

303rd BG (H) Combat Mission No. 141

25 April 1944

Target: Metz/Frescaty Airdrome, France

Crews Dispatched: 21

Length of Mission: 7 hours, 40 minutes

Bomb Load: 12 x 500 lb G.P. bombs

Bombing Altitude: 20,000 ft

Ammo Fired: 210 rounds

Twenty-one aircraft took off to bomb the Metz/Frescaty airdrome with a secondary target at St. Rizior/Robinson. No aircraft returned early. There were no casualties, no aircraft were lost and no aircraft suffered battle damage.

The weather did not affect this mission. At the target there were 4/10 cumulus clouds with tops at 9,000 feet and 3/10 cirrus clouds with bases at 25,000 feet. Group B-17s dropped 240 500-lb. M43 bombs from 20,000 feet on the primary target with good results. The spare aircraft flew with the 384BG and jettisoned 12,500 lb. bombs in the Channel.

Wind shifts caused confusion on the bomb run. The route flown to the IP was about 10 miles southwest of course. The Combat Wings ahead of the 41 CBW were south of course and the 40 CBW gave the 41 CBW trouble by "S"ing through and across the 41 CBW all along the route until they broke off to bomb their target. When the 41 CBW got back on course, it appeared that a collision course would be run with the 94 CBW and 1 CBW. The 41 CBW "S"ed and gave way to the south to come in on the target in proper Wing order. The 303BG and 379BG bombed through a break in the clouds. The 384BG called the 41 CBW Air Commander, stating that they had been unable to bomb the target. After making a 360 degree east turn they were led over the secondary target, but again were unable to bomb. They jettisoned their bombs in the Channel when gas shortages developed.

Anti-aircraft gunfire was negligible. Only a few scattered bursts were seen. No enemy aircraft appeared. Fighter support was good. Five aircraft landed away from Base. One of these aircraft crashed upon landing at High Halden: #42-38020 *V-Packet*, piloted by Lt. Vere A. **Wood**. The B-17 was salvaged.

Lt. Col. Lewis **Lyle**, flying his 37th mission said, "The mission was very successful as far as we are concerned. We didn't have any opposition at all and the bombing looked pretty good to me." Capt. George T. **Mackin**, 358BS CO, also provided a good mission report. "We managed a nice long bomb run with no interference through a large break in the clouds and I think we did all right. The bombardier said we covered the target with our bombs. We didn't see any fighters and I saw only three bursts of flak."

