

November 3, 1944

left Tampa on train for GA

November 4, 1944

1st wedding anniversary

November 9, 1944

Said 'Bye to N. over phone

November 10, 1944

N. left for home

November 11th, 1944

Left GA for "T" field. Beautiful country. Stayed one week. Shut down by weather.

November 18, 1944

Left for Ar. "TY" field. Such country!

November 19, 1944

saw show

November 20, 1944

early take-off. Mostly instrum. Good radio facilities. Hit "R" (Iceland) ok. Bad weather – one plane.

November 21, 1944

Tardy take-off due to crew sluffing. hit destination ok. Wandered about Carins, Scherffins, Gunning.

November 22, 1944

Went to R.C. at H. Never tired of looking at countryside & people. An R.C. evening crowded but good facilities. Expected to be there 3 wks. Actually there 4 ½ days.

November 23, 1944

continually cold

November 25, 1944

1st letter – Mother Judd, Saw Leung again, that he was in S. Pac. Seems all 44-F made co-pilots. played checkers. called home. Saw GI show.

November 26, 1944

Leaving tomorrow, didn't get to town. Caught cold from stuffy room.

November 27, 1944

Went to 384th Bm. Gp., Saw 'em come in. In 546th. Exceptional bunch.

November 28, 1944

Not much to do – processing

November 29, 1944

Gr. school; - going to be operational very soon, it appears.

November 30, 1944

Saw the boys leave & return – zietz – rough

December 1, 1944

N.M. – 2 L. Fr. – wrote N.

December --, 1944

Going to ground school, doing practice flights, preparing, preparing. No news from Naomi. One forwarded letter from Larry.

December 11, 1944

Going to fly tomorrow. Cook flew mission today. Returned ok.

December 12, 1944

All crew except me going on mission. I didn't know till they didn't wake me up. I got up anyway after dropping a couple of raindrops on my pillow. I don't know when

I've felt so about anything. Hale (Cyclops 6.) Nielson, & Morgan, aren't back yet.
Finished "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn"

December 13, 1944

Finally heard from N., 3 letters, & one more from Mom. Previously got one from Larry. Hale & crew not yet heard from. Very relieved to know N. is okay.

December 14, 1944

Happy day! 2 more letters from N. – N.M. Went into K., saw Br. movie, "Happy Breed," ok, with Walker. Hale last seen by "S-1"s' by Brunswick; all probably P.W.s. Their belongings & bedding were taken away today. I do not believe N. is pregnant, judging from her letters. Know next week. Ate in Greek restaurant.

December 17, 1944

Yesterday A.M. Before day had completely broken, we were off for our first target, our first mission. 2 hrs. later we had abandoned, due to weather, jettisoned & were diverted from home field. After 3 diversions we let down thru the undercast (what was left of our squadron) & headed just at tree top level – the clouds were on the ground – for our assigned field 33 miles distant. The weather got worse & it began to rain. We sighted suddenly a field just under us, peeled off in a steep bank, drop wheels & flags made two passes of where we thought the runway would loom up at us, not knowing that just two miles from the field, some unmapped transmission towers reared up into the fog 300 ft. Our third run was good enough to kick the plane into line with the runway & bring it down. Cook made a beautiful landing. Never did ground feel so good. The temperature read 0 deg. C. but we were sweating. We knew we'd been lucky that time. The field was RAF. Practically all the major commonwealth nations were represented there. They were "Royal" in their treatment of us. The Americans & Aussies were outspoken in their dislike of the "Cheerio old-chawp" type of fellows but we found them all interesting, friendly, & extremely mindful of us. This morning the weather cleared up enough for us to reluctantly take-off & get back to "home" & routine. No mail today. Yesterday was Loral's birthday & I hope N. was able to send him something.

December 18, 1944

#1 mission, Ground support, against enemy lines. Aborted at IP minus 7 minutes, flew across lines alone, 3 engines, dumped bombs, got runaway prop going ok again, & had 2 "51's" to escort us clear back to Eng. Don't know if mission will get us full credit. Tot. time – 6:10. No mail, wrote Naomi. (We saw no flak or enemy fighters.) Pretty tired. Xmas a week from today. (Got credit for the mission.)

December 21, 1944

Tues., (19th) we were ready for take-off when the fog rolled in. Some ships got off. The Germans have begun their big counter-offensive. We were sick that we couldn't be there helping to stop it as we were to have done. No mail, wrote N. & Larry. No mission.

Wed., (20th) Again the fog prevented any possibility of flying. Jerry's cutting big gaps in our lines. Those boys need us bad. How I prayed we'll be able to help them at least by tomorrow. (Thurs.) Today – still thick, blanketing fog which at last started to rise this evening. Tomorrow perhaps we'll be able to hit 'em. At least the others may get to – but I've got to have this bleeding nose of mine cauterized tomorrow. It's gone on the rampage this past week. No mail yesterday or today. Last nite after we were "stood down" most of the guys got stinking including Cook & Walker. What a "whoopee." Today while at Hospital read & finished "Night Flight" by Saint-Exupéry - well written. Walker & I went to town last nite; he picked up a gal while I went to a library, bought "Aristotle's Ethics" by Markham, & a German-English dictionary. Saw "Show Business" & "Blessed Event" starring Lupe Velez, 2 days after she committed suicide because she was pregnant. Wrote N.

December 22, 1944

No mission – FOG still. No mail; wrote no one. Had nose cauterized – hope it ends my nose trouble, but doubtful. I read "Arizona" by Clarence B. Kelland, this afternoon. Really enjoyed it. Was amazed that the old sun-scorched hangout could be written of so beautifully. It's not difficult to see where Kelland's heart feels best. The Jerries up to this afternoon had penetrated 40 mi. back into Belgium using Am. equipment & uniforms for deception. If this cursed weather 'd give us a break we smack those babies, & hard. NO feeling is so helpless. Because of my nose, I'm grounded thru Sun., but I hope the others get to fly. Of late I've been attempting to read at least 2 books per week & altho' it isn't difficult to read a book in an afternoon, still I feel handicapped by the slowness of my reading. I cannot read several lines at a glance as can many people. I believe my brain doesn't grasp ideas as fast as my eyes see them. My slowness in everything is probably one of my worst traits & automatically robs me of a great deal of time. I've developed, with my habit of reading these last few months at least one good thing – a curiosity to know the meaning of all strange words upon which I come. I always have my small dictionary on my knee while reading any book. The dictionary I lay open face down turned to the last word which I looked up. Then when the next word pops up I recollect & think of the previous word before turning to the new word & repeating the whole process. I find it much easier to retain words that way. I intend, in the following few months to spend some time on two other things besides reading books. Those two things are (1) some foreign language & (2) Poetry. Someday in the future I'll read this & write some more – on whether or not this was just hot air in the form of blue ink.

