these guns hold their fire when our aircraft were endangered. We did not have the right to order these guns to open fire. This method was worked out by Capt. Jordan and Col. King, the local AAA commander, and it proved invaluable in protecting our nightfighters and friendly bombers at night, when visual identification was impossible. While this system placed a great deal of responsibility on the controller, in that he was forced to make quick and positive identifications, the record shows that in only two instances did enemy aircraft go through the Anzio area without warning being given. The first was a "sneak" raid which followed our own fighters to the area, thus blending their plots with the plots of friendly planes. In the second instance, enemy planes attacked us from the south following a raid on Naples. We were not told, at the time, that Naples had been attacked, and, (as in the first case), enemy bombers were in the same area as friendly nightfighters, effecting unidentified plots to be intermingled with the friendly radar signals.

No small measure of our success was due the Wing A-3 section in its provision of adequate air protection to meet the enemy. In the first two months the Luftwaffe tried desperately to cripple the beachhead to a degree which would allow the German infantry to push us into the sea. The heavy raids started on D-plus-five and lasted for six weeks. Five and six raids per day, of 20 to 40 aircraft were commonplace. These raids were supplemented by continuous night attacks of two to four bombers. Most of the day raids were made by FW-190's, with ME-109's providing a top cover. On the other hand, our standard day patrol was comprised of two Spitfires, at 22,000 feet; 12 Spitfires, patrolling from an altitude anywhere from 10,000 to 20,000 feet, and 12 P-40's, patrolling below 10,000 feet. The usual daytime procedure was to have two controllers on continuous duty, one to control the Spits, the other to control the P-40's. They worked side by side, as a team, maneuvering our planes to meet the enemy. The measure of success achieved can be seen in the results: 232 enemy aircraft destroyed by day fighters, under "Grubstake" control, 23 destroyed at night by satellite GCI control, and 204 destroyed by Anzio ack-ack, which depended upon "Grubstake" for early warning of a raid.

Later on, more radar equipment, with its personnel, arrived; additional communication and plotting per-sonnel, together with some more control equipment, also was forthcoming. In our final setup we had feeding into the operations r6om, four LW's, two RAF GCI's; much later on we obtained an SCR-584 and a British 10-centimeter station. These last two stations deserve particular comment. Both were comparatively untried sets. By hooking them into a common system it was found that they could be used as an effective team for night interceptions, especially at long ranges. One station would track the target while the other controlled the riightfighter. When the fighter closed in, the SCR-584 could handle both and the interception was made. Credit for this development should go largely to Lt. Virilli, of the 582nd SAW, and to P.O. Colin Mee, of the RAF.

With this amount of radar, our wall tent quickly became inadequate. On D-plus-five, during one of the worst raids in Anzio's history, the rest of "Grub¬stake's" personnel and equipment arrived, under command of Capt. Weischel, of the 64th Fighter Wing. Among the controllers from the 82nd, arriving at this time, were Lts. Barr, Nolte, Krumrine, Krohn, Rashid and Miller. Lt. Chapman was the wire officer attached to this new unit. Lts. Sherry and Carline joined the operations later, on February 27.

After several temporary setups, the Ops block, (SCR-572), was placed in a small road tunnel at the rear of the Due De Bhorgese estate. This proved to be an ideal spot. A final addition shows that in our stay at Anzio, over 500 German artillery shells landed within our immediate area; there were at least 400 separate air raids. Thus, it was prerequisite that had as safe an area as could possibly be found. In this regard the tunnel served admirably. It was about 75 feet long, and it had a roof of about 10 feet of concrete. The ends were blocked with sandbag walls of overlapping construction. The safety of the tunnel was proven too often for the comfort of its occupants! One near-miss came within an estimated 60 feet of the tunnel, and while the Ops block bowed with the concussion, nothing was broken. Not a man was lost while on duty in the block.

The rest of our personnel were forced to work under far worse conditions, however. VHF trans-mitters and receivers, DF vans and radar stations must, of necessity, be exposed to do their work prop- erly. Over a period of time the shelling and bombing took its toll of "Grubstake" men. The VHP crew lost two men, the security section lost two, also,; the plotting section lost one of its crew chiefs and the radar station lost a cook. No words of mine can convey this organization's feelings toward these men. It is to these soldiers that this report is dedicated. And to Capt. "Buck" Cunningham, our radar siting officer, no words of praise can be full tribute to his inestimable value as an addition to officier's mess, morale and as a conscientious technician. "Buck's" arm was blown off by a teller mine while he was on reconnaissance. He is home now, and is carrying on with that laughing spirit which made him one of the best liked of all our officers.

A sector operations room's chief functions are recognized as providing early warning on approaching enemy aircraft, providing of control and navigational aids for friendly aircraft and the general protection of an area. "Grubstake" did all of these things. Although radar was our

chief weapon, it was still only one of our weapons. Too much credit cannot be given to Lt. St. Phalle's "Y" service, particularly during the early days of operation. Before our radar coverage was completed we relied on his organization's work for much of our early warning. By use of DF in conjunction with his standard intercept equipment, he could often gave us bearings on enemy aircraft to the north long before our most powerful radar station could pick up a track. Thus we could have our radar search an area and vector our planes into a favorable position long before the actual attack occurred. We also cooperated with the navy's intelligence service. Lt. Commander Robbins had the USS Davis in Anzio harbor to help the navy in picking up early warning data. In a short time, through his cooperation, a liaison HF net was set up over which we could exchange information with the navy.

New conditions and lack of equipment are always a spur to any organization's improvising ability. We believe that we, in cooperation with higher head-quarters, were responsible for certain devices which are now widely used. Besides the use of SCR-584's in conjunction with 10-centimeter equipment for interception, we also developed GCI methods for interception of small flights, such as reconnaissance aircraft, airborne during daylight. We were bothered for some time by flights of one to two recce planes at dawn and at dusk. We found it impossible to inter-cept them with the means at the disposal of a sector room. Through the cooperation of the British we developed a technique of turning over sections of our patrol to the GCI controllers and letting them handle the aircraft as they would a night flight. This system worked well.

Another difficult problem was the interception of first-light raids. Our aircraft were based as far from the Anzio area as those of the Luftwaffe which were attacking us. Consequently, if the Germans took off early enough, they could raid the beachhead before our first patrol arrived. For awhile, the Wing A-3 tried stationing a squadron of Spits at Anzio, to take-off at first-light. This proved impractical when a squadron lost a majority of its aircraft by one night's shellfire of the enemy's artillery. A method of smoking the airfield was developed to enable the last patrol to take-off the following morning in time to meet the dawn raid. The last-light patrol made it a practice of checking out orally (we had to assume that the German "Y" system was as good as ours), hit the deck, and start for home. Well out over the water, the flight would turn and land at Anzio, under the cover of the smoke. Once this system had started, we lost no more planes due to enemy shellfire.

Communications are the strings which hold an operations together. While we had radio standby
channels for all reporting links, we could operate better by using direct wire lines. And here at Anzio, the wire team operated under possibly the most consistently discouraging conditions ever confronting wire crews. For after every barrage or bombing a certain number of wires were certain to be broken. But due to the skill and devotion to duty of Lt. Chapman, his crew chief and of the entire wire crew, these wire lines were never out for long. Bombs, shells, fragments—even bulldozers—didn't stop our operations for any length of time, thanks to them!

The VHP was consistently good, as also was the DF unit. Neither of these units is easy to maintain when there is intermittent shelling. Antennas are particularly susceptible to shell fragments and bomb fragmentation. That we stayed on the air with very few breaks is a tribute to the men who ran these stations.

The small area of Anzio made it impractical for a DF net, so a system was improvised which aided in both identifying and fixing. Channels were changed in the DF station at the orders of the controller who regulated them according to what we had on patrol. All bearings on this channel were passed to the Ops block, plus all chatter on that channel. Thus plots could be identified as friendly, and individual friendly flights could be identified as specific squadrons or groups. For instance, if there's a flight of 12 friendly aircraft on the Ops board, and the DF station passes a bearing on "Gunna Blue", which passes through that flight—and no other—the plot is necessarily "Gunna Blue". This method was especially valuable in identifying the nightfighters as they came in the area. The time at which the Beaufighter was anticipated was known through the directive. When a plot would appear along the expected time, the controller would ask for transmission. If the bearing passed through the plot, it fixed the fighters and his position could be passed over to the GCI which was to control him.

Besides doing the main functions of a sector operations, we were maintaining the air tower at Anzio from the time that it was installed. We also controlled the air-sea rescue from the harbor, having at first, two high-speed launches, and later, adding two RAF Walrus aircraft. Our keeping of a squadron of planes at Anzio for first-light patrol led to a very close liaison with the pilots, and finally resulted in helping with the planning of air operations. We also plotted gun positions and assisted the artillery in knocking them out. We arranged for air protection of field artillery "Cub" liaison planes. We arranged for counter artillery on gun positions from the reports given by our pilots. Finally, we were called on to help when the offensive was finally taken in Italy, and the American forces broke out from the Cassino and Anzio stalemate and moved forward to the Gothic line.

Col. McKnown was sent up from Wing head-quarters to run our end of the air attack. After conferring with the ground forces he arranged a series of visual controls—some in half-tracks, others in jeeps—to assist in the air support of our advancing infantry. Reports were relayed from Corps to division CP's through us to aircraft on patrol. Road blocks were made, transports destroyed, communications snarled and wrecked. There was one day in which 1000 "flamers" were reported. (A "flamer" is an airman's term for a flaming vehicle.) With the capture of Rome, on June 6,1944, the Anzio operation and campaign was over.

Although there is not room here to thank, personally, each individual who participated at the Anzio-Nettuno beachhead, let it at least be written that each and every member has every reason to be proud of his work and conduct at that place which was constantly dangerous and often intolerable. And though the spirit of conscientiousness and willingness to work may have been matched elsewhere, it was never surpassed. In closing, let the veteran RAF GCI stations, AMES 871 and 889 be mentioned with praise. This air arm of the British Eighth Army at no time attempted to overrule our suggestions. Flight Lt. Edwards, senior controller of 871, left us

saying that never in his experience had he witnessed such cooperation between sector and its satellite stations.

he early part of May, 1944, found Italy a land of weariness. Above all, there were tired men. That mood pervaded every phase of living. Long established routine brought restlessness; the equipment was battered and worn; and the front lines remained the same as they were a half year before. The end of the war looked a long way off. One of the most firm and unyielding stalemates of the war had taken place. Cassino, the scene of battle for several months, was still in German hands. The Anzio beachhead was no larger than it had been in late January—still a thorn in the side of the German forces defending Rome, a thorn when a sword was needed.

On the beachhead, in the bivouac area of Grubstake, summer was fast approaching. Trees and shrubs were green, and the weather was mild and pleasant. Yet, the coming of summer could not erase the events of the months before. The forest was scarred and torn, the earth only a cover for the underground city which had been home to many 82nd men for almost four months, and the operations van itself had its own story to tell in explanation of its appearance.

Near Naples, 82nd headquarters was filled with a similar mood. Stalemate and defense had lasted too long. St. Antimo had become something permanent. And, as far as permanent locations went. New York and Chicago seemed much more desirable. Finally, plans for a big push were secretly announced. Weariness of the routine status and determination to make progress went hand in hand; as strong as the first was, the latter was even stronger.

On the beachhead, Captain Jordan made plans with his men; and at Wing headquarters in Fratta-maggiore, all other considerations were made secondary in order to prepare a tactical air force that would aid the ground attack and exploit to the fullest every target of opportunity presented. There had been attempts at a breakthrough before, and all had failed. There was plenty of skepticism, but there was also determination and eagerness to break into the offense.

It came during the middle of May. The Fifth Army, with cooperation from the air by the 64th Fighter Wing, pierced the line from Cassino to the coast. The front moved north and west, leaving in its wake the rubble, stone and dust that would mark for years the position of the longest stalemate the Western Allies experienced in the ETO. The 82nd played a great part in that advance. Its controllers directed and coordinated the fighter-bombers of 12th TAG; its communications personnel maintained the air-ground radio sets and many parts of the elaborate signal network needed for effective control; and its fixer stations located near the front and on remote mountains, with tactical efficiency their only consideration, provided the controllers with means of aircraft identification and indispensable information for aiding aerial navigation.

The effectiveness of air during that period had three phases. First, the protection of forward elements, lines of communication and supply routes. The Luftwaffe was still struggling against our air superiority. And when this took the form of strafing and bombing, it became a problem with which we had to reckon. Spitfire patrols, controlled from Fratta-maggiore Ops and the

Anzio Ops, made the Luftwaffe ground attacks a losing proposition to the Germans. Not only was early warning accomplished long before the attack was made, but a great many of the raids were turned away before the attack could be started. An ME-109 with a Spit on his tail isn't too interested in working over ground troops; the German pilots, mentally flipping coins in their heads, decided that personal comfort was more important.

Secondly, close cooperation to advancing elements Was provided. At this stage of the war, this was accomplished by means of visual control, the communications to aircraft being mounted in halftracks or jeeps located in areas overlooking the battle lines. The personnel for this job was nearly all 82nd. In spite of the risks and difficulties, our men and officers performed their duties with extraordinary success. Obstacles and strong-points were bombed and strafed in some instances a few hundred yards ahead of leading elements, reducing the infantry casualties, and permitting the advance to continue its increasing momentum.

Thirdly, there were the pineapple operations. This was perhaps the most striking example of tactical air might in the MTO up to that time. Reconnaissance aircraft made a continuous search of the areas ahead of our advance and called in all targets to the controllers. They, in coordination with A-3, allocated fighter-bombers to the various targets within a few minutes after they were spotted. The planes were sent to the Tac R's for a rendezvous whenever possible, or they were directed by the controller with the information provided by the recce flights. The results were amazingly great. The German armies were retreating on the roads; and a column of vehicles to a P-47 pilot was like a steak to a hungry man. When the results were observed, as we moved north, the tremendous part the Wing played in the destruction and dismemberment of the German forces in Italy was very evident. Hundreds of MT and horse-drawn vehicles and guns were destroyed on the roads. The fleeing Germans were deprived of their only hope of successful withdrawal to the north. A great part of their vital transportation was gone, and without it they were crippled for the final blow.

The Anzio beachhead expanded and burst the iron ring that had held it for so long. On its eastern flank it approached the forces advancing from Gaeta and Terracina. The long awaited junction took place. It was a meeting full of meaning for those of our men who had lived in the homemade, earthern cellars of Anzio for months.

During the first week in June, the Wing installed a new operations at Frattaminore, with the call-sign "Baseball". This outfit, containing a few squadron men and officers, took over the rear operations of the Wing. Ops 1 moved at the same time to Circeo Point, along with the organizational headquarters of the Wing and attached squadrons. The rapidity of advance made that stay short: .and a few days later, Ops 1 was set up at Rocca di Papa—at the peak of a large mountain overlooking the Rome plains. In spite of the work required at Circeo to install and tear down the operations on short notice, it had its compensations. Mobility, which is both an art and a science, had become something unfamiliar during the long winter stalemate; and the experience there became a valuable asset in the operations that followed, where air operations were continually on the move. At this time, just prior to the capture of Rome, the Wing had three separate operations: Ops 1 at Rocca di Papa, Ops 2 at Anzio, and Ops 3 still in

the Naples area. There were two primary reasons for three Ops. One was needed near the air bases to co-ordinate takeoffs and landings, to give homings and fixes, and to perform the many tasks incident to the supervision of aircraft scheduling. Another was required for protection of the frontline areas. And the third has as its "raison d'etre" the necessity of having an Ops on the air at all times, in spite of the rapidity of advance. Instead of the most forward Ops tearing down and moving up with the front, the alternate Ops would leapfrog the forward one. When the front moved still farther north, a second leapfrog would take place. Although this system was actually developed previously, it proved itself as in no previous time, when, in a month and a half, the front moved over 250 miles.

On June 4, Rome fell to the Allies. Some of our personnel passed through the Eternal City only hours afterwards. In the course of the next few weeks, nearly every man in the organization visited it at one time or another. The attractions were wine, women, song and history. For the more culturally inclined, all four were extremely interesting.

The advance continued. Civitavecchia, a port city northwest of Rome, fell shortly afterwards. Ana Ops 2 moved to that area from Anzio. The site was one to try the souls of men —and also their jungle techniques. It was necessary to clear away trees and underbrush to pitch our tents. It was at that point that a profound understanding for our fellow soldiers in the Southwest Pacific came about. The front was moving too fast by then for close cooperation. The functions of the Wing continued to be protection against Luftwaffe intervention, and pineapple missions. Day patrols and Beaufighters at night were used for area cover. The air attacks in enemy road convoys and concentrations, caused by rapid withdrawal, con-tinued. The score mounted. The Germans drew back—more crippled, more harried and disorganized each day.

Ops 3 moved to Orbetello toward the middle of June, leapfrogging Ops 2 at Civitavecchia. The difficulties of moving complex operations long distances at frequent intervals were enormous. Captain Williams, Lt. Chapman, Lt. Brown, and the enlisted personnel from the communications section of the squadron performed almost impossible tasks with amazing regularity. The fixer net, indispensable to the controller, was always functioning. VHP air-to-ground and point-to-point communications often worked by using information discovered experimentally by the technicians. Landlines were installed and kept operational, in. spite of the long distances and swift movements.

About the end of June, Ops 2 leapfrogged Ops 3 at Orbetello, and set up at Piombino. Pleasure and business were joined, much to the delight of all concerned. Operations was installed along a sandy beach in a little cove just north of the town. Swimming in the blue Mediterranean was the main outdoor sport, while the principal indoor occupation continued to be the control of aircraft. By this time, the Luftwaffe had been severely beaten in Italy. An occasional bombing raid by a few aircraft was all that it could muster. However, enemy reconnaissance was quite active. On one occasion, an ME-410 on a daylight recce was intercepted by a Spitfire patrol, controlled by an 82nd officer at Ops 2; the aircraft was damaged. JU-88's made long-range recon flights nightly from a base in the Po Valley, and the GCI controllers occupied themselves

and the nightfighters with the usual chase. Several close contacts were made, but the German pilots were too cautious and generally hit the deck to a level of about a hundred feet.

The island of Elba was invaded during the early part of this period, and 82nd personnel participated in the air phase of the attack, the story of which is related in detail in another section of this book.

Piombino was a place of recreation; not only swimming and sunbathing were enjoyed, but frequent parties and community song fests were added to the list. And soon, yachting and fishing became the cherished sports—and those were most commonly followed by a merry fish fry. Naturally, several squadron officers distinguished themselves in the vocal arts, and amazed all who listened with the number of verses they could muster up for each particular event. In the wee hours of the morning, their chants drifted across the calm waters, echoed from the surrounding mountains, and returned again to assault the beach camp. Humor was not lacking either. Lt. Sherry, while "appropriating" an ear or two of corn as samples, made one of the most famous remarks in the history of our organization. To the Italian farmer, who frowned upon this incident, the good Lieutenant cried forth "Liberation is not cheap!"

Toward the middle of July, plans for the invasion of southern France were in the process of being for-mulated. All of the three Ops were recalled to the staging area preparatory to going aboard the control ships and LST's. And thus came the end of a very memorable phase in the history of the 82nd Fighter Control Squadron. France and Germany lay ahead. The days of blood, sweat, tears, and gasoline-tasting vino were drawing to a close, as we started for newer adventures.

Control Center 1, under Lt. Col. Riha, was set up one rainy day, the fifth of September, 1944, on Mont Roland, a small, muddy hillside community overlooking the town of Dole. As the necessary arrangements were made for the operations building, the men pitched pyramidal tents and prepared to handle the full-scale air cooperation of the growing Allied push against the enemy, who, at that time were established well below Belfort and the Rhine River.

At this period in the cam-paign, CC 1 was the forward control unit in the south-eastern section of France, directing fighter - bombers from airfields at Dole, Dijon, Amberieu, and others as far in the rear as Salon. The 64th Wing Headquarters moved to the site a few days later, and this operations became the first working model for the more elaborate ones to follow.

In the course of the next few weeks of continuous rainy weather, the location became a miniature tent city, with hutments set up for orderly room, HF radio, and officers' mess. Paths and tent floors were graveled, and small wood-burning German stoves appeared in most of the tents. Many of the men at the unit made their first contacts with the civilians in the newly "liberated" towns of Dole and Sampans, which were to ripen into long-standing friendships during the following eight months stay.

On another hill, nearby, the VHP section set up its equipment, and from the start, stayed in continuous operation 24 hours a day.

The 82nd tech supply and transportation sections moved into a muddy field below the Wing head-quarters during this period, and T/Sgt. Lauderdale and his boys set up light housekeeping in a row of pyramidal tents. "The Commodore", M/Sgt. Wilson, looked in from time to time, and M/Sgt. Watson, "The Squire", spent a lot of time fixing radio equipment and adjusting mechanisms, which he encountered in nearby towns.

The officers and enlisted men set up bars to relieve the terrible thirst which had accrued over a period of tirrie. It also gave the working personnel a means of obtaining better liquor than they could get in the towns. Eventually, after the Wing departed for Nancy, all of the men except the VHF personnel were quartered in houses. Along with this move, T/Sgt. Zahr was installed as sergeant-major, in the office of the Adjutant, 1st Lieut. Stolarski, of the 593rd SAW battalion; Sgt. De Vore was in charge of the Medics, and under him, Pfc. Zisko was in charge of the "three-holers".

Special Service was set up in a former monastery building, and the bar functioned smoothly in the monks' mess hall. Buildings of a nuns' sum-merhome were grouped near the old stone church, which became a landmark to homing aircraft and GI's returning from town. The church, itself, had an earlier history, having been built upon ancient foundations and hidden passageways, and at the time the Germans occupied the territory it was used as an anti-aircraft flack tower and CP.

By this time the neighboring French civilians began to drop in occasionally to see the movies, or just to see what mads their "liberators" that way. Anyhow, it was with some relief that the boys discovered that the local "Goat Lady", and her daughter, "The Goat Girl", really existed and her perfume wasn't from Chanel or Lancôme. T/Sgt. Crocker, Ops B, and former crew chief of the well known Crabtree DF station, couldn't stand so much of it in the area, and was transferred to the VI Corps, where he remained throughout the war.

Control Center 1 had its share of medical officers also, and the men couldn't help wondering if the regular monthly physical wasn't more than they could stand, or, perhaps, it was the view of Mount Blanc which fascinated them on a clear day. However that may be, "Doc" Oden lasted several months, and everyone was sorry to see him transferred out of the organization.

The operations slacked up considerably during the winter months, due to an assortment of fogs, snow-storms, and snowbound airfields, and at times T/Sgt. Hannon's Daisy DF crew, T/Sgt. Zdunich's Classic, and S/Sgt. Polzin, Ops B, were the only men in the area who could see a thing. This same snow chilled the VHF men off in their tents on the hill, especially Cpls. Csepregi and Strieker, who were barely on speaking terms with the men in the warm houses for some time.

During these winter months the enlisted men formed a club, and T/Sgt. Zahr was elected its first president, to promote dances and other civic welfare. The first dance was a "brawl" held in

Dole, and after gaining some cooperation from the local "mam-selles", the club moved its scrimmage line to Tavaux, where the 324th Fighter Group had left its mark and reluctantly moved on. The Mayor of Dole was a welcome guest at all the functions, but there were some GI's who thought he had been invited just to bring his good looking daughter. The orchestra was French, and under the tutelage of one of the unit's better musicians it began to play a little nearer this world.

Thanksgiving came and went, and Christmas found everyone in good spirits, mainly because the club had decided to give a party for the orphans of the Dole Orphanage, and partly on account of the liquor ration, which came along about this time. There were plenty of men who pitched in and decorated a huge tree in the clubroom, donated candy and presents, and "adopted" the children when they arrived. Several movie short subjects were shown, and a French speaking Santa Glaus, in the person of AALO, 1st Lieut. Boulliet, made the occasion complete. The wide-eyed response from the kiddies was very heart warming, and every man there was carried a little closer home just then. The big surprise of the day, for the enlisted men, however, was a well prepared turkey dinner, served individually, by the officers.

The CC 1 "Wings and Wire" newspaper was started, which gave most of the local color arid gossip, and precipitated a feud with the paper at Baggage. However, as most things turn out, it was discontinued a few months later. Special Service had fixed up their room, and had a showing of Sgt. Vance's sketches of local characters. And on VHF hill, M/Sgt. Valdes continued to caricature his friends and fellow workers.

During the winter snows, three-day trips were run to Pontarlier, on the Swiss border, arid many of the local GI's became quite proficient on the barrel staves. A section of rooms was reserved at one of the hotels in the town, and meals were served in the buffet of the railroad station. The men who made the trip took along some coffee, bread, and other rations, and the cooks made something exceptional out of it. There were some good souvenirs, in quantity, and many of the fellows brought back a variety of perfumes, wood carvings, pipes, and pictures. A one-day photo service gave the snaptakers a chance to carry back prints of their trip. Some of the more fortunate ones were allowed across the Swiss border, and returned with cigarette lighters, watches, and an assortment of stamps and postcards from the Alpine country. The Swiss guards wore German army clothing and carried German equipment, and some of the CC 1 boys had to look two or three times to tell the difference. Also during this time there were trips to Dijon, some 30 miles away, to visit the Red Cross club and to see plays, such as "The Barretts of Wimpole Street", etc., as the front moved forward. Back at the operations, the personnel worked mainly with C-47's flying up from the south, and aircraft going and coming from Paris. The French had moved into Dole, and a joint operations was formed to handle the French fighter-bombers in their missions in cooperation with 1st French Army through the Vosges Mountains. As Spring rolled around, the mud dried up, and conditions were once again ready for all-out aircraft movement. When the Seventh Army drives started into Germany, CC 1 was able to help the third and Fourth French Fighter bomb groups take an active part. At the same time, the French were sending Ops room personnel to the control center for training in plotting, Ops B work, and control work, and this training program eventually became the primary job of

the operations. Capt. King followed Capt. Cavanaugh as commanding officer, and all hands listened eagerly to his description of his recent trip to the States.

In a flurry of excitement the infantry physical was given to about 40 men in and attached to the unit, and shortly, there were several empty places. Men were drained from the unit, until, at last, a skeleton crew remained to supervise the French operations. The other men went into Control Center 2, "Baggage" and to "Baby", which again became CC 1, at Edenkoben, Germany. The 82nd members of the Dole unit will remember the town of Dole as the birthplace of Louis Pasteur, successful operations, and friendly people.

Control Center II was designated as such on September 18, 1944, at Biol, France. Up to that time, it had been operating as Forward Sector Ops 2, dating from September 1, 1944, and prior to that, as Operations No. 3, the designation it had during the landings at St. Tropez, France, in August, 1944.

Operations for Control Center 2 (Baggage) began at Biol, on about September 4, 1944. Their mission at this time was to furnish navigational aid to friendly aircraft, to furnish early warning on the approach of hostile aircraft, to aid in the interception of hostile aircraft and to give assistance to air-ground cooperation. As there was not much hostile air activity, the furnishing of navigational aid to friendly aircraft fast became the primary function.

At Biol, the operations were conducted in a hutment in which the filter board and operations board were combined. Several attempts were made here to combine the DF board with the filter board and Ops board, but to no avail. There were too many obstacles to surmount and it did not prove successful. The result of all this was a separate DF board manned by a deputy controller and the DF plotters. This proved very successful.

For the period of operations spent at Biol, the weather was poor and thus any air operations depended a great deal upon the navigational aids provided by the control center. The DF station "Blackleg" of the 82nd Fighter Control Squadron, under T/Sgt. DeMay. which was sited at the control center, was in the fixer net and was instrumental in all the navigational aid given. The VHF for the control center was under T/Sgt. Janeway, also of the 82nd. Operations at Biol ceased on October 11, and the control center was moved to Ludres, a small town near Nancy, and in the center of a network of airdromes from which our aircraft operated. Operations began there on October 15. At this time, the control center acquired French controllers, whose duty and responsibility was to give navigational aid to French aircraft and to direct French aircraft in the interception of hostile aircraft. The operation at Ludres was from a large room which was more adequate than any-thing used by the control center up to then, as there was plenty of space for the various status boards and also room to move about. The weather again for the period of operation at Ludres was very poor, and the control center and all personnel did themselves proud in vectoring aircraft to interceptions and targets, and in getting aircraft safely to base after completion of their missions.

As operations progressed, control assistance in air cooperation played an increasingly important part in the mission of the control section. During this period, tactical reconnaissance reports were very vital, and their reports of enemy movements and concentrations meant much to the war effort. If the A-3 section decided the targets were important enough, fighter-bombers were directed to the target and navigational aid given if necessary. Also many of our fighters were vectored in to hostile aircraft. The neightfighters were used extensively during this period a sintruders or patrols. If there were hostiles in the area, and if there was no patrol, and an intruder was in a good position, the aircraft was taken from its intruder mission and put on the chase. At the GCI stations under the control of the center were 82nd Fighter Control Squadron controllers to take the nightfighters to points to start their intruder mission or to run interceptions on hostile aircraft. Many successful interceptions were run.

During the stay at Ludres, the DF station "Cabin", another 82nd station, was added to the fixer net. All DF stations were very active during this period, as evidenced by a total of 64,000 bearings, involving 10,800 fixes, the 82nd DF station playing an important part.

About January 15, 1945, a dynamite dump near the control center exploded, making it necessary to move the control center to a new location. The site chosen was Nancy. The change to the new location was made without going off the air, and it required two days. At Ludres, the operations were transferred to an operations van while the control center equipment was moved into Nancy and set up. The next day everything was cut over to the control center in Nancy. The VHP was moved in much the same manner. The VHF from "Baby", Forward Sector Ops 1, was borrowed to use during the one day of moving, while the control center VHF moved into Nancy.

The Ops room at Nancy was probably the best location the control center ever operated from. The room was large and light, with ample space for all of the status boards, old and new, that were fast becoming necessary as the scope of operations in-creased. During this period, extra VHF channels were monitored, rive additional "A" channels (one for each group operating under the 64th Fighter Wing), and Eighth Air Force emergency and common channels. Up to the time that the control center acquired the Eighth Air Force channels, many of our heavy bombers had crashed in the area, and the controller on duty was helpless to aid them. After acquiring the channels, many a heavy bomber was given a steer to his home base or brought into a nearby field where they had medical aid waiting for them.

As far as other aspects of life in Nancy went, the quarters for all personnel were probably better than anyone ever thought could be over here. Everyone was comfortably quartered in the University building or the hotel.

The control center at Nancy directed the fighter cover and close cooperation operations with the Sixth Army Group for a time, and later only the Seventh Army. All aircraft were turned over to corps control for close cooperation work. All warnings of hostile aircraft and their interception, the arranging for "Egg-baskets", (whereby RADAR positions fighter-bombers over targets on days when weather obscures the target), and arranging for "Pop-eye" let-dows, (a

method where a RADAR station controls a flight of aircraft until they are through the overcast), fell to the controller or controllers on duty. This, coupled with aiding Eighth Air Force aircraft in distress, and arranging for rendezvous for medium bombers with their cover and all other homings made the control center quite a busy place. Personnel of the 82nd played an important part in this work. The VHF crew, and the DF crews and plotters (all 82nd men), worked long and hard at their respective jobs.

The control center at Nancy had the honor of playing an important part in the Seventh Army drive through the Saar to the Rhine river. It was inspected by Lt. Gen. Patch, commanding the Seventh Army, prior to the offensive and he was greatly pleased with the operations. The control center executed its part smartly by directing the fighter-bombers and medium bombers to and from their targets. The controllers of the 82nd who were assigned to Control Center 2 during their operations from time to time, included Captains Jordan and Fitzpatrick, and Lts. F. Sherry, L. Rosenthal, D. Carline, D. Fields and E. Barrett.

On April, 1945, the control center moved to Hall, Germany, after preparing to move and moving some of the personnel and equipment to Wurzburg, Germany. It was while operating from Hall, and continuing the same type of work, that World War II ended. Even though the war ended, the control center continued to operate, and gave navigational aid to friendly aircraft. Control of aircraft is an activity of the

Army Air Forces little known to most people, but for which the war undoubtedly would have been prol onged.This control center had a glorious history, and much of its success is due in large measure to members of the82nd Fighter Control Squadron, and the splendid manner in which they performed their duty.

The invasion of Southern France had progressed more rapidly than anyone had thought possible, and the Seventh Army had advanced in a few weeks up the Rhone Valley, into Alsace and Lorraine. To keep pace with the Army, the 64th Fighter Wing was compelled to move some of the fighter-bomber and fighter groups to bases nearer the front. Two small operational units were sent forward to protect these bases and to furnish navigational aids for the groups. One of these units was Operations 3, which later developed into Forward Sector Ops 1. Operations 3 was commanded by Lt. Colonel Anderson and consisted of two controllers, four radar plotters and several VHF and HF radio mechanics and operators. There were two radar stations with the unit. These were a British GOT, AMES 871, which had two American and one British controller, and an American SCR-584. This unit moved into location at the airfield near Montelimar, France, on August 30, 1944. At this time the forward elements of the army were about ten miles north of Montelimar. The rapidity of the army's advance is evidenced by the fact that when the British Spitfire Wing arrived at the airfield a few days later, the bomb safe line had moved so far north, that it was impossible for the Spits to fry patrols of the front because of the distance involved.

Operations 3 remained at Montelimar for about two weeks and then the American personnel and equipment were moved to Biol, France, where Control Center 2 was located. Shortly thereafter, Control Center 1 and the Wing headquarters went into operation at Dole, France.

The control centers were still too far behind the front lines to effectively control aircraft in the battle area, so it was decided by headquarters to send out forward sector operations to locations as near the front as possible.