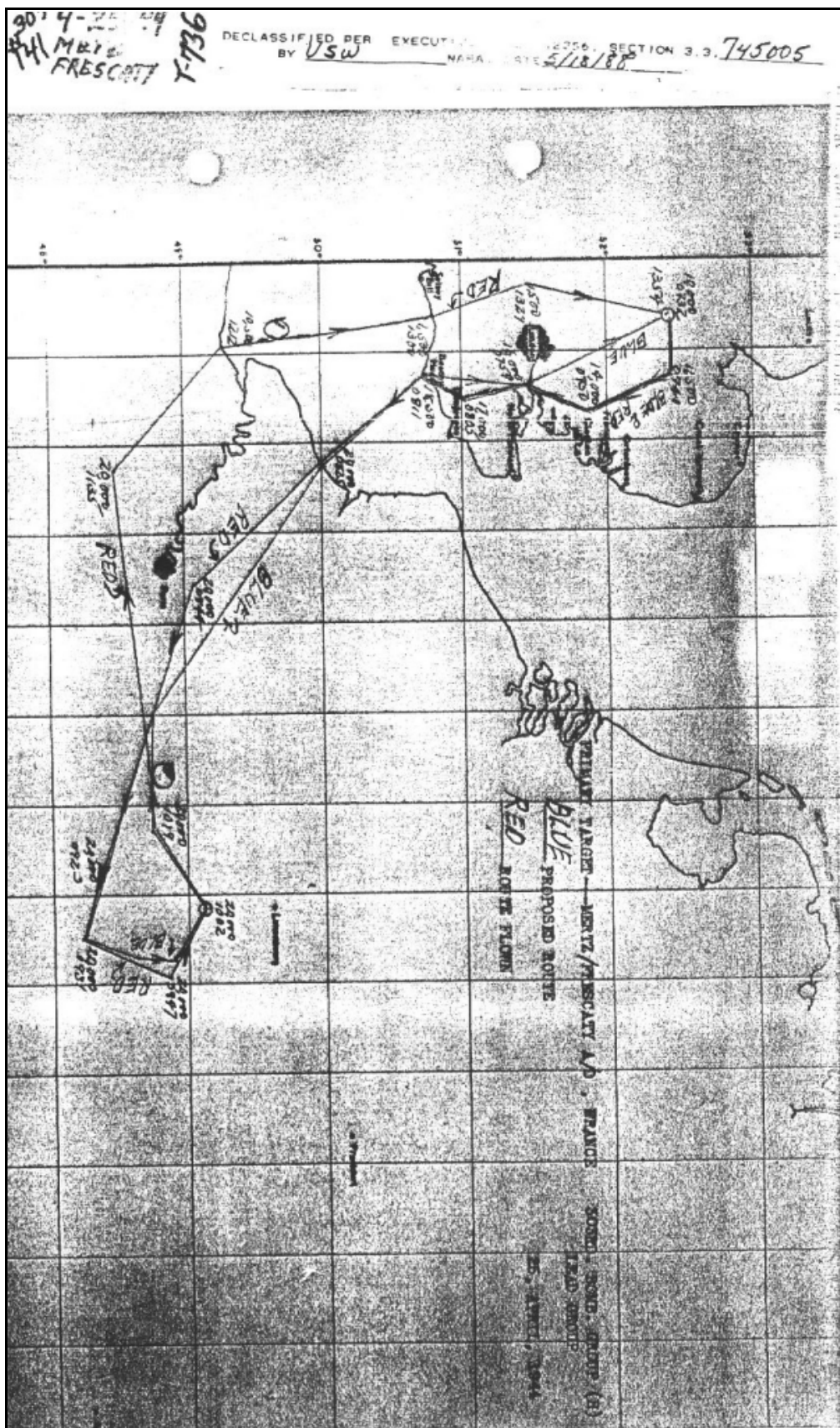


VERE A. WOOD CREW - 427th BS

**photo taken in front of a B-24
(crew assigned 427BS: 04 Feb 1944)**

(Back L-R) T/Sgt Thomas V. Grant (BT), S/Sgt Winnie R. Brooks (R),
S/Sgt Otto L. Snider (E), S/Sgt John E. Tevis (A/Eng),
Sgt Charles L. Heathershaw (T-WG), Sgt Edward Helton (WG)
(Front L-R) 2Lt Vere A. Wood (P), 2Lt Wilmer A. Knutson (CP),
2Lt William S. Pinette (N), 2Lt Thomas G. Brown (B)

25 April 1944 mission #141 to Metz, France in 427BS B-17G #42-38020 "V-Packet" (GN-L). The B-17 was hit by flak. One engine gave out and Lt Wood was unable to keep up with the formation. Friendly fighters picked up the damaged B-17 and stayed with the crew. The B-17 became low on fuel. With only two engines operating, no flaps and a flat tire, Lt Wood headed for a fighter base at made an emergency two engine wheels-up landing at High Halden, England. Substitute crewmen on this flight were 2Lt Ernest G. Greenwood (CP), 2Lt Walter F. Kurnik (N), S/Sgt Henry J. Jensen (R) and S/Sgt Michael Musashe (RWG).



Route Map

Aircraft Formation at Assembly Point

		<u>Lyle-Mackin</u> 574		
		<u>Ames</u> 622		<u>Howell</u> 787
			<u>Newell</u> 284	
		<u>Fackler</u> 183		<u>Moser</u> 272
	<u>Long</u> 841			<u>Harrison</u> 096
<u>Eisele</u> 048		<u>Bowen</u> 340	<u>Savage</u> 241	<u>Assenheimer</u> 830
	<u>Stevens</u> 187			<u>Wood</u> 020
<u>Williams</u> 546		<u>Johnston</u> 254	<u>O'Hare</u> 027	<u>Jones</u> 423
	<u>Earhart</u> 196		<u>Headlee</u> 158	

