

303rd BG (H) Combat Mission No. 203

13 July 1944

Target: City area, Munich, Germany

Crews Dispatched: 38

Crews Lost: Lt. Long, 9 Interned

Length of Mission: 9 hours

Bomb Load: 4 x 500 lb G.P. M43 bombs

Bombing Altitudes: Group A - 22,500 ft; Group B - 19,500 ft

Ammo Fired: 0 rounds

For the third day in a row, the Group bombed Munich using PFF (H2X) equipment. There again were 10/10 clouds over the Continent. Thirty-eight B-17s took off as the lead and low Groups of the 41st CBW-A led by Lt. Col. Lewis E. **Lyle**.

Two B-17s returned early:

#42-102960 (*No Name*), 359BS (Lt. **Eldridge**) -No. 3 booster pump broken

#42-31060 *Poque Ma Hone*, 427BS (Lt. **DuBose**) - ball turret oxygen out

Twenty-eight Fortresses dropped 221 500-lb. G.P. M43 bombs and 64 500-lb. incendiary clusters on Munich from 22,500 and 19,500 feet. One B-17 dropped twelve 500-lb. incendiaries on Rottwell, Germany as a target of opportunity. Six Forts dropped 48 500-lb. G.P. and twelve 500-lb. incendiary bombs on a railroad near Luneville, France. Another B-17, #44-6086 *My Blonde Baby*, 358BS (Lt. **Stark**), jettisoned its bombs in Germany. None of the results were observed because of the heavy undercast.

Only four enemy aircraft were seen, but they did not attack the 303rd BG(H) formations. Intense and fairly accurate flak was encountered at Munich. Seven aircraft sustained major and fourteen, minor damage. Chaff was believed to have had some beneficial effect. Friendly fighter support was intermittent on the way into the target and excellent on the way out.



*B-17G #42-97905 (360BS) PU-R - 1Lt Paul H. Long Crew
after the hard landing at Dubendorf, Germany*

One aircraft, #42-97905 (*No Name*), 360BS, piloted by 1st Lt. Paul H. **Long**, flew to Switzerland. The aircraft was flying in the No. 4 position of the lead Group, lead Squadron. Just after "bombs away," the B-17 was hit by flak which tore a big hole in the wing between the Nos. 1 and 2 engines. It then came back almost into its formation position, stayed there momentarily and then went off to the right under control and holding altitude. The Fortress was spotted heading for

Switzerland with fuel leaking from the wing. The pilot and co-pilot made a difficult landing at Dubendorf. The No. 2 engine had been shut down with a damaged No. 1 engine operating erratically. Inoperative flaps resulted in a high speed final approach and landing.

The B-17 overran the runway and came to a halt in a meadow. Swiss engineers who examined the Fortress counted sixty hits from flak shrapnel in the left wing in addition to two large holes. Daylight could be seen through the large wing holes. The internees were: Lt. **Long**, 2Lt. Harold L. **Carlman**, Jr., 1Lt. Marvin E. **Shaw**, 2Lt. Charles F. **Cassidy**, T/Sgt. John D. **Mours**, T/Sgt. Arthur L. **Habich**, S/Sgt. Joseph E. **Flammia**, S/Sgt. Wesley C. **Abbott**, and S/Sgt. Keith R. **Olson**.

Aircraft Formation at Assembly Point - Group A

		<u>Rosser-Lyle</u> 592 - PFF		
		<u>Doughty</u> 841		<u>Gallagher</u> 027
			<u>Long</u> 905	
		<u>Vitale</u> 893		<u>Baehr</u> 861
	<u>Ligino</u> 595			<u>Bartholomew</u> 124
<u>Flowers</u> 666		<u>Hamilton</u> 875		<u>Hallum</u> 860
	<u>Flick</u> 411			<u>Keating</u> 432
<u>Newton</u> 885		<u>Lehmann</u> 099		<u>Brown</u> 166
				<u>DuBose</u> 060
				<u>Nafius</u> 196

Aircraft Formation at Assembly Point - Group B

		<u>Benham</u> 945			
		<u>McConnell</u> 739		<u>Davis</u> 085	
			<u>Stark</u> 086		
		<u>Miller</u> 622		<u>Vermeer</u> 972	
	<u>Sirany</u> 284			<u>Baker</u> 298	
<u>Gould</u> 183		<u>Carney</u> 423		<u>Stein</u> 224	<u>Freeland</u> 590
	<u>Morgan</u> 050			<u>Walker</u> 177	
<u>Langford</u> 055		<u>Eldridge</u> 960		<u>Brabant</u> 546	<u>Jenkins</u> 537
	<u>Crozier</u> 830			<u>Boyce</u> 838	

KEY TO ABBREVIATIONS

<p><u>CREW POSITIONS</u> CMP - Command Pilot P - Pilot CP - Co-Pilot NAV - Navigator ANV - Ass't. Navigator MNV - Mickey Navigator ENG - Engineer BOM - Bombardier RO - Radio Operator</p>	<p>TOG - Toggler BT - Ball Turret Operator TT - Top Turret Operator TG - Tail Gunner NG - Nose Gunner RG - Radio Gunner WG - Waist Gunner LWG - Left Waist Gunner RWG - Right Waist Gunner GUN - Gunner</p>	<p>VI - Voice Interpreter OBS - Observer PAS - Passenger PHO - Photographer</p> <p><u>RESULTS OF MISSION</u> KIA - Killed in action WIA - Wounded in action MIA - Missing in action POW - Prisoner of war</p>	<p>DOW - Died of wounds EVD - Evaded the enemy INT - Interned in neu cuntry REP - Repatriated RES - Rescued ESC - Escaped BO - Bailed out DCH - Ditched CR-L - Crashed on land CR-S - Crashed at sea</p>
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358th Bombardment Squadron Crew Lists