Forward Sector Operations 1 was organized at Dole on October 5, 1945, from the remaining personnel of Operations 3, and from additional personnel of the 82nd Fighter Control Squadron and 328th Fighter Control Squadron, 582nd Signal AW Battalion, 593rd Signal AW Battalion, and a few of the personnel of the 64th Fighter Wing Headquarters Squadron. The unit was ordered to move forward on October 7, 1944, and to locate at Xertigny, France. A reconnaissance of the area around Epinal had been made previously, and the site at Xertigny was the only one found in that area suitable for VHF radio purposes. Major James P. Ready was Commanding Officer and Captain Claude M. Epps was Chief Controller. Captain William A. Cromartie, Captain Lee P. Jordan and Lt. Floyd F. Sherry were controllers. Lt. Edmund B. Brown was communications officer. S/Sgt. Thomas A. Calegory, and S/Sgt. Richard G. Hanes were in charge of the VHF installations. S/Sgt. Walter E. Robbins was mess sergeant.

The move from Dole to Xertigny was made with-oat any unusual incident. Immediately upon arrival the transmitter and receiver van and the DF fixer van were located on a 500-meter hill, about one mile from the operation site and were remoted from there to the operations van (SCR-572) which had been pulled into the yard of a small school. M/Sgt. Carlson came along to assist with the work. Land lines were laid to the three radar units which consisted of an SCR-270, SCR-527, and an SCR-584. Later an SCR-615 was added to this reporting net. The first 24 hours brought the usual hard work for both operational and administrative personnel. However, everyone cooperated and coordinated their labors, and we were on the air on October 9. As usual, the VHF and DF operators had the worst of it because it was necessary for them to live in tents on the hill near the vars. The other personnel lived in a large room above a brewery, (operational—believe it or not).

During the stay at Xertigny, operations consisted mainly of directing fighter-bombers to their targets and giving them steers for their home bases. There was very little hostile air activity during the entire period. One unusual incident occurred on October 29. An infantry unit had been cut off by enemy in the vicinity of St. Die and it was impossible to send supplies in to them. The army requested XII TAG to try to drop supplies from P-47's. This was a very difficult operation because of an overcast sky and the small size of the target area. The supply-carrying aircraft were directed to, and placed, over the target area by the controller in the operations van and the controller at the SCR-584. Two out of three flights were successful in dropping their supplies where they could be reached by the ground forces.

Xertigny is a small rural town and it had no recreational facilities. Therefore, it was impossible to have any planned entertainment. However, the people of this section are very hospitable,

and it was not long before they were doing their best to make our stay more pleasant. A Sunday dinner with a French family is quite an event. It usually lasts several hours and runs through many courses of meats, vegetables, salads, cakes and pastries, with "beaucoup du vin".

Everything was going along too good, so circumstances decided to give us another swift kick in the pants. Seventh Army ordered us to move out of our buildings and there was no place to go but into tents. We moved on November 7, and of course, it was raining, sleeting, and very windy. Putting up tents under these conditions is not a pleasant or easy task.

During this period, fierce fighting was taking place along our front and the forward progress of our forces was slow. However; the breakthrough came eventually and the Allied forces raced on to take Strassbourg. This necessitated another move for Forward Ops 1.

This move took place on December 7, 1944. The location was at Gugenheim, France, about 12 miles northwest of Strassbourg. Here we were fortunate in securing a German barracks site, with sufficient buildings to house most of the personnel. Those who did not stay in the barracks were quartered in buildings in the town. The chief asset of this site was hot water showers and tubs. This was a luxury that was utilized and thoroughly enjoyed.

At Gugenheim the operations continued along the same pattern as at Xertigny. Our aircraft were flying missions on every possible opportunity and as the weather was generally bad during this period, the need and importance of navigational aids were proved numerous times every day. Every shift had to help numerous flights find their targets, and then give them steers to their bases. Also, as German air activity was increasing, it was necessary to be on the alert for hostile tracks. When hostile aircraft were active, warning was given to our fighters and to the antiaircraft artillery operations room.

When the Germans made the breakthrough in the Ardennes sector during December, 1944, they also started a drive on the Seventh Army front. This forced the Seventh Army to fall back and our position at Gugenheim became precarious. The guards were doubled, defense plans were put into effect, and the unit was alerted for an immediate move to the rear at any time. German intruders were flying in our area every night, strafing all road movements, and making a general nuisance of themselves. Paratroopers were also reported being dropped in the area. These were very hectic times, but operations carried on as usual and no one shirked his duties.

Headquarters decided that our position was untenable and we received orders to move out on the night of January 1, 1945. Operations ceased immediately. All of the installations were taken down, and equipment and personnel were packed into trucks and vans. As each truck and van was loaded, it was started on the journey to the rear. Everything was out by morning. There was no loss of personnel or equipment.

The next two weeks were spent at Dombasle, France, in a non-operational capacity. It was a deserved and well-earned rest.

On January 17, 1945, orders were received to return to Gugenheim and go into operations again. The trip back was made without incident, and the unit was operational on January 19. While we were away, a signal company had taken over the barracks, but we were able to place everyone in buildings in town. The stay in Gugenheim this time was very short. The Germans crossed the Rhine above Strass-bourg with about 50 tanks and we were forced to pull back again. This move took place January 22, 1945, and the new location was at Saverne, France.

The operations at Saverne were strictly routine. Nearly everything in the town was off limits, so everyone was practically confined to the camp area. The only recreation was provided by the theater run by VI Corps. Soon after arriving in Saverne, Lt. Colonel Amos F. Riha succeeded Major Ready as Commanding Officer.

Here we renewed acquaintances with German long range railroad guns. For several nights this gun threw its large shells into Saverne. Some of the shells burst quite close to our area and rained shrapnel all around. Fortunately, no one was injured, but the men on duty in the VHP and operations vans spent many uncomfortable nights. The gun was finally spotted by a reconnaissance aircraft, and taken care of by a flight of P-47's.

Forward Sector Operations 1 remained at Saverne til March 28,1945. On this date it moved and went into operations at Edenkoben, Germany. Soon after our arrival, we were joined by 64th Fighter Wing Headquarters and additional personnel. This changed us from a forward sector Ops into a control center. Forward Sector Operations 1 ceased to exist and Control Center 1 commenced operating again.

The invasion of Southern France had been accomplished with greater ease and rapidity than had ever been imagined. Units and certain supplies were being unloaded in the St. Tropez area much faster than they could be used, which resulted in a "jamming up" of Air Force control units on the beachhead areas. Control of aircraft was still being accomplished from fighter-director ships offshore near St. Tropez, while efforts were being made to establish control units on land. The ground forces were making such amazing drives inland to the north that all control facilities were soon outdistanced, making cooperation a difficult matter. Gasoline was a major item of shortage, which also added to our problems of organization. This is a rough sketch of the situation at the time orders came to some of us to move out in small units for close cooperation work just behind the front lines.

On the afternoon of August 29, 1944, Capt. William H. Davidson (now Major) was ordered to establish a forward control unit that night. Arizona (584) and Mature (British GCI AMES 15051) were assigned to Ops 4 for duty. The remainder of Ops 4 personnel was composed of two sector controllers, Lt. Donald M. Fields and Lt. Donald W. Carline; 12 enlisted men, of which three, Cpl. Frank W. Eggle-son, Cpl. William R. Hinckley and Cpl. Clair A. Miller, VHP men, were members of the 82nd Fighter Control Squadron.

By 2200 hours on August 29, all units and personnel were on the road north to a proposed site of the 324th Wing (British Spit unit) field north of Sisteron. Upon arrival at the site it was found

impractical to set up from the operational standpoint, and impossible to move the convoy farther, due to the gasoline shortage. After two days of "scrounging" for gas, enough had been located to make the move west to Valence where, after a preliminary set-up, the unit was able to be-come operational, one mile east of the Valence air-field. Within a few days, the front lines had out-distanced our radar, but we were ordered to remain at Valence as navigational aid to the 79th Fighter Group, located on the airfield. Lt. Fields and Lt. Car-line succeeded in setting up a very detailed and efficient operations tent, but were already out of the war, operationally speaking. The call-sign, "Chooka", was given to us for VHP use.

However, on one occasion, the entire set-up was justified, by saving one P-47 and pilot (Tadpole 95). The aircraft was the last of the group airborne one evening, and, although it was still daylight, the pilot was completely lost. Several flares were shot up for the pilot's aid, but as he was evidently over another field, he did not see the same color flares as the tower operator at Valence was sending up. Radio-telephone contact was very good. After much instruction, the controller, Lt. Carline, was able to get the pilot, to turn on his emergency. Lt. Merblum of Arizona Radar unit was operating the tube of the radar. The range and azimuth of the plane as read from the tube was passed to the controller. He, in turn, figured the reciprocal and gave the steer and distance to Valence. The pilot followed instructions to the letter, and, within 25 minutes, we were able to tell him he was on the Base leg of his field, passing directly over us. He made a 180°-left and let down, making a perfect three-point landing at 2210 hours, in total darkness. The pilot and many of his friends came over to our unit the following day to express their appreciation for our work. This constituted our greatest contribution to the war effort during the life of Ops 4.

By September 13, the warm, sunny weather we had brought with us from the Riviera had run out, and the cold rains of autumn were setting in. The open fields, where our operations and living tents were located, had become muddy, making the removal of the 11-ton 584 radar a necessity. Orders came from the Wing on the fifteenth to move to Biol, which was accomplished on the sixteenth. After a two-day, non-operational stay at Biol, Ops 4 moved on north to Dole, where reorganization and enlargement were to take place.

The Wing headquarters and parent organizations were located at Dole at this time, making a four-day stay at Dole a necessity, while personnel and equipment were assigned to the unit.

As a result of these meetings and decisions, the unit became known as Forward Sector Operations II, using the call-sign "Chowline", under the continued leadership of Capt. Davidson. Arizona (584), Virginia (GCI-527), New Jersey (270), and Wyoming and Maine (602's) were the radar units assigned to Forward Sector Ops 2. Two additional sector controllers were added to the roster, making four 82nd controllers in all: Capt. Homer C. Bailey, as senior controller; Lt. Harry F. Byrnes Jr., Lt. Donald M. Fields and Lt. Donald W. Carline as duty controllers. Operations were to be 24 hours daily from this time forward. Enlisted personnel were from units other than the 82nd. Lt. Joseph was assigned as communications officer at a slightly later date.

With about half the necessities of an Ops, and none of the luxuries, the unit set out on the afternoon of September 23 for the proposed site, two miles east of Bournois in a wooded area on a hilltop which had been the center of a tough battle only four days prior. The convoy arrived at the location at dusk, just as a light, drizzling rain was beginning to fall. One of the first details necessary was the burial of three German soldiers, who still lay where they had fallen in the hedgerows.

Operations officially began about 1600 hours on September 24 and were to continue at this site until October 8. The operations soon became identified with French units, so two French controllers joined us at "Mud Hill" to assist in working with French aircraft (Spits and American P-47's). The French controllers who originally joined us were aspirants, Kopeloff and Methol. After considerable training, these officers were replaced by others whom we trained in control of aircraft from a forward sectoposition.

All operations were handled from an SCR-572 control van. Two fixer stations, "Cartoon" and "Distill", reported to us throughout the operations.

Col. Horace M. Wade was attached to the unit as an observer on September 26, and assumed command of the unit until October 9, when he left the command. Capt. Davidson assumed command at this time.

During our stay at Bournois we were in the center of considerable activity. The location was only a few miles behind the front lines, which were being held by French troops only. Heavy, long-range artillery was located on either side of our site, which drew considerable counter-battery fire from the Germans at night, some of which landed dangerously close to our position. On the morning of September 30, at 0130 hours, an American night fighter of the 415th Squadron shot down a Heinkel-111, directly over our position. The hostile aircraft crashed at the base of our hill, a half-mile away. Two Jerries met their deaths. After the first of October Jerry ground patrols began to infiltrate the French lines, looking for our position. On two successive nights, patrols were either captured, or turned back, within two kilometers of our position. This fact, along with the continual rains, which had made our site almost untenable, necessitated a move of location.

Contact was made with the Count de Moustier, owner of the Chateau de Bournel, at Cubray, only six miles west of Bournois, where arrangements were made to move the unit. Space was secured for all personnel within buildings, although not immediately, as part of a French unit was occupying a portion of the buildings, and had to be moved out before all members of the unit could be satisfactorily housed. Being the only American unit in the French sector, we had problems of recreation. No movies and little mail were available at first, but men were given passes and transportation to Besancon, Lure and Vesoul. On October 26, an Enlisted Men's club and bar was opened. Shortly thereafter, we received notice that a Medical company in Villersexel held movies two days and nights of each week. These were regularly attended by men of our unit.

In order to keep the call-sign, "Chowline", on the air during the move of October 8, Lt. Carline, and the French controller, Lt. Methol, spent the day at Virginia (527) radar, using their VHF facilities. This was done very successfully, and was believed to have camouflaged our move from the German radio intelligence stations. When the Ops again was in operation, both controllers returned to it.

From the time of our arrival at the castle, until our departure, on December 29, our most important work was to provide navigational aid to both French and American aircraft in our area, and to relay any important information back to CC I, at Dole. Distill DF station was moved to the edge of the airfield at Luxeuil, to assist in homings given to French Spits of the 339th Wing, based at Luxeuil. The French Spits were given front line patrol duties during the Fall months. The French-piloted American P-47's were working with "Kosher" operations on offensive operations. For us, the months of October, November and December were very dull and monotonous. The American aircraft had moved north to the Nancy area, leaving only French aircraft for us to work. Very infrequently a night fighter would come into our area and under our control. However, we did have hostile aircraft passing through the area to the southwest and we could have used night fighters. It was believed that this activity was the German aircraft supplying the Nazi pocket strongholds of St. Nazaire, Bordeaux and other cities on the French Atlantic coast. On the night of December 17 we had a paratroop alert throughout the area. Low-flying aircraft circled our position for almost an hour, but were later found to be friendly aircraft. The only real injury suffered by our unit was on the night of December 26, when Capt. William H. Frazier and his driver, Pfc. Ernest Ziegler, were strafed and wounded by a German intruder aircraft, while driving back to the unit from headquarters in Nancy. Both received the Purple Heart Medal for this incident. Fortunately, no one else of the unit ever was injured by enemy action while in duty with "Chowline".

The unit was most welcome at the castle, and, on several occasions, dinner parties were given by the Count and Countess de Moustier, which were returned by the officers of the organization. Lt. Henry F. Byrnes was a most excellent mess officer, which was a duty in addition to being a controller. On October 8, the officers tendered an impromptu party for the count and countess. This was returned by the royal owner on October 11, in the manner of a formal dinner party, given with all the Medieval splendor that could be mustered at this date. Throughout the entire time of our stay at Cubray, courtesies were extended back and forth. Contact was made with the 46th Genera] Hospital in Besancon, and several of its nurses came to our parties as well. The hospital also gave us the use of their projector and films, which were the first and only movies we were able to secure for the unit. December 12 was our first showing. Dances were arranged for the men, and on December 9 the first dance was held at the castle. French girls from surrounding villages were invited, and were happy to attend. Dances were held every Saturday evening until the unit moved.

Without a doubt, the two biggest occasions were Thanksgiving Day and Christmas Day. Lt. Byrnes arranged for the serving of 50 men to a sitting, in the banquet hall of the chateau, using the finest of tableware and service. Three complete servings were made in taking care of all the

men. From the appreciation shown, all men were certain it was the best Thanksgiving Dinner they had ever had in the army. The officers were served last, at an evening meal.

The preparations for Christmas were as great as for Thanksgiving, only, prior to the twenty-fifth, a collection of food, gifts, candy, etc., was gathered for the French children of the locality. On Christmas Eve, a huge party was held in Rougemont for the children, where they received these gifts. All men and officers not on duty were invited. Everyone was able to enjoy Christmas Day and its celebrations, knowing of the happiness we had caused by the previous evening. Large turkey dinners, complete with all the trimmings, made the day notable. A huge tree in the Officers' Mess lent the proper atmosphere to the partyheld there in the evening. Lt. Byrnes again came through with flying colors in the meals prepared for the unit.

On November 5, Capt. Davidson was ordered away from the unit, and Capt. Frazier took command for the remainder of the unit's existence. Maine radar unit left us on November 13, giving us only four radar units. Each Tuesday afternoon, a meeting was held at the operations headquarters to discuss problems and situations. By the end of December, a new site had been named and preparations were made for the move.

On December 29, the sector Ops and its radar units moved to Altkirch, in Alsace. The operations and officers' quarters were located in the town, while the men and the orderly room were located in a former German bivouac building on the western edge of town. The weather was extremely cold, with many snowstorms. Wood was difficult to obtain, causing quite a problem.

Operationally, our reason for being in Altkirch was to continue training the French controllers, and now train plotting personnel, and to lend all assistance possible to the French in cleaning out the Colmar pocket of resistance. Due to extremely bad weather, flying was very limited, and even if the attack orders could be flown, it often was impossible to find the target, due to ground haze or fog. In the latter part of autumn, the "Eggbasket Mission" was devised, consisting of radar-controlled bombing of a target—or "Blind Bombing". This was brought to perfection at Altkirch. On one occasion, Lt. Mike Barrett controlled a flight of French P-47's over the target of Offenberg, and, from 19,000 feet, hit the railway station. At the last minute, before the bombs had dropped, the clouds cleared sufficiently to see the bombs hit, although the pilots took all instructions from the controller. Operations gradually were passing into French hands, who eventually took over the entire unit in the Spring of 1945.

There was very little social activity during our stay at Altkirch. An American Field Artillery unit shared its movie projector with us, but were moved out shortly after our arrival. Lt. Byrnes made arrangements with Mr. and Mrs. Peters, owners of the Inn Au Cheval Blanc at Altkirch, where several fine parties were held for the officers. The trout dinners with Alsatian wine will long be remembered by all who attended.

Immediately upon arrival at Altkirch, secret orders were received from Wing headquarters, informing us what to do in case we were surrounded by the enemy. At the time, we were in a narrow point of friendly territory, and the possibility of being "cut off" was rather acute. On

January 2, all radar units were forced to move out of the area, back to their former positions. The Sector Ops remained in Altkirch during this period, but was prepared for a fast evacuation if necessary. It never became a necessity, and, by the middle of January, the radar units again were in our close vicinity, ready for close cooperation with the First French Army, who was forcing the German stronghold at Colmar to evacuate.

On another night in mid-February, a paratroop threat kept us on the alert for 24 hours. All units were alerted, with a doubling of the guard on all posts. The Ground Observer Post, which originally reported the threat, later admitted the mistake was theirs. The sergeant in charge of this particular post was replaced shortly afterward.

With the cleaning out of the Colmar pocket, all threats to us passed. German aircraft passed through our area each night, en route to Spain and the Atlantic coast pockets, but night fighters seldom were sent to us. Therefore, the hostiles passed through without much opposition.

Spring was coming, and with it the great offensive in the north. Several changes in controllers took place, in preparation for this offensive. Lt. Fields left the unit for Wing headquarters on February 23. Lt. Car-line left on March 1. Capt. Alfred E. Hillenbrand, the Medical officer, came to Chowline for duty, relieving Lt. Milton Turner of the 64th Wing.

The final move of Forward Ops 2 while under American supervision, came on March 8, when the unit moved to Ribeauville, approximately eight miles north of Colmar. It was here that the French assumed full responsibility for operations. The American officers and men continued to train and assist the French controllers and operators, but it was the French who were doing the operating. Social life at Ribeauville was very fine, and will be happily remembered by officers and men alike.

April 1,1945, marked the end of all American participation with Chowline, as the unit was now entirely manned and operated by the French. All American personnel were ordered back to their parent organizations, the equipment was turned over to the French, and all connections with their units ceased. Chowline was originated and developed by Americans for the French. Now it was their show.

The most important contribution of Fighter Control to the ground forces stems from missions of close air support during offensive operations. The familiar warning signals of "Achtung, Jabo!" attests to the significance which the enemy has attached to our fighter-bombers. The main Forward Control teams with the Corps and Divisions deserve special attention for their splendid accomplishments. Close upon the final phases of the camp-aigns in Alsace came the historic German battles which made history in this war, and in which VI Corps played a noble part. Working with, and attached to, this Corps were the following personnel of the 82nd Fighter Control Squadron: Capt. Barr, 1st Lt. Rashid and Sergeants Crocker and Smiley, and a DF team. Throughout the breaching of the Siegfried Line, the crossing of the Rhine and the drive into the "Inner Redoubt" to Austria, these squadron personnel carried on with determination and enthusiasm until the job was completed, and the German 19th Army surrendered

unconditionally to the Corps on 7 May, 1945. Their mission was to direct the bombers to targets requested by the Ground Forces, and destroy the enemy from the air wherever he was found; the destruction on the roads alone offer proof of their success.

I personally joined the VI Corps at Saverne, France, on 5 February 1945. My initiation began on the early dawn of the 15th of February when "Alsace Alice" started to harass us. She was a 380-millimeter railroad gun, spurting out a projectile which weighed 1100 pounds. The Germans fired a dozen shells into our area, three of which landed just a few feet from the Command post. Experts claim that it was firing from a position about 30 miles away; but we all agreed that it was too close for comfort. Again at 0100 hours on the 18th of February "Alice" was active, but there were only four rounds issued that time. Gradually her ammunition shortage became apparent, because only three rounds visited us on the 22nd. Her last attempt was made on 25 February, when together with her sister (the 170 mm gun) she gave us a dose of a dozen shells. From reliable reports it is believed that our fighter-bombers eventually put her out of commission.

My arrival at the corps was timed with the big offensive of the Seventh Army, which began on 15 March. A record number of bomber missions was flown that day, and we handled approximately 40 from our control room, concentrating on enemy command posts, communication centers and tanks. It was a tough assignment to breach the Siegfried fortifications, but in eight days we had started the breakthrough. In the meantime, we had moved operations to Marsbrom-les-Bains and then to Wissem-bourg. It was here that our fighter-bombers sighted and destroyed a complete enemy division retreating to the Rhine, accounting for about 500 motor and horse-drawn vehicles. Eight missions were directed against this target by the controller with the aid of an L-5 liaison plane. Eventually, the Germans began to wave white flags, and thousands of prisoners were captured by the infantry. During these operations, we handled about 3000 sorties or more, receiving such commendations from the ground forces as the following: 42nd Inf. Div.—"Wonderful show on tanks east of Equelshardt. Believe that was counter-attack aimed at us. Hats off to fighter-bombers"; 42nd Inf.Div.—(Dahn-Busenberg).—"Krauts driven off roads by air attacks surrendering by the hundreds. Vehicles, dead horses and booty strewn along road unbelievable. Devastating." 103rd Inf. Div.—"Nest of pillboxes... giving us great deal of trouble. Planes arrived exactly on schedule. Enemy was completely neutralized. Bombing was the prettiest thing I have ever seen; it assured for the success of the attack."

These air attacks, often only a couple hundred yards from our troops, completely disorganized the enemy resistance. Partial credit for the success goes to the men who operate our technical equipment at the Corps control: the SCR-584, the DF, the SCR-602, the SCR-574, 573, and SCR-299.

In preparation for the Rhine crossing, we moved our installation to Landau, Germany on 27 March. We were now confronted with all the problems of non-fraternization, special security, hostile attacks by civilians, and sabotage; but the control operations continued unhampered, and we consistently pounded enemy convoys in the last remaining pockets west of the river. At

Speyer, we attacked 300-plus enemy vehicles, and at Bergzabern 200 others of a Volks-grenadier division. Finally, on 31 March, the VI Corps crossed the Rhine at Mannheim on a pontoon bridge and established the new command post at Seckenheim in a former German barracks. At this location we experienced the most subversive of all civilian activities. A half dozen American soldiers were stabbed and fired upon by fanatical German men and women.

Following up the steady advance of the ground troops, we moved to Mosbach on 4 April. The town was strafed three times by an ME-210, but fortunately no casualties were reported. In this phase of the campaign we concentrated on enemy held fortified towns like Adbeim, Neuenstadt and Weinsberg, which stopped our troops at Heilbronn for one week. It was at this time the 10th Armored Division was cut at Crailsheim and had to be supplied by C-47 cargo planes, which landed gas and ammunition and food just 200 yards from the enemy. We immediately shifted our air support to this sector with damaging results; in one cas e we disorganized an enemy counterattack of 3000 men. In two instances, the infantry refused to attack at Kunzelsau and Odheim without aid of our fighter-bombers; but eventually, around 15 April, our armor broke through and started the rapid advance into southern Germany. The following day the corps shifted to another location at Ohringen, where we were actually classified as a forward element; most officers called it a premature move, because we were only a few hundred yards from the enemy and in a town where the day before civilians were engaged in fanatical street fighting—and where our own artillery was more than a couple miles to our rear; but we carried on as usual. While operating here, we were commended highly for two outstanding services rendered. Our controllers directed four missions against 600 enemy vehicles near Weil-heim, dispersed in an area 10 miles square. Then 14 missions were sent to attack over 800 vehicles near Nurtingen, trying to escape from the Stuttgart pocket. The wreckage along the road proved devastating results.

The advance of the infantry was so quick and progressive that it was more than a problem for the corps to remain in contact with them. Our Division control teams, however, remained on the air and maintained radio contact with us at the Corps; they frequently relayed back to Corps G-3 the position of forward troops and tank elements. During this particular period, we operated at Welzheim on 21 April, at Goppingen on 22 April, and at Blaubeuren on 25 April, where we were set up in a monastery. Two days later we crossed the historic Danube River at Ulm and established ourselves at Babenhausen, only to leave again on 28 April for the site at Kaufbeuren.

During this period we witnessed some of the strangest sights of the war. Noted among them were the notorious concentration camp at Landsberg and Memmingen, where crematories and lethal chambers and barracks of starving skeletons attested to the atrocities committed. The very moment that the prisoners were released, they turned upon the once elite German guards in murderous assaults—and a deadly riot ensued. It was in this area likewise that we came upon many enemy airfields, still cluttered with planes of every type from Stukkas to jet-propelled. We got firsthand views of shrewd enemy air tactics, in which they constructed well camouflaged dispersal areas five miles or so from the airfield itself, and in which they used their concrete autobahn as runways for jet aircraft.

German prisoners were surrendering by the thousands until it became a problem beyond control. At one airfield in Kaufbeuren an estimated 20,000 enemy troops were being disarmed; it was impossible to recruit sufficient guards to cover them. The German soldiers would march down the roaps in groups of 100 or more, or drive up in their own trucks, carrying white flags—pleading with the military police to take them prisoners. The work was so pressing at the time that many Yanks flatly refused to capture them. All that our troops could do was to point out the general direction of the PW cage, and advise the Krauts to go on further down the highway. Mass surrenders of divisions and corps at stern and solemn ceremonies by Wehrmacht generals were frequent.

There were a few cases of sniping along the supply routes, and guerilla fire fights in the woods alongside the roads; but these did not endanger operations. Even our forward control was once involved in such an encounter; and the pilot of our L-5 plane accounted for one German soldier with an M-l rifle. Our fighter-bomber missions concentrated on enemy convoys immediately ahead of our tank spearheads; notably among these ' were attacks near Kempten, Shongau and Buchloe, where approximately 200 vehicles were engaged in each area. In one instance, the enemy again ran into the fields waving white flags—and within a half hour were captured by our infantry.

The remaining operations with the corps consisted of tactical reconnaissance of routes and installations used by the enemy. Ground resistance was at a minimum in the Redoubt of the Bavarian Alps, The greatest hindrance to our advance were road blocks, blown bridges, and cratered mountain passes. Our recce planes were directed to cover specific areas by the controller, and reported back much valuable information on these delaying tactics. During the closing phase of the German campaign we moved into Steingaden on 30 April—where we carried on offensively in a cheese and dairy farm. Two days later we transferred the CP to Partenkirchen, one of the most famous winter resorts of the country, and the stage of the 1936 Olympics. It was here that our unit was instrumental in capturing seven renowned Ministers of Finance and Labor, who were attempting to transpose the Berlin government in Austria. For several days our radio men aided the Counter Intelligence Corps in keeping these figures under house arrest.

On May 5, we climaxed our meteoric drive across Germany by crossing the Austrian border and establishing headquarters near Innsbruck, in the heart of the picturesque Alps mountains. The following day, at 1200 hours, hostilities ceased on the Seventh Army front. Sixth Corps formed a junction at the Brenner Pass with the Fifth Army. The German armies opposing us bowed in complete defeat at formal ceremonies held at the Innsbruck City Hall. And at 0800 hours on May 7 we received the following announcement from Supreme Allied Headquarters : "A representative of the German High Command signed the unconditional surrender of all German land, sea and air forces to the Allied Expeditionary Force and simultaneously to the Soviet High Command at 0141 hours C.E.T., 7th May, under which all forces will cease active operations at 0001 hours 9th May." The end of the war in Europe was officially proclaimed. Our victory celebration that night had no restrictions whatever! An attempt to evaluate the operations of this forward control would be to no avail, unless adequate tribute is paid to the crews who

maintain our highly technical equipment. The VHF operators worked consistently to keep us "on the air"; our moves were handled by forward and rear echelons, the SCR-624 always going ahead with the advance party. When landline communications to divisions failed, the SCR-299 crews gave us constant contact, which proved valuable especially during periods of rapid progress. The wire team and switchboard operator required no instructions; within five minutes after reaching a new location, they were laboriously giving us the most expeditious communications.

Our Radar, in conjunction with a DF station from the 82d FCS, provided us with accurate information on the position of our flights at all times, and even vectored numerous missions to their immediate target area—thus reducing the hazards to our own troops. But, their greatest contribution was to be found in the performance of "Eggbaskets" (bombing through an overcast by means of radar control). Due to the efficiency of this type of operation, the ground forces received air cooperation despite unfavorable weather conditions. "Eggbaskets" were generally restricted to targets outside the bombline—communication

centers, marshalling yards, and supply points. However, in the early stages of the campaign, the controllers with VI Corps decided to secure the most effective performance from the equipment, and they instigated "close air cooperation" by means of "Eggbaskets" inside the bombline.

Successful attacks were made on the towns of Bann-stein and Eguelshardt—just two miles from the front lines. An attack was made on Neuenkirchen, where the CP of the 17th S.S. Division was located. And there were other "Eggbaskets" on Barenthal and Mouterhouse, where troop concentrations were reported—just about four miles from our forward ground elements. Many of these missions were observed by reconnaissance and artillery liaison pilots, who claim that the bomb release was excellent. The following are comments received from the ground forces themselves: "Doughfeet in front line foxholes say Barenthal show wonderful and send thanks." "Bannstein Eggbasket right in town. 42nd Division sends its thanks."

"Many thanks Mouterhouse show from front line troops. They say 'fine' and 'give us more'."

No better tribute can be given to the forward controllers and the technical crews than to quote the expressions of an infantry soldier in a letter written to a member of this command: "I sometimes wonder if you guys in the Air Corps know how the landbound GI's feel about you. In the States I heard that there was some jealously and bad feeling between the branches. Nuts! The GI's in the Armored and Infantry worship the skies our Air Corps flies in. We never get tired of looking up when we hear our planes, and shouting 'Give 'Em hell, boys'.

"When up front it's a grand feeling to see them upstairs—to see them clearing the way up ahead. Every time we see one in trouble—or even in an occasional dog fight—we're pulling and pushing like a guy working a pin-ball machine. I've heard our top brass talk about the perfect support and cooperation we've had from the air!"

On March 15, 1945, "Pelican", Main Fighter Control, XVth Corps, was composed of the following personnel of the 82nd Fighter Control Squadron: Capt. Barr, Commanding; Lts. Krohn and Krumrine, controllers; S/Sgt. Donihue, chief clerk; S/Sgt. Engh, DF chief; S/Sgt. Larson, VHP chief; Sgt. Glubka, VHP communications chief; Sgt. Louie and Cpl. Keane, VHP operators; Cpls. McLaughlin, Michelson and White, DF operators, and Pfc. Abraham, clerk and switchboard operator.

Pelican worked under the standard operating procedure for forward controls operating close air coordination with army corps of the Seventh Army. Whenever possible, division control was used to enable the closest coordination, the maximum effectiveness of the air effort, and highest degree of safety to friendly troops. The "Eggbasket" was used with great success during days of bad weather. At times, when poor visibility made navigation to the immediate target area difficult, Pelican used the fixer-radar team to lead flights directly over their targets. There were many instances when the controller was able to tell the flight leader to look at "9 o'clock" or "3 o'clock" for a certain number of miles to locate the smoke shells fired by the artillery to pinpoint the target.

Previous to the drive which began on March 15, Pelican had made full preparation for the task before it. Standard operations procedures for particular circumstances were worked out with operations at the 64th Fighter Wing, with G-3 at Corps, and with the divisions. Capt. Barr arranged with XIIth TAG to have the 358th, 50th and 86th Groups work exclusively with Pelican. This enabled every VHF radio in the Pelican system to work on "A" channel. This method proved extremely useful in the days to come.

In the 53 days following, Pelican was to move 20 times, covering a distance of approximately 500 miles. Through the unfailing effort and devotion to duty of the men in the Pelican team, Pelican was on the air continuously from dawn to dusk.

Not content with the excitement of normal events, Pelican units captured a total of 48 prisoners, including a captain, and excluding one damaged 4-F, by Lt. McCoy, siting officer. This total included seven of the enemy armed with rifles and grenades in the immediate vicinity of the VHF equipment. On March 15, the XVth Corps, supported in the air by Pelican, launched the last great drive of the war against Germany.