KEY TO ABBREVIATIONS

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CREW POSITIONS CMP - Command Pilot P - Pilot CP - Co-Pilot NAV - Navigator ANV - Ass't. Navigator MNV - Mickey Navigator ENG - Engineer BOM - Bombardier RO - Radio Operator	TOG - Togglier	VI - Voice Interpreter	DOW - Died of wounds
	BT - Ball Turret Operator	OBS - Observer	EVD - Evaded the enemy
	TT - Top Turret Operator	PAS - Passenger	INT - Interned in neu cntry
	TG - Tail Gunner	PHO - Photographer	REP - Repatriated
	NG - Nose Gunner		RES - Rescued
	RG - Radio Gunner	RESULTS OF MISSION	ESC - Escaped
	WG - Waist Gunner	KIA - Killed in action	BO - Bailed out
	LWG - Left Waist Gunner	WIA - Wounded in action	DCH - Ditched
	RWG - Right Waist Gunner	MIA - Missing in action	CR-L - Crashed on land
	GUN - Gunner	POW - Prisoner of war	CR-S - Crashed at sea

358th Bombardment Squadron Crew Lists

B-17G #42-97787 (No Name)

P	Howell, Ernest F., 2Lt
CP	Miller, Campbell, 2Lt
NAV	Williams, Grover C., 2Lt
BOM	Campbell, William D., 2Lt
ENG	West, Jerome H., Sgt
RWG	Stafford, Sheldon A., Sgt
RO	Lesser, Edward R., Sgt
LWG	Stone, Robert L., Jr., Sgt
TG	MacFarland, Kendall H., S/Sgt
BT	Barteau, Edward L., S/Sgt

B-17G #42-97622 Paper Dollie

P	Ames, Walter J., Jr., 2Lt
CP	Knight, R.A., 2Lt
NAV	Shamban, Marcus F., 2Lt
BOM	Spatt, Arnold I., 2Lt
ENG	Gonsalves, John D., S/Sgt
LWG	Johnston, Wendell B., Sgt
RO	Rabun, Clifford G., Sgt
BT	Swain, Norman F., Pvt
TG	Angelo, George L., S/Sgt
RWG	Hodgins, Robert A., Sgt

B-17G #42-31574 Ole George

P	Lyle, Lewis E., Lt Col
CP	Mackin, George T., Capt
NAV	Merthan, Lawrence C., 1Lt
NAV	Binder, Carroll, Jr., 2Lt
BOM	Armstrong, Charles C., 1Lt
ENG	Haggerty, Jerome J., T/Sgt
RWG	Delaney, Jessie L., S/Sgt
RO	Rumpf, Charles W., T/Sgt
BT	Chadick, Neal T., S/Sgt
TG	Stender, Francis H., T/Sgt
LWG	Hunt, John L., S/Sgt

359th Bombardment Squadron Crew Lists

B-17G #42-31830 *Marie*

P	Assenheimer, Edwin H., 1Lt
CP	Sassone, Joseph C., 2Lt
NAV	Sanders, Coleman, 2Lt
TOG	Meier, Wayne G., Sgt
ENG	Mayhugh, John C., S/Sgt
RO	Mouser, Lloyd C., T/Sgt
RWG	Rettinhouse, Robert A., S/Sgt
TG	Robichaud, Joseph E., S/Sgt
BT	Manchester, Robert E., Sgt
LWG	Covington, Charles G., S/Sgt

B-17G #42-31183 *Bad Penny*

P	Fackler, David E., 2Lt
CP	Paton, Wallace L., 2Lt
NAV	Hogan, Paul G., 2Lt
BOM	Nance, George H., 2Lt
ENG	Schlottman, Jerome D., S/Sgt
RO	Prendergast, Bert T., S/Sgt
BT	McIntyre, Harold W., Sgt
TG	Pohlman, Wilbert F., Sgt
LWG	Brewer, Ray, Sgt
RWG	Tipton, Bill B., Sgt

B-17G #42-97284 *Ain't Misbehavin*

P	Newell, Noel N., 1Lt
CP	Moyer, William G., 2Lt
NAV	Rawlings, Loren F., 2Lt
BOM	Yelsky, Fred B., 2Lt
ENG	Freinwald, Earl C., T/Sgt
RWG	McGee, Richard, S/Sgt
RO	Weepie, Robert F., T/Sgt
LWG	Mendel, Myron R., S/Sgt
BT	Hart, Edgar B., S/Sgt
TG	Atkinson, William E., S/Sgt