B-17G #42-31224 Hell in the Heavens

P Stein, Lawrence J., 2Lt
CP Riseden, Jack W., 2Lt
NAV Larkworthy, Bernard J., 2Lt
BOM Carloss, Earl W., 2Lt
ENG Card, Harry R, S/Sgt
WG Grissom, Manley E., Sgt
RO Meyer, Fred R., S/Sgt
BT Truesdell, William P., Sgt
TG Williams, Clarence J., Sgt

B-17G #42-97622 Paper Dollie

P Miller, Cecil M., F/O
CP Petersen, John N., F/O
NAV Cooper, Saul A., F/O
TOG Severson, Jack O., Jr., Sgt
ENG Sheets, Earl W., S/Sgt
WG Carlson, Karl W., Sgt
RO Wilson, William H., S/Sgt
TG Zweck, William A., Sgt
BT Rowe, Thomas M., Sgt

B-17G #43-37838 Fearless Fosdick

P Boyce, Marvin S., 2Lt
CP Taylor, Robert G., 2Lt
NAV Brown, Melvin A., 2Lt
BOM Wolf, Lawrence M., 2Lt
ENG Byrne, Hobart L., S/Sgt
RO Jones, James L., S/Sgt
TG Chambers, Sidney N., Sgt
BT Baker, Robert L., Sgt
WG Shokal, William V., Sgt

B-17G #43-37590 Neva-The Silver Lady

P Freeland, Troit D., 2Lt
CP Prudhoe, Louis J., 2Lt
NAV Kosta, Alexander, 2Lt
BOM Nugent, Robert F., 2Lt
ENG Abernathy, Wylie C., S/Sgt
WG Moran, George J., Sgt
RO Wilson, Clarence K., S/Sgt
TG Dyszel, Bernard J., Sgt
BT Cerzosimo, Bernard P., Sgt

B-17G #42-97298 The Floose

P Baker, John M., 2Lt
CP Whittall, Ernest A., 2Lt
NAV Claeys, Ronald, 2Lt
BOM Morris, Warren B., 2Lt
ENG Manning, Robert L., Sgt
WG Reichmann, Frederick, S/Sgt
RO Cottrell, Thomas B., Sgt
BT Bertasso, Joseph S., Sgt
TG Peters, Archie D., Sgt

B-17G #42-97972 (No Name)

P Vermeer, Bernard E., 2Lt
CP Byrnes, James H., 2Lt
NAV Connor, John P., 2Lt
TOG Splawn, Elzie B., Sgt
ENG Varvil, Willis E., S/Sgt
BT Schley, John G., S/Sgt
RO Moon, Charles E., S/Sgt
TG Kennedy, Robert F., S/Sgt
RWG Ferris, James H., Sgt

358th Bombardment Squadron Crew Lists - Cont'd.

B-17G #42-97085 (No Name)

P	Davis, William C., 1Lt
CP	Graham, Edward, Jr., 2Lt
NAV	Chapple, Harry, 2Lt
TT	Alderson, Raleigh L., 2Lt
ENG	Johnson, Walter K., T/Sgt
RO	Sandler, David L., Sgt
BT	Clarke, Kenneth, Sgt
TG	Hiland, Robert L., Sgt
WG	Rogers, Joseph S., Sgt

B-17G #42-102945 Sweet Pea

P	Benham, Philip O., 1Lt
CP	Neely, Glenn H., 2Lt
NAV	Ivy, Wallis S., 1Lt
BOM	Waterland, Edward L., 2Lt
ENG	Van Drunen, Cornelius, S/Sgt
RO	Downs, Reginald, S/Sgt
BT	Hill, Reginald, S/Sgt
TG	Dellinger, Lenoir E., S/Sgt
WG	Bonenberger, Robert E., Sgt

B-17G #42-31739 Pugnacious Peter

P	McConnell, John, 2Lt
CP	Thomas, Charles E., 2Lt
NAV	Atwood, Thomas M., 2Lt
BOM	Bennett, Robert W., 2Lt
ENG	Johnson, Jack M., S/Sgt
WG	Schneider, Lawrence J., Sgt
RO	Rego, Charles J., S/Sgt
BT	Messerich, Jerome R., Sgt
TG	Krebs, Henry R., Sgt

B-17G #44-6086 My Blonde Baby

P	Stark, Donald D., 2Lt
CP	Conley, George L., 2Lt
NAV	Wyner, Maxwell I., 2Lt
NG	Nelson, Richard G., 2Lt
ENG	Batten, Delmer G., S/Sgt
RO	Steinhagen, Joseph R., S/Sgt
TG	Morrow, James C., Sgt
BT	Richkind, Max, Sgt
WG	Eggink, James H., Sgt

(Abortive Sortie)

359th Bombardment Squadron Crew Lists

B-17G #43-37537 *Queen of Hearts*

P	Jenkins, Harry F., 2Lt
CP	Blanchard, Samuel B., 2Lt
NAV	Nute, Gordon B., 2Lt
BOM	Protzman, John W., 2Lt
ENG	Gillespie, Norton A., S/Sgt
RO	Loosemore, Wesley G., S/Sgt
BT	Fydrychowski, John J., Sgt
TG	Cregan, John M., Sgt
WG	Allen, Charles G., Sgt