On March 15, 1945, the XVth Corps launched an offensive to breach the Siegfried line. The Third, 45th and 100th divisions were the attacking divisions. The Third and 45th divisions made the major effort. Thirty-nine missions of approximately 480 sorties checked in with Pelican control. These P-47's were ordered to contact the attacking divisions for call targets. Sixteen missions, involving 280 sorties of medium bombers, were directed by Pelican control to attack their pre-briefed targets. Pelican maintained a negative control over these bombers insofar as Pelican could cancel the mission if the troops had advanced to occupy their targets.

Two missions controlled by Pelican attacked Fort Ordiebel, which was holding up the advance of the 100th division. After the second flight had attacked the fort, fire from the fort ceased and our troops were able to continue their advance. The fort was captured.

The 45th division informed Pelican control that 100-plus troops in the town of Rebelsheim were forming for a counterattack. Twelve P-47's were ordered to call Pelican George (45th division). The town was bombed within 10 minutes after Pelican was informed of the impending counterattack. It was stopped cold.

Missions reported in to Pelican about every 10 minutes. This enabled the attacking divisions to receive immediate cooperation. The minimum time elapsing between requests for cooperation and the bombing of the target was five minutes; the maximum, 15 minutes.

Twelve missions, on March 16, of 294 medium-bomber sorties were directed by Pelican to attack their primary targets. Forty-four missions of approximately 422 sorties checked in with Pelican for a call target of opportunity. Approximately 60 per cent of these missions were controlled by corps or division controllers. The remainder were ordered to attack their alternate targets, consisting of enemy OP's, ammunition or fuel dumps. Every request from the attacking divisions was fulfilled.

On March 17, Pelican Junior (584) directed seven "Eggbasket" missions on close cooperation targets, requested by the Third, 45th and 100th divisions. These targets were approximately five miles in advance of the troops and were bombed through an overcast.

Forty missions of approximately 320 sorties co-operated with the Third, and with the 45th divisions on March 18. The targets were towns, isolated enemy strongpoints, artillery pieces, and tanks. Approximately 100 MT (motor transport) and 40 tanks were attacked by 12 missions in the Zweibrucken-Homburg area.

On March 19, 38 missions of approximately 310 sorties cooperated with the attacking divisions. The enemy had begun to pull out. The P-47's attacked approximately 500 vehicles in the Zweibrucken, Homburg and Kaiserslautern areas.

The Third and 45th divisions, on March 20, broke through the Siegfried line. Pelican requested Wing operations to have all flights pass over the Zweibrucken-Ballte area whenever possible. This was done primarily for troop morale and psychological reasons. It was also done to furnish an umbrella over the armored and infantry divisions, pouring through the breaches of the Siegfried line. This was accomplished with the desired results. Major Studebaker (G-3 air officer of the 45th division) flew as observer with Lt. Whyte (86th Group pilot), the Stable pilot. They located 25 HD artillery and vehicles passing through Homburg. In five minutes, a flight of fighter-bombers were directed to a rendezvous with Stable. Stable then directed the attack. Major Studebaker reported a road block created in Homburg, and results, generally, were excellent. He also observed troops of the 45th division a mile south of Homburg. These troops moved in after the attack. This road block also prevented a large German convoy from passing through Homburg and escaping to the east. The results were also observed by Pelican one day later.

Colonel Allan (G-3 Air, XVth Corps) also flew as observer with Stable. His mission was to observe the movement of friendly divisions through the Siegfried line breaches, and to secure an overall picture of the battle area scene. Stable flew well up into enemy territory in order to give the colonel a complete picture. Stable reported small arms fired at him.

At the request of the 106th Cavalry Group, an aerial reconnaissance was made of the two bridges located at Oberhausen and Oberaurbach to determine their usefulness. One bridge was intact, the other passable only to foot troops. This information was obtained from Brutus Blue (T/R), and passed to Colonel Davis (executive officer) within 15 minutes.

Thirty-five missions, of approximately 340 aircraft, were directed by Pelican. The first flights discovered large MT movement on all the roads west from Zweibrucken, Homburg and Kaiserslautern. Almost all aircraft allotted to air cooperation with this corps were directed to destroy these convoys. The attacking divisions were informed of this situation. They cooperated fully, and requested only missions for very urgent targets. The 45th division had only one such target, while the Third had two. All three of these were attacked. Approximately 100 vehicles

were des-troyed on the roads going east from Pirmasens, Zweibrucken, Homburg and Kaiserslautern, towards the Rhine river.

Pelican became the eyes of the XVth corps through the constant reconnaissance furnished the corps and the attacking divisions.

The following letter by Maj. Gen. Robert T. Frederick summarizes the results of Pelican's activities during the period from March 15 to 20: "On behalf of the 45th Infantry Division, I wish to express my appreciation to the officers and men of the 64th Fighter Wing for the close air cooperation given to this division during the assault on the Siegfried Line, the breakthrough and the advance to Homburg.

"During the period of 15—20 March 1945, the 64th Fighter Wing made thirty-two attacks on enemy held positions which were flown on short notice and were directed against targets close to friendly lines where the safety of the troops depended upon the accuracy of bombing and careful orientation of the pilots. More than half the targets were less than one kilometer in front of our troops, three were less than five hundred yards and one barely three hundred yards in front of friendly lines. None of our troops was injured by the bombing or strafing called for by these missions . . .

"At one time or another during the five-day period the 64th Fighter Wing flew a mission on nearly every town in the zone of the advance. The effectiveness of these attacks was readily apparent to the troops as they passed through the successive towns. One Prisoner of War stated that your attack on Blieskasel struck the Command Post of the 17th SS Division, wounded the Commanding General and forced the CP to move. The entire road net between Homburg and the Rhine River is strewn with burned vehicles, abandoned artillery, dead horses and other evidence of destruction which are tributes to the effectiveness of the 64th Fighter Wing.

"The support and cooperation given to this unit by the 64th Fighter Wing was of material aid in breaking through the Siegfried Line Defense and assisting this Division in inflicting a most serious blow upon the enemy. Nearly 6000 prisoners were taken by the Division during the short period of ten days and vast quantities of equipment and materiel were destroyed. The officers and men of the 45th Division appreciate your contribution to their success.

This period was characterized by very rapid movement. From March 21 to March 26 Pelican moved a distance of over a hundred miles. Specific strong-points and stable targets were few and far between; the enemy was in full retreat. Pelican directed the air missions to attack the heads of the retreating columns in order to halt this, chaotic withdrawal. On several occasions, when retreating columns were so halted by roadblocks of burning vehicles, the armor or cavalry was able to advance and finish the des-truction. On the road between Kaiserslautern and Frankenstein and Bad Durckheim, over 500 motor transports were destroyed by air alone.

The teamwork of tactical reconnaissance aircraft and the attacking fighter-bombers coordinated and controlled by Pelican was the principal factor in the devastating destruction which characterized the chaotic retreat to the Rhine.

An officer PW from "Seventh Co RR Eng Regt 4" was in Kaiserslautern repairing damage to railroad tracks caused by our "Jabos". He mentions that this was a sleepless period of his life. During this time, mentioned PW does not recall a day that our Air Force was not active over the marshalling yards. He describes all attacks which were generally undertaken by 8—12 FB's as devastating. Even if no ammunition freight cars were hit, PW mentions that on the average, it took 12 to 15 hours to clear away debris and then repair the rail breaks. Three tracks were kept in operation only; the balance were broken up to use as repair material for the three. On the average, four breaks were caused by an attack as mentioned above. If ammunition cars were hit, however, the picture that resulted was quite different. He speaks of one such attack when 12 cars blew up, and, of course, this tore up the three tracks beyond recognition. In this case, it took three days to establish some sort of order. The first day was spent in collecting and digging out unexploded ammunition and to clear away debris. The next two days were needed to build up the ground and lay the rail again.

This period, March 26 to 29, may be divided into two phases: Patrol and Attack.

Patrol: A constant patrol was maintained over the bridgehead from dawn to dusk. During this period, not one enemy aircraft was able to penetrate our protective covering. Not one man was injured by enemy aerial attack.

Attack: The closely coordinated P-47 attacks continued. Thirty missions of approximately 300 sorties were flown on March 26 for the two attacking divisions (Third and 45th).

On March 26, air and ground made a coordinated attack to capture the town of Gernsheim, the southern part of Gernsheim being well defended. Pelican George (45th division) directed a devastating attack upon the southern portion of the town. Immediately after the attack, ground forces moved into the town.

Pelican George reported that they were receiving fire from the town of Klienhausen, which was in the path of the advance. In rapid succession, three flights bombed, strafed and rocketed the area. A regimental commander observed these attacks, called in his commendation to the 45th division, and then advanced to take the strongpoint.

Pelican Harry (Third division) reported receiving fire from self-propelled guns on an island northwest of Mannheim. They could not pinpoint the guns. There was only one entrance to the island, and this was over a single bridge. One flight of eight aircraft, some carrying demos and some frags, was controlled by Pelican Harry. This flight got three direct hits on the bridge and frag-bombed possible location of SP guns. The guns did not fire again.

On the morning of March 29, Pelican was ope-rational at Bensheim, thereby becoming the first forward fighter control center with the Seventh Army to cross and operate east of the Rhine.

On March 30, the 45th division advanced to the outskirts of AschafFenburg. Previously, an armored division from General Patton's Third Army had passed through the city. It was presumed that Aschaffenburg was cleared. The 45th division of the XVth Corps found the situation to be otherwise. The surrender of the city was demanded and refused. Fanatical resistance by the SS troops had spread to all elements of the population. Women were found to be firing rifles and children to be throwing hand grenades. General Haislip, CG XVth Corps, and General Menoher, Chief of Staff, XVth Corps, and General Frederick, CG, 45th Division, requested that the city be reduced to rubble.

On March 31, 43 missions of approximately 400 aircraft were controlled by Pelican. Pelican George controlled 23 consecutive missions on enemy strong-points in the city of Aschaffenburg. Each of these missions was a coordinated attack with advancing regiments and companies of the 45th division. Some of the attacks were no more than one block in advance of our troops. An overwhelming proportion of these missions came from the 358th (Hillman) Group. At the close of the first day, Pelican renamed the burning ruins of Aschaffenburg "Hillman City" as a tribute to the excellent results obtained by the 358th Group during that day.

On April 1, the 358th Group continued the attack on Aschaffenburg. Fifteen missions were controlled by the 45th division on specific targets in Hillman City. Before the close of the second day's attack on Aschaffenburg, all flak had been silenced by the artillery, which cooperated by laying down counter-flak barrages whenever an enemy gun fired. Without the unexcelled cooperation of the artillery, which aided our planes tremendously by laying down this counter-flak program, the lives of many pilots would have been lost.

Photographs at the end of the second day showed that approximately 75 per cent of Aschaffenburg had been destroyed. So intense had been the bombardment of Aschaffenburg that more than 900 of the fanatical defenders gave up, and were put in PW cages. These troops were from the units defending the southern approaches, and their places were taken by many more who were not "convinced". Two attempts were made by portions of the defenders to arrange surrender terms. But, since the negotiations did not have the full approval of the town commandant, fighting was resumed. Aircraft and artillery continued to reduce the city to rubble.
On April '2, 1945, the bombing and strafing of Aschaffenburg entered its third and last day. Six missions were flown by the 358th Group, directed by the 45th division control, to attack pinpoint targets in the unoccupied part of the city. At the close of the day, all air targets had been destroyed or occupied by friendly troops.

From April 3 to April 20, Pelican moved on an average of once every three days. The route of advance was from east of Lahr, north to Bad Bruckenau, southeast to Bamberg, and then south to Nurnburg. During this period, all attacking divisions received as much air cooperation as they requested. There were usually more aircraft available than were required for close cooperation.

The advance was so rapid that photo reconnaissance failed to supply the corps with urgent information to conduct intelligence work. Pelican supplied this information by taking full advantage of the Tac R facilities available. These Tac R flights reported into Pelican about seven times each day, and they were turned over to division controls according to the priority of need. The pilots were questioned for all types of information, such as bridge conditions, road networks, motor traffic, gun emplacements, enemy concentrations, and fortifications. On several occasions these Tac R flights uncovered good air targets. A rendezvous with fighter-bombers was immediately made, and the target attacked. On other occasions the Tac R adjusted artillery fire, or strafed the target themselves.

In one situation, the 14th Armored division ad-vanced beyond the range of VHP and HF communications. The Tac R planes passed all requests for air cooperation from the division to the corps, and often remained in the area to lead the P-47's into the target.

At Gemunden, a combat command of the 14th Armored was temporarily held up by a blown bridge. The other side of the river was well defended. From a small rise overlooking the bridgehead area, our control at the combat command directed five missions, consisting of 40 sorties, to bomb, strafe and rocket the enemy positions. The opposition was eliminated, and the tanks crossed the river.

On April 3 Pelican made an unusual recce flight for the corps engineers. At their request our L-5 cub made a recce of the Main river. The engineers reported that the river had dropped three feet, and they suspected that the Krauts might be damming the river in several places preparatory to releasing the water in an attempt to wash away our bridges. The reason for the low water level was discovered by our cub; it was caused by damming of the river north of Miltenberg by the XXIst Corps in order to facilitate the erection of a pontoon bridge. During the late part of the afternoon, our cub made a recce of a large sector of the Sinn River in advance of our forward elements; he reported bridges intact, and a ferry operating at Harrbach. He also gave exact positions of 14th Armored advance elements north and northeast of Lahr.

During this period, the German forces in the XVth Corps zone were in continuous retreat. A major portion of the enemy transport was horse-drawn. Constant reconnaissance by P-51's and the L-5 under direction of Pelican yielded excellent air targets. The fighter-bombers, checking in at regular intervals, were instructed to call the recce aircraft over the convoys, and hundreds of enemy transport were destroyed on the roads.

A direct order from Army Headquarters prohibited the bombing of Nurnburg until the last two days of the campaign to capture the city. Determined resistance at the threshold of Nurnburg necessitated the same air tactics that were used at Aschaffenburg.

On April 17 Pelican directed 12 missions of approximately 144 aircraft to work with the 45th division. Major Studebaker coordinated the air attacks with the advance of the ground troops. The corps and division artillery cooperated in laying down counter-flak on all the enemy gun positions in the area. On April 18 six missions bombed, strafed and rocketed buildings which

were well fortified and defended. The concentrated attack on the city was stopped when our troops infiltrated to such an extent that the lives of American troops would be endangered by further bombing. One attack by a squadron of P-47's resulted in the liberation of 15,000 prisoners.

An enemy stronghold, well defended, was holding up several of our tanks. By accurate pinpoint bombing our fighter-bombers destroyed the guns, and the tanks advanced to smash the defenses surrounding the prison camp.

With the capture of Nurnburg, the Shrine City of Nazism was taken, the outer edge of the redoubt area was breached, and the war entered its final stage.

This period was characterized by rapid advances opposed by only small, disorganized enemy units. During this phase, the requests for Tac R increased. On many occasions when the enemy was found, he was waiting to surrender and not to fight. These air reports on reconnaissance became indispensable. Units were furnished with continuous information concerning road nets and bridges in their path. In the Danube crossing particularly, the bridgeheads on the southern bank were aided tremendously by the Tac R missions under direction of Pelican. On April 25 General Haislip said: "I am pleased to see that my divisions are now getting the type of tactical reconnaissance which they desire."

The tremendous psychological effect of dive bombers was demonstrated at Schwabach. At the request of the Commanding General of the Corps, a squadron was directed by Pelican to attack gun positions surrounding the town. After the attack, the burgomeister contacted two American pilots who were PW's; he said that he did not wish the town destroyed by bombing, and told the pilots to go out and contact American ground troops so that the city could surrender. Shortly thereafter, elements of the armored division entered the town.

Before noon on May 1, the 45th division informed Pelican that an enemy Storch plane had landed on their strip. The pilot and the passenger (a high German official of the Luftwaffe) had arrived to arrange for the surrender of 50 jet-propelled aircraft. XII TAC and 64th Fighter Wing were immediately notified. Colonel Newton (XII TAC) flew to the division CP to arrange details. Plans were made, and the German aircraft took off, escorted by an L-4 and an L-5 plane. They escorted the enemy plane to the front lines at 1500 hours, and were ordered to rendezvous with the German Storch again at 1800 hours. A heavy snowstorm prevented this. The jet airdrome was in the path of the advancing Russians. The German official sincerely believed that the Americans would soon fight the Russians; and he wanted to keep his organization together as unit and join our side. It was later learned from a captured German General that the Storch plane was shot down by an American halftrack. The jets were destroyed.

On May 7 Pelican directed its last attack upon the enemy. At 0700 hours two Tac R planes located 500 plus motor transport moving southeast along the roads south of Bad Ischl. These hostile convoys were not included in the surrender of Army Group G, and the Corps requested that they be attacked. Two missions were sent against the target. At 0745 hours the Chief of

Staff ordered all attacks upon the enemy to cease. The second flight had just finished bombing, and the leader claimed 200 of the vehicles destroyed or damaged.

In spite of the apparent cessation of hostilities, the Tac R's continued to perform all sorts of recce missions for the divisions.

Later, Pelican took over the control tower at Salzburg airdrome. The evacuation of Allied prisoners by air necessitated a control at the airport. The XVth Corps requested that Pelican handle the job. Our VHP stood by on two common channels, used by the RAF and Mediterranean Air Force. Most of the traffic, however, was on HF radio. This channel was handled by the crews themselves.

On January 16, 1945, I joined the XXI Corps at Morhange, France, as close-cooperation controller with an SCR-584 unit. Our job, as the name implies, was to give close air cooperation to the divisions attached to the corps. Aircraft controlled were P-47's. Through control we placed the fighter-bombers over their target areas, such targets usually being very close to our own lines. During overcast weather, when divisions requested air cooperation, we bombed their targets, using a blind-bombing procedure. In doing this, the pilots never saw their targets—they depended entirely upon the directions given them by the ground controller, even to the message, "Bombs away!"

The modified SCR-584 has an automatic plotting table, to record the flight of the aircraft being controlled. Until March 24, our unit was equipped with an old SCR-584. During the latter part of January we set about making an automatic plotting table. It consisted entirely of German parts—pieces from captured Jerry gun-laying equipment, gears from a wrecked cash register, etc. When completed it was a rather crude looking thing, but it proved to be very accurate.

While the lines in northern France were quite static, our corps was sent to help clean out the Colmar pocket. We were in that area from January 26, 1945, to February 15. Our first night (Feb. 7) in the city of Colmar was very quiet. However, the next night we were shelled out of the city, presumably by large Jerry railroad guns.

On February 19, I was sent to Scotland for a three weeks' course in close cooperation work and equipment. It was most interesting. One couldn't help but notice the respect the British hold for radar. It is universally recognized for the part it played in the Battle of Britain. British pilots all have a good knowledge of what radar is, what it can and will do. All pilots respect the complete control set-up.

I returned to the XXI Corps on March 15, at the beginning of the big drive that was to lead to the final defeat of Germany. The DF crew working with us were also 82nd PCS boys—Sgt. Barry, Cpl. Carson, Cpl. Toms, and Cpl. Williams. Our drive to the Rhine took us through Altweiler, Bitche, Pirmasens, and Neustadt. We crossed the Rhine at Worms—the first such radar unit to cross the river.

Our drive across Germany was a series of frequent moves. The infantry would fake a town, we would move in, and by the following evening the infantry would be 20 to 30 miles distant. So we would move again. This went on continually during the month of April. We would often eat lunch with the infantry, in a village which they had just taken. Their frequent comment was, "What the hell is the Air Corps doing up here?"

We were operational near the following cities in Germany: Lampertheim, Erbach, Hardheim, Tau-berbischofheim, Ochenfort, Rothenburg, Crailsheim, Aalen, Dillingen (crossed the blue Danube here), Augsburg, Ammer Sea, Weilheim, and Bad Tolz. The end of the war found us a couple miles from Austria, near Degerndorf, in southeastern Germany. Wine and champagne were always plentiful. To souvenir hunters, our journey was a trip through paradise.

We were handicapped in siting our radar, because we were limited in the distance we could be from corps. However, most of our sites were quite good, until we entered the region of the Bavarian Alps. Beautiful scenery?—Yes; but a huge obstacle to radar coverage.

Many of our missions were "Eggbaskets", i. e., blind-bombing a given target. Our busiest time was the first days of the big drive, when our air forces were out in strength, regardless of the weather. An example of one of our missions is as follows: We were set up near Altweiler, France, a few miles south of Saarbrucken (which was still in German hands). On Sunday, March 18, the weather closed in — 10/10ths clouds at 2,000 feet. A flight of fighter-bombers came into our area and requested an "Eggbasket". We started a bomb run on a small town north of Saar-brucken. Our Cub reconnaissance plane, flying beneath the overcast, spotted a long German troop train pulling out of Saarbrucken, towards St. Ingbert. Corps called us and asked,if we could hit the train with the planes then under our control. The flight, flying at 10,000 feet, was contacted immediately. The flight leader said they would try to hit the train, if we could direct them to it. They were given a vector, and told to start letting down. We pictured, mentally, where the train should be along its route when the planes would arrive. Two miles from the selected point of contact, the flight leader was asked if he was breaking through the overcast. He replied that he was just coming out of it. The controller told him the train should be "one mile, at twelve o'clock". The answer was, "Roger, I see it! Let's go, boys!" A few minutes later they had destroyed 50 cars and damaged 40 others. They followed the tracks into St. Ingbert and destroyed four locomotives in the yards there. On such days as the above, with the ceiling very low, the element of surprise was the important factor. Naturally, the Jerries expected no planes to drop out of the overcast and find them. But we did bring our planes down through such overcast skies, and strike at large movements of German personnel and sup-plies, quite effectively. The Jerries discovered that even on unfavorable flying days, they were not im-mune from air attacks of Allied fighter-bombers.

On the 10th of September, 1944, it was decided by higher headquarters that closer liaison with the ground forces was necessary in order to accomplish more effective air cooperation missions. As a result, forward control units were placed with the VI Corps of the Seventh Army and with the First French Army. Among those selected to operate with our French allies were Lts. B. J. Rashid and Arthur Krohn, Sgts. Pero, Goben, Carroll, Cpl. Wilkes, and Pvt. Mendenhall,

all of the 82nd Fighter Control Squadron. Captain Herbert Scheftel, formerly of the squadron, was in command of the group. Our equipment consisted of an SCR-624, SCR-299, and an additional radio mounted in a jeep. This unit remained with the French ground forces for a period of five months from October, 1944, until February, 1945, a unique adventure in the history of our organization. During this period, they participated in three major campaigns (alternately operating with both the First French Corps and the Second French Corps); these were the Vosges offensive, the drive through the Belfort gap, and the reduction of the Colmar pocket. In the course of all these operations the unit worked at 12 different locations, always advancing with the steady progress of the front line troops.

Naturally, the first month of operations proved to be a trying one, full of disappointments and hardships. This was the first large scale attempt to organize any forward controls with foreign armies, where language barriers were the greatest handicap. When our detachment first arrived at Rougemont on October 1st to join the Second French Corps, it consisted of eight enlisted men, three officers, and a total of five vehicles. One series of conferences after another were instigated with the French to explain and evaluate to them the system we were prepared to offer. Our first radio site was located near a chapel on a hill about 800 feet in height; it was necessary to get into operation by morning in order that we could demonstrate to the French the effectiveness of the equipment. Our first air cooperation mission was directed upon Fort Chateau Lambert, and erased the doubt from the minds of the ground forces concerning the adaptability of close cooperation from the air We then learned of the proposed attack by the Corps through the mountains to capture Colmar anc rsach the Rhine plains, and we began to establish closer liaison and coordination between our unit and the ground commanders. To effect this operation, we moved to Luxeuil les Bains on October 6th. In addition to providing the Corps with air missions., we supplied them with information on enemy air activity within their sector. Air cooperation came only from French fighter-bombers, and hence, a French operations officer (attached to our unit) acted as controller, along with Captain Scheftel. Weather hampered us for awhile, but developments came rapidly after that.

On October 15th we shifted operations to Rupt-sur Moselle, where we sited our radios about four miles from the CP on the most advantageous hill. At that time, the front lines were about seven miles ahead of us, and continuous artillery barrages kept us well aware of the attack that was taking place. We concentrated all of our fighter-bomber missions on enemy communications, vital factories, and supply installations around Le Thillot, Le Bresse, and Gerardmer; but gradually, our tactics turned towards troop concentrations and strongly fortified emplacements. With two missions, on October 29th, we disorganized an enemy counter-attack of division strength near La Bresse, and commendations were racived from the ground commanders almost immediately. Eventually, two French controllers joined us at this location, and they had to be trained in the new type of control we were handling. They became necessary personnel, because it was always difficult to direct French pilots to their targets without specially trained men familiar with the language. Even Lts. Rashid and Krohn had struggled through the language, when situations arose, to avoid sending the aircraft back to base without releasing their bombload; and on one occasion, Lt. Rashid used an interpreter in directing a flight to a large German road convoy.

It was during a lull in the ground activity that our unit was transferred to the First French Corps for the drive through the Belfort gap. On November 13th we were operational at Guillon les Bains, and the attack commenced the following day. The French controllers were able to render great assistance, especially when the number of missions increased. Many flights were directed against strong points, supply dumps, and focal points of enemy communications around Belfort, Montebeliard and Delle, with inspiring results. But, eventually, the forward infantry elements got beyond our effective range, because the attack was moving along in swift strides. Therefore, Lt. Rashid, Sgts. Goben and Carroll, and a French officer carried an SCR-522 (mounted in a jeep) and an SCR-193 radio to the 1st French Armored division to facilitate the handling of aircraft beyond the front lines. We were "on the air" at Herimoncourt on November 19th, and at Delle on November 20th; but, due to poor communications with the rear control, we were able to accomplish very little. En route from Delle to Waldighoffen, we headed unwearyingly straight into an enemy counterattack; artillery was sounding off all around us; our tanks were dispersing into the plains in battle formation; infantry troops were organizing all along the roads; one convoy after another was blocking the highway. Finally, we returned to Delle the same night, and our group was split up amid the scramble of reinforcements to the front. We joined the following day at Beaucourt, where the main rear control was located at that time.

On November 22nd, Captain Scheftel was instru-mental in getting two French division control teams, which were immediately dispatched to armored units on the line. It required meticulous training problems to initiate these new teams into the system, but within a few days coordination was finally developed between the Corps and division controls. The French unfamiliarity with our equipment, and the language barriers, created some difficulties—but these were remedied in their turn. Close coordination continued unhampered, and the French pilots attacked numerous marshalling yards, troop concentrations, and fortifications in the Mulhouse area.

Mulhouse was quickly occupied, and we trans-ferred our operations there on the 28th of November. Our site was a spacious French villa on a hill overlooking the city. The front lines were just two miles away—on the northern outskirts of the city. From our villa we could see clearly the artillery duels in the valley below us. Day and night we were subjected to enemy shelling, but fortunately there were no incidents of casualties in our unit; the concussion startled us more than anything else at the time.

Counter-attacks were frequent, but the Germans never succeeded in penetrating into the city.

Around December 5th the plans for the reduction of the Colmar pocket were beginning to take shape, and our detachment was scheduled for an important role. Air operations for First French Corps were handed over to French personnel entirely, and the Americans reverted back to our friends at the Second French Corps; our departure orders came to us on December 7th, and we left immediately. The main convoy unfortunately carried nothing but an outmoded German map of the area for the 200 mile trip. Instead of adding about 60 miles to our journey by way of

Lure, we decided to travel a direct route through Giromagny and Le Thillot, which appeared on the map to be a favorable valley road through the mountains. We continued to drive until dark, and encountered only towering mountain roads. Soon, we could find no way to get back on established routes, and actually were unable to determine our exact position. We made frequent detours over mountains and through almost impassable trails, until finally we reached a mountain peak about 4,000 feet high (Ballon d'Alsace). We met a raging snow blizzard, and the dangerous drifts stopped our convoy. For two hours we were stranded on the peak with freezing temperatures, and there was no possible way to dig the jeeps out of the snowdrifts, until finally the heavier trucks dislodged them. On December 8th we reached St. Marie, where Corps headquarters was well established. We selected the Bellevue Hotel as our site—on the Hill of St. Marie, about five miles from the town.

This was not a period of much air activity due to the unfavorable winter weather conditions; and yet good results were achieved against such targets as Trois Epis, tank concentration near Turkheim, and counter-attacks on our left flank. This period was characterized by continuous alerts for parachutists and enemy infiltrations behind our lines; there were a few experiences of minor sabotage on our telephone lines. The battle situation became extremely critical; and in one case, even the cooks, clerks, drivers and medics from the infantry were called upon to stem an attack. We were instructed to defend the site as if it were a fortress, in the event that paratroopers would be dropped. Fortunately, there were no such developments.

At St. Marie, on the 29th of December, Lt. Col. Riha relieved Capt. Scheftel of the command. He brought with him additional personnel to augment the detachment, and new equipment, including the SCR-584, SCR-602, SCR-573, 574, and 575. The Colmar offensive was scheduled for the very near future, and shifting of both French and American infantry divisions was taking place. The new organization began official operations on January 2nd. American fighter-bombers were to be employed chiefly for the assault, while the majority of French planes were diverted to the southern flank of the French army.
It was at this time that the Germans began their strong offensive in the Bitche-Hagenau sector, and secured several bridgeheads across the Rhine, endangering our flank; the attack on Colmar had to be postponed. But air cooperation continued very favorably, and we attacked several tank concentrations near Ben-feld and across the Rhine from Colmar and at Gambs-heim, and we dive-bombed numerous gun positions along the Rhone-Rhine canal. In the meantime, we had moved operations to Schirmeck on January 10th, where we were located in a sanitarium, and later in the Hotel Vogt. A number of commendations were sent us from the French generals for the excellent results our missions had achieved.

The enemy offensive was stemmed; and finally, on January 20th, combined French and American forces attacked in the Colmar sector. American and French controllers worked side by side at the Corps and division control rooms, handling flights from both tactical commands. Fortified towns, troop concentrations, and gun batteries in the area around Jebsheim and Elsenheim were our chief targets, although opportunity targets of enemy convoys were found irr the Markolsheim and Breisach areas. Frequent snow storms did not hinder operations completely, nor did they halt the steady advance of the ground troops.

On January 26th the French Corps moved to Mols-heim, but our unit was forced to remain at Schirmeck due to a certain situation caused by the winter blizzards. Our VHF installations (82nd FCS personnel under T/Sgt. Tyler) and HF radio vans were snowbound for one week on a mountain several miles outside of town; the snowdrifts which blocked them reached unbelievable depths of five feet or more. Bulldozers and snowplows were unsuccessful in dislodging them, or even clearing a path. The men were supplied with food and gasoline by oxen and sleighs from a neighboring village, in order to remain 'on the air'. In final desperation, several hundred German prisoners spent two days shoveling them out by hand; and by the 30th of the month we were able to rejoin the corps headquarters at Molsheim.

Resistance began to collapse quickly. Colmar and Neuf Brisach were captured, and a junction of the two corps was formed at Rouffach. The Rhine had been reached in numerous points, and our air missions constantly pounded the German columns retreating across the river on barges and pontoon bridges. By the middle of February the entire pocket was dissolved under the might of allied forces. Alsace had been completely cleared. The main control unit at the Second French Corps and its divisions were disbanded and returned to their parent organizations; only a skeleton crew was left behind to aid the French personnel, who were then taking over complete close cooperation with the French Army.

Working with the French was an experience which few have encountered. Our function was actually twofold: (1) training of French Crews and controllers in the new phase of air cooperation; and (2) a diplomatic mission to encourage inter-allied relations. The latter was by far the most difficult to perform. Frequent contact with the French forced us gradually to learn the fundamentals of the language. As was said before, American controllers met unforeseen situations when they found themselves actually handling French pilots over the radio. Originally, we lived in quarters selected by the French, and used their mess facilities; but gradually, we learned the lesson of shifting for ourselves, and we began to find suitable homes and a more palatable mess. Our quarters ranged from tents to chateaux, from railroad stations to private homes, from farms to villas. But everywhere, we managed to enjoy a happy comradeship with our allies; repeated contacts strengthened friendships, and problems were cleared jointly. All of these experiences will someday provide us with pleasant recollections.

activities on forward control work started on July 23, 1944, at Santa Maria, Italy. There was a call for men with VHP experience on 522 sets, to participate in the invasion of Southern France. I was put on a halftrack with Sgt. Jones of the 328th PCS. We were alerted and left Naples on July 31. We remained in the Naples area until the fourteenth, when we set sail for the southern coast of France. We landed on D-Day on "Green" beach, just north of the town of St. Maxime, and laid around the area until August 16, and when we learned that the Wing was in the St. Tropez area, we headed for there. We arrived at the Wing and were told to proceed to "Baggage" (CC 2) and report to the communications officer.

We set up operations and remained there in ope-ration for five days on 24-iiour duty, until the transmitters came in. We1 then, under the leadership of Lt. Williams (now Captain) headed

north. We proceeded to the town of Salon to XII TAG and the following day were ordered to go to Montilemar and report to Col. Anderson there. We laid around there for 10 days and began to enjoy the beauties of France until someone found out "what the score was". Finally, Lt. Barr (now Captain) came over, and took us to "Baseball", at Biol. That afternoon we started out again to find XII TAG. We arrived there very late and were told to hit the road again the next morning at 0600 hours for the 6th Corps, at Besancon. This all occurred between August 15 and September 1.