December 23, 1944

Didn't fly but the others, (the Group) did, in spite of the fog & were diverted to another field with intention of flying a mission from there tomorrow. It was good

weather on the continent. At last we can hit those Jerries. Got a V-mail letter from Naomi – Gosh, it was good to hear from her after 9 days of waiting. Wrote to Naomi & Little George. Went to town on bike to buy pr. trousers. Back early. Called Doc Fisher & talked him into being put back on flying status. 30 min. later my nose started bleeding. Got it stopped, told no one.

December 24, 1944

This morning at 05:40 some of the boys were getting up. I happened to be lying awake when an odd sound crept into the stillness of the early morning. It was a puzzling sound like that of an outboard motorboat – except that it was in the sky somewhere & growing louder. Brinner, who'd heard it many times before said surprisedly but not excitedly, "That's a V-1." I jolted to complete wakefulness. Suddenly the sound sputtered & stopped. Now, it was gliding. 15 or 20 seconds of silence, during which everyone was wondering the same thing, then a dull roar that shook the barracks but broke no windows. My heart was pounding harder than I'd ever known it to pound before. I was more scared than I've ever been before; even over Germany alone on 3 engines with unidentified fighters around I wasn't nearly as afraid. This was different – lying in bed waiting & wondering. There were other "buzz bombs," none as close as the first & a pretty close one at 11:00 this A.M. But altho' they called an Air Alert everyone, myself included, turned over & went back to sleep. No sense in spending one's last hours worrying – there's no better use to make of time than getting good ol' "Sack-time." Hoping that we'll spend tomorrow delivering 500 lb. Xmas presents.

December 25, 1944

Today didn't start off so good – we didn't get to fly (weather), there was no mail, we had spaghetti & meat balls for dinner with a promise of Turkey for supper. So Walker & I went to town, gave a few kids some gum & froze till the show opened. Saw "Don't Take it to Heart" – R. Greene & "This is the Life" – Don O'Connor, then went to the house of some very nice people for a snack. Such generosity I've seldom seen. Names were Mr., Mrs., Audrey, & Pauline Abraham. I drank tea for the first time in my life because I felt I should. Came back to camp 23:00 on "All-purpose" run expecting to be alerted – we were "stood down." However we were satisfied it wasn't such a bad Xmas Day after all.

December 26, 1944

"Boxing Day" a legal English Holiday same as Xmas. No mail, wrote N.

December 27, 1944

No mail, sent N. a "Stars and Stripes" Newspaper. Our crew didn't fly except Hannis. He was killed in a crash landing at Woodbridge. Near London. He was the best liked & hardest working man on our crew. He was also the best Radio Operator I've ever seen. Was recommended for lead the first week we were here. The crew is quite shaken

& plenty scared. I hope they don't go "neurotic" on us. I intend writing his (Hannis') Mother.

There is a clear sky & a full moon tonite. We're alerted but I think a new pilot is going with Cook tomorrow. The mission today was rough, according to those who went. Was visual & flak was accurate. Every ship on the field was hit. Walker & I went in town to a show "Love Story" English picture, which we enjoyed.

December 28, 1944

Did practically nothing but read a few pages of Aristotle & wrote 3 V-mails (N., Larry, & Folks). Rec'd no mail.

January 2, 1945

The 29th of Dec., rec'd no mail, wrote none; no mission. Same for 30th. 31st - #2 got up & flew a mission to Neuss, 5 miles W. of Dusseldorf. Easy Run, 5:30 hrs., PFF run, light flak, inaccurate, hit marshalling yards. A letter from Naomi, one from Mom, a card from Leung - he's transferred to 17's. Went to bed about Midnite. Jan. 1, 1945 - #3 arose at 040 hrs. & got an early moonlight start for Derken - the oil dump there, via N. Sea, Denmark, E. of Hamburg, in 40 mi of Berlin. Made 5 different runs in mostly visual weather (Koehne leading). Flak was accurate, not too heavy, we were lucky, finally dropped on T of opportunity. Turned out to be very important center of iron ind., coal, rail yards; 1,000 lbers time fused, non-defusable bombs. We led lead low section. (Time was 9:00 hrs.) Today - #4 - Mission to Gerolstein. Mail: 2 letters (9th & 10th) & 1 card (Xmas) from Naomi. 1 V-mail from Mom. Wrote N. & sent Pictorial. Sent Larry Judd Newspaper with picture of P-33 formation.

Gerolstein is West of Koblenz, at the mouth of the German salient R.R. yards good results. light flak, but accurate. Several bursts closer than 60 ft. Got a couple of holes. 2 runs on the target - visual. time - 7:00 hrs.

January 3, 1945

#5 - After 3 hrs. sleep, hit the deck & did No. 5; it was a tactical raid with GH, over a 10/10 overcast, in the neck of the German salient. Target was town of St. Vithe. Load was 250's. Our squadron was the only one which did not drop. GH & interphone went out on lead ship. Saw no flak except several distant rocket shells; yet we had a Tokio tank shot out & a piece of flak in N. 2 Engine - the only battle damage of the Group & the worst we've gotten yet. We flew lead of 4th flight. One boy's A S meter went out & he had to be led into a landing on the wing of another plane. We brought out load back, something not often done. No mail today. Will write no letters. On loading list for tomorrow. Will try to catch up on sleep. An Air alert was just sounded. Can be either raiders or robots. An air alert gets about as much attention as a fellow entering the barracks. (Time on Mission 5:35)

January 5, 1945

#6 Arose a little later than usual today (0530), flew GH mission on little fighter field – Breitzig field – on West side of Rhine halfway between Koblenz & Bonn. Don't believe we hit it but don't know.

Yesterday, the 4th, was stood down because of weather, sent \$40.00 to Larry, got card from N. & V-mail from Mom. Wrote Naomi.

Today received no mail, wrote Larry, flew mission #6 (Time: 07:50); We got off course going S. of target, hit visual weather crossing Rhine west of Mainz & ran into flak (88's, 105's, & 155's), light but accurate. Again we were lucky; little damage. Stood down for tomorrow. Paper says Jerry Luftwaffe stronger than on D-day. Also oil production is going up in spite of bombings. The mission today was so close for us on gas that we had to leave formation & upon landing we didn't gave enough gas to go around again. Cook made a beautiful landing, as usual & (bless my soul) allowed me to taxi approximately 1/5 the perimeter track, turn one good corner before he took over, and took it to the dispersal area. I am coming up in the world.

January 6, 1945

Arose 0730, flew short practice mission of 1:35 hrs. Chewed fat, took shower, wrote N. V-mail, saw show "Nite at the Opera" Marx Bros., Rec'd no mail. Alerted for tomorrow.

January 7, 1945

#7 Mission – to Blankenheim, a small town with a large concentration of men & materiél, Requested by Eisenhower. Is just West of Koblenz about 30 mi. Bombed with 12 500 lb.ers, GH over a 10/10 coverage at 25,000 ft. – flew lead of high (#2) flight. Saw no flak other than a few rockets – Tot. time 06:22 hrs.