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

P	Gould, Graham C., 2Lt
CP	Lasker, Yale, 2Lt
NAV	Leigh, Thomas W., 2Lt
BOM	Reynolds, Ralph J., 2Lt
ENG	Mogck, Leonard, S/Sgt
RO	Anderson, Augustus C., S/Sgt
BT	Thompson, Val E., Sgt
TG	Gloria, Tony N., Sgt
WG	Bandy, Peter C., Sgt

B-17G #42-31177 *Lonesome Polecat*

P	Walker, Lewis M., 1Lt
CP	Doyle, Joseph J., 2Lt
NAV	Andreasen, Rolf W., 1Lt
BOM	Beers, Donald B., 2Lt
ENG	Sublett, James W., Sgt
RO	Lunday, Albert J., S/Sgt
BT	Hundley, Walter L., Sgt
TG	Reckert, Arthur C., Sgt
WG	Mathis, Henry C., Sgt
PHO	Frederick, Lee W., S/Sgt

B-17G #42-31055 *Aloha*

P	Langford, Allen W., 2Lt
CP	Zimmerman, Paul E., F/O
NAV	Donovan, James R., 2Lt
TOG	Torley, Donald W., 2Lt
ENG	O'Leary, Daniel R., S/Sgt
WG	Munn, Edwin C., S/Sgt
RO	Whisman, Chester C., S/Sgt
BT	Gray, William W., S/Sgt
TG	Mulstein, John E., Jr., Sgt

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

P	Sirany, George R., 1Lt
CP	Whitaker, Joseph C., 2Lt
NAV	Reid, George E., 2Lt
BOM	Day, Dean K., 2Lt
ENG	See, Cecil J., S/Sgt
RO	Van Horn, Everett E., S/Sgt
BT	Bale, Gordon E., S/Sgt
TG	McPherson, Frank V., S/Sgt
WG	Umberger, Robert C., S/Sgt

B-17G #42-102960 *(No Name)*

P	Eldridge, Truman K., 2Lt
CP	Sheehan, Daniel J., Jr., 2Lt
NAV	Durkin, James A., 2Lt
BOM	Campbell, Sanders H., 2Lt
ENG	Barnes, Frederick E., S/Sgt
RO	Rowlett, Samuel A., S/Sgt
BT	Strong, Ralph T., Cpl
TG	Panos, Andrew T., Cpl
WG	Wesley, LaFon, Sgt
	(Abortive)

359th Bombardment Squadron Crew Lists - Cont'd.

B-17G #42-97546 *Idaliza*

P	Brabant, Patrick H., 2Lt
CP	Judy, Ira J., 2Lt
NAV	Heatherly, Phillip P., 1Lt
TOG	Wolfe, Ralph E., S/Sgt
ENG	Hodge, Dona A., S/Sgt
RO	Praplaski, Edward M., S/Sgt
BT	Marquez, Robert P., Sgt
TG	Millek, John P., Sgt
WG	Valentine, Robert J., Sgt

B-17G #42-31830 *Marie*

P	Crozier, Harry J., 2Lt
CP	Mowrey, Paul M., 2Lt
NAV	Kennedy, Clyde R., 2Lt
TOG	McCoy, Charles W., 2Lt
ENG	Passenant, Robert J., S/Sgt
RO	Hoyt, Robert B., S/Sgt
BT	Jara, Felix M., Sgt
TG	Stumpff, George W., Sgt
WG	Butcher, Robert C., Sgt

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

P	Carney, Walter J., 2Lt
CP	Hickey, James A., 2Lt
NAV	Taylor, Albert R., 2Lt
TOG	Tartaglia, Raymond, Sgt
ENG	Turner, Harold L., S/Sgt
RO	Foster, Albert A., S/Sgt
BT	Kayrallah, Emil, Sgt
TG	Howe, Clarence E., Sgt
WG	Encinas, William, Sgt

B-17G #42-38050 *Thunderbird*

P	Morgan, William D., 2Lt
CP	Parker, John W., 2Lt
NAV	Wodinsky, Abraham, 2Lt
BOM	Destito, Frank S., 2Lt
ENG	Hayes, Theron M., S/Sgt
RO	Stemmle, Edward C, S/Sgt
BT	Lloyd, Stanley W., Sgt
TG	Caperton, James R., Sgt
WG	Gross, James J., Sgt

B-17G #42-97592 - PFF (305BG)

P	Rosser, Samuel E., 2Lt
CP	Lyle, Lewis E., LtCol
NAV	Metko, Earl D., 2Lt
NAV	Clark, J., 1Lt
TOG	Cohl, Jules R., 1Lt
NAV	Cotner, Nyle E., 1Lt
BOM	Rickey, Lowell L., 2Lt
ENG	O'Leary, James M., S/Sgt
RO	Rowe, Ollice Z., S/Sgt
WG	Putney, Norman W., Sgt
WG	Foster, William D., Sgt

360th Bombardment Squadron Crew Lists

B-17G #42-97861 *Iza Vailable III*

P	Baehr, Kenneth C., 2Lt
CP	King, John E., F/O
NAV	Peacock, Thomas I., 2Lt
BOM	Smith, William H., 2Lt
ENG	Brackett, Clarence H., S/Sgt
RO	Ploeger, Jesse, S/Sgt
BT	Decker, Bruce O., Sgt
TG	Keipper, Carl E., Sgt
WG	Baldwin, Kenton F., Sgt