We arrived at 6th Corps on September 1. The controllers were Lt. Robertson and Lt. Cochrane of the 328th PCS. Our job there was to monitor the reconnaissance channel and get any information from them which might be helpful to the ground forces in their advance towards the cities of Vesoul and Luxeuil. Our job seemed quite successful there, with the little with which we had to work. With station "Elite", we began the enlargement that was to result in the forward control system as it worked in the great offensive which began on March 15. The station remained in our hands until October 17, when it was again enlarged. Capt. Davidson (now Major) of the Wing, was given the station leadership. Sgt. Jones and myself left the 6th Corps on October 29, and went to the 100th Division, which was fresh from the States, and had never had anything like air co-operation before, but the commanding officer was a man with previous combat experience, and he realized that air cooperation carried terrific offensive power and contributed greatly to the safety of friendly troops, if properly controlled. That lot fell to Lts. Chance and Pearlman of the 324th Fighter Group. We ran several missions, and the outstanding was a mission on a small town which contained part of the 21st Panzer Division. We did a good job on those fellows. These missions were run from the town of Bacarat and Roan Le Tape.

We then took part in a task force of the division in its drive for Mulsheim, but we never got there, for the division was ordered to go back and re-organize at Saarbourg. We remained there for a few days. We still had the same controllers and every-thing was swell.

I left the 100th Division on December 2 and was ordered by Capt. Williams to proceed to the 45th Division and take over the work there. I stayed with this division until the end of the war.
The 45th is one of the oldest divisions on the Western Front, and with them I encountered a situ-ation I had thought might occur; that was their lack of confidence in close air cooperation, and the fear of being hit by our own planes. In the period immediately following my arrival at this division, the weather remained very bad, and we had very little to do. We were in the 15th Corps at the time, under the direction of Major Goldstein. Another officer with this group was Major Studebaker.

On December 5, we went back to the 6th Corps, and, again under the leadership of Major Davidson, we moved to the town of Reichshoffen. In this town we ran missions of little importance, for they were all too far out to do much good for the troops. We then moved to the town of Langerschuyback, and it was in this town that the division went into Germany for the first time, on December 26. The weather was very good, but no air cooperation was possible, for it was all going to pre-briefed targets beyond the BSL (bomb safety line). The

forward troops had run into the Siegfried line and found it rough in the wooded areas west and north of the town of Weisenburg.

On the night of December 31, the Jerries struck their low blow in that area and spoiled a good celebration when they came storming through Bitche and areas east and west of there. The controllers at the time were Lts. Taylor and Lagget of the 324th Fighter Group. Now that we needed close coope-ration, the weather went to hell, and the air coope-ration was almost at a standstill. We worked the German tanks and troops moving up to the line on those days. German air power also was making its effort. One of our nights contacted 20-plus Jerries, and had 13 con-firmed victories over these "bandits". At the same time we were forced to withdraw to the town of Mulhouse.

We then moved to the town of Ingweiler and remained there for several days. The weather con-tinued cold, with rain and snow. The lines were very stable and the division was holding up a 35-mile front which is almost twice the amount of line a division holds. There was nothing to do but catch up on "sack" time.
About January 25, the division front was shortened and we moved to the town of La Petit Pierre and stayed there until February 15. The weather con-tinued bad. In what little good weather there was we were unable to get any place, for they were still on pre-briefed targets. We ran a few missions on the town of Moderhouse and other small villages in that area. On February 15, we were sent in to rest up for the big days to come in the near future, and we settled in Luneville. The division was getting more "air-minded" all the time. This was probably due to the air liaison officer and the type of pilots we had there.

On March 13 we pulled out of Luneville. Sgt. Boes was my new partner. We had Lt. H. Wurmser for a controller, from the 324th Fighter Group. The division moved under security of movement, and we entered the town of Sarguemines on the afternoon of that day. We were put on radio silence and in the 15th Corps, with Capt. Barr as our CO. All was in readiness for the big movement, and the weather was beautiful. We stood by, waiting for H-hour to arrive. It was to be one of the biggest artillery tussles in the war.

At 0100 hours on March 15 the push started. We were to bomb all the little towns and road junctions in the immediate area in front of our troops. Our first mission was at 0630, and an hour after the mission some of these towns fell to the infantry, and they found no opposition. After this success, the calls arrived faster than we could fill them, and, for the first time, we had to decide who got what, and when. In all, 12 missions were run on that day, and it was but the beginning of events.

March 16, we bombed towns approaching the Siegfried line defenses, and we hit a lot of motor and transport troops moving into those areas. It was on the town of Biecastel that we got the commanding officer of the troops, and the biggest share of his staff, as later reports confirmed. That particular area and the hills to the north of there proved to be very good hunting grounds.

On March 17, we moved to the "Wonderland". In the town of Breifort we set up in a flour mill. This was Germany—and, this time, I hoped that I was here to stay. The site for operations was very good, and the next morning we started to work on the Siegfried line. All of our missions were witnessed by us, for we were really working close, and it was uncomfortable at night, for the Jerries seemed to know exactly where we were. Our troops were moving ahead slowly in the face of heavy small arms fire, and we were giving them all the cooperation that was possible. The house in which we were living had but half a roof and there were no civilians in the area. It looked odd with no civilians about.

After a three-day fight, the division cracked the Siegfried line and we were on our way. We moved up to the town of Homburg. In this town I again witnessed the effectiveness of our heavy bombers. It was really clobbered. It was here that, for the first time, we encountered our first masses of forced labor and PW's of all nations. It was a pity to see these newly freed people, digging in garbage and waste piles, looking for food or clothing. Many German prisoners also were coming in. Some were just milling around without any guards—and others were headed in the general prison camp direction, where they knew they'd find food, water and—Safety.

The next morning—on March 25—we started on the long stretch of road which would end at the Rhine by night. We traveled hard and fast. We didn't know where we were going; we just followed the signs which some advance party had tacked up for us. Just outside of Kaiserlautern we had our first scuffle with civilians. A GI was shot by a civilian as the convoy rode forward. We stopped and took care of that fellow with typical GI thoroughness. We also had our first air raid there in a long time. A lone jet came in and made one pass. No damage was done that we know of. After this, we traveled via the Autobahn out of the town, and soon we knew that it was to be the Rhine that night. We finally stopped at the town of Grun-stadt late that afternoon, after traveling well over a hundred miles. It wasn't bombed to any extent. That night we had two air raids and they really rocked us in our beds. The target was the Autobahn and we were only 200 yards from it. At this town we reorganized for the crossing of the Rhine. Later we moved north to the town of Westhoffen and there took positions to jump off.

On the morning of March 26 we were off again on a mad dash. Weather was lousy, but a few planes were knocked off, regardless of it. We ran five missions that morning in towns of that area. The day was spent in securing the other side of the river and its bank. On March 27, we crossed above Worms. The mad rush started up the Main River valley. By that night we'd reached the town of Zingenburg. At this time the air cooperation picked up seven prisoners (to the dismay of the div) and there were red faces for a few days. We ran no missions here, as all we had was rain and low ceilings. On the twenty-eighth came the rush that carried us on to the town of Gr. Ostheim. Although we didn't know it at the time, it was here that we set a record, and won the gratitude of the division. At about 1700 hours that night, we arrived at this place and Sgt. Boes and I set up the antenna. An hour later we got calls to bomb the town of Aschaffenburg over all else. Planes were on the way, and here is what happened: When the troops pulled into Schweinheim there was no resistance. After getting in there and getting set up, all hell broke loose, from rooftops and windows all around, where women, children and old

men were throwing grenades and shooting bazookas at our tanks. This was done by civilians and not by soldiers. The town was cleaned up, after several civilians and Americans had been killed. Simultaneously, our troops reached Aschaffenburg. They encountered the same thing. But this time it was more highly organized. The fight was on, and the air party was to play its own tune. By 1800 hours we had planes over the area and we had begun the first of six missions. They were centered, for the most part, on the castle, and it was torn down in a hurry. They say that the rockets which were used that day aren't very accurate, but they laid them in with deadly accuracy. This all was witnessed by the division CP and was only a preview of coming attractions.

On the night of March 28-29, an order was delivered to the head man in Aschaffenburg, Major Lambert, to surrender the city, or else it would be bombed until completely destroyed. The German officer selected the latter alternative. Before the day had really dawned, seven air missions were thrown against the city before breakfast. That was just the beginning. One of the German officers in the city tried to surrender his men, but he was immediately declared a traitor and hanged in the square. The air attacks continued all through the day to the score of 22 missions. The sky looked like Main Street back home. Three flights were in the area most of the day. The attack continued on the following day, bombing sometimes within 400 yards of our own troops. In all, 34 missions were directed against the town itself, which by this time was a burning ruins.
When Aschaffenburg was practically captured, we started once again our push to the northeast. We entered the town of Laufach on April 3rd, and Mernes on the following day. When we reached the town of Bad Drucknau on the 5th, we turned our forces to the east. We had gained the Corps objective in quick order, and oftentimes our operations were handled while moving in convoy. Our advance to the east found us at Gersfeld and a few other unimportant cities. The capture of the German General Franzs occurred about this time, and he payed us a compliment, when he praised the coordination between our air and ground forces; he stated that air attacks just about ruined his proposed assault plans more than once.

Once again we changed the direction of our attack— this time to the south. The first stop on our journey was on April llth at Rattlesdorf. There was a great deal of fighting at the approaches to the city of Bam-berg; therefore, we moved to the town of Halstadt, where we would be in a position to give immediate air assistance. There were several air raids encountered the night we moved there, but no damage resulted. On April 15th we changed location again to Eberman-stadt, but the site was so poor that we were unable to operate. On the following day we found ourselves at Lauf, northeast of Nurnberg, where we received tremendous enemy artillery fire. But we carried on as usual, because we were controlling a recce flight at the time, besides passing messages by radio and the new troop lines. For my work at this time I was later awarded the Bronze Star by the division. There were many nightly air raids in that particular area, generally anti-personnel bombs.

We were not allowed to bomb Nurnberg because there were so many allied units combined in the attack that it would have been hazardous to our own troops. The artillery concentrated on the city; and in one instance, they put down a barrage for 20 minutes. Nurnberg fell on the 20th

of the month, and we pre-pared for the attack on Munich. On the 22nd of April we left Lauf and moved on to Roth and the Danube river. The weather became unfavorable, and air activity was limited. At Weisenburg the weather was somewhat better, and we conducted a few missions against enemy transport on the roads. We couldn't do much bombing at this time because our spearheads were advancing so rapidly that we couldn't remain informed of their forward elements.

When our troops reached the Danube, they were halted by blown bridges and the lack of amphibious equipment. The town of Rennertshoffen became our next location, and it was about one mile from the Danube. On the night of the 28th our ground forces crossed the river, and again started to advance. We held three command posts during the same day, and operated on the road. We finally reached the outskirts of Munich on the night of the 30th, and waited for the city to surrender. When we entered, there were only a few snipers who remained. The 45th Division was then taken from the line, and never saw action again in the ETO, except as occupational forces. I remained with the division until released, and then was sent to the 86th division at Laufen in Austria on May 5th. After we had joined this unit, we handled only recce flights, because the end of the war had already been declared. On May 8th we returned to the Fifteenth Corps at Salzburg, and were then sent back to headquarters. Our forward control work was finished in the German campaign with complete success.

At La Senia, Africa, a number of 560th and 561st personnel, as well as replacements arriving from the States, were transferred into the 82nd Fighter Control Squadron. We left by air for Tellergma, where we remained until the remainder of the men had arrived. From this place we proceeded by motor convoy to a hill, which was commonly referred to as "Pine Knob" or "The Rock". All of the men were required to sleep in pup-tents. It was here, near the town of Thelepte, that the various DF crews were formed. On March 16th, 1943, a crew was formed withT/Sgt. Robert Crocker as crewchief, and with the call sign of "Grubstake". The members of the crew were: S/Sgt. Norman Dinwiddie, Sgt. Paul Quati, Cpl. J. C. White, Cpl. Carlson, Pfc. John Bach, Cpl. Charles McShea, and S/Sgt. William Petell. All of the equipment was checked, and on March 18th the station was moved to Sbeitla, where the code name was changed to "Gaspipe".

At this time operations were only during daylight hours. While the men were off shift, they built an underground shelter for quarters, because German aircraft frequently came over the area. These operations were under the Third Air Defense Wing, which later became the 64th Fighter Wing.

On the morning of April 7, 1943, an A-20 bomber, returning from a mission, made a forced landing near our area. For a time, it appeared that he would crash into our van, but fortunately it didn't happen. Around ten o'clock the crews from Thelepte moved in with their equipment. T/Sgt. Hannon and his crew were scheduled to use the site for their operations. In the process of changing DF vans, the sand storm made a mess of everything.

From this place "Gaspipe" went to Hedgeman, where they remained only for a few days. Their next location was the "olive" grove, near the town of La Sers, which proved to be more than a vacation without any operations. There were only the usual camp duties to be performed. Baseball games were played with the men from Operations 1, who were stationed quite close.

On April 23rd "Gaspipe" left this area for Bega Mountain to set up their installation. This time a kitchen unit was sent along with an assigned cook. A crew from the Signal Corps was also attached to maintain communications with the Operations 1 by means of an SCR-299 radio. The DF station was now operating as a forward fixer, and soon became known as "Changer". There was a change in the personnel here, Bach being replaced by Edward Gallagher.

Operations 1 moved forward at this time, selecting a site at Kelebia. "Gaspipe" was required to move farther north into Cape Bon. An old Italian bus was acquired for a kitchen, and served the purpose very well. Since this location was near the beach, there was plenty of swimming recreation. It was also a paradise for souvenir hunters, and much German equipment was left stranded here and there. While operating here, the station covered the invasion of Pantelleria and Sicily. The SCR-299 crew was returned to headquarters, and landline communications was substituted for contact with the Ops. A new member was also added to the DF crew—Edmund Tierney. There was plenty of excitement to maintain our interest; for example, a German soldier was captured here, while preparing to escape to Sicily in a boat. The station soon returned to headquarters, before leaving for the staging area at Bizerte, in preparation for the move to Sicily. At the staging area, there was no arrangement made for rations, and it became pretty tough; but relief came, when it was arranged for us to mess with the 99th Squadron.

We landed at Palermo, Sicily, and proceeded by convoy to Gela, where headquarters was located. We remained in a bivouac area outside of town, just resting and awaiting further assignment. Beach facilities again allowed frequent swimming. S/Sgt. Dinwiddie was then transferred to another crew. By this time, most of Sicily had been cleared of the enemy; only small groups were left, trying to escape across the Straits of Messina. Therefore, we started in convoy across Sicily to Milazzo. It was a hot, dusty trip, although we did pass through some beautiful country landscape. When the clouds would lift long enough, we could see Mount Etna in the distance. At Milazzo we moved into a bivouac area on the peninsula, where we awaited the next transfer. Our chief duties here proved to be guard duty and kitchen police. We learned that the next assignment would be the invasion of Salerno.

We were scheduled to go with the invasion forces; but actually, it was several days after the landing before we arrived. Upon landing, we proceeded a short distance inland to prepare a meal; but we were forced to move out immediately through fear of being overrun by the attacking Germans. From here, we went to an orchard, where everyone stayed until they were sent out for operations. It was from here that we were sent with an Ops to Capri. This move turned out to be the envy of the men left on the mainland. Since this was a world-famous resort, the men lost no time in starting to enjoy themselves. Later it was taken over as an Air Corps rest center. Some of the fellows were able to go there for a short rest. We stayed here until the armies had pushed almost up to Naples, and headquarters had moved up to St.

Antimo. We came in from Capri and waited around headquarters for a new assignment. We waited a month without anything definite, and finally we were told they had a location, but that a road would first have to be built. This was the site of Ventotene.

December 14, 1943, we left Naples harbor for this small island, which lay 30 miles off Naples, and 20 miles from Gaeta Point. Lt. Brown was sent as commander, with the following men: Ross V. Lewis, Harold Meyers, Seymour Blumenthal, John McBride and William McLaughlin. Some of these men had but recently arrived from the States. Dallas Mouser accompanied Ross, to work as second cook. A 299 crew was assigned to the station—Frank Taylor's crew—consisting of \James Massey, Donald Dunn, Willard Hahn and Ernest Mahaffey. Severeen Amore was also in the group, accompanying them as motor man.

There was also a small detachment of Signal Corps personnel stationed here. Life was very dull. Rations were poor, and sometimes very scarce. In order to have bread, so we wouldn't have to eat biscuits all the time, arrangements were made with the local baker and he baked our bread for us.

The trip from the mainland was made in a small Italian boat, but since the sea was usually rough, it was seldom that anyone came from there. There would be long intervals between our mail calls. Once, mail was flown over and dropped by parachute, but part of it missed and landed in the water. Later, a magneto was flown over. It also missed the island, and landed over the edge of a cliff, and a rope was tied to one of the fellows and he was let down the sheer side of the cliff to recover it. When Spring came, the sea became a little more smooth, and the boat made the trips to the island at regular intervals. Fresh meat and mail were supposed to be sent over now, so everyone kept a watchful eye for the boat, on days when it was due. While here, Mahaffey returned to headquarters and was transferred to another crew. In April, Gallagher left for home on rotation, and Fred Crump was sent over to replace him. Crocker was called to headquarters to learn Ops B controlling; Paul Quati was selected as acting crew chief. William Coughlin then was added to the crew. In May, Quad was sent home on rotation, and Edsel Thruston was sent out to take over the duties of crew chief. Altogether, six months was spent on this island.

On June 15, we were called in. We docked at Naples and drove to Rocca Di Papa, where headquarters was located. Here we stayed for two or three days, at which time headquarters, as well as our crew, went north of Rome, to Orbetello. S/Sgt. Dinwiddie returned to the crew here. We went with the crew to Radicoffini, to operate behind the French Armies. The armies were moving rapidly, so we only stayed here two weeks before moving up farther. This time we stopped at Siena. Our set-up was in a park located in town. We liked it here, but, just about the time the stores had started to reopen, we were called away. We returned to Orbetello on July 14, and learned we were to go to the staging area, at Santa Maria.

At Santa Maria, preparations were made for the invasion of Southern France. It was from here that Dinwiddie left for home on rotation. More crews were being formed for close support. Meyers was given a half-track job, and Crump was assigned to a radio jeep.

We landed in Southern France several days after the invasion had taken place. We landed our van near St. Tropez, and proceeded to headquarters nearby. George Weintraub was added to our crew here. We stayed here only one night; went from headquarters the following morning, and then on to Dole, where Ops 1 was located. After Forward Ops 2 was formed at this place, we were assigned to it. Our code name was now "Cartoon". Amore was taken from the crew, and Pvt. Hardy was assigned as driver. We moved from here with the new Ops to Acalons. Cpl. Mc-Laughlin was taken from us here to become a member of a newly-formed crew.

The rainy season began; the dirt roads became soft, and the fields we had to traverse grew more difficult. We were set up with the VHF, but when they moved to the chateau, nearby we moved two miles farther down the road. Getting around in the mud was extremely difficult, until it froze. There were many wild boars around the vicinity. We hunted them, but without success.

On December 31, 1944, we moved with the Ops to Altkirch, and again set up with the VHF. We drove back and forth to eat with the Ops personnel. This became an ordeal, for the snow became deeper, and after it had melted, the road became almost impassable. Our situation looked pretty rough when the Germans started nearby pushes, but, fortunate for us, the lines held in this sector. An FM, manned by the Signal Corps, was installed here so our bearings could be called to CC 2. They were with us only at Altkirch. Ross returned to headquarters, with Jack McMillen coming in to replace him. Hardy was called for the infantry replacement program.

On March 5, 1945, we moved with the Ops to Ribeauville, placing our equipment on a high hill near a castle, which had been restored to medieval style by Kaiser Wilhelm II. Forward Operations 2 was soon taken over by the French, but our station remained with them. We secured another FM set so that we could now report back to Control Center 2. We were the only American unit left in this sector. Our companionship with the French was quite congenial, and our castle quarters became quite a show-place for holiday visitors.

On April 18 we left Ribeauville and entered Germany. We joined headquarters at Edenkoben, and then, in a few days, went on to Markheidenfeld, where we worked with the MEW radar for a time. When this unit left for a new location, we stayed behind once again to report into the Control Center 2. As of May 12 the crew is still operating from the same van which was used back in North Africa. There is only one member of the original crew still with the station. This station has always been one of the farthest removed from headquarters, and has always performed outstanding service.

his crew was formed and trained together as a team as early as November, 1942. From civilian material of various experiences it found a cohesion and a willingness to do a good job which early established its reputation as dependable. And without discrediting any fraternal units, it can, perhaps, boast of having, early in the war, operating as an independent homer station, saved many planes j and later, operating more closely in the net system, to have made so few mistakes as to have its work taken as reliable in any questionable exigency.

On March 5, 1943, it was assigned to and joined the 82nd Fighter Control Squadron, at La Senia, Algeria. On March 12, the entire 82nd was flown by transport to Telergma, and, from here, this crew went into operations March 15, on "Rock Hill", near Thelepte, Tunisia. In relieving a confused condition in its first test, "Lucky", as it was now named, found a confidence in itself which was readily shared by its control center. On April 5, it was moved to Sbeitla to operate for only one week and then follow the advance by moving farther north to La Sers, where its operations were highlighted by the success of nursing 14 planes to the safety of their base, after they had run dangerously low on fuel in a raging hailstorm. From this location it witnessed the end of the struggle in Tunisia, and moved by convoy to Cape Bon, setting up for work on May 19. For the good name it had made, it was later assigned the risky job of being one of the first of its kind to go in on an invasion, and so was moved on June 6 to the staging area near the port of Sousse.

As a skeleton crew, three of its members, Sergeants Hannon, Bergland and Thruston, landed with the invasion on the small island of Pantelleria on June 11. While these three were undergoing the first few days of dive-bombing by the enemy's counter action, the remainder of the crew, Sergeants McCormick, St. Clair and Stanley, were "sweating out" air raids on a boat at Sousse. They were landed on June 16, and joined the crew, to begin operations on July 2, using the call-sign, "Townplan".

On this small island, subject to many dive-bombing raids, severe weather and a pestilence of fleas, this crew of six operated two stations on a 24-hour schedule to cover the invasion of Sicily. On August 12, operations ceased, and preparations were made for the trip to Sicily, where the crew landed August 14 at Gela. Then it left by convoy for Milazzo and the staging area, for their part in the Salerno invasion. Here the men learned of the capitulation of Italy, with a relief that was to be short-lived. They were loaded aboard an LST and sailed for Salerno, landing on the beach at noon, on September 11, amid the confusion of a first-class battle. Only being able to move inland a few miles, this unit set up operations in advance of its own artillery, and were subject to enemy shelling and mortar fire for many days, during which time it maintained constant, effective operations. For its work here as part of the control, each member of this crew was included among those cited in the name of General Eisenhower. After the capture of Naples, this station was moved to a location near Accerra, on October 13. It was here that one of its members, Sgt. Edsel R. Thruston, was put in command of a new crew, and he left the unit. For this loss, two operators joined the crew, Corporals Peter Lowchy and Leo P. Salsgiver, whose work contributed much to the good during the long months in which this crew was acting, in addition to its other duties, as instructors in practical experience to members of another similar unit. After the push beyond Rome, another move was made to a location south of Rome, near Chiampino airfield, on June 10, where operations were maintained until July 6. A few days after this date, operations were resumed at Piombino and lasted about one week. From here, a shift was made to south of Santa Maria, previous to1 going to "Texas" staging area near Naples, for the invasion of Southern France.

On August 15, riding the top deck of an LST, this crew witnessed the pounding and the amphibious assault on the coast defenses with cheering spirits and a feeling of great relief at the reports of good progress. After being denied permission by the beachmaster to land on this date, another night was spent aboard-ship with a landing on the beach near St. Tropez made easier on August 16. We landed with a demonstrative welcome by French civilians, and a few potshots by German snipers left behind in the advance, and, after a few days, began operations from Cape Benet. On August 26, it moved to Salon, to follow the drive through the Rhone Valley. Leaving Salon, it traveled through evidences of a rout along this valley, arriving at Dole to set up operations at the small village of Menotey on September 17, later shifting to nearby Rainans.

Operations were carried on at this location through the winter months, during which time a crew of French were trained as operators. On March 16,1945, operations were discontinued and the crew was given a break period in Nancy, with the crew chief on leave in the United Kingdom. On March 24 "Daisy" went into Germany, and set up operations, March 29, atop an almost inaccessible mountain near Edenkoben. At this location Daisy raised its small, but none-the-less, joyous voice to acclaim a world freed from the bestial tyranny of the Nazi slave masters. The war in Europe was ended. Now, perhaps, the crew could at last go home.

On May 16, Daisy moved to a location near the small village of Stronflebrun, north of Heidelberg, to resume operations in this friendless country.

Though this crew has been "Lucky" in name as well as in fact, it knows that "Daisy" has been a tough, virtuous gal who, as yet, has not had much fun.

I embers of the 82nd Fighter Control Squadron have operated on every amphibious invasion from the landings in North Africa until the end of hostilities in Europe. These include the invasions of Pantelleria, Sicily, Salerno, Anzio, and southern France. In each instance, personnel of this squadron have manned the Headquarters and Control ships, together with members of other units attached to the 64th Fighter Wing. Their duties were to maintain the VHP and HF radio installations on board these ships and to aid in con-ducting the actual air operations.

The Control ship is actually a floating control center; and all radio equipment normally operating in a control room is installed on board in compact staterooms and on the decks. Even radars have been set up on the decks to provide the controllers with information about friendly and hostile nights. These control ships handle all defensive patrols and all of-fensive fighter-bomber attacks, until the ground con^ trol center on the mainland has been established. And, even then, the ships remain anchored in the harbor on stand-by status in case the ground control is forced to withdraw or cease operations due to enemy action. On every invasion a Headquarters Control ship generally conducts all ground and air operations; but there is always a stand-by control ship ready to take over, when the command ship cannot function, either due to technical failure or to damage caused by enemy air or artillery action.

Controllers from this squadron have been selected in every landing show to assist in the control of air-craft from these ships. And technical personnel have always had a large share in the responsibility of in-stalling and operating the equipment on board. Navy personnel generally work together with the Army in the control room, but the operational decisions are nearly always made by our controllers and commanders.

On the invasion of Pantelleria, the headquarters ship was the HMS Largs; it also acted as the fighter director control for the operations. The standby ship was the HMS Ulsterman. Both Captains Epps and Scheftel served as controllers on these ships. They were the first to transmit the news to the Army com-manders on board that the enemy on the island wished to surrender. This information came from Tac/R aircraft, who reported that white flags were being prominently displayed all over the island.

The invasion of Sicily was effected on such a large scale that it was impossible to handle all air operations from a single ship. Therefore, a headquarters control ship was designated for each of the three beaches on which the landings were made. The USS Monrovia conducted operations for the beach at Gela itself. The USS Samuel Chase handled the control for the beach just east of Gela. And the USS Biscayne became headquarters control ship for the landing at Licata. Lts. Nolte, Gilbert, and Fields of this squadron were the chief controllers on board the director ships.
When the landings were made at Salerno on September 9, 1943, members of this squadron were once again placed on both the Headquarters ship (the USS Ancon) and the standby control ship (the HMS Hilary) for conducting the offensive and defensive air operations. A constant patrol of 60 to 80 aircraft was maintained from the control ships, and fighter-bomber missions likewise received their instructions from the controllers on board. The USS Ancon remained off-shore for approximately ten days, while the standby HMS Hilary remained for about 24 days, owing to the precarious nature of the ground situation. The control on the mainland actually accepted operations on the third day, but the director ships were held in reserve should the ground based control cease to function due to enemy action.

One of the most successful operations involving the fighter director ships was the invasion at Anzio, Italy, on January 22, 1944. The USS Biscayne again was the Headquarters ship, while the HMS Ulster Queen handled the actual fighter and fighter-bomber control. Officers and enlisted men of our squadron were once more represented in these operations on board the ships. The standby control ship was the Palimires. During the first week of the invasion, these control ships endured an average of five air attacks each day— and yet, the operations continued successfully. They handled three regular patrols of Spitfires and P-40's, in addition to the fighter-bombers, which were generally pre-briefed on specified targets. Even after the ground based control became operational on the fifth day, the ships remained in the harbor for another week to assist in every way in getting needed information to the controller on the beachhead. Radar and intelligence information was passed from the headquarters ship to the operations room on land, where it was coordinated and used effectively.

Finally, on August 15, 1944, came the invasion of southern France, in which this organization played a notable part. All offensive control of fighter-bombers was conducted from the Headquarters ship, USS Catoctin. Operational control of fighter-bomber aircraft, including those of the carrier based naval aircraft, was under the Air Task Force Commander. A liaison officer from the carrier force was on board the Headquarters ship; in coordinating the air effort he had direct radio communications with the carrier force. The Army Command Post was also on the USS Catoctin, permitting liaison with the Air Commander, whereby air missions in direct cooperation with the ground forces could take place. On board this ship, members of the U.S. Navy and of the 2nd Amphibious Squadron operated the Joint Operations Room with the 64th Fighter Wing personnel, under the direction of Captain Scheftel.

The Fighter Director Tender 13 (an LST equipped with radar and radio equipment) was responsible for all defensive control of the invasion. They handled four regular patrols during the day, and four night-fighter patrols continuously throughout the night. The HMS Ulster Queen was the standby control ship for the operations. Personnel from this squadron, including Captains Epps and Bailey, served as opera-tionel members on these ships. The VHP installations were predominantly maintained by our enlisted technicians. The FDT 13 eventually proceeded to the bay of Marseilles, where it coordinated air operations with the ground based control near Salon, France. All of these director ships remained operational in the harbor for at least a period of 10 days, when they were then released.

n the field of controlling aircraft, probably nothing can be found which requires greater team-work than air-sea rescue. A pilot flying over the endless stretches of the sea hears his motor fail and then die—a pilot just returning from a mission in enemy territory finds that his engine has been hit with flak—a pilot on escort tangles with hostile fighters and is crippled in the ensuing combat. Requardless of the cause, he has but an instant before bailing out, and he pushes the button on his radio to change to the air-sea rescue channel and call, "Mayday". In the vocabulary of Air Corps men there is no word more striking or more urgent than "Mayday". It is this radio code word for distress that sets into operation the machinery of immediate rescue.

The job of rescue is essentially the function of the sector control center, to which direction-finding stations are attached. Besides these DF teams which monitor the operational channels, there is one station whose sole job 24 hours a day is to listen attentively for the distress call "Mayday" and notify the controller of the bearing on the pilot in trouble.

Immediately upon receipt of the bearing, the con-troller will switch his other DF teams to the emergency channel, and try to obtain a position fix, if a second transmission comes from the pilot's radio. He must work fast to get as much information as possible on the location of the troubled aircraft. The action of the controller depends upon the situation and the facilities which are available. If the pilot in distress is a member of a flight, another member of the flight can be dispatched to orbit the position, keeping a watchful eye on his companion in the sea until relief arrives. If a shortage of gas prevents this action, it is necessary to scramble two or more aircraft from a nearby field. They are sent to the point indicated by the fix and begin to search for the plane or the life raft, until a rescue plane or ship can reach the area.

After determining the position of the fallen aircraft (or the position where the pilot bailed out of his ship), and attempting to get the searching aircraft over the spot, the controller notifies the Navy. The decision as to the manner of rescue is left to navy personnel, depending on the means at hand. The direction-finding stations standby to aid the Navy in reaching the pilot's position. Unless there is a vessel near this indicated position, a seaplane (called a Walrus) is sent out if weather conditions permit. However, if it is impossible for the amphibious plane to make a safe landing in a rough sea, a warship or air-sea rescue launch is dispatched to the area. If the controller has been successful is placing aircraft over the pilot's position, it is simple for the flight to point out the dinghy to the launch and guide them directly to it. Otherwise, the rescue ship must conduct a thorough search on its own. Generally, the rescue launch has VHP contact with both the sector controller and the searching aircraft, facilitating the exchange of information.

Actual rescue usually takes place during the day-light hours only, unless the emergency is a critical one. If a plane goes down at night, the position fix is obtained by the controller and relayed to the Navy. They, in turn, dispatch a launch or rescue plane to the area early enough to arrive at dawn and begin the search. During the night the controller can request one of the night-fighters under his control to search the area for evidence of the pilot or his raft. If such evidence is found, it is of great aid to the Navy in the dawn search.

The 82nd FCS has played a worthy part in the rescue of numerous pilots throughout the Mediterranean campaign. Both our controllers and fixer stations have contributed to the success of these operations. Preceding the Sicilian invasion, and for one week thereafter, an average of three pilots each day were rescued from the sea by the control operations on the island of Pantelleria. By dispatching amphibious aircraft and air-sea rescue launches, the control personnel effected between 25 and 30 successful rescues of pilots forced down after missions over Italy and Sicily. Our DF stations, located on the island and on the African coast, provided good coverage for these operations, passing valuable bearings on the pilots' positions.

Later, when our operations were established in northern Sicily, many emergency rescues occurred in the long stretch between Italy and Sicily. Our fixer stations were dispersed throughout the island, covering the entire sea as far north as Naples and even Rome. To assist in picking up the pilots, very close liaison was maintained with sector operations of the Coastal Command at Palermo. Direct landline communications with their controller facilitated the exchange of information on fixes and bearings. It was here that Generals Cannon and Hawkins and other high-ranking air corps commanders were rescued with startling speed. Whenever we required amphibious planes, the coastal command supplied them to us, while we provided the fighter escort needed to protect them. Our Ops was finally assigned both Walrus-type aircraft and rescue launches at Milazzo, Sicily.

The greatest contribution our unit has made to the history of air-sea rescue took place during the Anzio beachhead campaign. At our disposal were the control centers of the coastal command at Naples and on Corsica, and the two Wing operations centers at Anzio and

Frattamaggiore. VHP, radio, or landline contact was maintained among all of these dispersed units, and a free exchange of information resulted. Under indirect control of our Ops at Anzio were the Navy rescue launches, which could be dispatched within five or ten minutes after the distress call was received. Under control of the Ops near Naples were the Walrus amphibious planes. These two facilities were coordinated with similar ones of the coastal command. In addition, we always had the fighter planes available to escort the launches and search for the pilot. This campaign brought forth the greatest enemy air effort we had encountered in Italy; and quite naturally, it resulted in a large number of emergency calls from pilots. In 75 per cent of the calls we received, we were able to rescue the pilot from the sea.