Rec'd 9 letters; 7 from N. of 22nd, 23, 24, 26, 26, of Nov., & V-mail 5th & 8th Dec. One V-mail from Mom of Dec. 5, one from Loral of Dec. 25. Loral is settled in El Cerrito, Calif., near Berkeley & is working at H. of C. as Inspector of something or other. He is buying a home there & I hope with all my heart he'll be able to make a home, too, right there without moving any more. Wrote Loral.

January 8, 1945

#8 Mission. After 3½ hrs. sleep got up & headed out on No. 8. Expected it to be a D.P. but was another tactical target – the small railroad town of Kyllburg, SW of Koblenz, requested by Ike. RR. goes thro' tunnel at Kyllburg & we were trying to seal it off. Bombed GH thru a 10/10 overcast using 12 500 Gp.'s at 28,000 ft. We flew lead of low section of low squadron ("Bastard Lead"). Total Time – 06:45 hrs. Results: not known.

Rec'd 3 letters tonite from N. Written 13th, 14th, 15th Dec. Tho' she doesn't specifically say so, she is not very well; in fact, I'd say she's in pretty bad shape. Needs a curettement on her uterus but because of the possibility of being pregnant she is waiting awhile to have it done. I hope she is taking better care of herself as she says she is. If I could be sure of it, I'd be a great deal more at ease. But N. is like the Russians – if all her

claims were added up, the sum would be terrific; impossible, in fact. But as long as I know it, it makes no difference.

She does not know I have any combat missions to my credit as yet. I don't intend to tell her, either, for some time. I don't know how long I can fool her or indeed, if I'm fooling her now.

In one of N.'s letters which I got yesterday she mentioned that she was finally coming to understand the importance of emotional stability, learning to accept things as they must be, & of not showing sadness or melancholy feeling outwardly. In that respect she mentioned Edith's surprise at her whistling cheerfully one day in contrast to her past inability to mope a great deal when I'm gone. This short paragraph about her whistling gave me the greatest thrill I've had since I've said "good-bye." It's only a symptom, but a good one.

Cook is going to be stood down for lead & probably Walker with him. And as is the custom, I as co-pilot will become a "wanderer," flying with anybody & everybody (since an Air Commander flies as co-P. with lead pilots). However it does not make a great deal of difference to me. Cook has never yet given me a landing & since we were at Drew, no take-offs. Only the last couple of days I've even taxied the plane. In the air, tho', I fly a good half the time. If he had taken it upon himself, Cook could probably have made an expert at landing of me since he is himself, one of the most skillful pilots (at landing) I've ever seen.

We are due for a 48 hr. pass, our first, & it will probably start day after tomorrow. We'll likely go to London, in spite of the V-1's & 2's. We'll probably be stood down tomorrow because of the weather. (It's snowing tonite a little) But I am in dire need of some; so I'm hitting the sack early at 21:00

January 9, 1945

Were all ready for take-off when mission was scrubbed. Started to snow off & on all day. Everything pretty well covered by mid-afternoon. We took off on slow-time job in a moderate snow storm, c & v zero, were soon told to divert to another field; but we got permission to make a try at coming in, & did so at about 250 ft. Cook handled plane masterfully, as usual. We bought some clothes from the mobile PX unit. No mail. Wrote N. McArthur invaded Is. of Luzon; N. of Manila.

January 10, 1945

Cook definitely stood down for lead.

Oosterhof flew with our skeleton crew (not incl. myself) on practice mission.

Were shot at by guns at Liverpool for flying too low.

Snowed more last nite, snowing again tonite. Didn't do much today: go rations from PX, paid our dues at club, signed pay voucher, got an hour link. Rec'd letter (v-mail) from Mom. Wrote no letters. Marvin has been shifted to Tex. & the infantry. Folks are set up in their new home.

January 11, 1945

No mission for Gp. Snowing. Rec'd N. letter of 1st & a v-mail from Mom (Dec. 8th), v-mail from Larry (Dec. 6th), Xmas card from Grant & Laurel, of Dec. 14th, my 1st Package – a Xmas box from N. & her Folks, containing stationery, a shaeffer's Pencil, a Seaforth shave lotion & soap kit, and a military sewing kit. Contained a Xmas card from N. Wrote N.

January 12, 1945

No mission for Gp. A big rain last nite melted all the snow. Weather held Gp. down. Wrote Little George, Dave, & Sandy. Got 1 hr. volum. Link. Rec'd package No. 2 from Viola & N. containing shelled nuts, book "Earth & High Heaven" – Graham, Read. Digest, shorts, book of Dugwood. Very glad to get all, especially the novel. Must write & thank Viola. Rec'd 2 letters from N. (of Nov. 29th & Dec. 3rd) & one from Marn of Dec. 11th. Wrote N.

January 13, 1945

Weather held Gp. down again. Cook went up on a practice flight & was diverted. Censored mail, chopped wood; Rec'd package No. 3 (from N. & M. Judd) & 17 letters. Package contained 2 rolls film, book on how to deal with Germany by Nizer, miniature chess game, fruit cake, & gum drops. Eleven of letters were from N. Written in Dec. on 2nd, 4, 5-6, 7, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, & 27th. Also letter from Larry & one from Li'l Dave of 27th. A card (x-mas) from M. Judd with note & a card (x-mas) from Clint. 2 BYU monthly news letters came which I enjoyed very much. Wrote N. a long letter. Read a little from "Earth & High Heaven."

January 14, 1945

Gp. held down by weather again. I finished reading "Earth & High Heaven;" thought it quite good more by virtue of its observations on the Jewish minority than by the quality of its plot. Started reading "D-day" by Gunther. Rec'd no mail, wrote Mel Standage, started letter to Ronald Bridges. Are scheduled to fly squadron deputy tomorrow if there is a mission.

January 15, 1945

Big Day – took my 5th shower. Did practically nothing all day. Had a 3 hr. practice GH flight in "the Spotted Cow" early in the morning. "Assembled on the Buncher" with Cook, Oosterhoff, Brenner, & Dolsen, since it was Johnny's last nite here. Everybody but me was pretty happy from drinking & I was just pretty happy. It is very possible to have a good time with friends at a drinking party & never touch a drop. We (ex. myself) drank, sang, played cards, talked shop, ate, played the 1's slot machine trying to hit the jackpot – finally at Midnite we wended our way home, singing; at the barracks Oosterhoff started getting silly, showering everyone with cologne & we laughed 'till we almost split. No mail, wrote no letters.

January 16, 1945

No mail, wrote N.

January 17, 1945

V-mail from Gerald, Xmas card & note from McCarton – he's at Punta Gorda near Tampa, a letter of Nov. 29th, '44 from Mom & one written Nov. 30th from N. Wrote N. Are alerted & we're on loading list to fly deputy lead.