B-17G #42-97893 *Minnie the Moocher*

P	Vitale, Hector F., 2Lt
CP	Boyle, Leo J., F/O
NAV	Hardwick, Jack C., 2Lt
BOM	Rice, Charles G., Jr., 2Lt
ENG	Reale, Joseph C., Sgt
RO	Miller, Hilary C., S/Sgt
BT	Pope, Carey G., Sgt
TG	Younger, Andrew H., Sgt
WG	Nordberg, Francis E., Sgt

B-17G #44-6124 (No Name)

P	Bartholomew, Dale E., 1Lt
CP	Ross, James A., 2Lt
NAV	Blume, William H., III, 2Lt
BOM	Andreason, Joseph G., 2Lt
ENG	Litwiller, Harold D., S/Sgt
RO	Allard, Charles G., S/Sgt
BT	Lagerman, Kenneth G., Sgt
TG	Blackwell, Haywood E., Jr., Sgt
WG	DeBartolo, Albert L., Sgt

B-17G #42-37841 *Banshee*

P	Doughty, Gordon R., 2Lt
CP	Atwell, Arley L., 2Lt
NAV	Caffrey, James J., 2Lt
BOM	Proud, Rexford I., 1Lt
ENG	Pfeffer, William W., T/Sgt
RO	Uhl, Willard H., T/Sgt
BT	McKinnon, Neil W., S/Sgt
TG	Petrie, Joe D., S/Sgt
WG	Fambry, Lewis F., S/Sgt

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

P	Fontana, Bernard C., 1Lt
CP	Cambron, Richard H., 2Lt
NAV	Nurock, Leon, F/O
BOM	Duros, Constantine J., 2Lt
ENG	Perry, Robert N., S/Sgt
RO	King, Raymond C., S/Sgt
BT	Durfee, James R., Sgt
TG	Price, Kirkland T., Sgt
WG	Weems, Thomas L., Sgt

B-17G #42-97860 (No Name)

P	Hallum, Bertrand, Jr., 2Lt
CP	Romstad, Alfred N., 2Lt
NAV	Olson, Charles F., 2Lt
BOM	Fetzko, John, Jr., 2Lt
ENG	Young, Horace B., S/Sgt
RO	Botkin, Jack S., S/Sgt
BT	Ax, Heinz R., Sgt
TG	Ross, Milt I., Sgt
WG	Stroud, George E., Jr., Sgt

B-17G #42-107196 *Tempress*

P	Nafius, Verner H., 1Lt
CP	Smith, Richard L., 2Lt
NAV	George, Sidney L., 2Lt
BOM	Cummins, James E., 2Lt
ENG	Asplund, Carl L., S/Sgt
RO	Birkenholz, Irving, S/Sgt
BT	McGinley, James E., Sgt
TG	Jinkens, Billy B., Sgt
WG	Rydquist, Roy K., Sgt

B-17G #42-97905 (No Name)

P	Long, Paul H., 1Lt	INT
CP	Carlman, Harold L., Jr., 2Lt	INT
NAV	Shaw, Marvin E., 1Lt	INT
BOM	Cassidy, Charles F., 2Lt	INT
ENG	Mours, John D., T/Sgt	INT
RO	Habich, Arthur L., T/Sgt	INT
BT	Flammia, Joseph E., S/Sgt	INT
TG	Olson, Keith R., S/Sgt	INT
WG	Abbott, Wesley C., S/Sgt	INT

427th Bombardment Squadron Crew Lists

B-17G #42-102432 *Tiny Angel*

P	Keating, Donald W., 2Lt
CP	Griggs, John C., Jr., 2Lt
NAV	Malone, William A., 2Lt
BOM	Rohner, William L., 2Lt
TT	Foerster, Leroy H.M., S/Sgt
BT	Czerwonka, Joseph A., Sgt
RO	King, Earl J., S/Sgt
TG	Brown, Edgar S., Sgt
WG	O'Neill, Austin J., Sgt

B-17G #42-102411 *Miss Lace*

P	Flick, Chester E., 2Lt
CP	DuMont, Merrill J., 2Lt
NAV	Pero, Aloyius R., 2Lt
BOM	Dombrowski, Alexander, 2Lt
BT	Forry, Harvey W., S/Sgt
RO	Abeyta, J. Charles, S/Sgt
TT	Eberly, Charles P., S/Sgt
TG	Brock, Charley F., Sgt
WG	Wilson, Robert J., Sgt

B-17G #42-37875 *Flying Bison*

P	Hamilton, Max B., 2Lt
CP	Newman, Vernon V., 2Lt
NAV	Isaac, Kenneth W., 2Lt
BOM	Sullens, Tom C., S/Sgt
TT	Barnes, Charlie, S/Sgt
BT	Paterson, Richard E., Sgt
RO	Jervis, J.R., S/Sgt
TG	Coleman, Warren M., Sgt
WG	Butler, Edward B., S/Sgt

B-17G #44-6166 *The Red*

P	Brown, Tracy D., Jr., 2Lt
CP	Van Antwerp, Robert G., 2Lt
NAV	Rusk, Donald M., 2Lt
BOM	Prusha, Elmer E., F/O
TT	Duffek, Francis T., S/Sgt
BT	Born, Robert S., Sgt
RO	Islava, Joseph O., S/Sgt
TG	Blim, Raymond C., Sgt
WG	Fisher, Clelland F., Sgt

B-17G #42-107099 *Old 99*

P	Lehmann, Elroy C., 1Lt
CP	Heil, Lee C., 2Lt
NAV	Hibbard, Troy W., 2Lt
BOM	Johnson, O.D., Sgt
TT	Sydor, Joseph, T/Sgt
BT	Koon, Bennie, Sgt
RO	Benning, Joseph F., Jr., S/Sgt
WG	Baker, Russell W., Sgt
TG	Crovo, Mario J., Sgt

B-17G #42-39885 *Sweet Rose O'Grady*

P	Newton, John A., 2Lt
CP	Mowatt, Frank G., 2Lt
NAV	Lange, George L., 2Lt
ENG	Muzyka, Myron M., S/Sgt
TT	Turner, Leonard A., S/Sgt
BT	Bricker, Albert W., Sgt
RO	O'Leary, James A., S/Sgt
TG	Hobgood, John F., Sgt
WG	Reeves, James E., Sgt

427th Bombardment Squadron Crew Lists - Cont'd.