One instance, in which the enemy beat us to the punch, occurred just off the mouth of the Tiber river. The pilot's position, as indicated by the fix we received, was about two miles from the coast, in enemy territory. A launch was dispatched to the area, where friendly aircraft were circling the life raft. During the 20 minutes required for the launch to arrive on the scene, the wind blew the raft within 300 yards of the shore. The pilot attempted to paddle away from coast without success. Meanwhile, the Germans had reached the shore and began to row out in boats to get the pilot; at each attempt, our fighter planes made a low pass on them to frighten them away. Eventually, the launch got within a mile of the pilot, but the Germans had swam out to sea to bring him in. As the launch moved away, both the pilot and the German captors waved to the navy—and the show was over.

The counter-action by the enemy in times of rescue was varied and in violation of the rules of war. One of our pilots was forced to bail out near the mouth of the Tiber, and we had already sent out a launch to search for him. The enemy shore batteries opened up on the boat as it approached the shore, and the launch was forced to withdraw out to sea. A few minutes later enemy aircraft were overhead and made one strafing pass on the launch; the boat was damaged and began to sink. Fortunately we kept continuous patrols over the launch for the remainder of the day and during the night, until it returned under its own power to the harbor. Since radio contact was not favorable, the launch shot up occasional flares for identification for the aircraft patrolling it.

One of the more human incidents happened in mid-afternoon in April. The leader of one of our flights at Anzio had just called "Mayday", after his flight had tangled with a JU-88 near the harbor. We secured a position fix on him about 8 miles south of Anzio, and at once notified the navy to send out a rescue launch. The craft searched the general area for a half hour, with the aid of three fighter patrols, but could not locate an Allied dinghy. Finally, they moved a little west of Anzio and accidentally picked up three German airmen who were floating in a rubber raft. They were carried safely to harbor authorities for questioning. When our flight leader had landed, we asked him whether he had actually lost a member of his flight, and inquired for further details on his distress call. He informed us that his flight had shot down the JU-88—and in deference to the German crew, he had circled their position and gave us the "Mayday" warning.

When one considers the boring task of listening for hours to a radio set, waiting for one word of distress, it is easy to imagine the galvanic sensation felt by the controller and DF crews upon receipt of the emergency call. As most air-sea rescues come during large air combats, it is a moment liable to result in confusion. The job of getting the pilot back to base is one which requires diligence during inactive periods, and fast efficiency when action begins. A man's life is at stake, and it could be lost by failure of teamwork. Co-ordinated air-sea rescue ends many an experience in which the daring pilots literally drift into the "valley of the shadow of death" and out again.

Not much is known, nor is there an abundance of material available, which can tell us about the original key administrative personnel. We do know, however, that 1st Lt. Moorman was the Commanding Officer of the newly-formed 82nd Interceptor Control Squadron at Muroc Bombing and Gunnery Range, at Muroc, California, and that the first top-kick was Tommy Hancock.

Soon after the outfit was activated, Ray Zahr joined the organization and promptly was assigned to administrative duties, no doubt, because of his civilian background. TSgt. Zahr is the "granddaddy" of the administrative men, inasmuch as he is the oldest fellow in terms of years, months, weeks and days of service as a member of the 82nd Fighter Control Squadron.

In the Army, especially in the small units such as companies, squadrons, etc., the orderly room is synonymous with administration. After bouncing around the west coast, under one name or another, the 82nd finally was given its present name, and a staff of officers and enlisted men, and things began to take the shape of a unit, preparing for overseas departure. Our shakedown period evidently took place on the west coast, for men came and left, before the nucleus of our present staff entrained for Camp Kilmer.

We have long since been known as a highly mobile fighter control squadron. And the administration boys were among the earliest to operate on a mobile basis, when, during the long train ride from California to Camp Kilmer, a baggage car was converted into an orderly room. In that baggage car, our present commanding officer interviewed each member of his organization. A lot of work was accomplished in this orderly room on wheels. It was probably the first time some of the "white collar" boys had to rough it.

At Camp Kilmer, Pvt. Gonzales was assigned to the orderly room. Here, everyone was concerned with the problem of getting all the equipment, records, and personnel in tip-top shape for the trip overseas.

One of the things well remembered at Camp Kilmer was the trip to the firing range, where everyone fired the ".03". Loftin claims that he fired only 15 rounds— yet they class him as a full-fledged soldier. Some fired submachine guns and others, pistols. But the thing to be remembered about this firing business was the weather. At the time, it was very cold and rainy, and everyone had to flop down and fire from a prone position. Lying in ice water, and trying to fire an .03 is a rather difficult proposition. More than" a few had sad-looking targets, but it had

to be done, so we did it. On February 7, 1943, the 82nd boarded the SS Sladerdyke, a Dutch ship. T-Sgt. Magnus, who had replaced S-Sgt. Frank B. Flannery, became the first-sergeant. Being the ranking first-sergeant of those aboard placed a lot of prestige in our group, and no doubt assisted materially in getting the boys the 82nd nothing but the best. Not much in the way of a morning report was kept on board ship, for very little occurred to make a change in the report. Our own Paul Griego was laid up in Sick Bay all during the trip across the ocean, with a terrific case of seasickness; however, he was not alone in his misery.

The biggest problem during the boat ride over, was to find able-bodied men who could pull KP and guard. This was one time when a good duty-sergeant was sorely tried before his day's work was over. Somehow the work was done, and the squadron arrived at the port outside of Oran, Algeria, without incident. The next stop was Mud Hill. More was done combating mud than the stack of work which had piled up while we were on the ocean. Mud Hill was exactly what the words imply, and, being rookies, we spent a lot of time getting acclimated. The move from Mud Hill to La Senia was a very welcome change for all concerned, and before the boys were all fully settled and open for business, a lot of new faces began to appear. The squadron was far below strength, and radio personnel were being transferred in from replacement centers, signal battalions and other fighter control squadrons. This could only mean one thing: We were going into operation; that was the thought on everyone's mind.

On March 9, 1943, twenty-five EM were transferred to the 82nd, which was then stationed just outside the La Senia air base. Little was known as to the job that was in store for the 82nd when the personnel arrived. These EM pitched puptents the first night, and later on in the evening, the CO, 1st Lt. Robert C. Lomax, gave a brief speech to the new members of the organization. The same day, Sgt. Magnus cornered one of the new "supposedly" radiomen, (Pvt. Clarence Thein) and, because of his civilian background and schooling, asked him to work in the orderly room. Pvt. Thein accepted, and started work the following morning (overcoat and all). Radio teams were just being organized; shipping orders had to be made up, so that rosters and more rosters were typed in the next few days, as the 82nd was scheduled to move to the front—administration included. It was a quick movement, by air, with the orderly room making the last move. These poor fellows bore the brunt of the work and got stuck with all the heavy kitchen stoves, which were transported on the last load. The plane scheduled to carry orderly room personnel was grounded for a period because of motor trouble. After the motor had been repaired, we were off again, and finally landed at the Youks-les-Bains airfield. What a day! Raining pitchforks, and no one seemed to know just where we were supposed to go. Hurriedly, all personnel, from 1st Lt. Lomax and Capt. Exelby, on down the line, helped unload the heavily-laden C-47's.

A tarpaulin was used to cover the equipment. Then everyone took cover—between pots, pans and typewriters—and tried to keep dry and warm. Later in the day, all the equipment was loaded onto trucks and we were off for our permanent camp. We were then moving towards the front lines, and our driver, a colored boy, was really scared. So were we. After going through a taped-off mined area, we arrived at our new camp, at Thelepte, on March 14. There weren't many tents up at the time, and for the first night most of the newly-arrived personnel

slept in the kitchen. We were promptly and politely told to vacate the premises early the following morning. The orderly room was then set up in a large pyramidal tent, and open for business. Just as we were getting settled and getting back to the usual routine, we got orders to pack up and skidoo, this time away from the front. After traveling for several hours, we arrived at our camp, on a hill just outside the city of Tebessa, on March 21. Tebessa had quite a few ancient Roman ruins to interest the newly-arrived GI's from America. The new area was well hidden in a small forest which was used as excellent camouflage. This was our home for quite some time. Our CO, 1st Lt. Lomax, was with us for a brief few days, and then left for the forward Ops. This left 1st Lt. Cromartie in charge of the camp. Then the administrative work really began. The Third Air Defense Wing (our next higher headquarters) was located just down the road. Promotions were soon given out, and quite a few of the boys were sporting stripes. A short time later another promotion list came out. The boys were all in there pitching and quite a few of them were rewarded. Inspections were made frequently and an occasional rifle drill was held. It was at this time that we lost our chief file clerk, S/Sgt. Frank Flannery, and his well-known "bear". Many a GI of the 82nd has heard of Flannery's bear, but as yet no one has ever SEEN him. Pfc. Joseph DeMaio—the flash from Brooklyn—took over the filing system and all the headaches that go with it. The administrative section was busy getting the pay records of the outfit up to date. It was a big job, as a good majority of the outfit was out on location at the advanced operations. But everything was done in good time, and on April 30 the 82nd got its second pay in North Africa. It was at this time that 1st Lt. Cromartie, 1st-Sgt. Magnus and Cpl. Thein took their first payroll jaunt in a 299 van. It vtas a long, hard ride, over unknown roads, but there was a job to be done. We had the intention of paying Lt. Brown's crew near Kasserine Pass. We drove all over Africa looking for his outfit, but to no avail. At one time we were stopped by an MP, who said we couldn't go into a certain town. We asked why, and he told us: "The Germans are still in there". So we promptly turned around and hightailed it for parts unknown. After getting lost many, many times, we gave up, and headed for home —Tebessa. Later on, Lt. Brown's crew was paid off, and the payroll for the month of April was finished.

It was at this time that our CO was awarded a promotion and was sporting two shiny bars. Then the dreaded day came—moving day. But we didn't mind it so much, because the German army had collapsed in Africa, and had surrendered in large numbers to the Allies, who scored the victory in their first big campaign. It was a long, hard ride until we hit our new location on Cape Bon, July 3, 1943. Then our troubles began. Our new home was nothing but sand and rocks, with nary a tree for protection from the cruel, hot sun. Somehow we managed to pitch a few pyramidal and squad tents at the new headquarters of the 82nd PCS. Our CO returned to duty at headquarters.

Many an unpleasant day was spent at our new home on Cape Bon. Our first was an early morning raid, on a nearby airbase. The German planes, during their getaway, flew directly over our camp. This was the first time we actually saw the bottoms of our foxholes which we'd taken so long to dig. Many a fellow wound up in the wrong foxhole during the excitement.

Business was booming, as the next military operation was about to be staged. During this time, quite a few of the fellows had something else to think about. Yep! We had it—DYSENTERY. Wow! What an ugly word. And a miserable thing to have.

Sgt. Sal Gonzales was picked from our group to go on the invasion of Pantelleria. S/Sgt. Thein was originally scheduled to go, but at the last minute plans were changed and Gonzales took the trip. It proved to hold not too much excitement, as the island was bombed into submission before the landing troops had arrived.

Returning from a business trip to higher headquarters, our Commanding Officer now sported a Major's gold leaf. It was at this site that most of us had an opportunity to regularly enjoy the good swimming that the Mediterranean had to offer. It was but a quarter-mile away, and many of the boys sported beautiful tans. A few just burned, boiled and blistered. Such is life.

An additional man was put to work in the orderly room at this place. It was Pershing Loftin—the pride and joy of DeRidder, Louisiana—who decided to pitch his stakes with the administrative personnel. He was promptly assigned to type the many rosters which made up the shipping list for the next water voyage.

The stage seemed all set for the assault on the strongly-fortified island of Sicily. Several radio units were sent out to various sites, along the route from Algiers to Oran, and the 82nd certainly was split up. Later, after the Sicilian operation was well under way, the remainder of the outfit at Cape Bon moved to Bizerte. A lot of equipment had to be transported and loaded on the boat. All of our remaining personnel and equipment were put on one LST (American-operated). The chow on board was exceptionally good—better than we had enjoyed during our entire stay in North Africa. We had a lot of company with us on the ship—goats, chickens, dogs, and one lonely coyote—which the boys had acquired back in Tebessa. On July 29, we were on our way. This was our first sea voyage since leaving the States, and quite a few of the boys found the water rough. But all came through with flying colors, and, after an uneventful voyage, we arrived at Licata, Sicily, on July 30. A short trip by truck took us to our first camp in Sicily, just outside the city of Gela. Here we heard that old, familiar cry: "Bisqueet for Mama! Cigarette for Papa! Caramelli for Bambino! Chocolate for Signorina!"

Gela will always be remembered for the trouble we had getting rid of fleas. This particular part of the world certainly has its share of fleas, and whether we liked it or not, we shared Sicily's fleas. It was not uncommon—nor funny—to see someone scratching himself and working at the same time. However, in spite of fleas, torrid heat and fine, choking dust, the men of the orderly room carried on in exemplary manner. It was here that the famous idea of supplementing C and K rations with fresh fruit was started. Huge bunches of delicious Sicilian grapes were consumed between meals by perspiring personnel, for it had been a long time since most of us had tasted fresh fruit. Our desks always sported muscat grapes, and it wasn't long before melons added to the menu.

Dick Gerisch, present personnel NCO, joined the administrative staff in Gela about August 15. As a clerk basic, the mysteries of (Army) administration were explained to him in turn by Zahr (Morning Report and payrolls), Magnus (Personnel) and De-Maio (File System). Gerisch's first steady job was to keep up the "Situation" Map in the orderly room. One of the big, bare, bullet-scarred walls in the OR at Gela afforded a fine place for a large-scale military map. One was put up and the battle area marked. Everyone watched it with interest as the Sicilian campaign progressed and the "front lines" marker inched across the map.

The problems of moving up were growing apparent in August, and before the month had passed, the administration staff and an ever-increasing collection of records were bundled up, boxed up and loaded on the truck that was to carry 82nd headquarters to the northeast corner of Sicily, at Milazzo.

The story of administration and Gela would not be complete without a note of the Deacon—Archie Osborn—and his experience with the military police at Licata. At that time Osborn was a member of general duty. Cpl. Osborn, the last man one would expect to encounter trouble with the law, got off the boat at the staging area, and was sent after some water. Being a man with rugged muscles and a lover of fresh air and sunshine, Archie didn't happen to have his shirt on at the time. Presto! He was picked up as quick as a flash, for being out of uniform. It required Major Lomax, and a-beautiful bit of oratory, to finally convince the Provost Marshal of Osborn's good intentions and innocence, with the result that Archie got off "scott-free"

Milazzo, the new headquarters location, was the scene of a bee-hive of administration activity right from the beginning, for although many sensed an invasion, not very many of us sensed how soon it was to take place. It was at Milazzo that Loftin was labeled "Roster-Happy Loftin". He was given so many rosters to type that he dreamed of them in his sleep: Rosters of personnel, vehicles, equipment, etc. Few people ever realize the vast amount of paper work which even a relatively small unit, such as our squadron, must do in order to co-ordinate its particular role in the complete operation involved in an invasion. A myriad of details grow out of the multiple of plans, all which eventually find their place on paper in order to insure split-second timing, adequate transportation, proper storage space on board ship, rations, etc. —all this and rosters, too. The war couldn't end too soon for Loftin.

This was Loftin's headache. There were others as well. Moving from one place to another always created the problem of finding a finance outfit, finding an APO, finding out all over again where higher headquarters units were located. However, this finding-out process was a good excuse for administration clerks and officers to go sightseeing. Not only the medics, ration truck, or transportation drivers "got around". 1st Lt. Cromartie and Cpl. Gerisch, on a trip to an outlying DF station, took some nice pictures of Enna, Sicily. Carter and Loftin, going after mail, got to see Catania, and watched the British cross into Italy, September 3, at Messina, where Italy and Sicily are so close together; Cpl. DeMaio got into Tunis while searching for a place to turn a prisoner over to proper authorities. These are but a few of the places visited while administration personnel were looking for an operational unit with which we could do regular

business. To go into detail would require a book in itself. Suffice it to say that these headaches killed two birds with one stone.

The administrative staff was pretty much split up for the invasion of Italy. Magnus, Thein and Gon-zales were off with the advance party. Zahr, Loftin, Gerisch and Griego set sail a day later and landed on D-l. Gonzales was no sooner off the boat than he started taking a bath. Right in the midst of it, and with no warning whatsoever, the word came to retreat —on the double! Things weren't going so good a few miles inland. Gonzales didn't have a chance to wash the soap off. He just pulled on his clothes, hopped on a vehicle and was off with the rest of our advance party. They were advancing backwards—and fast!

On the evening of September 11—after supper—the rest of the administrative staff (Zahr & Co.) finally were able to get off the boat. As we pulled into the de-waterproofing area to remove the waterproofing material, a British MP asked if we were an armored outfit. "Nope," we replied, "we're the fighting 82nd, a radio outfit." His face fell so low his chin scraped the ground. "Jerry's pounding us more than is healthy to take. We need armor, and what do they send us— radio outfits!" That made us feel kind of peculiar. But before we could dwell upon it, the group moved on. After driving around in circles on roads under heavy artillery fire, we ended up in a nice large patch of tall, green sweet-corn.

Administration boys in Zahr's group set to digging foxholes, but they could only dig a couple of inches before water seeped in. Gerisch was all set for the night. He was stretched out on top of the orderly room truck, sleeping on the first-sergeant's bedsprings. The rest of the OR crew were spread out hither and yon, among the tall cornstalks. As it grew dark, light artillery was audible. Then things started happening! All around us hell broke loose! In one jump, Gerisch sailed from peaceful slumber, minus shoes and clothes, right smack into a wet foxhole. Others dove into their own holes. The thoughtful ones had made large holes; the less fortunate boys lay wet and cramped in small ones. Some merely crawled into trucks. German flares lighted up the waterfront so brightly one could have read a newspaper with ease. All around us, our own 155's were firing as fast as they could, continuously. One gun was set up not more than 20 yards from the orderly room truck, and commands from the gun crew chief were crystal-clear. In 10 minutes, one could say he had a full course in how 155's are fired. An artillery duel was going on full blast.

This corn-patch episode was an experience which none will forget; especially those of us who took part in it. Salerno was the acid test of how men, hitherto unexposed to combat, bursting shells, and the rigors of all-out warfare, stand up, re-act, and inspire others by their courage. We all were scared—and yet, as one looks back he is not chagrined. He wonders how it all came off so well. We were just another bunch of soldiers, and we showed that the administration boys could "take it" and keep right on rolling.

Somehow or other, the whole group found the advance party. The two groups were consolidated and the orderly room was set up once again and open for business. This time,

however, the floor of the OR tent was dug down—fust in case! We were learning. We were veterans.

The situation at Salerno was rather fluid. Mobile enemy 88's were dropping shells all around us. Enemy air raids were frequent. One learned to expect them morning, noon and night. Soon our foxholes assumed the size of a basement, and they were frequently used. Naturally, we preferred living!

On one occasion, enemy shells dropped so close to the OR tent that several heads were bumped, as Major and corporal, first-sergeant and private, dove to the floor. There just wasn't enough room to make a racing dive, fall and crawl between chairs, tables, squadron safe and telephone board, before finding the floor. All this and administration, too. Yes, life was full of excitement for all of us at Salerno. Somehow a payroll was typed and signed. The Eagle on our American Dollar had the falcon of those German shells buffaloed. He was our luck charm when the shell fell into our area and sent John Dellwuo to the hospital and eventually back to the States. The shell could have landed 20 feet closer to us and put a final endorsement on a lot of service records. As it was, only one fellow was hit.

Probably the biggest administrative headache at Salerno was the administration of the 1st VHF Installation Crew, Signal Corps. The unit was composed of 14 highly skilled electricians, radio repairmen and en-ginemen. They were first attached to VHF operations in the Kasserine Pass. At Gela, "Smiling Harry" Henzel, 1st Lt. and CO of the 1st VHF, a former West Point soldier, was transferred to the North African Coastal Air Command. His crew was assigned to Headquarters 82nd FCS for administration, rations, supply and duty. TSgt. James A. Howard, along with T-3 Harold Kalter, began keeping the 1st VHF crew's administration records. He was more than eager to drop the burden and concentrate on his VHF radio repairing and installing duties.

The result was that Gerisch was assigned to the task of keeping all 1st VHF records. Thein eventually took over their payroll. Loftin soon mastered their morning report, and that left odds and ends and personnel to Gerisch. It was tough at first, but after the 1st VHP's records were straightened out, it soon became apparent that the administration of a 14-man crew was less difficult than was that of the 300-odd men comprising the 82nd.

About 10 days before headquarters moved, a powerful rain and windstorm caused "City Hall" a bit of trouble. The whole place was flooded after the rain. We had dug down six to eight inches in order to protect ourselves during the early days of the Salerno beachhead. Now that half-hearted excavation was a beautiful water trap. We slogged around in mud and water for several days before it dried up enough to allow walking on planks. It was fortunate for us that no shells fell during working hours when the floor was flooded. We'd have been a sorry looking mess after diving into that mud and water.

The move to St. Antimo was anticipated and much favored by most of us, because Salerno was swampy, fellows were bumping into malaria, and mosquitoes were the size of baby elephants. When it was learned that we were to occupy a large schoolhouse there, everyone was happy.

T-Sgt. Zahr left us at Salerno and joined Ops 2. Sgt. Gonzales joined the vacationing Ops 3, and enjoyed a luxurious month on the beautiful Isle of Capri. Of Capri we have heard many things. There was little ever said about administration at Ops 3. No doubt they had their hands and arms full of more entertaining subjects than any administration work ever could be.

It was on our trip to St. Antimo that we got the fright of our lives. We had just rounded a corner, leaving the outskirts of Naples, when we heard a terrific explosion. Everyone ducked—under trucks, fences, walls and anything else that could be found. As the smoke cleared, debris was flying all over the place. Civilians were screaming, and there were many other incidents which added to the commotion. At first, we thought Naples was being bombed by the Krauts, but later we learned it was the Naples post office building. It blew up when someone ventured downstairs and set off the 100 tons of dynamite which the Germans had left behind. Lucky we were that the explosion came at the time it did, because we had just passed that building a short time earlier. The cards were really falling our way that day. Lucky 82nd!

St. Antimo (Stinkville, as Archie Osborn called it) was the best place we had found thus far in the way of quarters and office facilities. The orderly room enjoyed a spacious room—fully 25 x 25 feet. Little did we realize at the time we moved into the school at St. Antimo how long we would be cooped up there.

During our stay in this over-populated town, we organized a swell baseball team, volleyball team, touch football team, enlisted men's bar and photography club. It was here, also, that the "82nd Relay" was started, lived a very popular and furiously fast life, then died because most of the editorial staff was sent into operation far away from headquarters.

Fine PX rations were obtained regularly and in sufficient quantities while we were at St. Antimo. Coca-Colas, beer, candy et al, were common and eagerly consumed by all. Administration of PX passed from Gerisch in turn, to Gonzales, Frisby, to Din-widdie (now in the USA) and thence to Diven. Diven straightened the PX out and kept it in fine shape. This, along with the "Relay" proved to be a full-time job. The Plotters—Cotton, Mohler, Vance, Deich-mann, Keister, Morgan and the rest of them—always were willing to give a lift, and did much to keep the ball rolling.

Administration of the EM club was vested in a Policy Committee of 12 men, elected by club members. Four executive officers carried out policy determined by these 12 wizards. And they were wizards, too. They kept the officers happy when the GI's got a bit boisterous. Judging from dollar dividends of 3, 5 and 6, respectively, these executive officers and policy committeemen proved more than capable when it came to investing money, operating a limited-profit enterprise, and still keeping within the black. Looking back upon the record of the club, one is proud of its record. Many hundreds of dollars passed over its bar, and likewise many a bottle of beer, champagne, Scotch, rum, Air Raid Juice (cherry brandy) and Strega were exchanged for the dimes and quarters of the thirsty and hard-working GI's. The EM club was an institution at St. Antimo just as much as was the Dollar-And-Five shave at the barbershop. Remember

The long stalemate up front stabilized the daily routine into a monotonous repetition of the same thing day after day, for nearly nine months. In that time, many occasions popped up where personal records became snarled. For instance, Class A War Bonds, automatically cancelled in April, caused us no end of paper work. Fellows who received no settlement in either bonds or refunds, requested tracers. This kept several men busy; one checking records, another writing the tracer letter, and the third typing it out.

With men at Anzio, on the island of Ventotene, and DF stations scattered all over central Italy, the administrative staff was kept busy getting the boys paid, and in supplying them with PX rations, mail and a host of other administrative services. Here we even had a hand in military government, for Major Lomax was the ranking officer in town, and his word carried a lot of weight with the mayor. Besides, the officers were living in the former mayor's house.

Joe DeMaio, chief file clerk,was doing more interpreting for the boys, the first-sergeant and the Major, than he was in filing special orders, general orders, WD circulars, etc. Tyrone, Papa and DeMaio were the chief inter-preters, and someone managed to keep them all busy.

The EMC kept Papa busy buying liquor. In order to get it in sufficient quantities, Sgt. Papa had to ride all over Italy. But he managed very well. The sales and turnover of stock at the EMC are mute proof of that fact.

The late spring drive and breakthrough indicated that the 82nd was going to be moving up. Fighter control, as this organization has functioned, cannot successfully operate too far from the front, and when operations move up, so does the administrative section. The first of June saw paper plans of detailed steps in the moving of the entire headquarters section put into action. We moved up to Circeo Point, and the movement was no sooner completed when we moved twice again within one week. Finally, we stopped going north at Orbetello, a hundred miles north of Rome.

The main problem now was coordinating passes into Rome. We all wanted to visit Rome, and many of the organizations did. Pfc. Paul Griego was kept busy writing out passes for the boys, and when he wasn't doing that, he was kept busy trying to find enough men to stand guard and perform the many odd jobs inherent in a tent area newly set up. On top of that, DeMaio retired from the responsibilities of chief file clerk to the less exacting duties of telephone switchboard operator, joining Archie Osborn and Billy Bishop.

The story of Orbetello and the administrative staff must not ignore the incident of the exploding Italian ammunition dump. It caused many GI's in this outfit a lot of anxious moments. Shells, exploding on a hill a half mile away, were dropping shrapnel all over the place. One whole unexploded shell ripped through the roof of T-Sgt. Hannon's DF truck. Shrapnel from another ripped through Sgt. McCormick's field jacket without so much as even scratching Mac. He was so scared he couldn't talk for a few minutes. During this "Dante's Inferno", the personnel disappeared as if by magic—behind the nearby railroad tracks—in the ditch

alongside the road—and some just "took off!" Sterling tribute must be accorded the switchboard operator who stood by his post, though from a distance, behind a tree. The guard that day, also stuck to his post at the front gate. Gerisch missed out on all the fun, for he was up at Sienna with Lt. Joseph, looking for some photographic equipment.

With the first inkling of another "big invasion" in the offing, everyone anticipated another move. We didn't have long to wait before the paper work of planning another move started in earnest. This time the fighting 82nd "retreated"—all the way back to Santa Maria, which was close to good old Stinkville (St. Antimo).

We were getting accustomed to working in tents again, and this time the move was made in a jiffy. For the first time since the departure for overseas duty, the files were moved in a box made for such purposes. We were issued brand new Air Corps packing boxes, and they are mighty fine for packing records, books, army regulations and files. They made our work much easier than it had previously been. This was fortunate for the OR staff, for no sooner were we set up than work began with rosters, passenger lists, vehicle listings, cargo schedules, and all of the other things assigned to the administration section. In every case, the work was spontaneous and had to be done on the spot against a deadline of only a few hours' notice. The pressure rose and fell, and tempers were exhibited at times. But in the end, all turned out for the best. While we were stationed at Santa Maria quite a few of the boys were able to go to "Stinkville" to visit some of the girls and families they had met when they first moved there.

To take up the slack of all the fellows like Thein, Loftin, Griego, and the rest, Pvt. Nichols was drafted for administrative work. He began his career with Pappy Diven, as assistant to the PX NCO.

At Santa Maria the orderly room had quite an experience with Mother Nature. One day when everyone was occupied with his duties, one of the clerks, S-Sgt. Thein, had a hunch it was going to rain. So he told Cpl. Loftin to peg down the sidewalls and tighten all the ropes. Easy-going Loftin replied in his usual manner: "The main thing's not to get excited! There's plenty of time." But before he could get started, the rain came. And with the rain came a terrific windstorm. In a matter of seconds, the orderly room radio was lofted from its perch and fell into the mud. The squadron safe was boosted out into the middle of the tent by the tent wall, which we thought the safe would anchor. Then Thein's morning report took wings and scattered in all directions. While all this was taking place the telephone rang, and some irritated officer wanted to know what the hell was wrong with the switchboard operator. That was really adding insult to injury. Poor Thein was chasing morning reports all over the camp area, finding one here, one there, now in a puddle, now among the pile of squadron supply boxes. Gerisch was busy hanging up "Sophie", for she had been blown down and her frame badly smashed. Magnus was trying to repair his "Missus". Ida had taken a soaking, too. The files, being in boxes, were pretty secure, but papers and work not completed were being recovered for days. Mother Nature really had her dander up.

By August 1, we were all pretty well set for the coming invasion. Many were confident it would be Southern France, and events later proved them right. This time headquarters was not behind the initial landings, although many 82nd personnel landed with assault troops.

Headquarters 82nd and the administrative section arrived in Southern France at Ste. Maxine long after the battle lines had moved inland a considerable distance. Unlike Salerno, one could put his mind on his work and ignore the threats of the enemy. The result was an early establishment of a smooth functioning administrative team. The forward Ops sections were so far ahead of us that coordinating our work with these advanced operations was the immediate problem. It was nearly 200 miles to most of the DF teams, and this alone caused many a headache. It was during this period of the Southern France campaign that the 1st VHF Installation Crew—except for Haskins and Donnelly—were transferred over to the Twelfth Air Force Service Command. We all hated to see these fellows leave, for they had long since become an integral part of our own squadron. When the order came by telegram to transfer them, it was some job getting them together for they were in various scattered places all over France. Headquarters was still in the Riviera section. They were in Northern France. Lt. Moore, Adjutant during Lt. Nierenberg's sojourn in a hospital in Italy, traveled to Dole and back, trying to get the situation straightened out. We hated to lose highly-trained radio personnel at a time when operations taxed our manpower to the point where we scraped the bottom of the barrel. Finally, after two weeks of dickering, we lost all but Donnelly and Haskins. Both were in the hospital at the time the transfer was effected. The boys in Northern France weren't getting much in the way of PX or anything else. We, ourselves, had to travel over 200 miles to get PX for headquarters. The result was that before a candy bar got from the PX warehouse to a fellow up front, it traveled some 400 to 500 miles.

At first the orderly room was set up in a big squad tent, following our arrival in St. Tropez, but someone put a bug in someone else's ear, and Lt. Chapman, acting CO, wrangled us a nice chateau, called Buen Oustau. It was a classy joint, but we soon settled down in it, along with two other buildings which housed the outfit. About the middle of October the boys started getting passes into Marseilles.

Neff and Rector were transferred out of the outfit just when our dances were getting good. After traveling all over Central France, trying to locate their fire fighting platoon, the two boys finally made it on the second try. We lost a good softball pitcher and bartender when Neff left us, and we were minus a cook upon Rector's departure. Both boys are doing OK in their new outfits.

Soon afterward, Shubin, Auerbach, Gilfand and Russell were transferred to the 2nd Tactical Air Communications Squadron. In this transfer we lost four guards.

The orders for the administrative staff to move up within a few miles of where Major Lomax had his headquarters and operations office came in the middle of November. The trip was such a long one and transportation so limited the move wasn't started until November 19. Then, into a command car with Rookie Namowicz driving, were jammed DeMaio, Albert, Nichols, Loftin,

Thein and Gerisch. Magnus and Griego kept Sandefur company in a 2%-ton truck loaded with orderly room records and Magnus' stuff —mostly Magnus'. It was cold and rainy as we said goodbye to St. Tropez and Buen Oustau, where dances and quarters had hit a new high. We hoped Luneville would be as pleasant. Our first two stations in France had been very creditable and were great improvements over those we had in Italy.

On the first night of our trip to Luneville, we stopped for the night at Valence. Here we encountered many problems, but they were ironed out without too much difficulty. We got a little sleep that night and continued on the next morning. We stopped at Lons Le Saunier for the next night, and the following day we reached our new home, Luneville. This place was unusual in many ways, as far as administration was concerned. It was the first time that the kitchen and the orderly room were only six feet apart. What a compact setup that was! If one so much as looked idle—he became a bona fide candidate for K.P.

The compact situation was more than squeezed when the mess sergeant tried to hold a Hotel New Yorker banquet Thanksgiving Dinner for 140 enlisted men and officers in two small rooms, cluttered with tables, and dressed up for the occasion with several French mademoiselle waitresses. The dinner was a huge success. Then we went from one extreme to another—for very shortly, Tech Supply and transportation moved into the same building, Supply moved into another, the kitchen appropriated a hotel, and the orderly room acquired a three-story private house. Instead of calling one formation, the first sergeant had to organize his outfit into departmental teams and then divide the work.

We were getting everything in shape—records straight, enlisted men paid, PX distributed, ample supplies of reading material, and special services handing out plenty of treats. Dances were frequent; jam sessions were mighty popular; meals were swell; the setup was too good to be true. The hotel building, although legitimately ours by requisition, was eyed with envy by CONAD of the Seventh Army. We were fortunate enough to hold out until New Year's Day. We took advantage of that "period of grace", and the holiday festival turned out to be the greatest event of our stay in France.