B-17G #42-97272 *Duchess' Daughter*

P	Moser, Clinton A., 2Lt.
CP	Gorecki, Victor T., 2Lt
NAV	Andreasen, Rolf W., 2Lt
BOM	Campbell, Frank P., 2Lt
ENG	Mays, Pearl E., S/Sgt
RO	Zionkoski, John T., S/Sgt
BT	Parrish, Vernon, Sgt
TG	Seelock, Joseph J., Sgt
TT	Duffey, Willis A., Sgt
LWG	Raines, Donald E., Sgt

B-17G #42-31386 *Sky Duster*

P	Marsh, Richard K., 2Lt
CP	Rice, Charles M., 2Lt
BOM	Corbin, Frederick A., F/O
TOG	Moening, Herman G., Sgt
ENG	Davis, Eugene B., S/Sgt
RO	Minks, George A., S/Sgt
BT	Davies, John W., S/Sgt
TG	Moessner, Raymond J., S/Sgt
RWG	Rogers, Warren G., Sgt
LWG	Dean, Raymond N., Sgt

(Abortive Sortie)

360th Bombardment Squadron Crew Lists

B-17G #42-97254 *Iza Vailable Too*

P	Johnston, Donald M., 2Lt
CP	Heussler, Robert W., 2Lt
NAV	Schultz, Milo R., 2Lt
BOM	Davis, Paul J., S/Sgt
ENG	Barnum, Abraham E., M/Sgt
RO	Treece, Charles E., S/Sgt
BT	Pesetsky, Paul W., Sgt
TG	Nestok, Frank, Sgt
RWG	Smith, Herbert L., Sgt
LWG	Lovett, William F., S/Sgt

B-17G #42-37841 *Banshee*

P	Long, John A., 1Lt
CP	Cohl, Jules R., 2Lt
NAV	Przybyszewski, Henry S., 1Lt
BOM	Fahlbusch, Joseph F., 1Lt
ENG	Wilson, Clarence G., T/Sgt
LWG	Ledley, Albert J., S/Sgt
RO	Jennings, Ralph T., T/Sgt
RWG	Henson, Mace, S/Sgt
TG	Orlando, Anthony T., S/Sgt
BT	Logan, Frank C., S/Sgt

B-17G #42-97187 *Miss Umbriago*

P	Stevens, Joseph E., 1Lt
CP	Ellsworth, Paul R., 2Lt
NAV	Fleming, Samuel P., 1Lt
BOM	Finley, Robert A., 1Lt
ENG	Brewster, John L., T/Sgt
RO	Deerfield, Eddie, T/Sgt
BT	Weaver, Thomas E., S/Sgt
TG	Edwards, Marvin R., Sgt
RWG	Fitko, Marion F., S/Sgt
LWG	Cole, Edgar C., S/Sgt

B-17G #42-107048 *(No Name)*

P	Eisele, Roy, 1Lt
CP	Girard, Louis F., 2Lt
NAV	Schenker, Murray, 2Lt
BOM	Huddleston, D.O., S/Sgt
ENG	Cowley, Louis M., S/Sgt
RWG	Bell, Richard L., Sgt
RO	Millard, Ralph, S/Sgt
LWG	Friedman, Szymon A., S/Sgt
BT	Longoria, Efrain, Sgt
TG	Vallee, Edward J., S/Sgt

B-17G #42-97546 *Idaliza*

P	Williams, John T., 2Lt
CP	Coats, Niel, 2Lt
NAV	Fazio, Joseph J., 2Lt
BOM	Grunseth, Roald J., 2Lt
ENG	Schwenke, Howard A., S/Sgt
RO	Barber, Stewart, L., S/Sgt
BT	Whitten, Cleveland W., Sgt
TG	Ott, John E., Sgt
RWG	Northam, James W., Sgt
LWG	Mitchell, John B., Sgt

B-17G #42-107196 *Temptress*

P	Earhart, Amon E., 1Lt
CP	Evans, Earnest N., 2Lt
NAV	Ross, Lawrence D., 2Lt
BOM	Barker, Havelock W., 1Lt
ENG	Hubley, Warren G., T/Sgt
RO	Villasenor, Oscar, S/Sgt
BT	Lanier, Lee, Jr., S/Sgt
TG	Laurinitis, Anthony, S/Sgt
RWG	Huddleston, D.O., Sgt
LWG	Payne, George S., S/Sgt