B-17G #43-37666 *Full House*

P Flowers, Selwyn D., 2Lt
CP Harris, John R., F/O
NAV Emmet, John P., 2Lt
BOM Olson, William E., 2Lt
TT Kiely, Joseph P., S/Sgt
BT McCormick, Lewis J., Sgt
RO Kopriva, Charles P., S/Sgt
TG Schulz, Paul H., Sgt
WG Howell, Charles E., Sgt

B-17G #42-102595 *Little Tush*

P Ligino, Steve, 1Lt
CP Tyler, Frederick B., 2Lt
NAV Smith, Arthur M., 2Lt
BOM Cooper, Edward G., 2Lt
TT Rau, Harvey L., S/Sgt
BT Howard, George R., Sgt
RO Dahms, Edward R., S/Sgt
TG Dudley, Howard E., Sgt
WG Gainer, Philip B., Sgt

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

P Gallagher, John W., Jr., 1Lt
CP Bitel, Peter, 2Lt
NAV Tow, Weyman J., 2Lt
BOM Donnelly, James F., T/Sgt
TT Lynn, William V., S/Sgt
BT Kail, Nicholas F., S/Sgt
RO Glass, David, S/Sgt
TG Jacques, Warren, S/Sgt
WG Joyce, Jess, S/Sgt

B-17G #42-31060 *Poque Ma Hone*

P Dubose, Carl L., Jr., 2Lt
CP Droll, Louis P., 2Lt
NAV Laverty, Leo E., 2Lt
BOM Sandhagen, Paul R., 2Lt
TT Jones, Jesse T., Jr., S/Sgt
BT Kidd, Robert E., Sgt
RO Kollmar, Donald L., S/Sgt
TG Watson, Byron W., Sgt
WG Balint, Daniel, Jr., Sgt
(Abortive)

SWITZERLAND: INTERNMENT AND ESCAPE

by Charles F. Cassidy

On July 13, 1944, I was awakened early by someone from 360th Squadron Headquarters telling me that I had been scheduled to go on a bombing mission. At that time, as far as I knew, my own crew (Hector Vitale, pilot) was not scheduled that day. I was also informed that I would be substituting, on a crew strange to me, for a bombardier who turned down the assignment. The flight would take about 9 1/2 hours at high altitude and on oxygen.

I met only the officers of my new crew at the briefing that followed: Lts. Paul Long, pilot; Harold Carlman, co-pilot; Marvin Shaw, navigator. I assumed that the party whose place that I was taking was of Long's crew, but it was something that was never talked about in the months that followed. The bombing target was again Munich in Bavaria, southern Germany. Our group, the 303rd, had already bombed Munich twice that week – on the eleventh and the twelfth. I had been there with Lt. Vitale's crew on the eleventh.

The flight to the target area at an altitude of between 16,000 and 20,000 feet was ordinary and without opposition except for some bursts of flak when small airfields in France were passed.

As we neared the German border we began to climb. (Official records state that the average altitude of the flight was 23,000 feet; my altimeter showed nearly 30,000 feet at bomb release time). I had a bombsight and put all of the data into it, but there was complete cloud cover and neither the city of Munich nor the target could be seen. The bombs would be dropped when the group's lead aircraft, equipped with Pathfinder equipment released its load. We made what seemed like an interminably long bomb run, the skies still black with flak, but no enemy fighters.

As we neared what we assumed was the target area, I opened the bomb doors and when the bombs from the lead aircraft went away, I salvoed ours. At that instant our plane lurched and jumped. I looked out and saw that there was a gaping hole in the left wing. I judged that the hole was six feet long and about three feet wide; the smell of gasoline filled the airplane. The top of the left wing was blackened. I supposed that it was from exhaust smoke of the projectile that went through the wing following its explosion. (I think that when the projectile went through the wing causing the gasoline loss, the rapid movement through the air caused total and rapid evaporation of gasoline and total dissipation of the fumes, because there was neither explosion nor fire within the aircraft. I do not let my mind dwell on what would have happened had the projectile exploded a tenth of a second sooner).

Because gasoline fumes were still present in the airplane, the bomb bay doors were cranked shut manually to eliminate a possible explosion from an arcing electric motor; nor did we know what other electrical equipment might malfunction. This all took place within seconds after bomb release. Immediately following the bomb release, Lt. Long made a sharp right turn to get out of the German line of anti-aircraft fire and on a heading for England. I think that the inboard engine on the left wing had been feathered; on the turn we lost several hundred feet of altitude. Suddenly we were alone in the sky; our group was gone. As we were lumbering along on a homeward path shortly after the turn, two P-51 Mustangs dropped down from somewhere above. I am happy that they were not ME-109s because no one had reported seeing them. They turned southwest and waggled their wings. Lt. Long knew immediately what they were signaling and made a correction to the same direction, toward Switzerland. The P-51s stayed with us until we reached the Swiss border where two German built ME-109s of the Swiss Air Force met us. Whether our fighter pilots had a system for contacting the Swiss, or whether they were patrolling their border, I never found out. Prior to arriving at the Swiss boundary, I had torn the bombing tables into shreds and when

we reached Lake Constance, I threw the pieces out. (Tables were used to set bombing information into the bombsight).