Corporal (Pappy) Diven was kept busy mimeographing forms for the orderly room, transportation, medics, and other outfits near us. The old mimeograph machine saved us many an hour of valuable time on rush jobs. It appeared to be an English patented, Italian sold, American operated machine, on which we have even used German stencils. That's utilizing equipment in an international spirit. Sgt. Gerisch got the idea that we should make a check of home addresses, emergency addresses, and persons to be notified in case of emergency—because the fellows in the field seldom informed us of such changes. Anyhow, Cpl. Diven was busy turning out the forms, and Sgt. Gerisch was just as busy distributing them to all outlying units. Those forms asked for everything except the dimensions of the kitchen sink at home! What was hoped for was never realized. Some of these questionnaires are still coming in—six months later.

But this was only the beginning. In rapid succession, several questionnaires on educational desires and courses in which the fellows would enroll were sent into the field. We were trying to lay the foundation for our Unit Educational School program. We tried to find the subjects in which interest was greatest, the number of persons who showed enthusiasm, possible instructors, and general qualifications. The fellows didn't take it seriously, because only three-fourths of them were returned. The Information and Education officer now has all pertinent information available, on which he can build his program.

In Luneville we encountered some disciplinary headaches with the local military police. Every time one of our men would leave his vehicle to carry supplies into headquarters, he was apprehended by the police and charged with leaving his vehicle unattended. The result was an endorsement from higher headquarters directing investigation and a report of action taken. We appreciated the situation that the MP's were trying to alleviate, but the extreme cases were sometimes annoying. Valuable time was lost when the men had to release the impounded vehicles, which were sorely needed to carry equipment out to units in the field.

Luneville was the scene of the first liquor ration given to enlisted men. Sgt. Gerisch was assigned the difficult job of distribution to all of the first four graders. That's when all the sergeants received lots of cooperation from the corporals, and the privates. The situation became a little confused along the line, but it straightened itself out in short notice — and everyone proudly claimed a fair share of the spoils.

From Luneville, the administration section was moved to Nancy. The orderly room had to be located near the C.O., who, at that time, was also Communications Officer for the Wing. The personnel and records were shifted in a matter of hours, and a new "city hall" quickly established. Nancy will be remembered by the administrative personnel for the liberal passes that were granted, especially the three day trips to Paris. It required the work of one man each day just to issue and file the passes.

It was in Nancy, too, that we acquired an unpleasant bit of administrative work—sending men to be infantry replacements. Fellows like Warmack and Ostrow were "institutions" of the 82nd. When they left, we felt that part of our outfit was missing. As a replacement for Warmack, Major Lomax called in Pvt. Nelson, who had been assisting the medics at a forward Ops.

Discussion groups, a war room, lectures, and other educational activities began to appear more noticeably during our stay here. Lt. Nierenberg and Sgt. Gerisch attended the Army I and E Staff school in Paris, and were indoctrinated in the aims and ultimate plans for the War Department Information and Education program for inactive theaters. T/Sgt. Sasser led a discussion group on whether our educational system should adopt some of the able techniques which the Army used in military instruction. Fellows were congregating in the war room, where Sgts. Samusevich and Ryan maintained situation maps of battlelines in the various theaters. The boys were beginning to get I and E conscious.

Then came the move we had all been waiting for—the objective, aside from an early trip home, which all of us had been patiently expecting. We were moving into Germany. Headquarters' first station was at Edenkoben, where we settled in a large chateau, belonging to a wine merchant. Intelligence reports now assumed a much more important aspect. Security and guard duty was given more respect by all of us. The non-fraternization policy was both an administrative and an executive function. In order to accomplish our work, the whole organization had to amuse itself within the post area. The cooperation and teamwork observed were worthy of commendation. The enlisted men's bar, the ping pong tables, and the volleyball games became popular pastimes.

Our station in Germany meant that we would henceforth be paid in marks. That meant an exchange of francs and frequent trips to the finance office. During one of these trips to an Air Corps finance, Sgt. Thein got a memorable scare. He was taking some francs to be exchanged for marks, and to turn in the payroll for the month of April; on his return trip, a Kraut took a stray shot at him and the driver, Sandefur. Fortunately, they arrived unscathed.

Time passed rapidly here. And with it came the inevitable move to keep up with our fast advancing forward operational centers. The move finally ma-terialized on May 6, shortly before V-E day. T/Sgt. Sasser, a replacement to the squadron from the Second Armored Division, left for Schwabisch Hall on May 1 with an advance detail of 10 men to take care of preliminaries for the arrival of the rest of the squadron. Sasser claims that his experiences in charge of this detail definitely place him in the administrative section, and it gave him a new respect and a more sympathetic attitude toward Pfc. Griego, supreme custodian of the duty roster.

According to Sasser, nobody in the USAAF seemed to know what nine-tenths of the squadron was still in Edenkoben. Instead of devoting his time to the supervision of the lowly details, he was constantly harassed by telephone calls and requests about "channels". However, he actually based his claim to administrative ability on his daily guard roster. Knowing that the men under his command were as well loved by the German natives as a first sergeant among a group of five-year Pfc.'s, he realized the importance of the job. The big question was how to maintain four posts with 10 men. Quite obvious was Sgt. Sasser's happiness over the arrival of the custodian and the rest of the squadron.

No sooner had the administrative section arrived, when a new headache was encountered. A time
sheet had to be submitted for the civilian personnel, who were working with the organization. The names of the Polish personnel changed almost every night, and this created added worries for S/Sgt. Thein, who was selected to be Chief Custodian of all International Payrolls and Correspondence. After sweating out information from the chief Polish NCO, Pfc. Zisko, a time sheet was submitted to higher headquarters, and later in the month the Polish personnel were paid in marks just like the doughboys.

With the end of the war in Europe on May 8, the paper war began. Right from the beginning, and still in progress, has been a vigorous program to bring all personnel records up to perfect shape. The redeployment of personnel is determined by the records, as consolidated in higher

headquarters; therefore, accuracy first stems from the individual unit. Everyone in the orderly room has been drafted at one time or another to participate in this war of records. Physical profiles, adjusted service ratings scores were other highly important rush jobs that required the fullest teamwork. V-E day occurred while we were at Schwabisch Hall; and Phase II of European Operations, U.S. Army, World War II, was causing us more paper work than the whole total we had experienced in the seven campaigns in which the Fighting 82nd has participated. These paper soldiers continue to fight the war, even after the shooting has ceased.

Administration conveys the thoughts of managing men and material so that the greatest good is attained from both. It is with proud, yet modest, enthusiasm that the administration group of the 82nd looks back upon work well done. At times, our men have been so widely scattered that to reach them required a voyage by boat or plane to two other countries at one and the same time. At one time, men of this organization were stationed in Sicily, island of Pan-telleria, Cape Bon, and Italy. On another occasion, men were stationed at Anzio, island of Ventotene, and St. Antimo. In order to pay these men regularly, keep their records current, deposit money for them, and supply other routine services, key administrative personnel were obliged to perform and carry out these duties under extremely difficult conditions, which required on the spot improvising, and yet compliance with Army Regulations. In commendable fashion, the Paragraph Troopers of the Chairborne Command have rolled along with success.

In January, 1943, at March Field, California, Captain Paul A. Exelby, Medical Corps, was assigned to this organization as squadron surgeon. A few days after his assignment, eight enlisted men were transferred from the Station Hospital at March Field to this organization for duty in the medical section.

After a few days of preparation, the squadron entrained for Camp Kilmer, New Jersey, where last preparations were made for debarkation overseas. After a rather uneventful journey, which lasted approximately two weeks, we arrived at the port of Mers El Kebir, vicinity of Oran, North Africa, on the 21st of February. That day, the squadron was transported on motor trucks to Oran. After waiting approximately three hours, we boarded a train for a small village, and from there the men marched to their first bivouac area—riow called "The Famous Mud Hill". Nothing of importance occurred there. One week later we moved to La Senia, Algeria, four or five miles from the city of Oran.

While at La Senia, several men were assigned to this unit. Captain Exelby, with the assistance of his expert medics, began giving "shots", physical inspections, and an occasional lecture on the care and prevention of venereal disease. The squadron moved to another hill in the vicinity of Thelepte, Tunisia. The trip, via aircraft, was uneventful (not a single aircraft was shot down by the Arabs), and the command reached the airport at Youks les Bains. From this spot, they were transported to the hill by motor convoy. On this trip, the men got their taste of driving in a blackout.

From this area, the first contingent of men was sent out "on location"; and Capt. Exelby with three "pill-rollers" moved on to go to war. Several days later, the rest of the command moved

to Tebessa, Algeria. This was the place where the command started to do business with the Arabs, buying and selling—mostly selling. The city of Tebessa will be remembered as a beautiful summer resort, full of life, wine, and excitement. At that time, the squadron became somewhat of an orphan—we had no medical officer. Reports and records presented no problems. Medical supplies were obtained easily. A medical officer, who lived "just over the hill", took care of our personnel.

During the latter part of April, 1943, the command began to take the wonder pill, atabrine. Ninety per cent of the organization were ill because of the effect of the drug, and the medical department was really active all that night and the following day. While at Tebessa, area drainage and camp sanitation were good. All installations were maintained satisfactorily from the sanitation standpoint. All water used for drinking and cooking purposes was obtained from authorized water points maintained by army engineers, and it was all chlorinated. Refuse was hauled away to proper disposal dumps. The health of the command was good at all times, and all members were physically inspected twice each month. Immunizations were given for smallpox, typhoid, paratyphoid, tetanus, and typhus. The men were housed in pyramidal tents without being crowded. The kitchen personnel turned out excellent meals, adhering to the most sanitary methods.

June 1st, 1943, found the organization in Cape Bon, on the shores of the beautiful Mediterranean sea. At this place, the medical department ran into something that was expected as far as diseases were concerned. A large number of cases of dysentery developed. The weather was somewhat warm, thus making the flies very friendly, bringing even their relatives and in-laws. The situation was under control in a few days. The moral of the command remained quite high because Red Cross girls continued to provide doughnuts and coffee to our men. Capt. Exelby with two medics left the area at Cape Bon for the staging area in the vicinity of Tunis. A few days later, they landed on the beaches of the island of Sicily.

In Sicily the medical department ran into a few difficulties, consisting of dysentery, flea bites, and Italian battle and non-battle casualties. The dysentery cases were controlled; the fleas were extinguished; and the Italians were sent elsewhere for medical attention. While in Sicily, our first camp was in Gela. The orderly room personnel went out to look for the finance office; transportation personnel went out to look for an ordnance unit; the general duty NCO went out after gravel, lumber, and what have you; the technical supply men went out after radio parts; the cooks were out looking for a ration dump; squadron supply personnel were out searching for a quartermaster dump; the commanding officer was out looking up Wing headquarters; and, of course, the medics were out looking for a hospital or medical dump. At any rate, none but the lonely hearts remained at camp. The medical department was still dishing out atabrine tablets, while the war went on. During our stay at Gela, several boys were hospitalized for malaria, and one for pneumonia.

The organization then moved to Milazzo, Sicily; and preparations were made for the invasion of Italy. The squadron medical detachment had very little experience; but Capt. Exelby began to train the men in first aid and general medical treatment. Gradually, each man found his place,

and the unit began to function properly. A few days before the invasion of Italy, Capt. Exelby and two enlisted medics left for the staging area. They landed at Salerno, Italy, on the day of the assault, September 9, 1943. Soon, the rest of the squadron followed. While at a bivouac area, south of Salerno, the unit suffered its first battle casualties. Two boys were hospitalized, and one was treated at the dispensary. Several days after the capture of Naples, the command moved to St. Antimo, just a few miles north of there. Here, routine medical duties were performed; and once again, the dispensary was opened for Italians also.

We treated the Italian cases liberally, at first; but soon the good word got around, and the civilians came from all of southern Italy to use up our time, medical supplies, and patience.

Once again we decided to send them elsewhere for attention, and we concentrated on squadron personnel only. When no civilians were permitted to come in during the day, they began to appear all during the night, seeking treatment for everything from headaches to delivering babies. One night, one member of our medical detach-ment, an ambulance driver, played the role of chief assistant to the midwife; the actual delivery took place in the ambulance on the way to the hospital. The driver lost his appetite for the next four days, and swore profusely that that was his last mission of mercy. Capt.Exelby, still the squadron surgeon, continued with his physicals, lectures, "shots", handing out aspirins, and bandaging minor injuries. Although several of our men were hospitalized, the health of the command in general continued to be very good, and only routine medical duties wer.: required. During our stay at this location, we became a source of constant assistance to soldiers who found that their liquor consumption was excessive; we gave medical treatment to many of these, who accidentally collided with doors, fell on the sidewalks, or found themselves unknowingly scratched.

The squadron left St. Antimo during the latter part of May, 1944, and our next camp was in the vicinity of San Felice, on the road to Rome. Here, the medical detachment checked the whole area for streams, rivers, and marshes so that proper sanitation methods could be employed against the pestilence of mosquitoes. Showers were set up, and camp sanitation was stressed because we were situated near the notorious Pontine Marshes. There were no problems concerning the evacuation of injured personnel to the hospitals, no surgical infections, no shock, or any mental abnormalities; health was more than satisfactory, despite the surroundings. No difficulty was encountered with the adequacy of supplies or equipment.

In a few weeks, the squadron, with the help of the Fifth Army, pushed and slugged and fought its way to another location near the picturesque city of Rocca di Papa, overlool ing the beautiful lake of Albano. Several men were injured, while trying to blast fish out of the water. At this place, our detachment lost a good friend—Capt. Exelby was transferred to another unit for temporary duty.

Our next move was to Orbetello, about 150 miles north of Rome. We were confronted with only routine medical duties. It was here that we learned of the plans for the invasion of southern France. Preparations were made to leave for the staging area at Santa Maria, near

Naples. Within two weeks we found ourselves among the beautiful French resorts, fighting the battle of the Riviera. The medical department, being without an officer, changed from one surgeon to another during this time. Due to the training we had received while working under Capt. Exelby, we encountered no problems, except that of finding medical supply dumps and hospitals. Sometimes, we were given the wrong directions and usually ended up in the city of Cannes, miles away from home. But, there was always a tomorrow, and the next day found us out again searching for supplies.

We soon left the Riviera and took up comfortable quarters in the city of Luneville; two months later we moved to Nancy.

After Capt. Exelby left the squadron, he was ordered to return to the U.S.A. on rotation. Capt. Joshua Oden joined the organization as squadron surgeon. Just a few days later, Captain Alfred E. Hillenbrand was also assigned to us, but he was placed on detached service with a forward unit. Capt. Oden was likewise soon sent out to a forward detachment, which left us again without a doctor.

When we arrived at Luneville, Capt. James Schiuma was placed on detached service with our outfit, and he remained with us until March 31, at which time Capt. Hillenbrand returned. At Luneville, two of our enlisted men were injured in an automobile accident; one of them died a few hours later without regaining consciousness. The other man was eventually transferred to England for further medical care. Aside from this, only routine duties were encountered, and several men were hospitalized for minor diseases.

The first site occupied in Germany by the hard-fighting 82nd was Edenkoben. We were housed in permanent buildings, and the medics functioned well, according to the book. Our next move was to Schwa-bisch Hall. The Germans surrendered, and the squadron decided to celebrate V-E day. Upon hearing this, Capt. Hillenbrand ordered all available medical personnel on duty; and we were kept busy handing out aspirins for the next 48 hours.

In addition to regular daily sick calls, the duty of the squadron surgeon was to inspect outlying units assigned to our outfit. They were located generally at the front, and inspection rounds were made twice each month. Shots were administered, inspections given, and lectures for instructional purposes delivered. Sometimes the medics themselves were required to make the trips.

From France to Austria in 50 days was the adventure of Pelican, Forward Control with the United States Army Fifteenth Corps.

This narrative dwells, principally, on the functioning of the communications sections attached to Pelican during the drive.

The employment of the radio and radar network by the four controllers, Captain Barr, Lieutenant Krumrine, Lieutenant Krohn and Lieutenant Robinson, was admirable, and resulted in three of them receiving the Bronze Star medal for their work.

At the outset of the campaign, these officers handled an average of well over 500 sorties per day, from March 15 to March 20. The Thunderbolts, directed to their respective targets by Pelican, destroyed large Nurnberg of German vehicles and fortifications during the period, and aided the Fifteenth Corps to crack the Siegfried line wide open. Such was the story from that time until V-E Day. At the moment determined resistance was encountered, a flight of P-47's would be called down on it, and, when the smoke had cleared away, the doughfeet were advancing again.

Unless his communications are operating perfectly, a controller is helpless to aid our ground troops. Let us, therefore, take a brief glance at the system available to him.

At Pelican Operations Room, the center of the stage was occupied by the Ops table, covered with 1 to 100,000-scale maps of the territory in which the action was taking place. Grease pencils were used to mark the various boundaries and lines of our troops, and the controller had the complete ground picture before him on this table. He had the available three air-ground VHF radio channels, to converse with the planes in flight, merely by picking up a handset. An amplifier with a loudspeaker was used to provide more volume on the channel in operation. It made monitoring much simpler, and enabled any visiting "brass" to listen in on the activity. Two field telephones also were strapped to the table, and these were connected with a telephone switchboard in the room, so that close liaison could be maintained with the Corps, the Divisions, the Fighter Wing and the radio stations.

From Pelican itself, telephone cables were laid to the radio sites. These usually were a mile or more from the office necessitated by the desirability of close locations for the operation of the sets. Generally, two bivouac areas were selected. One was occupied by the VHF, HF, FM and wire crews; the other by the radar units. Operational technique made it inadvisable to combine these two camps. The VHF— operating from an SCR-573 and an SCR-574 radio van—provided two high power and one low power (SCR-624) channels, which were remoted to Pelican through two spiral-four cables. Two SCR-299 HF radio vans were used to provide CW contact with the Wing, and a voice circuit to the divisions. They were connected to Pelican by a long-range field wire line. The FM stations provided a telephone circuit between Grandstand and Pelican. A spiral-four cable and a field wire were run from the FM to a carrier unit at Pelican. The carrier was linked to the Ops room switchboard and to an ack-ack outfit with the Corps, which reported to Grandstand.

Over at the radar site were three units, a heavy radar SCR-584, a light radar SCR-602, and a VHF D/F van, SCR-575. These were connected to Pelican by a field wire, and tracked all friendly and hostile flights to provide the controllers with that information. All the field units lived either in tents or nearby houses or buildings. The choice of an adequate site was the determining factor there.

At each division was a radio jeep consisting of an SCR-193 HF radio and an SCR-542 VHF radio set. The controllers there directed the Thunderbolts to their targets when Pelican so advised. Their requests for air power usually resulted in from eight to 12 fighter-bombers, zooming down to blast the cowering Hun. Direct telephone lines, provided by Corps, connected these units with Pelican whenever time and facilities were available. An L-5 type airplane also was employed by Pelican for close scouting work and directing missions to targets dangerously near our own troops. This plane had a VHF radio and furnished both the Corps and Division Controllers with much invaluable information. The L-5 also was very often employed by the Corps G-2, to detect enemy movement and disposition of troops which could not be obtained in any other manner. Flak seem-ingly meant nothing to these pilots, and time and time again they ventured into areas where the Army's Cubs would refuse to approach. One of these brave boys was hospitalized for several days during the drive into the Reich. But he came back for more as soon as he was on his feet again. Our VHF crew did the maintenance work on the SCR-522 radio in the aircraft.

Twenty moves were made by Pelican between March 15 and May 5. From Alsace to the Alps of Austria, via the Rhine and the Danube, was the route and Pelican was operational from dawn to dusk during that entire time. While the unit at the old location was tearing down its stations, the advance party would be setting up a smaller network at the new site. When it was "on the air", the rear echelon would tear down and move up to the new location and set up again. In this manner no valuable time on the air was lost. However, it meant much work for all concerned, especially the VHF men, who had the unwieldy 75-foot mast to erect and then dissemble with every jump. By V-E Day, everyone was a qualified expert at packing and unpacking. (This should prove to be a big help whenever vacation-time comes around back in the States, although your ''better-half'' probably will be bossing the venture by that time.)

The route traveled by Pelican was Fenetrange, Omeringen and Guising, in Alsace, through the Siegfried line, to the town of Zweibrucken, in Ger-many, on March 20. Hence to Eisenberg, Worms, across the Rhine to Bensheim; thence via Gr. Um-stadt, Lohr, Bad Bruckenau, Bad Neustadt, Ebern, Bamberg, Erlangen, to Schwabach, south of Nurn-berg. Next came Monheim, the Danube river, Rain, Aichach, Dachau and Haar, near Munich. The final jump was to Salzburg, in Austria, on May 5, where V-E Day was celebrated a few days later.

Numerous incidents of interest occurred, but it is only possible to mention a few of the highlights here. At Zweibrucken, saboteurs cut all of our remote lines during the night, however, communications were interrupted but briefly. Here, too, the first confiscated Jerry radios began to make their appearance, and S/Sgts. Glenn Larson and Ben Glubka, together with Sgt. George Louie, were kept busy, thereafter, re-pairing them whenever they turned up. As time passed, and we occupied former Wehrmacht barracks, all sorts of souvenirs, such as swastikas, caps, swords, Lugers andP-38's were collected by the men, and the trucks began to stagger under the load. At Worms, Lieutenant Krumrine and Pfc. John Bach uncovered a cache of very good champagne, and a high time was had by all. This wonderful nectar lasted for several weeks, and, quite by coincidence, just as the last bottle was drained, S/Sgt. Donihue

returned to the squadron. Pfc. Bach, as real estate agent and general advance contact man, managed to locate some very nice houses to live in and breweries to raid while visiting the Reich. As a result, morale usually was pretty lofty. However, the sight of the atrocities committed by the SS troops at the infamous con-centration camp at Dachau did much to drive home vividly to everyone the reason why we are fighting. The bombed-out Jerry cities of Homburg, Kaisers-lautern, Worms, Aschaffenburg, Nurnberg and Munich provided us with a spectacle of the effectiveness of our efforts. The presence of snow, from May 1 to May 4, definitely reminded us that summer hadn't arrived.

The hundred-mile trip from Munich to Salzburg provided us with a view of the most scenic country we had ever seen. With the snow-covered Alps as a background, we sped along the Autobahn, skirting crystal lakes and clear, rapid mountain streams to the beautiful terrain of Austria. Even though most of the towns and cities there had been untouched by bombs, the sight of abandoned Jerry airfields brought us back to the reality of war. We had opportunities thereby to see some of the latest Luftwaffe experimental aircraft. We saw jet planes galore, some with a single jet mounted atop the fuselage behind the pilot, and others with twin jets mounted on each wing. One large airplane was noted in two versions. It was the JU-290, a four-engine craft with a wing span of about 140 feet. One of the ships was a troop transport; the other a super bomber. A B-24 also was seen. It had been painted black, complete with Jerry markings, and the novel feature was that the two inboard engines had been removed. From appearances, they were using it was a twin-engined transport. One "Rube Goldberg" fighter plane had engines and props at both ends. But the most impressive sights were the rows of Nazi planes which our aircraft had caught on the ground and annihilated.

Pelican's various installations bagged forty-odd prisoners of war, plus one 4-F slightly damaged by Lieutenant McCoy, the radar siting officer. At the beginning, no guards were provided for the units, but midway in the drive the Corps began to supply infantry troops for security purposes. However, let it be said to the glory of the men, that they didn't wait for the guards, but began to comb the woods at every new site for Jerries, as soon as they were set up. It was a tiring, but interesting, campaign, and when it was completed, and V-E Day was on hand, everyone realized that it had been well worth the effort. What we had seen gave us faith and pride in our Air Forces, and proved conclusively to us what a rotten thing Hitler's Germany had been.

The Japs still remain to be subdued, and will be dealt with in due time. But the biggest attraction at present is counting critical points for demobilization, and sorting out the various "latrinograms". Pelican, Half-Bake and All-Square are no more; their job is finished in the E.T.O., but the memory of their accomplishments will linger on in the memories of those who took part in the operations.

tactics of fighter and fighter-bomber aircraft operations generally require a high level of cooperation between the flight leader in the air and a man on the ground who has displayed before him all available information concerning the immediate tactical situation in the air space over the area of operations. The man on the ground is called a "Controller". The room in which he operates is called a "Fighter Control Room".

Generally it can be said that all Fighter Control Rooms, regardless of any special names assigned to them such as "Control Center" or "Ops Room", have certain fundamental features common to all. A large scale map, generally painted on a specially built table to cover the complete area of operations, is always necessary. On this table prominent land marks, cities, airfields and the "Bomb Line" are plainly marked. In addition, the flight of all aircraft, including position, direction of flight, number of aircraft, height above the ground, and identifications, is displayed for the Controller's use. By means of this information he is able to direct the flights under his control to targets, to interceptions with enemy aircraft, to the aid of other aircraft under attack, to emergency airstrips or back to their own bases. The information displayed on this table comes in by landline or radio from radar stations, ground observers, and radio direction finding stations. These various sources of information are in constant communication with "Plotters" who stand around the table placing markers and plaques on the map to indicate the various flights.

The controller sits on a platform or dias with his various assistants and Liaison Officers on either side of him. All possible communications are immediately available to him. These include from four to ten or .even twelve channels of VHF radio, which he uses to communicate with the pilots in the air, landlines and radio standbys for communication with adjoining areas, his own headquarters, the airfield control towers within his area of responsibility, radio listening posts which monitor enemy air-ground radio conversations, direct lines to his direction finding stations and to certain of the radars within his area, and if the control room is located in an area which is adjacent to the sea, he will have direct radio communications with the ships of the Navy and with all air-sea rescue facilities.

The number of Liaison Officers present in the room will vary according to the type of work that is being carried on in the area. Sometimes there will be a Navy Liaison Officer if the planes are being used for convoy escort and anti-submarine warfare. If French aircraft are being controlled, a French Liaison Controller is required. At all times, however, an anti-aircraft Liaison Officer is found on duty in the control room. He has direct communication with each of the Gun Control Rooms within the area. Inasmuch as the fighter Controller and the gun Controllers must work in very close cooperation, the exchange of all pertinent information is highly important,

and is carried out by this Anti-aircraft Artillery Liaison Officer. Through him the fighter Controller controls the Ack-Ack gunfire and passes identification of flights along to the guns.

In connection with fighter-bomber operations in close cooperation with the Army an A-3 representative will generally be found on duty in the control room where he can keep abreast of the situation and make tactical decisions regarding the assigning of missions and the diversion of missions to more immediately important targets as they develop.

In order to picture a control room in full operation one must imagine a room the walls of which are covered with maps, charts, status boards, and weather information. The floor is largely taken up by the plotting table described above. It is surrounded by plotters who are busy displaying the information as it conies in. On the platform overlooking the table the Controller and his Deputy Controllers are giving directions to the flight leaders or homing aircraft which are lost or in distress. The Liaison Officers are giving identifications and exchanging information with their own organizations. The atmosphere is apt to be one of intense, but orderly, activity.

Those are the general characteristics of a Fighter Control Room. Individually they will vary in many details. It has been the practice of the 64th Fighter Wing to place one control room at Wing Headquarters. This room whenever possible has been located in the headquarters building in close proximity to the A-3 Section office and the Commanding General's office. When the headquarters has been housed in tents the room has been set up in a Jamesway Hutment. On the other hand forward area control rooms have been placed in vans constructed for the purpose and to give the operation complete mobility.

he letters G.C.I, which are so often heard around a fighter Wing refer to Ground Control Interception of unidentified aircraft by friendly fighters when handled by a controller directly from a radar station. Originally, this interception was accomplished during the night only. New types of radar and improvements upon original sets have widened the meaning of G.C.I, to cover any con-trol of aircraft which is done directly from a radar station, day or night, and for purposes of interception, or any navigational aid.

To those who are not acquainted with the principle of radar, a brief description will suffice. A radar station transmits a high frequency radio signal which is reflected back to the radar station upon striking any object within its range. Unlike a radio, the transmitted wave is directional. That is to say, when the transmitting antenna faces 345 degrees and transmits a signal, any object on that bearing will give a response. Thus we know the direction of an object from the station.

Each station, of course, must have a receiver to catch the reflected wave from the aircraft or object contacted. By measuring the time necessary for the wave to travel to the aircraft and return, and knowing the speed of the wave, the distance of the aircraft is figured automatically by a cathode ray tube. We have then, the distance of the aircraft and its direction from the station. Pinpointing the station on a map, we are able to determine the position of any aircraft which comes within the range of the transmitted wave.

Thus a controller sitting in front of this tube is able to direct an aircraft by VHP radio from one point with the range of the station to any other. If he sees a dot which he cannot identify he can give the friendly aircraft a vector which will intercept the course flown by the unidentified aircraft.

The difference between sector and GCI controll-ing can be easily seen. Whereas the sector controller receives pinpoints from a number of radar stations whose plots are consolidated upon a large table covered with a map of the area, the GCI controller sees firsthand the flight of all aircraft within the range of his station. The sector controller sees a larger picture for the plotting stations are placed to give wide coverage, but his view is second hand and liable to error.

There have been three particular types of radar stations from which controlling has been accomplished. The first type was the SCR-527. The second type is the SCR-584.

The last type is the MEW, which is a super radar station which combines the advantages of both.
Even though the radar teams have been furnished by the 593rd and 582nd Signal AW Battalions, the 82nd Fighter Control Squadron has played a big part in GCI for it is from this organization that many of the Controllers and VHP radio teams were dispatched. Without the controllers and VHP teams the radar becomes a radar plotting station, and no longer a GCI, for no controlling actually takes place.

The use to which the SCR-527 has been put as a control station varied considerably. Originally, the station was intended solely as a defensive measure against hostile aircraft. When doing this work the controller would patrol night fighters over areas designated according to their military importance. As an enemy aircraft approached the area the con-troller would vector the night fighter to a position of less than a mile on the tail of the hostile aircraft. From this point the nightfighter would complete the interception, closing in to visual range and destroying the aircraft. One can only imagine the fear in an enemy pilot's mind when flying at night, never knowing when an Allied nightfighter was closing in on him. A good example of this work would be an interception made by Lt. Lapidus. Controlling "Travel 33", he intercepted an unidentified aircraft. The pilot closed in and after identifying the aircraft as hostile, he destroyed it. The aircraft was a captured B-17 wearing German markings and carrying sabotage agents who were to be dropped by parachute.

Another method of controlling from the SCR-527 has been Intruder missions. This work is routine but of immense value. The nightfighter is vectored to a predetermined point, from which he begins searching for enemy convoys, or other military targets moving by night. Knowing his starting point the pilot is able to return to the radar's area when he has completed his mission. Again the controller takes over and returns him to his base.

It must not be overlooked that during these times the controller is on the alert for any other things occurring in the area. A friendly aircraft, orbiting, may be lost and without radio communications. If he approaches an airfield the controller can request landing lights which will show the pilot the field, and safety. This has happened many times. One occasion was a British Mosquito which was lost in the Nancy area when returning from a mission over Germany. If the aircraft had not approached an airfield the controller could have intercepted him with a night-fighter and led him to the nearest base.

However, all controlling from the SCR-527 has not been at night. Very valuable work has been accomplished during the day. Interception of hostile flights with day fighters is very successful, for the controller is able to put the friends above the hostiles, possibly "up sun" if it suits the situation, and continually pass on to the fighters the enemy's relative position. For example, the controller may inform the fighters that the enemy is "twenty miles at ten o'clock", 2000 feet below, and flying south. This method was used on the Anzio beachhead.

During the daylight hours the controller has been used in homing friendly planes to their bases and letting them down safely through overcasts on cloudy days. Naturally, it is of comfort to the pilot on a cloudy day when entering an overcast upon direction of the controller to known that he will not crash into a mountain, but break through the cloud cover over low land.

Radar came into its prime when attached to the various Army Corps. It had two primary tasks. First, it was used as a navigational aid to aircraft trying to find a target and secondly, it was used to release the bombs of fighters over enemy targets when clouds prevented them from finding the target visually.

As a navigational aid the controller could be of immense aid. Working with the controller was a D/F crew, many of which were 82nd Fighter Control Squadron personnel. When a flight was to attack a close cooperation target, the controller would request a bearing from the D/F team. The D/F crew would pass its first bearing to the radar operator who would search the area indicated. The radar set would then track the flight.

It was then, a simple task for the GCI controller to vector the aircraft to a target giving them the position of the target from them. (As, for example, the village five miles at "ten o'clock".) The aircraft of course, would be returned to their base upon completion of the mission if such aid was needed.

In the days prior to the northern France campaign, friendly fighters found it necessary many times during bad weather to drop their bombs without knowledge of their position. Often it was done over friendly territory. To prevent this waste of bombs and danger to our own forces the controller on the SCR-527 was used to drop the bombs on a German city of military value. Lt. Barrett acted as bombardier for many flights on the town of Freiburg. Later the SCR-584 was found to be of much greater accuracy and the job was turned over to them.

During the last days of the campaign in Germany, a MEW unit joined the Wing. This set is capable of taking over most of the functions of the SCR-527, and some of the SCR-584. It is intended to be a consolidation of many of the GCI teams, but as yet sufficient experience has not been obtained to put the set to all of its possible uses.

One thing to keep in mind during any discussion of GCI, is the part played by the VHF and D/F teams. Lacking good communications with the aircraft or bearings from the D/F, the controller is completely lost. He may see a friend in distress, however, his hands are tied as far as aid is concerned. These teams, as all 82nd communications teams, must be looked upon as the link between the information at the controller's disposal and the pilot.