January 18, 1945

Mission scrubbed (Wrote N.)

January 19, 1945

Stood down, no mission (Wrote N.) Package from N. with ink, book "Roman Empire," & little jerseys. 4th package.

January 20, 1945

In the last 3 days I have received considerable mail: V-mail from Gerald of 12-5-44, from N. letters of 16 Dec. (two), 18th, 19, 26, 28, 29, 31, & 31 – 1-1-45 (New Year's eve). The one written New year's eve thrilled me as much as any letter I ever got from N. – because it had a lot of the dash & confidence I like in a woman, & it was the releasing of a load from her mind. There were a X-mas card from Mary & M. & one from their kids, a V-mail of 12-31-44 from Loral & also one of 1-5-45; that's about all except for a letter from Prof. J.N. Nichols, BYU, which I will always keep.

#9 Mission – Cook's 13th. It was screwed up from the very start. We were all ready to taxi when our plane was changed, & we got the old lemon 251, Snuffy. We finally got off with 5-1000 pounders, 2700 gals. of gas. But weather office had messed up – as usual. In climbing en route we ran into a huge front 26,000 ft. high. (Bomb alt. was 25,000). We climbed thru it but all groups were scattered & intermixed. We dropped PFF on the Autobahn bridge at Ludwigshafen (thank goodness it wasn't visual). Flak was moderate, not accurate. Our low Squadron – the 9 left – went in & came back alone. On oxygen 5 hrs., barely had enough. Weather report for field was erroneous – we hit terrific snowstorm flying at 800 ft. Advised to divert. Ice forming. Lost right of lead. Tried to climb. Ice worse, especially on props, one prop ran away; plane trying to stall out; terrific air currents. Put plane on autopilot, full flaps, 80 mph, full power, but still losing 1,000/min. Ordered bail-out. Position: N. of Market Harboro, N.W. of field; plane crashed few miles away by Kibworth. All got out O.K. Greene & Krupsky hurt a leg. One other plane of 384th crashed, killing two. I received not a scratch or severe jolt from experience. Very fortunate. We all landed within the space of a mile. Rolled up our parachutes, ascertained all had gotten out OK, Walker & I helped Krup into village a mile away where we rested & waited in the home of a Mrs. Cramp. She gave us tea & was very nice about the mud & snow we scattered. Her hospitality was typically English.

We went home by truck. We had bailed out at 1540, hadn't eaten since 0500, didn't eat till 2030. All considered a lucky day. And oh, yes, we almost couldn't get the escape hatch open. Maybe now they'll give us a pass. I left my service cap in the plane & Cook lost his when he bailed out. I also lost my wings. Cook left his share in the plane. Writing no one. Hitting hay.

(Written on January 24, 1945) –

January 21, 1945

Got 48 hr. pass starting at 1700 – after filling out reports on bail-out. Cook & I started out at 18:30 with the idea of meeting Roy & Wally at Kettering PR station But we missed them (it took us 2 hours to get there) so we went on to London, arriving about 2300. Got a room in the Atlantic Hotel, Jimmied the gas stove meter & got it percolating, Cook drank about a gl. of Scotch while “telling me his story” before we turned in.

January 22, 1945

We got up about 0900, had breakfast in Hotel, got a taxi, went to P.N., ate at R. Cross, had a taxi driver tour London & show us all the points of interest, including the worst bombed district, “The Old Curiosity Shop” which Charles Dickens wrote about; and (altho' he didn't know it) the place where Phyllis Dixey's burlesque show, “Peek-a-Boo” was playing – at Trafalgar Square. The driver knew his stuff – if he didn't know a date he'd make one up. We saw the old London tower, Tower bridge, London Bridge, the old inn where Queen Elizabeth stayed once to get a drink, St. Paul's Cathedral, etc. When it, the tour, was over we paid him 25 \$ (twice what the meter read) & gave him a cigar, then got out at Trafalgar Square & bee-lined to “Peek-a-Boo”. It was a darn good 2-hour show. We went from there to the Red Cross, ate, saw a movie, walked around Piccadilly Circus till about 10:30 watching the “Commandos” operate. One of them beat me up. Went back to Hotel (Symonds) where we had a huge room, heavenly beds, & a good stove. We heard the couple next door (a man & his sec'ty) having a big time.

January 23, 1945

Got up about 1100 after breakfast in bed, & went antique hunting down around Bond St. Each of us bought a little “Patch box”, over 180 yrs. old. Ate at R. Cross & headed for train station. Got home at 1700, no letters but one pkge. (sweaters & ink) awaiting me.

January 24, 1945

Got up late; went before the accident board & gave oral report on bail-out. It was obvious they thought that only the A.S. meter was out & we should have stayed with plane – but regardless of what they think we know that we did the wisest thing under the circumstances & we'd do exactly the same thing again in the same conditions. No mail today.

January 25, 1945

No mail – wrote N., Gerald, Larry.

January 26, 1945

5th straight day of heavy fog & low visibility. Not on loading list for tomorrow. Sent the antique “patch-box” home to N. today. Got V-mail letter from N. of 13th, first I knew of her having the operation and coming out OK. Wrote N.

January 27, 1945

Wrote Folks

January 28, 1945

V-mail (of 12th) from N. Wrote N. Did slow-time with Oosterkof.

January 29, 1945

No mail, wrote Loral.

January 30, 1945

Letters (V) from Mom & Loral

January 31, 1945

Letter (V) from N. Wrote N. & folks. Finished book “What to do with Germany” by L. Nizer.

February 1, 1945

#10 Up early after 4½ hrs. sleep. Briefed for visual or “Micro H” run on Mannheim Marshalling yards or Autobahn bridge between Mannheim & Ludwigshafen. Was 10/10 coverage. P.F.F. Navigator got mixed-up & we dropped on city of Worms N. of target. At altitude over 4 hours. Flew our new plane – 053. Flew deputy in low squadron. Bombed at 27,000. Flak light & inaccurate. Time was 08:45 hrs. No mail. Wrote none.

February 2, 1945

2 V-mails from N. (of 19th & 20th Jan). Wrote N. Flew on short flight to pick up a plane previously diverted. Got paid & got rations. All snow is melted; last 2 days have been blustery and warm. We are not on loading list for tomorrow.

February 3, 1945

Big Day – 11 letters, 6 of them from N. There were: one from Larry of 10th Jan, one from Mother Judd of 10th, one from Dot of 9th, from Mom of 11th. From Naomi were letters of 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, & 22nd Jan. & another one from Mom of 4th.

Our crew was not on the loading list but 8th AF hit Berlin with 2500 t. of bombs & 1100 planes. It was somewhat of a terror raid (B. is full of refugees) but I feel no inner restraint in bombing them. Every blow struck, no matter whom it may hit, in some way furthers the winning of this holocaust.