B-17G #42-31340 *Miss Liberty*

P	Bowen, James W., 1Lt
CP	Francis, John R., 2Lt
NAV	Cotner, Nyle E., 2Lt
BOM	Parrilla, Rufe H., 2Lt
ENG	Kuczewski, William J., Sgt
RO	Tibbetts, Arthur P., S/Sgt
BT	Britt, Jack E., S/Sgt
TG	Elmore, Kenneth L., Sgt
LWG	Lobenherz, Ernest P., Sgt
RWG	Howald, Hans, Sgt

427th Bombardment Squadron Crew Lists

B-17G #42-31423 *Jigger Rooche*

P	Jones, Wilbur H., 2Lt
CP	Wallace, Walstein W., 2Lt
NAV	Skarsten, Albert B., 2Lt
BOM	Kennedy, William J., 2Lt
TT	Duerr, William P., S/Sgt
BT	Calnon, Frederick N., S/Sgt
RO	Kosher, Albert J., Sgt
TG	LaFrenier, James E., S/Sgt
LWG	Thompson, Frederick A., Sgt
RWG	Dimowitz, Morris, Sgt

B-17G #42-31241 *Spirit of Wanette*

P	Savage, Gilbert T., 2Lt
CP	Schwolow, John C., 2Lt
NAV	Coffey, John B., 2Lt
BOM	Coughlin, George A., 2Lt
TT	Kelly, J.D., S/Sgt
BT	Holt, Richard R., Sgt
TG	Paul, Samuel D., S/Sgt
TG	Stover, Edward J., Sgt
RWG	Layton, Wilber A., Sgt
LWG	Jefferson, Arthur G., S/Sgt

B-17G #42-38020 *V-Packet*

P	Wood, Vere A., 1Lt
CP	Greenwood, Ernest G., 2Lt
NAV	Kurnik, Walter F., 2Lt
BOM	Brown, Thomas G., 2Lt
TT	Tevis, John E., S/Sgt
BT	Grant, Thomas V., S/Sgt
RO	Jensen, Henry J., S/Sgt
RWG	Heathershaw, Charles L., S/Sgt
TG	Helton, Edward, S/Sgt
LWG	Musashe, Michael, S/Sgt

B-17G #42-32027 *Betty Jane*

P	O'Hare, Phil W., 2Lt
CP	Sayers, Darwin D., 2Lt
NAV	Cronin, Ernest L., 1Lt
BOM	Fontaine, Clifford F., S/Sgt
TT	Souder, Lee F., Jr., Sgt
RO	DuBray, Ernest D., Sgt
BT	McMahan, Bonnar P., S/Sgt
TG	McLaughlin, Jesse W., S/Sgt
LWG	Doyle, Edward J., Sgt
RWG	Sutton, Marvin A., Sgt

B-17F #42-3158 *Max*

P	Headlee, Dale C., 2Lt
CP	Fogerson, Joseph E., F/O
NAV	Schweitzer, Jerome D., 2Lt
BOM	Handley, Donald J., 2Lt
ENG	Klunk, James A., S/Sgt
BT	Almanzor, Berton F., S/Sgt
RO	Moberg, Chester H., S/Sgt
TG	Bell, Alton R., S/Sgt
LWG	Wilson, Robert J., S/Sgt
RWG	Kyle, Clarence, S/Sgt

B-17G #42-97096 *(No Name)*

P	Harrison, Emmittes S., Jr., 1Lt
CP	Bastean, Stephen B., 2Lt
NAV	Peacock, Lawrence A., 1Lt
BOM	Umphress, F.E., Jr., 1Lt
ENG	Rombach, Joseph H., T/Sgt
BT	Dye, James W., S/Sgt
RO	Volmer, Lawrence O., T/Sgt
TG	Hoff, Henry, S/Sgt
LWG	Campbell, Kenneth H., S/Sgt
RWG	Hawk, Kenneth L., S/Sgt

LOST-OH, WE WERE LOST

from the Diary of Lt. Carroll 'Ted' Binder

(contained in a letter received on 9 May 1944, by his brother David)

SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND— Larry (1Lt Lawrence C. Merthan) and I went to briefing that morning just as always, but it was a big day for him and a bigger one for me. We knew that we would be riding with the Colonel (LtCol Lewis E. Lyle), leading the Wing. Larry had led the Group several times before, but I had never been responsible for anything bigger than a Squadron. Yes, this was big stuff all right, I thought to myself. Whether or not sixty planes, six hundred men, successfully dodged a hundred flak positions and reached the target (to say nothing of home) depended on us. And the Colonel hadn't left any doubt about what he expected, either.