GCI during the African, Sicilian and early Italian campaigns was done by British stations which were attached to the 64th Fighter Wing. Foreseeing the eventual switch to American personnel, some sector controllers, four of which were 82nd Officers, were sent to the RAF GCI school in Cairo. These controllers were Capt. Cromartie, Lt. Byrnes, Lt. Miller, and Lt. Barrett, who joined the squadron during the early months of 1945. Upon returning from the school the controllers, excepting Lt. Byrnes, were sent to the British stations with whom they worked until the invasion of Southern France. Lt. Byrnes returned to sector. It was during the southern France campaign that American SCR-527's with American controllers and VHF teams took over. When the fighting moved to northern France the number of stations was reduced to four from eight. Captain Cromartie returned to sector and Lt. Miller and S/Sgt. Engh's VHP crew joined one of the first two SCR-584's to be attached to a Corps for close cooperation work with the infantry. Lts. Colip and Hammel, who joined the squadron in the Fall of 1944, and Lt. Barrett were attached to the SCR-527's. In February, when the work of the SCR-584 was being further developed, Lts. Colip, Barrett and Miller were sent to Scotland for a course in blind-bombing with the SCR-584.

uring the winter of 1943—44, when plans for an invasion of Southern France were being made, the planners were faced with the problem of substituting American GCI controllers for the British controllers, who had been handling the night defenses for the Wing since Africa. To meet the emergency, three 82nd sector controllers were sent to the Royal Air Force Fighter Control Training School in Heliopolis, Egypt. Heliopolis is a small town, approximately five miles from Cairo.

The first two controllers, Lt. Byrnes and Lt. Miller, were sent during April, and Capt. Cromartie, accompanied by Lt. Barrett, who joined the squadron later, attended the school during the following June.

Those who have not been to Egypt probably would be interested in just what the country is like. As one approaches Cairo from the west, the most striking feature is the immediate change from desert wasteland to fertile farming country. The Nile river isn't quite as wide at this particular point as one would imagine, but it is still an impressive sight, alongside the pyramids.

After landing at the huge American airfield and entering the city, the average soldier who has just left Italy, is stunned by the modern city which surrounds him. Drugstores, trolley lines, movies, English-speaking people, country clubs with golf, tennis and swimming pools, and, of course, the latest in modern buildings.

The people are similar to those of a polygot American city. There are English, Arabs, Egyptians, and a large minority consisting of refugees from all the Mediterranean countries. Although the city isn't American, it is modern enough to remind one of his own home town.

The site of the school was on a city block in the heart of Heliopolis. Its one-story buildings were constructed of cinder brick, and were quite outstanding among the three- and four-story Egyptian buildings in the vicinity. One could hardly say that the school made a pretty picture with its sandy grounds and barbed-wire enclosure, but the arrangement was quite practical.

Operation of the school was conducted by a cadre of British officers and enlisted men aided by WAC plotters. School hours were typically English: One arrived for the first class by 0830; around 1015 a break for tea was called, and all departed to a nearby cake shoppe and enjoyed cakes, tea, cold drinks and ice cream. After the break, the second class was from 1100 hours to 1230 hours. In order to avoid classes during the heat of the day, the second half of the day did not begin until 1500 hours, and lasted until 1800 hours.

The school offered three courses for controllers, but the 82nd controllers enrolled only in the two-week GCI course. The course was divided into four sections. First, were lectures upon the background of GCI work. These lectures were quite elementary in the theory of air borne and ground radar, and in method of attack and deft nse using night fighters.

When the student had mastered the interception and radio-telephone procedure, the final phase of the course began—GCI sector teamwork. This consisted of practice in day operations in which the senior controller turned over flights of aircraft with which the CGI controllers would intercept the incoming hostiles.

During Phase III of the 12th TAC's effort against the Germans in Alsace-Lorraine, an urgent navigational need arose, to aid the medium bombers of the 42nd Bomb Wing in finding their targets and also greater accuracy in the "Egg-baskets" (bombing, by use of radar), given to our fighter-bombers during cloudy weather. In Drem, Scotland, the British were conducting a school in "blind bombing", using the SCR-584. XHth TAG decided to send GCI controllers to this school, and the 82nd controllers to go were Lts. Colip, Barrett and Miller.

The trip was made in the Wing C-47, leaving Nancy and flying a course of approximately 310 until reaching the coast of England, and then north to Edin burgh. From the airfield, the controllers, who were accompanied by members of several of the 588 and 584 teams, were driven to the school by WAAFs in a British lorry.

Drem airfield was the location of the school. The field was a naval training station, part of which had been taken over by the RAF. The World War I buildings were similar to barracks in the States and showed marks of repair in the early days of World War II.

The three-week course was begun with lectures on the fundamentals of controlling. Navigation of aircraft, radio-telephone procedure, and basic principles and facts concerning the 584 were in order. Because many members of the class were 584 operators and maintenance men, the classes covered subjects pertaining to efficient tracking of aircraft, setting up the 584 "by the numbers", setting and orientation of the set. When the lectures were completed, the classes were sent out to the field to practice the subjects studied in class.

The next phase of the school dealt with the mathematics of the bombing problem.

Another subject taught is the control of aircraft in a "shallow approach" to a target.

When the theory was finished, the crews and controllers returned to the field for actual practice.
With American crews and controllers operating, dive bombing, "shallow approaches", and bombing through an overcast was practiced.
It would be an injustice to the school to fail to mention the social life which aided so much in raising the level of efficiency of the students. Stationed on the field were a number of WAGS, and throughout the area there were camps of Land Army girls, who tilled Britain's soil during the war. Pleasant companionships developed, and the leisure hours became a source of real entertainment.

Drem field is near North Berwick, a famous resort town of Scotland. There, one could attend movies, go to dances, or visit numerous places of interest. Edinburgh was only an hour's ride from the camp. Nearly everyone agrees that this city is the best to select for a leave in the United Kingdom. Even though the boys were not actually on leave, they were free at night and on Saturdays to take advantage of its recreational facilities.

The return trip followed closely the journey to Scotland, except for a stop near London for refueling. Although there wasn't sufficient time to visit London itself, we did get a fair view of the British capital as we took off from the field, setting our course for Nancy and our parent organizations.

Squadron Supply was first organized on July 4, 1942. At that time Lt. Moorman, then CO of the 82nd, received orders to move from Muroc Bomb and Gunnery Range to Glendale, California. Having a small quantity of Post, Camp and Station property on hand it became necessary to appoint an acting supply sergeant to turn in and account for the property in order to obtain clearance from the base.

It was at this time that Pvt. Fred H. Sampsell took over the job. Since Lt. Moorman was the only officer assigned to the unit he was also supply officer in addition to his other duties. All of the

property was gathered up and returned to the base. We received our clearance and on July 6, 1942, departed by truck convoy to Glendale, California. We arrived at Glen-dale on the same day and the squadron was attached to the 96th Fighter Squadron, 82nd Fighter Group, for rations.

At this time, the unit had no T/E or T/BA equip-ment in its possession. A few days after arriving at Glendale, we received a stack of shipping tickets two inches high from the A-4 officer, 82nd Fighter Group. All of the property on these tickets was supposed to have been in our possession and since we had none, you can imagine the looks on certain people's faces. An immediate investigation was started and in a few days revealed that when the property for the whole 82nd Group had been unloaded back at Muroc and since there was no representative there from the 82nd Interceptor Control Squadron, the other four squadrons in the group had just divided up our property among themselves. After a couple of weeks of slaving over books, AR's, Circulars, Shipping Tickets, OS and D Reports, etc., all of the property was either returned to us or credit received.

On August 13, 1942, the squadron, except supply, moved from Glendale to the Los Angeles Information Center in downtown L. A. Since there was not enough room in L. A. for supply, myself and two others, Pvt. John Sailor and Pvt. Homer Ridgeway, were left in a hangar on the airfield at Glendale. We remained at Glendale doing little or nothing until Sept. 15, at which time we were given enough space in L. A. to move in with the rest of the squadron. While we were at Glendale Lt. Rhinehart Miller joined the organization and assumed command from Lt. Moorman, and as in Lt. Moorman's case, he was also supply officer.

Our nearest source of supply while in L. A. was March Field, California, and since this base was 40 or 50 miles away it put us to many inconveniences, trying to get clothing and organizational equipment back and forth. While stationed in L. A., a new man was assigned to supply, Pvt. Howard Keller, and Pfc. Sailor went to the Information Center Photography Section and Pfc. Ridgeway joined our squadron motor pool.

On or about Jan. 1, 1943, we received warning orders that we were to depart from the good old U.S.A. We immediately started packing, and on January 5, moved to March Field, Cal., to prepare and equip the organization for overseas service. On January 8, 1943, 1st Lt. Robert C. Lomax and 2nd Lt. Norman Nierenberg joined the organization. On January 14, 1943, Capt. Miller was relieved and Lt. Lomax assumed command of the squadron. Lt. Nierenberg was immediately appointed supply officer and was sent to the New York P. of E. to make preparations for last-minute needs in equipment. At March Field another man was assigned to supply, Cpl. James E. Faullin, boosting the personnel in this department to the sum total of three enlisted men and one officer. After many hectic days of making final shortage lists, property book inspections, packing and loading equipment on freight cars, etc., we boarded a train for Camp Kilmer, New Jersey.

We arrived at Camp Kilmer, on 23rd January 1943, and immediately started checking individual clothing and equipment, and after two weeks of show-down inspections most of the EM were

well fixed on necessary items of equipment. February 7, 1943, we left Camp Kilmer and boarded ship that evening. Prior to this the equipment that we had in our possession was already loaded aboard ship, the rest of the equipment to be obtained at our destination.

We reached the port of Mers El Kebir, just outside of Oran, Algeria, North Africa, on February 1943, and it was here that the real job of gathering and obtaining equipment for the organization first began. Lt. William A. Cromartie, with a detachment of six or eight men, was given the difficult task of gathering together all of the equipment that we had shipped over ourselves, plus that which had been set down at the P. of E. and shipped for us to our destination. The rest of the squadron left the port and headed for "Mud Hill". Lt. Cromartie with his small detachment remained at the port of Oran for the next two weeks, sleeping on the docks or piles of barracks bags, and living on C-rations or whatever else they could beg, borrow, or steal around the port. During this two weeks interval, Lt. Cromartie and myself made frequent hitchhiking trips between Oran, and two other ports 30 miles up the coast, Arzew and Mustagonem, where some of our equipment was also being unloaded. Since the organization had no transportation at all, the first big job Lt. Cromartie had was to obtain trucks to transport our equipment to the unit locations. After numerous trips to the port authorities a few trucks were released to us and our equipment was sent to the bivouac area on "Mud Hill". When about half of the equipment had been sent to Mud Hill the squadron was moved to La Senia air base and everything had to be moved again. After two weeks of many trials and tribulations the squadron was beginning to look like it had enough equipment to go into operations. Another week of requisitions and picking up equipment passed; then we received orders to leave for Thelepte, by plane. Lt. Cromartie left for the new destination before the rest of the squadron with a truck convoy, and arrived at Thelepte on or about March 16. All of the heavy equipment was shipped by train, with Lt. Norman Nierenberg and a detachment of ten men accompanying it. During the period from March 14 to March 16 things were pretty well snafued, and after loading and unloading equipment a thousand times we finally ended up in Tebessa, Algeria. Shortly thereafter, tech supply was organized and all radio equipment was turned over to that section. Along about this time three new members joined our squadron supply: Pvt. John A. Stead, Pvt. Roger Dery and Pvt. Salvatore Tyrone.

In the early stages of the war in Europe, American production had by no means reached its peak. All equipment was precious and very hard to get. Our nearest supply depots to Tebessa were from 50 to 200 miles distant. Many trips were made to the various depots and more often than not there was nothing brought back. Supplies kept dribbling in for the next two months and the war in Africa was fast coming to an end.

On or about June 3,1943, after the end of hostilities in Africa, we left Tebessa and moved to Korba, on Cape Bon. Shortly after arriving at Korba, T/Sgt. Sampsell was sent on detached service with a Wing detachment (Grubstake) that was preparing to embark for the invasion of Sicily.

After T/Sgt. Sampsell was assigned to Grub¬stake, Sgt. Faullin, Cpl. Stead, Pfcs. Tyrone and Dery were at headquarters, to take care of the squadron supply. The biggest job facing them was the

equipping and preparing of men for the invasions of Pan-telleria and Sicily. Numerous trips were made to Tunis, Bizerte and other supply points to obtain necessary supplies for the squadron.

Two weeks or so after the Sicilian invasion headquarters received orders to leave Cape Bon and head for Sicily. On July 24, all organizational property was transported by truck convoy to a bivouac area near Bizerte. The night of July 27,1943, was spent loading the ships at the port of Bizerte.

On D-plus-19 headquarters reached Licata, Sicily. The equipment was unloaded from the ships onto trucks, moved to a staging area, unloaded and loaded again the next day, to be carried to Gela, Sicily.

The squadron remained at Gela for a month. Nothing outstanding took place as far as supply was concerned. The boys busied themselves with routine work, various reports, inventories and trying to get clothing for the men.

Milazzo, Sicily, was the next stop. Convoying by truck, headquarters left Gela on August 30, 1943, and reached Milazzo the same day. A short stay here was spent in preparing for the invasion of Italy at Salerno. On September 11,1943, the supply personnel along with the rest of headquarters left for Italy, leaving the squadron equipment behind in the capable hands of T/Sgt. Sampsell, whose unit was nearby.

On D-plus-3 the men landed on the beach a few miles south of Salerno. It's a good thing that the equipment was left behind, because the supply men were very definitely not interested in organizational property the first few days in Italy. Until the equipment arrived from Sicily, headquarters managed with the few tents and kitchen equipment which was brought in with the men who landed on D-Day.

A week or so later all the squadron property arrived and was brought to the bivouac area. Almost a month was spent at Salerno dodging 88's and trying to draw necessary supplies.

Shortly after the fall of Naples, headquarters moved into a large school building at St. Antimo, Italy. Undoubtedly, supply had its best accommodations since being overseas. It occupied two large rooms and had space enough to keep all property inside the building. The latter part of December, 1943, saw the return of Lt. Cromartie from Grubstake as supply officer. A new Table of Equipment came out, authorizing the squadron much additional equipment. Lt. Cromartie immediately began requisitioning the extra materiel.

The invasion at Anzio took T/Sgt. Sampsell to the beachhead as supply sergeant for Grubstake. The supply section at St. Antimo now had the responsibility of supplying as best they could, the 82nd men at Anzio and a detachment on the island of Ventotene. The new type gas masks, carbines, and items of individual clothing and equipment were obtained and issued to the men. Largely the eight months at St. Antimo were taken up with routine office work.

The first part of May, 1944, brought Lt. Harold C. Joseph as supply officer, relieving Capt. Cromartie, who was sent to Grubstake as a controller.

After the breakthrough from the Anzio beachhead, headquarters moved to San Felice and then to Rocca Di Papa, in the Alban Hills near the Italian capitol. At this time the front was moving at such a terrific pace it was difficult to obtain supplies as all depots were moving fast also.

From Rocca Di Papa, headquarters moved to Or-betello and remained there for a month. While at this station supply received 27 sets of regular Air Corps packing cases. All the old boxes and crates which had been carried around since North Africa were discarded and organizational property packed in the new cases. The service group to which the squadron was assigned was located was only a short distance from our area and supplies were fairly easy to obtain.

In July 1944, headquarters moved to the Santa Maria staging area in preparation for the invasion of southern France. A service group was located across the road, to furnish the units with necessary equipment for the coming invasion. While at Santa Maria, Lt. Joseph was relieved as supply officer and replaced by Lt. Paul E. Moore, who had been transferred into the 82nd. Grubstake went into France on D-Day, August 15, 1944, and headquarters followed the next month. Equipment was taken by truck to Naples and placed on LST's. After three horrible days aboard ship headquarters landed on the beach of southern France near St. Tropez. All equipment was unloaded in record time since the boat had to pull out at a certain time. The next day the equipment was taken to the Grubstake bivouac area and headquarters set up camp.

T/Sgt. Sampsell, S/Sgt. Faullin and Pfc. Dery remained at St. Tropez only a short time. Operations made it necessary for most of the men to go forward into central and northern France. Sgt. Stead and Cpl. Tyrone were left to take care of the supply section. Marseilles was the nearest supply point and a number of trips were made there to procure supplies for headquarters as well as the units who had gone forward. Materiel was difficult to obtain and sometimes headquarters had to call on T/Sgt. Sampsell and S/Sgt. Faullin for a few things.

Late in November, 1944, S/Sgt. Faullin and Pfc. Dery set up their supply at Luneville, while T/Sgt. Sampsell was assigned to Operations 2. December 1, 1944, Sgt. Stead left St. Tropez to join the others in Luneville. Cpl. Tyrone remained at St. Tropez with the bulk of the equipment, only to come up a week later by plane.

In Luneville the supply section had a very nice set-up. The supply room was a small store in the center of the city and a garage next door was used as a storeroom.

Around Christmas, S/Sgt. Faullin, while on his way to the service group at St. Nicholas, was seriously injured in an automobile accident. He was hospitalized for the next few months and now has returned to the States, awaiting a discharge.

On January 5, 1945, T/Sgt. Sampsell was recalled from his Ops. Our stay in Luneville was spent in routine work and in servicing the outlying units. New-type field jackets and sleeping bags were obtained for the men.

The day following Easter the supply section moved by trucks into Germany. A residence outside Eden-koben was requisitioned and supply was set up in a garage adjoining the house. A month was spent here and on May 4, 1945, headquarters moved to Schwabisch Hall, Germany.

The 82nd Fighter Control Squadron took over communications at Glendale (California) Airport after the 82nd Group had gone overseas, in August 1942. In November, the 82nd went to Los Angeles Information Center. We functioned as radio operators in the nets, HF operators on SCR-299's, Detached Service at San Diego Information Center, Detached Service at the First Fighter Command's VHP maintenance crew. Some men were sent to school at the VHP school at San Francisco. At times we tested along the west coast. Ellis Frisby (now T/Sgt.) and I were on DS at Glendale Airport, to change over the radio equipment in the P-38 ships, from the old command set to the SCR-522, which was at that time a set just coming into being, for use in aircraft.

The squadron as a whole was at Los Angeles Information Center from November, 1942, to January, 1943. We then were sent to March Field, under the command of Capt. Miller, and were prepared for shipment overseas. While we were at March Field, 1st Lt. Lomax took over as Commanding Officer, with T/Sgt. Magnus acting as Ist/Sgt. We shipped from March Field to Camp Kilmer, New Jersey, in January. At that time, the radio personnel of the organization totaled 15 men, and our radio equipment consisted of five radio sets, five loudspeakers, four axles, one frequency meter, six headsets, two keys and one power unit. On February 7,1943, we shipped from Camp Kilmer, with the same amount of radio personnel and equipment.

We arrived intact at North Africa, February 21, 1943. Two men and myself remained on the docks of Oran for a period of 10 days, to pick up the squadron equipment as it came in. The rest of the squadron were at what was known as "Mud Hill".

Tech Supply came into being at Tebessa, and from that time on, this department has been responsible for all radio and power maintenance and supply. The personnel worked to the outlying units in various parts of North Africa, and the trips from Tebessa were very difficult and the roads were very bad. Numerous times road convoys were under constant threat of strafing, and the operations area at Sbeitla itself was heavily mined. Dogfights were going on overhead, sometimes for days, and tank battles were raging, at times, within a mile's distance.

The hill at Thelepte was very dangerous to reach, as the terrain was solid rock. Roads had to be made, there was enforced black-out driving, and many trips had to be made at night for supply and maintenance.

Tech Supply was called upon to keep power units in operation, as power in Africa was a major problem. Parts weren't available and stations were spread out over many miles. On one trip to

Kasserine Pass, which Lt. Lomax and I made, in an effort to locate a DF station which was having difficulty, took a day to find, due to no roads and mountains. It was necessary for us to climb a mountain before we were able to locate the station.

One trip to Maktar to a DF station took 14 hours, when normally it could have been made in six. The reason was that the roads were mined and the armies were then on the move through mountains, and roads were torn up from tank battles and heavy gun fire.

Tech Supply made a complete change-over of radio vans and power units while the operations area was at La Sers and headquarters was at Tebessa. We also had an outpost at Beja—a DF station that was just outside of Tunisia, almost within range of long-range guns. Gunfire from cannon and ME-109's was encountered. And ammo dumps were blowing up while we were supplying and maintaining this station.

After Tunisia had fallen, we moved to Cape Bon and set up on the beach of the Mediterranean. From that point we made up the necessary equipment, both radio and power, and all parts needed for the operations that participated in the invasion of Pantelleria. One radio set, SCR-299, and personnel was supplied to operate with the flagship that controlled operations in the capture of the island.

Upon completion of the African campaign, Tech Supply moved a total of 17 vans, 21 power units mounted in trailers, making a combined load of 306,295 pounds. We broke down the equipment to go on the LST's for various landings. In addition to the mobile equipment, we also moved 15 trucks of equipment or 25 tons of Tech Supply material.

On July 31, Tech Supply moved from Licata, to Gela, Sicily, all of the equipment from Africa. We made an inspection of all power units and found them to be in bad condition due to rough handling, making it necessary to overhaul all power to be used in Sicily. Tech Supply power section supplied a power unit for the Red Cross. We also did the necessary maintenance on the power unit and the doughnut machine they were using. The Red Cross was supplying all of the units on the island, just as they did at Cape Bon, with doughnuts.

We made the rounds of all depots on the island and found that no parts could be secured. It appeared that we would have to operate with minimum equipment. After 30 days of operation on Sicily, during which Tech Supply furnished and maintained all operational equipment, we moved from Gela to Mi-lazzo. At this time we moved 17 vans, 12 trailers with power units, and 15 trucks of other equipment. Arriving at Milazzo, we prepared to move to Italy on various LST boats. It was necessary to break down all mobile and dead equipment that had to be moved in trucks to the ships which were going in on various D-Days. We moved 294,000 pounds, plus all mobile equipment, from Sicily to Italy. This also included personnel.

Most of Tech Supply arrived at the beach of Sa-lerno, Italy, on September 11, 1943, D-plus-three. Upon arrival, JU-88's were strafing and 88's were shelling all of the beach. We were

instructed to remain in a cornfield for the night, which was just a few feet behind our own artillery. We were shelled all night, since our area was in direct line with the Montecorvino airport, on which Jerry was zeroed. The next morning we moved into another area and prepared to set up for operations under constant shellfire. From there, we supplied and maintained an operations area on the beachhead, and another one operating on the Island of Capri. Supplies were taken from Salerno to Capri via water transport. While at Salerno, I was called upon by Major Lomax and Captain Scheftel to drive them to the area above Amilfa to find a new site. On this trip, we were shelled by mortar fire, and were machinegunned. Upon arrival at the site, we found that it was excellent; but, due to later developments, it was not used. The Airborne division and paratroopers there were finding it difficult to hold the enemy; and upon returning to Salerno, Major Lomax notified the air cooperation party of the situation.

Tech Supply had a difficult time keeping equip-ment in shape, since it rained most of the time. It was impossible to keep the radio equipment dry; and supply was very poor from the procurement standpoint.

After Naples had fallen and we had moved into St. Antimo, we had, without a doubt, the best Tech Supply set-up in the theater. From that point we supplied and maintained two operations areas, six DF stations that covered an area from Sorrento to the Anzio beachhead and from Naples to the island of Ventotene, which was forty miles off the coast of Naples. Forward fighter control jeeps came into being at this time. They were installed with 522 radio equipment and sent into the forward areas to direct air cooperation. The first jeep of this type was installed in January 1944. Later, another set known as the AN-VRC-1 took the place of the 522 set; these jeeps came to play an important part in air cooperation.

In January 1944, the Anzio operations commenced. We had many experiences in getting both men and equipment ashore, as it was under constant shellfire from 88's and railroad guns. Jerry planes were also overhead frequently. Equipment was taken in via LST and aircraft. While T-4 Starnes worked on a power unit, a piece of shell fragment went through the block, making the motor salvage equipment. The operations van took a beating from the concussion and had to be repaired there on the beach area. Parts for all vans were needed because of damage from concussion. We also had two halftracks with 624 sets on location; they held up well and did a good job in forward control for the assault on Rome. M/Sgt. Watson had the occasion to go to the beachhead with the payroll and mail, and to work on the Ops block. He went by air and landed on the airfield, while an enemy raid was in progress; and even on his return trip by LST he was under constant shellfire.

S/Sgt. Stratmann had a DF fixer station on the very top of the mountain in Trevico, Italy. His station operated under very difficult conditions. They were snowed in for about a month, and rations were supplied by air; and road movements always required a snowplow.

As for Ventotene, it was a rock about three miles long and one mile wide, jutting out of the water about 10 miles off Gaeta Point. On this island the organization had a fixer station and radio relay station for some time. We had to supply and maintain both power units and radio

sets on the island. Commu¬tation between the islands and Naples was a difficult procedure. It was necessary to go by ferry to the
island of Ischia, and from there by the first fishing craft available. We could not land on the island; natives came out to us in a rowboat and took us to the island, where we repaired the equipment.

After months of operation at St. Antimo, we moved to RoccaDi Papa, where we remained only for a short time. About two weeks later, we loaded again and moved to Orbetello. While here, an ammo dump exploded, and shells were set off in our area most of that day. One shell hit a DF' van, breaking the top and damaging certain operational parts, necessitating salvage.

After much work on radio and power in that area, we moved back to Santa Maria, Italy, and bivouacked in preparation for the invasion of southern France. While here, we prepared radio jeeps for the invasion to work as forward fighter controls. Three 624 and HF jeeps, plus two halftracks, qualified for this job. We also supplied the various operations centers and DF teams with power units, and handled the maintenance work for the movement of the entire organization to France. Tech Supply again had the job of breaking down the equipment for loading the LST's;
and we also made the necessary arrangements with the TQM for movement to the Dallas, Texas, and Iowa staging areas.

I was appointed TQM for the squadron on ^lis move, responsible for all equipment and personnel movement to France. Fighter control teams, com-posed of personnel from two other organizations, were also under supervision of the TQM. We prepared 13 vans, 28 trailers with power units, and 15 trucks of Tech Supply equipment to move from the headquarters, area, after the early D-day boats had gone. We then moved from the Texas area onto LST's and took off for southern France. Upon arriving, at night, Tech Supply unloaded all of the mobile equipment and dead equipment to an area near the beach, with the aid of three QM trucks. This required most of the night. The following morning we transferred the equipment to our bivouac area inland.

Tech Supply was, more or less, on the move from St. Tropez until we reached Dole. At this location we set up and went to work with a combined Tech Supply of the 328th PCS and the 82nd PCS, under the supervision of Major Lomax. We made several AN-VRC-1 installations, put 16 jeeps into the field of operations with the various Corps, and two half-tracks for forward fighter controls. Conditions were .very poor; it rained most of the time, giving us a bivouac area of mud often eight inches deep. There was frequently a high wind that blew the tents this 4 way and that, and the stakes would not hold because they were driven into rock. The situation, for the kind and amount of work, was far from ideal.

We did much maintenance work on VHP and HF equipment, power units, DF locations, and GCI stations. The corps areas were just beginning to make demands for equipment and maintenance. From that point, we placed VHP maintenance personnel and HF vans and power units with the corps controls, all of which were supplied and maintained from Tech Supply.

On Thanksgiving day, 1944, Tech Supply packed up in a downpour of rain and moved to Luneville, France, to set up again for operations. While here, another corps came into being, and we supplied them with the necessary equipment and maintenance for operations. At this time many drives were made by the Seventh Army and French First Army; and the supply and maintenance problems were adequately handled. We were responsible for 100 power units, 16 radio jeeps, two halftracks, 14 DF vans, five 299 radio vans, 15 SCR-573 vans, 15 SCR-574 vans, three SCR-572 vans, and VHP maintenance in three corps areas.

We were called upon to supply both equipment and personnel to all the Corps areas. We also were used as a clearing house for personnel coming and going— both enlisted men and officers—for forward fighter control work, both from our organization and outside organizations, as fighter groups were supplying men as controllers and operators at various divisions. We had the order from Major Lomax to check all equipment and also to train personnel of an armored division, then at Luneville, before they went into the line, to see that the radio equipment was operational and that the personnel knew their job.

We were at this time remoting jeeps for operations that could be remoted up to five miles. We also remoted all VHP equipment in the corps CP and made a remote changeover in all the Ops areas.

On the drive across the Rhine, we were at the corps areas constantly, both from a supply and maintenance standpoint. We were called upon both by the CP commander and the VHP maintenance personnel in their respective CP areas.

Much of the work to be done depended upon the men's past experience, and the odds and ends that were picked up along the route as we went along. Supply depots often did not have what we needed, or red tape had to be cut, to keep in operation. Over a period of four months in Luneville, we did much in helping the armies, from a VHP, HF and DF standpoint, to come out on the winning end.

Wre packed up and moved from Luneville in April, to Pdenkoben, Germany, where we continued in our capacity of supply and maintenance until we moved to Schwabisch Hall, Germany, from which place we carried on until the end of the war—on May 8, 1945.

We are now in the process of survey and inventory of our equipment. Much is to be done, as all equipment has to be operational and in the best possible shape.

In contrast with the small amount of radio equipment with which we emerged upon the European theater of operations, we now find that our inventoried equipment today, in part, includes: Forty-three vans, VHP, HF and DF; eight jeeps, two halftracks, 39 power units, bothPE-95's andPE-99's; 24PE-75's, plus the present enlarged personnel.

The following men of the 82nd, concerned with Tech Supply, Radio maintenance and Motor Maintenance, are included in the list of men who have done invaluable work in their own respective capacities: M/Sgt. Watson, control chief; M/Sgt. Wilson, communications chief; S/Sgt. Kissinger, Tech Supply NCO; Sgt. Modzelewski, Signal section; S/Sgt. Harold Edwards, liaison, supply to demand; Pfc. Thomas Holsenbeck, clerk.

Motor maintenance: Sgts. Dudek, Amore, Nickell, Shuster and Askren.

Radio maintenance: T/Sgt. Bischoff, Sgts. Massey and Wardell and Cpls. Dunn and Wood.

82nd PCS left March Field, California, in January, 1943, headed for Camp Kilmer, New Jersey, which was a jumping-off place for the ETO. At that time the transportation section consisted solely of five 299 vans and five one ton trailers, in which were mounted the power units that supplied the radio equipment. These were shipped directly to the New YorkP.O.E., and then to Oran, Africa, where we first set foot on foreign soil, on February 21.

We drew our first consignment of vehicles at La Senia, including seven radio vans, two semi-trucks and trailers, seven general purpose jeeps, and 14 one-ton cargo trailers. All vehicles were immediately given a general inspection, under the motor sergeant's supervision. After all of the vans and trucks had been thoroughly checked, the trailers were loaded with the equipment we had on hand. The trailers were hooked to the vehicles, whic'.i were then lined up for convoy. Two drivers were select d for each vehicle, and we left La Senia the following morning.

When we had covered approximately thirty miles of the trip, it began to rain; the roads became quite slick and hazardous. As we rounded a curve, we hit an especially slick spot and spun around in the center of the road several times. There was no damage to the vehicles, and no one was injured.

About noon we stopped a short while for lunch, consisting of a truck load of cold C-rations. After finishing the appetizing snack, we headed in the general direction of Algiers. It was approximately five o'clock when Clebak and I noticed our oil gauge gradually going down. Luckily, the convoy commander, Captain Cromartie, decided to stop for a quick check, and we took the opportunity to examine the motor. The squadron mechanics, Cpls. Pratt and Ridgeway, found that our oil filter cover had somehow worked loose; we tightened it and filled it with oil, and were on our way again.

While this repair work was in progress, Capt. Cromartie and Lt. Joseph decided to split the convoy. The trucks would proceed to Algiers, and the jeeps would continue on to Tebessa, where we were supposed to pitch our camp. The loaded trailers were quickly transferred from the vans to the jeeps, and each convoy started for its respective destination.
Darkness was beginning to fall, and Capt. Cromartie led our convoy to a parking area to spend the night. Arabs swarmed all around us like hungry vultures, begging for cigarettes or trying to sell us Arab souvenirs. We awoke at daylight the following morning, devoured more C-rations, and hit the road on our merry way. From the time we left the truck convoy until we arrived at

our destination, no moss grew under the wheels. Heavily loaded as we were, we never traveled less than 50 miles per hour.

Only one mishap marred the entire trip, and that occurred about three o'clock in the afternoon. As we were winding our way through the mountains, Glen Sandefur and Dick Hanes were going around a sharp S-curve, when their trailer upset and scattered barracks bags for a couple hundred yards along the highway. Meanwhile, Sandefur immediately leaped from the vehicle and dashed back to the curve to warn the other jeeps, to avoid a collision with the overturned trailer. The drivers had quite a job bringing their vehicles to a stop without skidding off the road and over the mountainside. We all went to work at once to right the upset trailer and reload the barracks bags. After a quick check to assess the damage, we were off again.

We pulled into a convoy refueling point about six o'clock, and secured directions to the nearest parking area. We found an open field with nearly three inches of water covering the surface. Capt. Cromartie surveyed the scene with disfavor and decided to search for a more suitable camp; his trailer was unhooked, and he drove further along the highway. A short while later, he and the driver returned to bring us glad tidings that they located an area to the rear of a large schoolhouse in town. The convoy followed him to a huge patio with a concrete floor, where we spread our bedding rolls for the night.