Wrote V-mail to Larry & N.

February 4, 1945

One tiny X-mas card from Gerald. Wrote folks V-mail. Saw show “Lost Angel” – Margaret O’Brien – Enjoyed immensely. Came back to barracks & read entire novel “The hour before the dawn” by S. Maugham. Fair.

February 5, 1945

Was to have been a 1000 plane “terror raid” on Munich today but was scrubbed – weather. Intended to discourage movement of G. gov’t to that city. I arose early, got haircut, had Link trainer, sent off some money to N., wrote a letter to her offering her a chance to “go anyplace, do anything, join anything, spend so much money, as she wanted.” I hope she takes me up on it. The Russians are still 48 mi. from big B., stopped at the Oder. Our own troops are slowly crushing the Siegfried line. 7 letters today from N. of 13, 14, 15, 16, 17 of Jan.; one from little George H., one from Ira, & a valentine from N.

February 6, 1945

Was waked up at 0400 after 4 hrs. sleep to fly mission as co-p for Spangler. Was to have been Merseberg but because of taxi accident at runway intersection, our group was scrubbed. Received 3 letters (V) from N., of 23, 24, & 25 of Jan. Wrote Larry L., Mother Judd, & Little George H.

February 7, 1945

Got up to fly a mission with Festerson but was scrubbed as we got over channel (We had to abort before that anyway because of a lost engine). Cook, Dolsen, & Wickander got completely hit & came home wanting to fight everybody. Finally got Cook in bed at 0200 & got him up at 0330 for pre-briefing, still drunk. I got 1 hour’s sleep. What a time. No mail, wrote N.

February 8, 1945

No mail, wrote no one. Read most of "Why You Should Be a Socialist" by John Strackey. Are alerted for tomorrow. Better hit the hay.

February 9, 1945

Didn't go on mission. Cook went as Air Commander in Deputy lead. Was a good raid in Merseburg. Got two V-mails (26th & 29th) from N. Wrote Clint R.

February 10, 1945

Got up to go on mission (to Hanover) as Gregg's co-pilot but was scrubbed last minute. Got letter from N. (of 27th) & notice of subscription from Coronet. Went to Gp. party & dance at club. Was a drunken brawl as it was intended to be. Had to bring Roy home early. Cook was getting Frank's girl, Daphne, drunk. Myrick got sick. Cook was choosing the usual "bags". Joe Hartness wandered around with a bashful grin on his face. Hank Dolsen, as usual, with his glassy stare, sang uninvited & of course was so stinks he didn't even remember it. Some of the boys had to report for briefing at 2:00 before they even got in bed, but the mission was finally scrubbed, luckily. Wrote no one. Earlier in day finished "His First Mission".

February 11, 1945

Big mail call: 5 from N. (of 21, 21, 23, 24, 25 of Jan.), 1 from Dad (21st), Mom (26th), Edith (24th), 2 from Larry (19th & 29th), Loral & R (21st), & BYU Club. Wrote McCarter, Gerald, Naomi, Dorothy (all V-mails). Saw show "Mutiny on the Bounty" – C. Gable.

February 12, 1945

Received 1 letter (of 27th) from N. & one from Marvin. Wrote to Loral, Larry, & Dad, & a V-mail to Edith. Went to town with Roy, took bath at Red C., got more prints of pictures I took, went to show "Call of the Wild" after seeing Miss Abraham & giving her the little package we had fixed for them, the Abrahams. It was good to see her face when we told her we had brought them something in return for the pleasant X-mas nite they'd given us.

February 13, 1945

Arose early for breakfast, worked all morning on finishing manuscript of "the Big 'One' ". Received 4 letters from N. or 3, 4, & 28 Jan & a V-mail of 28th. Wrote no one. Went on nite flight with Gilmer to deliver PFF shy's to Polebrook. Joe Hartness came home late happy drunk. He's always happy when he's drunk, a big silly smile constantly playing on his face. Alerted for tomorrow.

February 14, 1945

#11 Got up at 0400 after retiring at 1200. Flew with Cook. Flew left seat, made take-off on instruments because fog was closing in. All ships did not get off. Before dawn assembly. 3 ships in the vicinity of our field crashed. We saw the explosions from two of them. Our ship led low flight (No. 4) of low Sqdn. Bombed Dresden, the secondary, PFF. No flak till we crossed Ruhr coming back. No damage. No fighters. Returned to field only to be diverted to Bassingbourne. Stayed at Bassingbourne two days weathered in, returning afternoon of 17th, I still in left seat, doing most of flying. Felt very pleased that I had started & finished whole deal in left seat – Cook was swell about it. He likes to fly but not as much for the sheer pleasure of it, as I do. While at Bassingbourne I picked up a book on Socialism, “Looking Backward”, written clear back in 1887. Got it half finished & took it with me when we left. While at Bassingbourne we stayed in the former estate of some very rich duke or lord of some kind, a beautiful place. Time for mission was 10:00 hours. Awaiting me when I returned were 3 letters from N. (1 V-mail of Feb. 1, & 2 Air mails of 18 & 19 of Jan.). There were also a valentine from Edith & a letter from Mom. Wrote Marvin & Lorene.

February 18, 1945

Wrote N. in morning. Read most of mid-day, went to Sunday tea-dance ‘till about nine. Danced $\frac{1}{4}$ of 1 dance. Tried to write N. but just didn’t feel like going more than a page & a half.

February 19, 1945

Got up early & went to Link. At noon as I was walking to mess, a B-17 crashed in our woods about 2 blocks away. The fog had just rolled in & we couldn’t see it – only hear it – as it ripped & tore into the trees. The crashing sound ended & was followed by two moderate explosions (gas tanks). By this time I was running & was one of the first to the scene. The whole mass of wreckage was enveloped in flames. The men had been thrown clear. One, the pilot, was still alive tonite & will probably be OK. The other died going to the hospital. Later another man was found near the wreckage after the flames were partially subdued. He was dead. Perhaps it was he I heard screaming in agony as first got near the wreck. After helping what little I could with the fire-fighting (the woods were also ablaze) I went down to operations & flew a flight (practice) as co-pilot for Ed Chamura. No mail was waiting when I got back. I wrote N., & sent her a couple of S&S’s. The letter was the one I started yesterday.

Incidentally, the plane that crashed was not one of our own (from this field).

February 20, 1945

Going on Pass tomorrow. Probably go to London. Wrote Naomi. Wrote N. V-mail today. Received V-mail from N. (of 12th). Wrote poem “Wings”. Sent copy to N.

February 21, 1945

Left for London with Dave (Cook) & Frank Zinser. Stayed in Kingsley Hotel near Bloomsbury Square. Saw movie "Man from Half-moon Street," Pretty good. Saw Phyllis Dixie's "Peek-A-Boo" again, also the play "Arsenic & Old Lace," & ate at the swank French restaurant, Kettner's. Had roast kid.