"Either we hit the I. P. (initial point for the bomb run) on course or you guys better bail out." Our bombardiers hadn't been hitting their targets lately, and the Colonel felt — with some justification — that it was because navigators hadn't been bringing them in from the briefed direction. So Larry and I promised to do our best, crossed ourselves and muttered a prayer asking St. Columbus to intercede on behalf of two devout navigators.

Things looked good when we took off. We were on time, and it was one of those rare days when we could assemble over Molesworth without first sweating out a climb through an overcast. That advantage enabled us to get the whole group assembled twenty minutes before time to leave the base, twenty minutes that we used to look over and memorize our target maps, check our plotting and smoke a last cigarette before going on oxygen.

We left Molesworth on schedule, headed for the first of six points on a zig-zag course over England. The tail gunner was told to be on the watch for the other two groups in the wing, who were to pick us up on the way.

We were right on the ball over England, never more than a minute ahead or behind schedule. I was directing the turns on the basis of pilotage while Larry checked me with our radar unit. We stumbled over each other in a space meant for one navigator, but our work didn't seem to suffer from it. By the time the cliffs of Beachy Head had come into view, our combat wing was fully assembled and we were ready to go.

"Leaving Beachy Head on course, one minute ahead of schedule," Larry told the Colonel.

Our route from Beachy Head on must remain a secret known only to our Intelligence Officers, the men who flew on the mission, the Luftwaffe, and the German anti-aircraft defenses. Suffice it to say that we crossed the French coast on time, so close to our briefed course that not a burst of flak came near us; that we drifted fifteen miles south of course while over an eighty miles stretch of solid clouds; that we were kept so busy correcting for wind change that we never worked out good winds of our own; and that by the time we had crossed into Alsace, we were both perspiring freely, though the thermometer read twenty-eight below zero.

The cloud cover was now eight to nine tenths cumulus, permitting only an occasional glimpse of the ground. It was no easy job to do accurate pilotage.

But in spite of the difficulties, we managed to make the turn north to the I. P. pretty well on course. I had possession of the maps now, so it was all mine. To say I was scared is an understatement. In my excitement I even forgot to put on my flak suit.

Three minutes up the northward course to the target, there was a break in the clouds about a mile square. There wasn't time to look for the spot on my map, so I tried to memorize the features: a small village with an east-west road and a single track railway from the north-west, and a small patch of woods just south of town. That wasn't hard to find. We were drifting off to the right again, so I called the Colonel and gave him a 10 degree correction. Then I did a little hasty computing and decided that we should start turning in six

and half minutes if we were to hit the I. P. on course.

It was then that Providence intervened. I don't believe there was another twenty-miles stretch in Alsace that was clear, but as we approached our bomb run, I could see that the way to our target was barred by only a few patches of cumulus clouds. Just before our turn, the clouds broke enough for me to see the lake that was our pivot point, and I called quickly to give the new heading. By the time the squadron behind us had swung to the left, we were over the I. P. on a heading of 308 degrees. Briefed heading was 306 degrees. Larry looked at me and I looked at him. We were both thinking: "Guess we won't have to bail out!"

We had a direct head-wind on the bomb run, took five minutes before we even came in sight of the target. Then, Army (1Lt Charles C. Armstrong, our Squadron Bombardier) pointed it out in the distance, straight ahead of us. It was our target all right. It was now possible to make out the town, the north-south river and the airfield.

"I've got it now," said Army over interphone. And he bent over his bomb-sight and picked up our aiming point with the extended vision device.

We had a beautiful view of our target now. We could even see the planes parked in front of the hangar assigned to us. We couldn't miss today.

As we moved closer, Army was able to get his sight synchronized. There was none of the last minute fumbling that most bombardiers had to do. He never had to correct more than three degrees, and for the last thirty seconds he didn't even have to do that. He simply waited for the indices to meet and the electric mechanism to send the bombs on their way.

"Jesus, Lieutenant, you did a beautiful job." It was the tail gunner (TSgt Francis H. Stender) talking.

"Yeah, looks all right, doesn't it," said Army.

"How was the bomb drop pattern?" asked the Colonel.