The next evening found us in the general vicinity of Kasserine Pass. Even though we could hear the sound of gunfire quite close, we made camp in a large field, which we later discovered was a part of MesserSchmitt Lane. About seven o'clock on the following morning, a Major approached us with the suggestion that we leave the area immediately because conditions weren't too secure around there. Capt. Cromartie had been searching the surrounding area for the rendezvous spot, where we were scheduled to join the rest of our squadron. When he returned, we left for Pine Grove, Thelepte. Here, we picked up the remainder of our general purpose vehicles, which were scattered through the woods. One vehicle was so well camou-flaged that it took us three days to find it.

We remained there just a few days, and then moved to Tebessa, where we stayed for four months. As soon as we had moved, the 64th Fighter Wing took all of our vehicles except two jeeps, one two and a half ton truck, one weapons carrier, and one carryall.

At this time we were notified of a large shipment of equipment that was awaiting us at Tellergma, and Capt. Cromartie and Lt. Joseph went at once to collect it. They requisitioned 21 two and a half ton trucks, and secured sufficient drivers to haul the equipment. At Constantine, the drivers received orders to remain; therefore, 21 men from the squadron were sent out to bring the trucks back to camp. After unloading the trucks, we had to return them to an ordnance company at Constantine. Glen Sandefur drove our only two and a half to bring our drivers back. Enroute to Constantine he went off the road and upset the truck, leaving us without the sorely needed G.M.C. It required two months for the ordnance to repair the vehicle.

From Tebessa, the squadron moved to Cape Bon, a distance of nearly 350 miles. It took three convoys of eight trucks each to haul our equipment, and an additional convoy to take the personnel and their belongings. The transportation boys were on the road nearly every day, and our mechanics performed all the repairs at night. The last convoy had to make a detour at Medjez el Bab, with the result that five of the eight trucks got off on the wrong road. The other three vehicles continued on to another town, where we stopped for a check-up on the convoy. We waited for two hours, and finally decided to continue'on to Tebessa and join the others there. We arrived about ten o'clock, and the other five trucks drove in shortly after midnight, after their trip by way of Constantine.

On the return trip to Cape Bon, Cpl. Ball endured five flat tires, the last one occurring at Tunis. None of the trucks had any spare tires left, and we decided to leave the truck there for the night, and get the tires repaired in the morning. Ball and I remained in Tunis, and sent the rest of the convoy ahead. We located an army garage in the city and borrowed enough tools to make the necessary repairs.

Upon completion of this move, all of our vehicles had to be given a thorough inspection and overhaul.

The 64th Fighter Wing had returned our other trucks to us, and they needed quite a deal of repair also. When we had finished the job, we were notified of our prospective participation in the invasion of Sicily. Several of our radio vans went ashore four hours after the first wave of assault troops. The landing was made at Gela beach, and it was necessary to deflate the truck tires to 15 pounds to prevent them from sinking in the soft beach sand.

Our first general purpose vehicles went in on D-plus-2, one command car and two weapons carriers. They were driven by Pvt. Mendenhall and Pvt. Rudi (now corporal and sergeant respectively) and myself. Our first job was to remove all of the waterproofing material from the trucks and vans.

On w eek later the remainder of the outfit came ashore, and once again we labored through the process of preparing the vehicles for another move. From Gela we convoyed to Milazzo, where we were staged for the invasion of the Italian mainland. The next evening after our arrival at the staging area, we were on the boats and headed for Salerno, where we landed one day later. We stepped onto Italian soil at Red Beach, amidst heavy artillery fire and air raids; but, we suffered no casualties.

Our bivouac area was spotted in a wooded area, with the motor pool at the rear of the camp. As soon as Naples was taken, we moved to St. Antirno, a li.ttle village about nine miles north of Naples, where we carried on the war for nine more months. We enjoyed a very pleasant setup, with a separate building for transportation personnel. Our werkshop was a large storage tent, for which we built a sturdy frame, enabling us to drive inside to work on the vehicles during rainy days. The squadron wrecker was backed into one end so that the hoist would be available at all times.

At this time all of our general purpose vehicles began to show signs of wear, and the motors needed a great deal of maintenance. Since the Air Force ordnances were not able to handle our requests, we were forced to look to the ground forces for our parts. A great share of the credit goes to Sgt. Ridge-way, whose ability in oratory helped us through many difficult situations. He managed to secure sufficient parts for us to keep all trucks in good shape. We installed new motors, brakes, and repainted all of the vehicles while at this place.

One radio unit, under S/Sgt. Stratmann, was sent to Trevico, a distance of 100 miles from St. Antimo, and was located on the top of the highest mountain. The first attempt to get a van to the top resulted in a burned-up motor in the DF van. It is quite difficult to explain all of the routes that had to be traveled in order to reach some of these outlying units. There were treacherous curves, steep hills, blown bridges, river bed roads, high inclines (which required chains), wagon trails through wheat fields and pastureland, and every sort of natural obstacle that depreciated the efficiency of the vehicles. Trips to this one unit itself burned out three motors from our G.M.C.'s, and one from a weapons carrier.

During the winter months our trucks were snow-bound two or three days at a time; and they had to dig and winch their way through the deep drifts.

From St. Antimo we rode in convoy to San Felice for a new location. There were only two incidents on this trip in which our vehicles failed to perform in admirable style. One truck fell out of the convoy with light trouble, and a weapons carrier was upset near a blown bridge. There were no casualties, and the trip was otherwise uneventful.

Our next move was to Rocca di Papa, where we remained only a short time. The entire squadron headquarters proceeded to Orbetello, about 110 miles north of Rome. We carried on our usual repair work; and the job became more extensive because of the bad roads and ever increasing mishaps.

When next we moved—to Santa Maria—for the French invasion, we found ourselves immersed in plenty of work. All of the vehicles had to be checked and overhauled to prevent any breakdowns during the landing operations. On the boats, all of our heavy trucks were stored in the hold, and our jeeps and command cars were placed on the decks.

A short time after we landed at St. Tropez, our transportation section moved to Dole, which was 500 miles north. We covered 300 miles the first day. About three o'clock in the afternoon, a DF van broke a piston and had to be towed the remainder of the way. We stopped at a convenient convoy parking area for the night, and made the other 200 miles the next day. We experienced our worst working conditions at Dole. Our motor pool was located on a hillside; the mud became axle deep after each rain, and chains were a necessity. Since it rained practically every day, we had to pull all the wheels on our trucks to keep the brakes in working order.

All of us were a happy bunch when we shipped off to Luneville. where we proudly claimed a dry garage and ample living quarters. The only unfortunate occurrence during this period was an automobile accident, involving Pfc. Anthony Domkowski, one of our drivers. He died from the injuries the following day, while the other occupant, S/Sgt. Faullin, was hospitalized. The vehicle was a total wreck and we turned it in for salvage.

Our next stop was at Edenkoben, Germany, where once more we had extreme difficulty in securing spare parts for the trucks. The nearest ordnance was 45 miles away, and they seldom carried what we required. However, we continued to keep the vehicles rolling; and we are presently in Schwabisch Hall with nearly all of our original African issue. Minor repairs still cause us some trouble, but we manage to maintain an excellent standard. All of our vehicles will average between 40 and 50 thousand miles, and we have presently only two on dead line, which are waiting for new motors. From Africa to Germany, the transportation section of the squadron has per-formed an admirable job in keeping the trucks on the road, whenever and wherever they were needed.

On February 15, 1943, Lts. Muller and Brown left La Senia airport, (near Oran), in a convoy that included special vehicles, such as bomb carriers, gasoline trucks, and tractors, the trailers of which were loaded with 100, 500, and 1000 pound bombs. A portion of this equipment was left off at Maison Blanche airfield, (south of Algiers), where the convoy personnel spent the night.

It was here that Lt. Brown, and the enlisted men with him, experienced their first large-scale air attack. Not only was this airfield attacked, but also Algiers, which was bombed. Enemy Luftwaffe flares, and the light cast by our ack-ack barrage, illuminated the sky for miles. All this was observed from our semi sheltered position in the ditch! Now and then, a Luftwaffe aircraft would go down in flames. Within the next two days deliveries were made at Tellergma, Setif, Ain Mlilah, Constantine, Youks Les Bains, Ain Beida, and to a small town some miles east of Thelepte. German aircraft appeared, strafing the roads, inflicting casualties and destroying equipment. It was a high moment for the enemy: the Luftwaffe had air supremacy; and the Afrika Korps, under General Rommel, had broken through our lines. An American infantry battalion was annihilated, and a French battalion withdrew, suffering 800 casualties.

Defensive action was such at Thelepte that the convoy officers were informed that preparations were being made to destroy any equipment that could not be evacuated, and that the convoy personnel should fly out with their personnel as soon as possible.

Consequently, arrangements for a C-47 transport, with a Spitfire escort, were made the next day, at the Youks Les Bains airport. At about 1500 hours the party landed at the La Senia airport in Oran.

During the convoy trip Lt. Brown, and the enlisted personnel, (all from the Scott Field and the 5th Command schools of communication), had an opportunity to see how the forward bases operated. There was no central fighter control system. Each base, or field, relied on its own

local installations. The need of coordinating and centralizing the operations and control of these bases was glaringly obvious.

On March 1, 1943, the entire personnel, excepting Lt. Muller, were transferred to the 82nd Fighter Control Squadron, commanded by Lt. Lomax, (now Major). Fifteen days later the 82nd PCS left for Thelepte, Tunisia, to set up the first American fighter control system to operate in close cooperation of the ground forces, (as well as of the air forces), in either the Mediterranean or the European war theaters. Within five days the fighter control system was operational, with the control center located at the Thelepte airfield. Later on, an operation was set up at Sbeitla, in the Kasserine Pass; and to provide a third station, Lt. Brown, and a detachment, set up a VHF-DF and an HF radio station north of Sbeitla.

Enemy air action was often spent in an effort to locate our station. The Luftwaffe made regular 1800 and 2200 hours daily sorties, circling the base of the hill upon which our station was located. Mines, sown in the neighboring fields and roadsides also contributed to our war hazards.
On April 10, Lt. Brown, and two crews, set up a DF station near Maktar, Tunisia. On May 20, the station and the personnel moved to Korba, on Cape Bon. Here the crews went out on location, and Lt. Brown assisted the Third Air Defense Wing in setting up operations to cover the coming invasion of the islands of Pantelleria and Sicily.

immediately after the surrender of the Germans in Africa, plans were started for the invasion of Conti-nental Europe. To insure the success of these plans, it was necessary that our forces neutralize, and take certain of the Mediterranean islands. One of these strategic islands was Pantelleria. This was an Italian island, and for several years Mussolini had been preparing it as one of his major Mediterranean bases. It was known that there were several thousand Italian troops on the island, and that the island was strong with natural and constructed defenses. It was anticipated that the task of taking Pantel-leria was going to be a tough assignment.

For two weeks prior to D-Day, large numbers of strategic and tactical bombers had dropped thou-sands of bombs on the island. This was to be a test of the Air Forces' ability to neutralize a given area so the land forces could move in with relatively small casualties.

The invasion forces included an operational unit from the Third Air Defense Wing, later to become the 64th Fighter Wing. It was the mission of this unit to set up an operations room, radar reporting net, VHP communications with aircraft and radio communications with the mainland. The operational equipment assigned to the unit consisted of two transmitters and two receiver vans (SCR-573 and SCR-574), one DF fixer van (SCR-575), two SCR-602 radar stations, two British GCI stations, HF radios and cryptographic equipment.

The personnel was taken from the Wing Headquarters Squadron, 82nd Fighter Control Squadron and a Signal Air Warning battalion. Major A. N. Selby, Wing senior controller, was the commanding officer; Captains Bailey, Epps and Scheftel were the controllers, and Lt. Chapman

was the communications officer. T-Sgt. Janeway was in charge of the VHP installations, and T-Sgt. Hannon was in charge of the DF fixer station.

About June 1, 1943, the party moved into the staging area at Sousse, and set up camp in an olive grove on the outskirts of the city. The next few days were uneventful. Most of us were "sweating out" our first invasion and, naturally, were not very happy about whole situation.

D-Day was set for June 11, and we were ordered aboard ship on the afternoon of June 10. Our unit was split up on three ships.

Captain Bailey Major Selby and Capt. Epps were aboard the control ship, HMS Largs; Capt. Scheftel and a party were on the standby control ship, HMS Ulsterman, and Capt. Bailey, Lt. Chapman, and the initial landing party, were on a British LCI.

The convoy reached the vicinity of the island on the morning of June 11, and stood offshore while the bombings continued and the warships shelled defense positions. The continued bombings had their effect, and the commanding officer, an Italian admiral, surrendered Pantelleria without a fight. The initial landing party went ashore soon after the surrender, and by early afternoon everyone had been landed. The objective had been taken without casualties, and we were very thankful that our fears of a hard fight had not materialized.

Immediately after landing, Capt. Bailey and Lt. Chapman started searching for a suitable location. While on this mission they found themselves between a party of British soldiers and a small force of Italian soldiers who had not learned of the surrender. For a minute these two were in the middle of a small battle. However, this situation soon cleared when the Italians gave up.

The operational site was a small house and yard on the edge of the town. An SCR-522 and radar plotting board were set up in one room. And everything was operational by midnight.

Fighter cover was being furnished from airfields on Cape Bon. This fighter cover was really needed, as evidenced by the fact that there were three separate bombing raids in the harbor and port area the first day we were operational. Little, if any, damage was done, but it interfered with, and slowed down, unloading operations. During the first few days, the German air force made from three to five raids per day on the port area and shipping in the vicinity. From the first day we were in operation, we were in contact with the port commander by telephone, and gave warning of all raids coming in, so that they were never surprised by any of the raids. Thus all ships and AA guns were alerted and ready to greet the German raiders with plenty of shells and bullets. These raids were all made by ME-109's and FW-190's which were very fast and difficult to hit, although some of them were shot down.

One amusing incident that occurred on the second day of operations when an air raid came in was provided by Capt. Scheftel, who made a 10-foot jump into a bomb crater, landing on Capt.

Bailey and Sgt. Hannon, both of whom thought a bomb had nailed them, until they were able to identify the projectile as Capt. Scheftel.

After a couple of day's operation near the port we moved our operations to a high hill, approximately two miles away, and utilized Italian barracks there. Upon exploring, we found that the Italians had constructed barracks for enlisted men and small buildings of two rooms each, for officer's quarters. They had dug into the hill and built an operations center from which they controlled all their guns and directed the defense of the island. Theirs was a rather elaborate set-up, with numerous telephones and considerable radio equipment. The main operations room was about 20 feet square and had three entrances, all of which had gas-proof doors, as well as a waiting chamber, also with gas-proof doors, and was nearly 50 feet underground. This was ideal for us as soon as it had been cleaned and the necessary equipment installed, so we moved in and used it for our Ops room. One of the biggest obstacles we encountered in cleaning up and installing our equipment was the fleas, of which there was an unlimited supply of large, hungry ones.

After 10 days, we had all of our equipment operating from the tunnel, and the AA had moved in and set up their guns and their own Ops room, with which we had direct telephone communication for use by their liaison officer. At this time, a squadron of aircraft moved in and became operational from the airfield on the island. Meanwhile, the fighter patrols from Cape Bon were discontinued and the local aircraft scrambled to intercept hostile raids coming to the island. At the end of three weeks, an entire group of aircraft was moved to the island, and they began flying missions to Sicily. This was the beginning of the air assault of Sicily, to prepare for the ground forces invasion.

The beginning of this procedure meant that the personnel at the Ops had to place emphasis on air-sea rescue. This had been considered a secondary duty in the past, but now it became one of our primary functions. At the height of the air assault we picked up and rescued one or more pilots every day. Thus, the lives of highly-trained personnel were saved and the morale of pilots and crew members raised, as they knew if they could not get back to Pantelleria or Africa, but were able to get back far enough to get down on the water, they stood an excellent chance of being rescued, and escaping imprisonment by the Italians or Germans. Some of the rescued pilots were picked up only a mile or so from the coast of Sicily, by aircraft controlled from an Ops room.

For the invasion of Sicily we provided navigational aid to the fleets of aircraft carrying paratroops and towing gliders to Sicily. For the first few days of the invasion of Sicily we continued to direct air-sea rescue work over the territory, from the assault area to Cape Bon Africa. Several pilots were rescued during this period, and up until the fighter groups moved to Sicily and began operating from there. Operations rooms were set up in Sicily by the time the fighter groups moved there. Then operations were shifted to Sicily and the Ops in Pantelleria faded out of the picture. During its operation it had rescued between 25 and 30 pilots forced down at sea, and provided navigational aid to a large number of damaged and lost aircraft to save other pilots and crews, as well as valuable and expensive equipment.

Operations were closed at Pantelleria on August 12, and personnel and equipment removed from the island to Sicily on August 13.

Part of Operations 1 of the 82nd Fighter Control Iron, together with a portion of the 64th Fighter Wing and the 2691st Provisional Signal Air Warning Battalion, landed on the beach at Salerno on D-Day and D-plus-two. All of the above mentioned units were scheduled to land on D-Day, but owing to a breakdown in shipping facilities, these intentions were not carried out. To the best of the writer's knowledge, these units with the equipment and personnel were divided among six LST's; subsequently, some of the personnel assigned to these ships were transported on LCT's due to the fact that the other assault boats were not available. This unit contained 9 officers, 78 enlisted men, and the following radio equipment: one SCR-572, two SCR-299, three SCR-573, three SCR-574, three SCR-575, three weapons carriers, two jeeps, and two trucks.

Headquarters was set up, and the entire unit was operational at 1300 hours on the third day. From that time, the ground control took over operations from the headquarters control ship USS Ancon and the stand-by ship HMS Hilary. The operations block was set up well in advance of our own artillery positions, and very close to those of the enemy—due to the narrowness of the bridgehead during the first few days. The headquarters ship USS Ancon remained off-shore for approximately ten days, and the stand-by ship HMS HILARY for approximately 24 days, in case the personnel and equipment of the land based operations were injured and destroyed by enemy action.

There were some casualties caused by enemy shells bursting in the bivouac area of the various units and also in the vicinity of the transmitter and receiver vans. One shell went through a building adjacent to that of the operations room without causing any damage; but, apart from this, operations went unhampered. From the time that the 64th Fighter Wing took over, some 60 fighter aircraft were being handled during all daylight hours, in addition to a large number of fighter-bombers. All of these aircraft were based in Sicily until a few days after the landing. It was an extraordinary job of coordination because the beaches were never left unprotected during daylight hours.

The Commanding General of the Wing then made a very courageous decision in ordering the Spitfires and A-36 fighter-bombers to commence operating from the beachhead area very soon after D-Day. This materially accelerated the success at Salerno. This was an extremely grave decision because the airports on which the fighter-bombers were to be based were under shellfire constantly. But, in the General's own words, "The way to stop the shellfire is to bring the fighter and fighter-bombers in to accomplish that."

In the first day, all of the fighter-bombers were given their instructions over radio-telephone by the controller, according to the orders which the controller received from the operations section of the Wing. In one case, a tobacco factory, some two miles from the operations control room, was knocked out, and was subsequently found to have housed two 88-mm guns and 300

German soldiers. Had this mission been un-successful, many more casualties would have been suffered than actually were.

At subsequent periods, the entire personnel of the 82nd Fighter Control Squadron arrived at the Salerno beachhead. During the second day of the landing, Major Selby, Wing senior controller, made a courageous reconnoitering trip to the north of Salerno in order to ascertain whether or not it would be feasible to place an operations block on Sorrento peninsula. This was found to be impossible at the time, because the road to the peninsula was constantly under shell-fire, and the enemy was in possession of the desired high ground. Because of this fact, radar and VHP coverage at Salerno were somewhat restricted. In the case of VHP, it was not possible to contact aircraft at a very low altitude on the northeast and east of the beachhead.

For some days, the situation was very precarious. But the splendid coordination between the ground forces and the air forces improved the situation, and the success of the landing was assured. Operations ceased in the vicinity of Salerno on October 9th, 1943, and all personnel and equipment proceeded to the Naples area the following day. Operations were commenced in Frattamaggiore, Italy, and by October llth the new control room was operationally "on the air".
aptain Exelby in his personal notes described the invasion of Salerno and the aftermath thus:
"On Thursday morning a small Italian submarine surfaced alongside our convoy, and gave itself up. Our little torpedo boat escort went out and gathered it in, and he followed us along into port. His red, white and green flag was clearly visible as he came by us. I imagine the crew were glad the war is over for them.

"Our trip lasted about 24 hours. We got the news just before embarking that Italy had surrendered, so we figured the invasion would be more or less of a picnic; it turned out to be not quite that, although it hasn't been bad so far.

"The night we came in, we threaded our way in through a mass of ships. We could see a number of buildings burning on the shore as we came in but nobody seemed to know whether we were going to land at night or wait until the next morning. However, we seemed to be getting pretty close lo shore, so I hopped into our vehicle. There was a shudder as we grazed a nearby boat — a gentle thud as we hit the sand. The ramp dropped down and we drove off onto the beach of Italy. The road was good, and well marked, but was quite crowded with vehicles. We hadn't been off the boat but a few minutes and were stalled by traffic when the Jerries came over. As the popular phrase has it 'Hell busted loose'. The tracers floated upward in red, glowing strings—heavy ack-ach thundered and burst in the sky—and then the heavy 'crump', and flares as the bombs burst. We jumped out of the vehicles and crouched in the ditch, but nothing was hit—neither us nor any ships.

"As I am writing this, the Jerries were trapped in a wooded area one-half to one and one-half miles away. British 25 pounders blazed away in a big circle in back of us, and occasionally a

German shell comes whistling across over our heads. Planes drone overhead constantly, practically all of them ours; formations of P-38's, Spits and A-36's. They sound very good, too.
"September 14.: Well, we are in our fifth day in Italy. It has been rough here in a way. We have been sitting between the heavy guns of both sides for five days now. It's not so bad to listen to your own guns roar, and then hear the swish and whine of the shell over your head. I've heard them called 'express trains' in someone's writing, and that's not a bad description—they really make an impressive sound as they go rushing through the air. What is really disconcerting however, is to hear them whine in and give a loud crack as they burst. About that time, you immediately cease what you are doing, and burrow into a foxhole.

"I watched one go through the roof of a barn about a hundred yards away and it threw quite a bit of dust and tile about. We moved out of that area shortly after that, for which I was glad.

"September 17: Well, I have finished a week under shellfire, and am well into the eighth day. I am standing it pretty well, as are most of the boys. A few are pretty well shot to pieces. The day before yesterday a shell burst near one of the vans, and cut one of the men 'in the groin, and another lad lost a couple of fingers. It was bad, but could have been worse.

"Yesterday morning I was awakened at 0545 by machine-gun fire, and it surely did sound close. I got up rather perturbed, but things quieted down after awhile. It turned out later there was a tank battle a couple of miles down the road.

"In my return from the I.C. there were some very nasty shells bursting along the far edge of the airport about half a mile from us. In my return to our area, they had shifted their range and they were dropping about 200 yards from us. Those things have a mean crack and throw up quite a cloud of dust when they hit."

7e left the staging area on September 8 and went to get on the LST's. We got all loaded and under way at about 1830 hours in the evening. We were on our way on one of the most exciting adventures of our ives. We did what we could for eats, and we all slept as best we could. We all knew that we would have a rough day ahead of us. In the morning we got up about six and went up to the deck. We didn't see any part of Italy until about 9 a. m.

That first glimpse of Italy was very strange. We could see some far-away flashes and a lot of smoke going up at many places. There were all kinds of boats around us. We saw three aircraft carriers and many other kinds of fighting craft. The Navy was shelling the hell out of the Jerries in the hills, and we had never heard such loud explosions. We landed about ten o'clock and went to find a good spot for our bivouac area. I had orders from our commanding officer to proceed about three miles inland, and then wait for him. We waited about a half hour, watching the artillery going to town. It was good to see our own artillery open up on those Jerries that were trying to blow us off the roads. We waited, and soon Major Lomax came along—and then we followed.

He took us to a place that looked very peaceful, along a row of tall, green trees. There was a big Mark IV German tank close by, that had been hit hard and burned. There were many graves, and they all seemed to be English. There was dead livestock all over the place, probably killed by artillery fire. A Limey came along and told us that the Germans were advancing toward our location, and that we had better get the hell out of there. Our CO and an intelligence officer went to investigate the situation. They came back in a hell of a hurry and told me to get the men ready to leave within five minutes. I did!!

We moved out of there in such a hurry that I lost my shirt. I was taking a bath, when we were told to move. Another of our officers, Captain Scheftel, lost his helmet in the rush. I guess that I could have sold him mine for a good sum. We drove about ten miles to the north; and all that time the German artillery was trying to get the roads. We were all scared as hell, but the excitement of the moment was very thrilling.

We drove towards Montecorvino airport, and we had a rough time getting through a narrow place in the road, where a shell had hit one of our tanks. We finally got through and proceeded toward the airfield. There were a lot of German planes on the field still intact. The whole field was being bombed and shelled all the time. The Germans were trying to keep us away from it. We moved on, and drove about two miles past the airport into a walnut grove, and bivouacked there. All night and all the next day the shells from our artillery were going overhead, and the shells from the Jerry guns were coming towards us. In a way, we were lucky that we were somewhere in between. For the moment, we were safe; but I knew that when the Germans would start to move back that the shells would drop into our camp.

The convoy of troopships and Liberties lay scattered about on the grey sea off St. Tropez point on the coast of Southern France. On August 15, the USS Catoctin, Control Ship and Flagship of the Mediterranean Fleet Commander, Admiral Pruett, entered the Bay of St. Tropez and dropped anchor opposite the small-boat breakwater. Throughout the day, land mines exploded on shore and fighter aircraft patrolled the sky continually.

Down on B-deck, in the streamlined joint operations room, the proceedings were normally busy. High-ranking officers visited the nerve center frequently to pick up first-hand reports of the land fighting, and gave information there which sent air cooperation to Red Beach, Green Beach, or any of the landings as needed. And as this operation included the use of aircraft carrier cooperation, Navy liaison officers were present to aid the controllers in their use.

On deck, Navy gun crews continually manned their stations, alert for any emergency. Speedy PT boats shuttled back and forth from the control ship's side, and many distinguished visitors climbed the swaying gangplank to the quarterdeck, among them the Secretary of the Navy, Forrestal.

In the stern crew compartments, aft of the crew mess, men were crowded together to make room for the additional personnel, including special army and navy combat teams, Ops room technicians, and other transient passengers. In this crowded state, which also included officers'

quarters, the men not on duty spent any leisure time on the aft deck, smoking and "shooting the breeze".

The following day, August 16, was much the same as the previous one, with the exception that a few scattered reports came in concerning hostile aircraft in the vicinity. Each report was carefully investigated by our own fighters and the potential raid chased away.

Towards the evening of that day, the small boats were secured alongside two PT boats and the ship's landing craft, and nothing unusual had yet taken place. Men were on the aft deck as usual, watching the boats below and talking with their crews. In the operations room, Beaufighters were being plotted, after checking in, and a stray P-38 swept down over the ships at anchor. Immediately the ship's guns began firing at the aircraft, which was almost impossible to identify in the late dusk. Orders were given to cease firing at the P-38, when, in swept another twin-engined aircraft at mast height. It was seen to be a JU-88, and a long string of anti-personnel bombs straddled the stern of the Catoctin. As the men saw aircraft, some managed to get inside the bulkhead doors, but most of them were on deck when the bombs hit. The string of bombs also fell across the two PT boats alongside, killing one man, and a tender on the landing craft jumped into the sea, was swept under the stern, and was killed by the boat's whirling propeller.
On the aft deck, one man received a direct hit, another two were killed by close bursts of flying shrapnel, and another died the following day from his wounds. A score or more were wounded in varying degrees, but were expected to recover.

Fortunately, the ship had a modern hospital with fine surgery, and the medical staff gave the wounded men immediate attention. The crew's mess had been set up as an emergency dressing station, and the injured were brought there when casualties overflowed from the crowded surgery. The Navy medics worked smoothly and efficiently, and their expert handling no doubt saved others of the more serious cases.

On examination of the after deck, sometime later it could easily be seen where small pieces of shrapnel had chipped and scarred the paint and made deep grooves in the steel plating. After this unfortunate incident, all allied aircraft were instructed not to fly over the shipping in the harbors.
n November 19, 1944, I reported to Headquarters, XII TAG on orders from XII AIR FORCE and was immediately assigned to 64th Fighter Wing and from there to the 82nd Fighter Control Squadron and detailed to duty with DAKOTA (2131), then at Rosieres, France, as a Night Fighter Controller.

I reported to this station and immediately took up my duties and have continued with this station to the present time. The work for a short while proved to be routine, consisting of placing the night fighters under our control, the 415thNightFighter Squadron, in position to carry out intruder missions. At that time Wing policy was that first priority be given • these missions as enemy activity was very slight. Our only mishaps were occasional bursts of flak from friendly ack-ack firing at us from locations of which we had no knowledge. During this period

my associate controller and I made an effort to have the pilots and observers in the squadron come out to the station and see our operations, to learn our capabilities and limitations, and, in turn, for us to learn theirs. We were successful to some extent and during this period several crews came out, among whom were Travel 15, 33, 37, 38, 42 and 43.

About the 15th of December, as the Battle of the Bulge began and feeler thrusts began in the Strass-bourg area, enemy aerial activity in our area increased and gradually the emphasis changed from intruder work to patrol missions. This transition came to a climax, when XII TAG Headquarters, then at Mire-court, France, was strafed and bombed. We were then given permission to hold any night fighter, regardless of mission, for patrol without specific orders to do so.

This policy finally bore fruit, when, on December 27, 1944, I received credit for my first kill, a JU-88. As this was also the first kill for the station, excitement was at fever pitch.

This feeling was short lived, as on December 31, 1944, Travel 18, the night fighter on patrol was shot down, resulting in the loss of both pilot and observer, while investigating an unidentified aircraft in my area, which turned out to be a B-17 on a mission from England. Faulty liaison caused the disaster and the ironical fact was that one minute after Travel 18 was shot down the notification of this flight through our area by the B-17 was received by Control Center 2, under whom this station was operating.

Shortly thereafter, enemy activity subsided and the night fighters went back on intruder missions. We still had authority to hold them off of missions where deemed necessary but the occasion to do so seldom arose. I controlled, on several chases, on unidentified aircraft which turned out to be friendly, or which proved to be too fast for our Beaufighters, with which the 415th was equipped, to overtake and obtain a visual. I also aided in the emergency landing of friendly bombers from England at airfields in our area which had been shot up while on bombing raids over Germany.

On March 3, 1945, about 0530, I was advised by Control Center 2, that a hostile aircraft was coming into our territory and that a nightfighter which we had sent on an intruder mission was being recalled and that I was to take over control as soon as I picked him up. I contacted the nightfighter, Travel 33, with whom, incidentally, I had obtained my first kill and at 0550 picked up the aircraft, identified as hostile. The chase began and at 0600 a contact was obtained. At 0610 Travel 33 called requesting return to base and announced that he had identified the aircraft as an FW-200, a four engine bomber, and had shot it down. Investigation of the wreckage (it was shot down in friendly territory) proved it to be a B-17 but, nevertheless, hostile, as six Germans were removed from the wreckage, five of them alive. Interrogation by First TAP revealed the fact that this aircraft was one of two the Germans had and had used it to drop agents on the Russian front and had just transferred to our front for the same purpose. This was the maiden flight for them on our front. They admitted that they had dropped six agents and their equipment before they were shot down, two of whom, I later learned, were captured in the Nancy area.

That kill was to prove to be my last during this war. From that date my work was once again routine. I had occasion in several instances to aid in the saving of several of the nightfighters with whom we lost contact after putting them out on intruder missions because of radio failure in their planes. In one instance, no station or control center had any information as to the whereabouts of one nightfighter and supposed him to still be over Germany. Due to mutual knowledge learned on the visits of the pilots to our station, mentioned earlier in this report, I realized that a plane I saw in our area was the nightfighter and was in trouble, since my efforts to contact him were unavailing. I immediately called Control Center 2 to have candles (searchlights) turned on in the area and at his base and led him home by means of these. The pilot reported he was almost out of fuel and ready to bail out when he spotted the lights, so we were at least instrumental in saving the aircraft.

During this period also, at the suggestion of the technical officer of the station, Mr. SPENCE, as to the solution of technical difficulties, I tried an experiment which proved to 'be very successful. Mass friendly raids passing through our area on their way to and from Germany would drop "windows"inorder to blank out German radar stations. In the process they also blanked us out completely, and while the "windows" remained we were unable to work. As this happened many times as the nightfighters were on their way out and, more important, from our standpoint, on their way back to base and it was the duty of this unit and also mine to land these planes at their base, I would have to hold them out until such time as the "windows" faded. Normally, such a condition would not matter. However, the thought arose that if one of the nightfighters would require an immediate landing because of fuel, engine trouble or similar difficulty, the ten to thirty minutes delay could have a disastrous effect. As I mentioned above, on the advice of Mr. SPENCE, I had the transmitter of the unit cut off and since "canary" is a pulse transmitted from the plane rather than a reflected one, we were able to receive this pulse on our PPT tube and attempted to put the plane over base by use of the "canary". The experiment was very successful and was reported in full to the controller on duty at the time at Control Center 2. I do not know if any other station had occasion to use it, but I subsequently used this method of putting the nightfighters over base in the presence of "windows" and each time was very successful.

On the evening of March 22, 1945, we received orders to move the station into Germany and on the morning of March 23rd we moved out of Rosieres, France and moved into Germany, setting up about eight kilometers west of Ludwigshaven for what we then learned was to furnish night cover for the Seventh Army's crossing of the Rhine. Operations here proved to be routine, patrols for the first few nights and then intruder missions. The front soon left me far behind and my only work from then till the end of the war was to take the nightfighters out from base for intruder missions and to return them to base upon completion of their mission.

Sources

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