The two ME-109s took us to a landing field at Dubendorf near Zurich. We landed on a seemingly short runway, without flaps, (possibly on only two engines) ran over a ditch at the end of the runway and into a small grain field. Immediately a truck loaded with armed Swiss soldiers was upon us. As we filed out of our B-17, someone on the truck shouted, "Don't burn the airplane!" We did get a chance to look at the airplane before we were taken away. In addition to the large hole in the left wing, there was damage at the end of the right wing and to the rear gunner's area. The aircraft was full of smaller holes. The interning Swiss captain told us that the airplane had over a thousand holes in it. The only wounds suffered: Flak had lacerated the end of one of the engineer's fingers and Lt. Shaw, the navigator, while over the target, had a piece of hot flak lodge in his shirt collar which singed the nape of his neck. Our knees might have weakened when we looked at the B-17 on the ground, but in the air no one panicked or became excited; everyone took care of assigned jobs and Lts. Long and Carlman did a masterful job of landing the aircraft without flaps, and nearly out of gasoline.

The crew was taken to what appeared to be a permanent military barracks, well built, and if memory serves correctly, of stone. Our escape kits were confiscated; we were fed and allowed to take showers ... in cold water.

I do not recall any interrogation; there were probably some questions asked, but I am certain that the interning army knew where we had been, and it was obvious where we ended up. From Munich to Zurich is a little over one hundred miles and the bomb explosions could be heard from that distance. Later, while in quarantine in Neuchatel canton, we frequently heard the sound of bombings.

The crew was separated within a short time. Long, Carlman, Shaw and I were put on a train destined for Neuchatel in the section of Switzerland bordering France. Arriving there, we were taken by funicula to the top of a heavily wooded mountain. (A funicula is a cable car used to ascend or descend a slope; there is one cable car moving up over rails as another cable car is descending over the same rails, bypassing each other in the middle of the grade on an oval shaped switch; since they are both hooked to the same cable, they counterbalance each other. At the top is an engine house with a drum and hoisting motor that wraps the cable of the ascending car and unwraps the cable of the one descending. I had never seen one before.)

The four of us were guarded by one Swiss soldier named Schell. At the top of the mountain, we were taken to a large chalet style lodge, not far from the funicula. Here we would spend our three week quarantine period. The area, called Chaumont, overlooks the city of Neuchatel and the lake of the same name. It is probably about three thousand feet above the city. There are single lane, unpaved roads snaking through the trees of the heavily wooded mountain. Having complete freedom, we walked the roads frequently.

On Sundays, those of us who wanted to go to church were taken down by funicula to Neuchatel to attend services. On the first Sunday we were in Chaumont, we were taken by the townspeople to a cemetery where a memorial service dedicated to the memory of French people killed by Germans was held. I think this was July 16, 1944. Other than that occasion we did not associate with local people.

When our quarantine was over, we were taken by train through Bern to Davos. Davos, south of Liechenstein, and not far from the Austrian border, is in the Canton of Graubunden. Chür

is the capital of the canton and St. Moritz is only about twenty five miles distant. We were lodged in the Rhätia hotel. Shaw and I roomed together and Long and Carlman, in another room. The hotel had a kitchen and dining room. We ate there courtesy of the United States government. We were attended, during the dining session, by a dour headwaiter in formal attire by the name of Otto, and a fifteen or sixteen year old boy named Fritz. The meals were probably as good as any that the Swiss people were eating when war-time scarcities were taken into consideration.

I don't know how many American flyers were in Davos. Most were lodged at the Palace hotel, up the street from our lodging. Sometime later we were moved to the Palace, which was directly across the street from the German embassy. Over the front door of the embassy hung the German eagle and swastika. One night, after we had moved to the Palace, the emblem disappeared. Naturally suspicion fell on the Americans so we were confined to quarters until the emblem reappeared. I never found out who had taken it, but my suspicions were the same as those that the Germans held.

We had our freedom as long as we were present for bed check. Several times, to break the monotony, we hiked through the valley and over the pass to Klosters about three kilometers from the Austrian border to eat at a small cafe. The little restaurant had, inside the premises, a tank with fish swimming about. One could choose the fish for dinner that was desired.

Tours to various places in Switzerland were to be had. We were free to go if we would sign a parole. I never went on one because I would not give a parole since I had my mind set on escape at first opportunity. Prior to this we had been told that anyone escaping after giving a parole would be returned to Switzerland by U.S. authorities.

I believe that it was sometime in September that Brigadier General Legge, the United States Military Attache in Switzerland, called a convocation of the Davos internees. It was held in the meeting room of the Palace, where at that time, we were living. The general was spit and polish and very dapper in a well tailored uniform, albeit pre-World War II, and with, as I remember, leather leggings or puttees. It was in stark contrast to the manner we were clad. The general addressed the troops, telling us that it was time to leave Switzerland ... on our own. (Breaking internment, if caught by the Swiss, was punished by a stint in one of their detention camps, called hellholes by some who have been in them.) After hearing General Legge, I assumed that there was a tacit agreement between the Swiss government and our country that it was time for us to go. The allied armies had control in much of France, and in the south, where we would go out, there were only scattered pockets of German resistance. I think the drain was becoming too much for Swiss food resources with an ever increasing horde of refugees entering the country---but this is only a surmise on my part. Internees caught in escape attempts still went to prison camps, and Swiss civilians caught assisting them were subject to treason trials.