Stender reported only one bomb out of the target area. "Best I've ever seen." The Colonel seemed satisfied.

The three of us in the nose were more than satisfied. We felt that we'd done a good job under tough conditions. If oxygen masks hadn't covered our faces and hampered our movements, we would have beamed at each other and slapped each other on the back. But it was no time for relaxation. Six hundred men had to be lead five hundred miles before we could do that.

Details of the route out are as subject to censorship as those of the route in. But it will not be telling Jerry anything to say that the navigation was rotten. To put it quite bluntly, Larry and I lost ourselves shortly after the target, when the Colonel did a couple of wide circles over clouds while waiting for one of our bomb groups to drop their bombs. We could think of nothing better than to give the flight plan heading home, hoping we'd pick ourselves up before we'd run into much flak. We'd both seen lots of flak before, and we weren't worried about it for our own sakes. But the thought of having some of the planes in our wing shot up was enough to scare hell out of us.

During the next forty minutes we literally devoured (with our eyes) every feature we could see through the narrow breaks in the undercast. But they were never large enough to help us. When I finally did pick us up, it was by radar.

"Jesus, look at this," I said to Larry, pointing to my fix. We were nearly fifty miles off course, and passed south of Paris, instead of north of it.

Larry just looked at me. He was wondering, as I was, how we had been fortunate enough to miss the deadly flak in the big city. But as I traced back over our route, I found that we had not only missed Paris, but every defended airfield and town in France, as well. I was still the luckiest navigator in the A. A. F.

Bringing the wing out was no job at all, now that we knew where we were. We chose a corridor where we knew there would be no flak, hit the Normandy coast at a town where

I had spent several pleasant days before the war. I was so relieved that I didn't think to look at the old place, even though the clouds had broken enough for me to see it. I couldn't help thinking what a miracle it had been that we had come through O. K. We had been over France nearly four hours, had never had a single flak burst within range of our formation, and had never seen a single enemy fighter.

Back at the base, I expected that the Colonel would tell us our services were no longer necessary in a "Lead Capacity"—and I expected that he'd also tell us a few things not so easily recorded. But he was smiling when he climbed out of the plane, congratulating us on hitting the target and saying nothing at all about what happened afterwards. "A damn white guy," I thought to myself. And I felt even better when I saw the pictures of our bombing. Intelligence reported it the best pattern and the most devastating bomb job of any this year (by our Group). So in spite of our blunders—getting lost, horribly getting lost—really more mine than Larry's—the mission had been a rousing success. No casualties—good bombing—finally finding our way safely home. Praise Allah!

(Editor's note—Members of the crew are listed previously below. All of these men were fortunate enough to complete their tours, with exception of Lt. Carroll Binder (KIA on 24 May 1944). LtCol Lyle was promoted to full Colonel and took command of the 379th Bombardment Group, Capt Mackin was promoted to Major and made commander of the 358th Bomb Squadron. Most of the enlisted men, Sergeants Haggerty, Delaney, Chaddick, Rumpf and Hunt were on their next to last mission. Lt Merthan finished 6 missions later and Lt. Armstrong finished 11 missions later.)

26 April 1944 - MISSION RECALLED

The target was to have been Cologne, Germany, but was recalled at mid-Channel because of bad weather. This was the first 8th Air Force mission to attempt to use 2,000-lb. GB-1 Glide Bombs (Grapefruit) shackled to external bomb racks. The three 41 CBW Bombardment Groups – 303rd, 379th and 384th – had been trained in the use of Glide Bombs. (See Mission #81 which contains a description of the Glide Bomb and the first practice mission).

PRACTICE MISSION-BEACH AT STUDLAND BAY, ENGLAND

A practice mission was conducted during the afternoon following the disappointing recall of the "Grapefruit" mission to Cologne.

All three 8th Air Force Divisions participated in the practice mission. The 1st BD Combat Wings dispatched groups of nine aircraft in a single Squadron formation. Only the 41st Combat Wing carried bombs on external racks. Bombs were dropped on the beaches in a carefully controlled operation because of the nearby populated areas.

Nine 303rd BG(H) aircraft participated on the mission and bombing was done from 10,000 feet. Crews remarked that they could feel the concussions of the bombs being dropped from this altitude. The 1,000-lb. bombs carried on the external racks were not dropped because of the low altitude.