Frank's girl, Daphne, came down from K. the second day & got to see London. Many, many, of the English have never been to London or more than a few miles from their place of rearing. Returned to GU afternoon of 23rd. Found V-letters from N. (of 7th Feb.) & Mom (of 5th) & a letter from Little Chum Standage. Saw movie "Fanny by Gaslight," which is banned from the States. A pretty good show. Wrote N. long letter.

February 24, 1945

On the 22nd our heavy bombers went over Germany at medium altitude; it was a successful move. Today I wrote 3 V-letters to (1) the folks, (2) Mel & Helen, (3) the Hall kids. I received 13 letters today. From N. were letters of 1st, 2, 3, 3, 5, 5, & 11th Feb., & V-mails of 7th & 9th. There were a letter from Junius (25 Jan.), Aunt Nez (1st Feb.), 2 from Loral (of 2? Jan. & 1 Feb.)

February 26, 1945

Got no mail wrote N. (I think)

February 27, 1945

Received letters of 28, 30, 31st from N. & one of 31st from Mom. Wrote Naomi.

February 28, 1945

Received letters of 13 & 14 from N. & V-mails of 13, 14, 14, 16th. Wrote N. & Dot.

Flew 3 hr. practice flight with Dave. Didn't get paid. Yesterday I finished book "Looking Backward" by Bellamy written in 1886 as a propounder of what we now call Socialism. It wasn't a particularly great piece of work but was extremely interesting considering the circumstances & times under which it was composed. It served as almost a final convincer that our type of economy, individual capitalism, is not as favorable a system as a more equalizing, socialistic form. I was surprised today to learn, from a short description of him, that George Bernard Shaw is a Socialist.

March 3, 1945

Went to Kettering, ordered a battle-jacket, saw Mrs. A. & A. Went to show. Came home early. I've had it!

March 4, 1945

Got up this morning & reported to op's to fly with Capt. Bishop to check out as 1st pilot. Only got to shoot a few landings. Supposed to fly again tomorrow for more landings & an instrument check. Wrote N.

March 5, 1945

Rode again with Capt. Bishop but because of a torn up runway, little time, & bad weather, all we did was go up & check the weather.

Wrote N. (V-mail), Mary, Loral, & Folks. Received a letter from Dennis. Got one from Fox yesterday.

March 7, 1945

Didn't do much today. Played a lot of handball with Harry, Jim, & "Juanito". Was put in the interrogation line for the returning mission. Went to show "Her Butler's Sister" – D. Durbin. Liked it. Rec'd letters from N. (of 18th Feb.) & from Mom & Mother Judd.

March 8, 1945

Capt. Bishop checked me out as first pilot today. Should get crew tomorrow. Got 3 V-mails from N. today (10th, 25, 25th). One informed me I'd gotten the air medal – it was presented me about a week ago. Cook got his 1st Lieutenancy yesterday. I wrote N. March 12, 1945 – Flew first mission as 1st pilot with my new crew. Flew old "Satan's Playmate". Went to Betzdorf, N.E. of Koblenz. Bombed on instruments thru 10/10. Target was marshalling yards. Results unobserved. Practically no flak.

Flew No. 3 position in lead of lead. Wad good formation, good mission, slick landing – stood down for flight head because we flew a good position today. Some said it was the closest flying they ever saw in that position.

Got 4 V-mails. 2 from Mom & Dad & 2 from N. Wrote N. & Leung.

Last nite cycled to town, saw the Abrahams.

March 13, 1945

Stood down.

March 14, 1945

#13 Attacked bridge over Weser River near Oyenhhausen. Missed, but another group got it. Time 7:10. Light flak. Took over No. 2 flight lead when Magleby aborted.

March 15, 1945

#14 Attacked German general staff HQ 14 miles S. of Berlin. Light flak. No fighters. Hit target. Good mission. Time 8:20.

March 16, 1945

Group stood down – weather. Flew an hour, checked a plane at altitude. Went to town to take shower, see Mrs. Abraham. Did neither. Went to show with Jim Newmann. Wrote N.

March 17, 1945

Didn't fly. Went to town in afternoon. Took pkg. to Mrs. Abraham. Saw her & Audrey. Bought a beautiful carnation at the "Market." Was a "Red" air alert about 21:00 hrs. Rode bike. Got letters of 23 Feb., 6 Mar. from N., letter from Loral.

March 18, 1945

#15 To Berlin. (Our Group led division.) Biggest daylight raid ever made on big "B". Was a pretty good mission except for flak. Guns (88's) picked us up just after IP, tracked us 6 minutes – moderate & accurate. Flew No. 2 in No.2 flight, lead Sqdn. Took flight lead when lead dropped out on way back. Time – 0810. Letter of 12 Feb. from N. V from Mom.

March 19, 1945

#16 To Plauen (small arms plant) S.W. of Leipzig. Assembled just west of Paris over buncher C-41. Soupy, nasty weather all the way & back. Another group ran thru us. Saw three 262 jet jobs which made a pass at group behind us. We bombed our secondary. Primary was Bohlen oil plant at Roseates. All were glad we did not go there. Almost ran out of gas on return. Had to drop out after taking #2 flight lead when lead feathered engine. Time was 10:15. No mail.

March 20, 1945

#17 Out of a clear blue sky about 10:00 A.M. (We were supposedly stood-down) they called a "Quickie" on us. We got off the ground at 1300 and headed for Hamburg. There was 7/10 coverage & moderate accurate flak at target. After target there were many enemy jets in the air. We saw about 8. Our gunner fired at one which came within 800 yds. Saw 2 P51's go down – had apparently run together. Saw B-17 ditch in N. Sea. We were Hot Camera ship in low element of High Sqdn. Time was 6:40. Got letter of Feb. 24 from N. Wrote none.

March 21, 1945

Played couple of Handball games with Harry (he won both). Flew SCS-51 in afternoon. Pedaled to town. Took Mrs. A. small package of Sweets & cigarettes. Went to show. Came home. Had quite a talk with Mrs. A. She is a remarkably frank & honest woman. The more I know her, the better I like her.

March 22, 1945

#18 To attack a German encampment 20 miles E. of Rhine near town of Buer & Gelsinkirchen. We were No. 2 in No. 2 flight of low Sqdn. Visual. Flak heavy on low Sqdn. We were badly damaged. Hole blown in nose, radio compass shattered, hole by co-pilot, left wing & aileron must be replaced, left main tank shot out, #3 oil tank hit, holes all over radio room, waist & ball oxygen shot out, interphone shot, tail gunner hit but not injured. Engines were OK & we got back OK. Time 6:30. Went to town & went to show with Mrs. Abe & Audrey. Stood down tomorrow.