Sometime in late September, or early October, I began gathering civilian clothing. Extreme care had to be used when doing this. I was able to get a second hand pair of shoes in good condition, but at least one size too small or narrow. I think that most of the clothing that I was able to obtain was second hand, and of rather scruffy appearance. Since the only language that I spoke was English, I was certain that if I went to the train station, guarded by Swiss soldiers, to attempt to buy a train ticket to Lausanne or Geneva, I would be arrested immediately.

I do not know how I became acquainted with a Yugoslavian soldier who had been incarcerated in a German prison camp since the Nazis had overrun Yugoslavia. Apparently it had been for some time because there is a photograph of him with us. His name was Sasoon. He had escaped from the camp, killing a German guard while doing so.

Escapees from prisoner of war camps had free rein to come and go anywhere in Switzerland and as Sasson had a girl friend in Lausanne, he made frequent trips there. He could speak German and his own language(s), but no English. Arrangements, apparently through a middleman, were made for him to purchase my tickets for me, as he was going to go to Lausanne again. He would also be my guide. I do not recall, but we must have had some direction, from above, on what to do and where to go, and Sasson had this information as well as I.

In the evening of the day we left Davos, tickets in hand, we waited in the shadows of the train station as the guards checked the papers of those boarding the train. Since the coach did not have steps that turned up after passengers were on, we waited until the train began to move before darting out of the background and boarding. The Swiss soldier reached for and grabbed my sleeve, but I jerked loose. The train was moving and we were on. I was certain that the guard was a summer soldier and would not report the incident, thereby keeping himself out of hot water.

Sasson, with me trailing, picked a small compartment, with a table, in the middle of the coach. Nothing eventful happened until we arrived in Zurich. There, military police boarded the train and began to check papers, of which I had none. We could hear them coming up the aisle, demanding papers at each compartment. I laid my head and arms on the table and pretended to be asleep. What my guide told them when they stopped at our compartment, I do not know, but after checking Sasson's papers, they moved on.

We arrived in Lausanne early in the morning, still dark. Sometime after nine or ten in the morning, Sasson took me to the English Library - the place that we had been directed to go. The librarian, an English woman, when I introduced myself, said, very dejectedly, that she had told them not to send any more evadees. She did not mention who "them" were, but she made arrangements for me at a private home of an older couple who were in the business of human ferrying, of which at that time in Europe there was brisk business. Their son, about nineteen years old, had made several treks across France into Belgium and had whisked persons wanted by the Germans to safety in Switzerland. He was fluent in French, English and German. He would be our guide to Geneva, and would make contact with the Maquis, one of the groups of French resistance fighters.

A day or two after I arrived in Lausanne Paul Long, pilot, and Marvin Shaw, navigator, showed up. How they made their way to Lausanne, I don't know, nor do I remember if I ever did know. With people coming and going, all strangers, the subject was probably not discussed. In retrospect, I think that we were safe, but a closed mouth makes safe things safer.

Several days later we made ready for the crossing into France. One evening, after dark, some type of covered lorry took us to Geneva. By this time, there were two others in the party: Two British soldiers who had escaped from a German prisoner of war camp where they had been held since the debacle at Dunkirk. There may have been more than the five of us, and the guide, but I think not. We disembarked from the lorry near a small stream. By this time, my newly bought shoes, too small for me, were causing great discomfort to my feet. We waited for the return of the guide who had gone to make contact with the Maqui who would take us back to the American lines. And we waited. After what seemed like hours, but still dark, the guide returned and we waded across the stream, shoes on. On the far shore our guide turned us over to the Maqui, eight or ten strong and all armed. I believe at this point the guide left us. We walked some more until we came to a ramshackle, deserted house where we holed up and again waited for some purpose or other. After this delay, we were taken, still on foot I think, farther up into the mountains until we came to a place that appeared to be a barracks. There were cots and beds in the building — some beds without mattresses but some probably had straw ticks in place of mattresses.

Inside, where there was some light, we looked around, and I began to wonder if our venture had been wise. Never in my life had I seen such a rough looking bunch of men – killers all. In later years, if I would have stumbled on a group with such visages, I would have run as fast as possible. We slept after brief introductions. Upon waking, doubts again plagued us, but since we could do nothing about it, those doubts were put behind. But cigarets, even the poor ones that we had, are a door opener toward making new friends, especially with those who have had few or none for so long. If I had this to do again, I would load up with cigarets before venturing out.

I do not remember how we got to Annecy, but get there we did. This city is due south of Geneva about twenty five miles and is in the province of Haute Savoie, it has much history. On the south side of Annecy is a long mountain lake which in peace time must be a resort because the large hotel, as well as the surrounding area, had all of the earmarks of a summer resort.

We reported to this hotel, out of the city, where there were several American military personnel, probably stationed there to see that evadees and escapees were transported back to their units or armies. We were outfitted with new clothes. I received a pair of six or eight inch high, metal studded boots and my sore feet suddenly felt good again.

How long we were billeted at this place I do not remember, but, perhaps a day or two. As it happened, this was the last place that I was ever bitten by bedbugs.

While there, the captain in charge told me that an invitation had been received from the Maquis inviting roomers at the hotel to come to the execution of some Germans. The captain stated that the invitation was declined.