March 23, 1945

Squadron Critique. Flew check ride on SCS-51 with representative from Wing spot checking. Did OK. Threw baseball around a bit. Wrote N. Alerted for 2 missions tomorrow.

March 24, 1945

#19 Hit Vechta airfield N. of Ruhr. Time 4:30.

March 25, 1945

Were to hit Luzkendorf but were scrubbed because of icing S. of London.

March 26, 1945

#20 Were to hit Zeitz but it wasn't visual so ended up hitting Wurzburg after making 2 runs on Plauen & one on Meningen. Had to land at Manston for gas since tanks were low & radio was out. Tot. time 1/125.

March 27, 1945

Mission to Schweinfurt scrubbed presumably because of Patton's swift advance. Flew a slow-time job in afternoon & then went to town to show. Saw & talked to Mrs. Abraham.

March 28, 1945

#21 To Berlin. Fought weather all the way in & back. Worst I've ever seen. Assembled in France. Almost lost 2 engines. A few flak holes – a main wing span hit. Was not flying the "Sweet Chariot".

March 29, 30, & 31, 1945

2 day pass.

April 3, 1945

#22 To port of Kiel. Hit underground oil storage PFF, partially visual. Flak light & inaccurate.

April 4, 1945

#23 Went in over Danish P. around Hamburg. Attempted to hit Airfield at Fossburg visually. Our squadron could not drop because of cloud. Brought bombs back & landed with them. Bomb altitude was 12,000.

April 5, 1945

#24 To Ingelstadt near Regensburg N.E. of Munich. Large ordnance depot was target. Hit it visually. Also saw Nuremburg being plastered. Most of city was on fire. Assembled in France. Weather was awful. Take-off was nite-instruments – in rain & fog. Icing was moderate-to-heavy. Bomb altitude 15,000. Group attempted frontal penetration in formation. Two ships of high Squadron collided. One crew bailed out; one crash landed. Group broke up – some climbed above, some went below storm. We come home all the way from East of Paris on the deck. Time 9:15. Squadron supposed to be stood down tomorrow.

April 7, 1945

#25 To underground oil storage at Hitzacker, S.E. of Luneburg, on the Elbe. Hit visual.

April 9, 1945

#26 Fursten feldbeck in Munich outskirts. Hit an airfield visually. Light flak, fighters in area. One made pass at low squadron. Time 9:45. Naomi's birthday. Too tired to do anything about it.

April 10, 1945

#27 To Berlin northern outskirts – Oranienburg. Large ordnance depot. Hit target visually. Attacked by jet 262's. Our group lost no bombers. Other 2 groups in our wing each lost two to fighters. We saw a couple of them go down. 17's, 51's, & jets were falling like leaves. Time 9:00.

April 11, 1945

#28 To outskirts of Munich (Freiham). Underground oil storage. Hit target visually. Flak moderate. No fighters attacked. Assembled over France. Time 10:00.

April 14, 1945

#29 To Bordeaux, France after shore guns protecting the harbor. Hit them visually.

April 15, 1945

#30 to Bordeaux again, more shore guns; good mission.

April 16, 1945

#31 Mission to Regensburg – marshalling yards between Dresden & Berlin.

April 17, 1945

No mission.

April 18, 1945

No mission.

April 19, 1945

#32 With new pilot (Humphries) as co-pilot instead of Jake. To south of Berlin, town named Elsterwurde, Autobahn – RR intersection.

April 20, 1945

#33 Co-pilot was Clontz, a new pilot. To southwest of Berlin, a city named Seddin, a RR junction & marshalling yards.

April 25, 1945

#34 To Pilsen, Czeck. Target was Skoda munitions plant, last large plant furnishing German army. SHAEF warned town we were coming. We made two runs on target. Flak was moderate, accurate; both runs we got hit. Bombed target visually. 10 or 15 min. after target No. 3 engine oil was gone, prop wouldn't feather. No. 1 was hit & vibrating somewhat. VHF radio was out, could not call leader & tell him our condition. We dropped out of formation, slowed air speed to reduce vibration. We threw out flak suits & gradually let down so that we were at 11,000 off oxygen at Luxembourg airfield. By this time, also No. 3 prop shaft had sheared & was windmilling freely with less vibration. I was unable to contact field at Luxembourg (Later discovered my jack box was shorting out & changed it) & since everything was under control I decided to go to Messenger where they were sure to have maintenance facilities. So we landed there. It was an A-26 base. They fed us completely & sent us by truck to Merville 110 miles N. En route we stopped at one town to get a drink of water & gave away about all our gum

& oranges to the children. At Merville facilities were good. Had hot shower, good show, went into town, drank a glass of French wine. Next morning took a patched B-17 & flew it back to England. A boy named Louett also went down & has not been heard from.

April 27 – May 23, 1945

The first part of this time I spent in flying some & sweating out that 35th mission, which I never got. The Germans didn't hold in any particular place, were in a constant state of collapse & retreat – which left us nothing to do. Von Rundstedt was captured & attributed the loss of the war to the bombing given Germany by the Allied air forces.

Finally on May 8th our C.O. called us all together, announced the surrender of Germany. Then for the next 10 days I was sweating out whether or not I'd be sent home or to France with the Group. Finally on the 19th my orders came, I telegraphed & wrote N. telling her I was coming & not to tell anyone else, for I intend to spend a few hours or days with her before I turn my attention to anyone else. It is possible to divide one's time between relatives, but not one's attention. Now I am at Stone Repl. Dep. waiting to fly home.

May 24, 1945

Today we changed our English money into good ol' Yankee currency, checked out of "Stone" & took a train for Burtonwood Field (near Warrington, 18 miles from Liverpool), where we were to pick up our plane, for we are going to fly back. On our is Capt. Bishop, J.M. McKay, R.J. Wade, Jack Shattuck, Capt. Schwob, Lt. Whipple (Nav.), Sgt. Oglesby, & Sgt. Friend, & the radio op.

Here at Burtonwood we found we would be here a couple of days instead of a couple of hours. But there are good barracks, showers, & good, & the beds are 3 quarter size with real innerspring mattresses & clean sheets every nite. So why should we kick? Jack Mitchell & I have sort of stuck together since we left G.U.

Though we are supposedly restricted to the area, Jack & I by using a bluff attitude walked right out the gate without a pass, went down to the permanent party officers' club, saw a movie, walked out on the highway, & sat on a bridge abutment & tipped our hats politely to the female bicycle parade which passed before us.

After an hour we walked back to & through the gate (again without a pass) singing like everything. We have resolved to walk out again tomorrow & maybe go to town. Only we don't know where to obtain some English money.

May 25, 1945

Last nite I dreamed some wild dreams about flying home. After lunch Jack & I played ball & ping-pong awhile, took a wonderful shower & got dressed to "go to town". We put our raincoats on to cover up our combat ribbons & wings (so the guard wouldn't know we were part of the transient crews, & marched out the gate again as pretty as you please. Almost immediately a GI truck came along empty except for the negro driver, so we hailed it. I got up front with the driver. He seemed very intelligent, & in fact had with him a large text in anatomy & physiology which he was studying.

He took us right into the center of Warrington where we got out & tried to figure out a way to go to Liverpool & still get back at a “reasonable” time. But all the buses came back too early so we decided to stay in Warrington. At the Red Cross we found we could change our money & we cashed in 4 dollars for a pound. Then we hunted thru pubs ‘till we found one with a supply of Gin. Jack got a few gins with juice & I had ginger ale. We ate, went back to the pub, back to change more money (the woman was flabbergasted that we spent so much money so soon – on coffee & donuts, since we told her we didn’t drink). More gins followed – this time I drank grapefruit soda. Meantime we had bought two tickets to a dance at Parr Hall & we headed down there. It was a good dance, with a fine orchestra & the two girls, Muriel & Elsie, which we danced with more & more as the evening wore on.

They were very charming (at least Muriel was) & good dancers. So we had a fine time, stayed too late to catch the truck. We went back to the field at 1130. About 0100 we were trudging the streets trying to find out how to get to Burtonwood on foot (6 miles away). We couldn’t get a taxi to take us because we were about 6 pence short of having the necessary 10 shillings. So we headed out down the road. After about 2 blocks of walking (& singing “Don’t Fence Me In” & “You Are My Sunshine”), a truck picked us up & took us almost to our gate. And we nonchalantly walked onto the post singing “You Are My Sunshine”. The guard, who had never seen us before in his life, stopped us, flashed a light in our faces; we asked him if he wanted to see our passes. He said oh no I know you fellows all right. We answered, sure, & marched on to the strains of “You Are My Sunshine” which we finished as we stood outside the barrack door.

I went to bed then & dreamed all nite about Naomi. Wonderful dreams they were, too.

May 26, 1945

We took off today & landed here at Valley, Wales. We will likely leave tomorrow & go by way of Iceland. Tonite Wade & I are sleeping in the plane.

May 27, 1945

A week since we left Grafton. We did not get off today. All but 7 planes left & we of course were one of the 7. Jack Mitchell, who was on one of the other crews left today. I spent most of the day playing Polish rummy & reading the Omnibook abridgement of Ernie Pyb’s “Brave Men” which I must buy while I am home along with “Peter Abelard” by Helen Waddell & a “Bell for Adams” by J. Hersey. Saw movie “The Hairy Ape”.

May 28, 1945

Didn’t get off today either. All flights were scrubbed because of weather. So McKay & I went walking down to the ocean.

May 29, 1945

We finally got away today & left the British Isles far behind us. Only we didn't head of Iceland but for the Azores, 8½ hours away. The flight was without event except that the navigator missed with his ETA about 50 minutes. But the radio compass & command set were working good so there wasn't any trouble in getting here. We landed. We told we could wear anything we liked, could eat any time of the day or nite, that nothing is rationed, that we could buy such things as ice cream sundaes & malted milks & ham sandwiches at the PX. And it was true. And every day hundreds of ex-combat men line up at the soda fountain to buy cokes & malts & hot fudge sundaes, not because they are hungry – for they are eating themselves to death on the wonderful chow – but merely because they want to spend some American money in the good ol' American way. I try, like the rest, to be the first in line & spend all my money – only I go especially for chocolate malts.

The only unfavorable thing on the field seems to be the dirt floored tents & canvas cots which are ours. But we are on our way home & that is what counts. The weather is balmy & breezy & quite different from England. Wired Naomi before I left Wales.

May 30, 1945

Weather between us & Newfoundland is keeping us down. We saw the show "Diamond Horseshoe" (with Betty Gr. & D. Haynes) & walked down to the oceanside cliffs. Finished off the day with a couple of cokes & the reading of the first part of Clausewitz "On War" & a few pages of Dickens' "Pickwick Papers".

May 31, 1945

Still held back by weather, we are beginning to think it faster to go by boat.

June 1, 1945

May turns into June, our hopes turn into flitting clouds, the clouds become driving, slashing rain & I am about ready to start a book called "Why I Should Like to Spend Xmas of 1945 at Home" or "When It's Springtime in the Azores", and gosh how I'd like to get home to my wife.

We had expected when we landed to be here about 12 hours. Now it is more than 3 full days without much hope of taking off tomorrow, & 3 days can seem like 3 eternities when you're on your way home.

The sea, pushed by, at times, 40-mile wind has really been thumping the cliffs today. But now, this evening the front seems to have passed, the clouds are breaking a little & it is rumored that some of the planes are taking off at midnite for Gander, Newfoundland.

The C-51, flown by the ALC, take-off & land constantly despite the weather, & it is quite irksome to us, considering the weather we flew combat planes in every day, to be grounded by a transport command because of weather, while they let their own pilots come & go. Of course I suppose the fact they are flying necessary operational flights

whereas there is no particular military expediency in getting us back to the States immediately, has something to do with the discrimination.

I finished Clausewitz' book "On War" today. It was in a few spots too deep for me but on the whole a very interesting thesis.

It seems that tonite, in addition to the usual discomfort of sleeping in our clothes & being cold most of the nite on our canvas cots, we shall have only wet blankets to roll into, on account of today's storm, for our tent is anything but weatherproof.

June 3, 1945

Finally left the Azores today. Headed for Newfoundland. It was a 10 hour flight & there was a lot of weather, which forced many of the planes to go back, still we came there okay & landed here at Gander field, north of Gander Lake in Newfoundland. The weather has socked in pretty tonite & there's not much chance of our taking off for the States tomorrow. Facilities are very good, tho', & come to think of it, we've got lots of time.

After landing we ate, went to a show, then gorged ourselves at the 25-hr. snack bar. Now after a wonderful hot shower (the showers are located in the same building as our room) I am ready for the ol' sack.

June 4, 1945

The weather was cold, foggy, & drizzly all today, & there isn't much hope for a change by tomorrow. We did very little to speak of today; ate, slept, read magazines; I started George F. Milton's book "Conflict", the American Civil War.

June 5, 1945

Today after arising later than I'd expected to, I showered & then washed out some underwear. Last nite I decided I would go out to the plane this morning & relieve either Sgt. Oglesby or Friend from guard duty for the first half of the day. This I did & returned from the plane about 5:00 & went directly to the Post Library & spent the remainder of the afternoon & evening there; browsing & reading.

I chanced to open the cover of B. Barton's book, "What Can a Man Believe", & I sat down & read it thru. It was just the book I have been hoping for for many weeks, since I have adopted such a doubting and critical attitude toward much of religion. It is a book that all agnostics should read. The vivid anecdote about the man who found a watch especially caught my fancy.

The weather cleared up about 3:00 this afternoon & it looks as if we shall get away tomorrow.