From Annecy we were taken by U.S. Army truck to Lyon. Driving through the devastated countryside we met a hay wagon being towed by eight or ten German military prisoners. Poetic justice in action, since the Germans had confiscated the draft animals in the area. The German army, or more probably, the SS troops had committed many atrocities in this area of France. In one small hamlet, the SS troops had herded women, children and old people into a church and set it afire. Perhaps this, or some other atrocity, was the justification for the execution mentioned in the preceding paragraph.

I do not recall how long we were in Lyon, but soon we were flown to London. Arriving in London, we were taken to the SHAEF headquarters at Grosvenor House for interrogation. I believe that it was at this point that we were separated from the two British soldiers. From London we went back to the 303rd Bomb Group (Hells Angels) at Molesworth.

Shortly after going back to the 303rd base at Molesworth, we entrained for Prestwick, Scotland. At Prestwick, we boarded a military C-54 cargo airplane with bucket seats, no backs, for the seventeen hour (?) trip back to New York. Our first stop, in the dark of night, was for refueling at Reykjavik, Iceland. The next stop, probably again for refueling, was at Steveston, Newfoundland. The next stop was La Guardia airport in New York City, on November 18, 1944 - I think. And then we were on our own.

I had been overseas for six months, and in combat for less than one month. My brief combat career ended on July 13, 1944 on my thirteenth bombing mission. Our B-17 was the only loss from our group that day.

ESCAPE FROM SWITZERLAND

by Marvin Shaw

Charles Cassidy, our bombardier, has already presented his account which overlaps much of my experience. My account will concern primarily to trip from Davos to England, although I will note a few instances where my memory is different from Cassidy's. I do not mean to imply in any way that he was wrong. In some instances our different roles may account for the differences: a navigator had to pay attention to things that a bombardier could ignore and vice versa. I suppose we both suffer some memory loss. Here are a few differences:

1. He did not remember much about take-off and assembly, whereas I remember it well. We were late in getting off and our group was well on the way, so it fell to me to find them. We had been taught how to compute interceptions, but I realized that would take too long so I used my own technique and intercepted them OK.

2. He thought we were "tail end Charlie," but we actually deputy lead, which placed us right behind the lead plane.

3. He noted the P-51s at Munich and incorrectly assumed that that was when Long decided to go to Switzerland. Actually, Long had already asked me for a heading to Switzerland and I had given it to him before the P-51s appeared. Cassidy had no way of knowing this. After arriving at Davos, it was pleasant to relax, drinking coffee, eating Swiss pastry and climbing mountains. But we eventually tired of this, so when the U.S. Military Attache told us that if we escaped our government would not object, Hal Carlman and I decided to leave. After returning to England, I wrote down some of the details of our journey. Here is what I wrote:

On October 16, 1944, Lt. Harold L. Carlman and I decided to escape that night from Swiss internment at Davos Platz, Switzerland. We secured civilian clothes from a good friend of ours, Hans Rohner. Then we went to the Swiezerhof Hotel to the room of Capt. Gregovitch of Marshal Tito's partisans. There he arranged plans for us with another friend of our, also a Yugo, Lt. Michaelvitch. There we changed from our uniforms to civvies.

Leaving the hotel at 0615 pm, we walked boldly out of town. We met many guards but were not recognized or questioned. Once we passed Hal's girl friend who did not recognize us until we spoke. That night we, with two other men who joined us, the Yugo, and an Austrian, walked twenty kilometers (about 15 miles) in two hours and fifteen minutes, arriving at a small town called Kloisters. We went to an old hospital, being used at that time as an internment camp for Polish refugees. We were smuggled in for the night. My foot was bleeding from the mad flight. It was treated by a Polish doctor. We dined that night on sardines and brown bread. For the first time in my life, sardines tasted good. The next morning we were up at 0400 am. The same fare was served at breakfast. We walked two or three more kilometers and boarded a train at Serenoise.

Our greatest obstacle, so we thought, was at Lanquart. We changed trains there without incidence. At Zurich we changed trains again with a two hour delay. We walked about town for awhile, stopping for a sandwich and coffee. Entering the train again, we started on our way to Biel. Many soldiers were on the train but we were not suspected. Once there was no one on the train except our party and Swiss soldiers. But we pretended to be asleep. At Biel we missed our train, which was not good, as we wanted to be at Neuchatel or Lausanne by nightfall. For three hours we walked and dined. Always we were careful eat as the Swiss and to act, as near as possible, like them.

Eventually we left Biel and just as eventually arrived at Neuchatel. When we were met by a friend of Michaelvitch, she was unable to help us find a guide across the frontier so we decided to go to Lausanne. On the way there, I was forced to sit alone in a double seat. At every stop, I had new companion and each one wanted to talk. I didn't trust my French that far so I just read my newspaper, which I had already read a dozen times. One fellow spoke to me in French, German and Italian. He must have thought me an awful bore since I didn't answer or maybe he thought I was deaf.

At last we arrived at Lausanne about 0815 pm Oct. 17, 1944. We spent hours walking the streets, waiting for an opportunity to go to the American Club at the Palace Hotel. There we met one Mrs. Spirieli, who took us to the home of Madame Gonet, a Dutch woman engaged in aiding Americans to escape to fight again. At about 1200 o'clock that night we sat before the most welcome sight I can think of — a well filled table.

For seven days we rested here as English scholars while Brown and Francois Gonet, son of Madame Gonet, arranged for us to get across the border. During that time our number had increased to ten — eight Americans and two Englishmen. Of the eight Americans, there was Hal, copilot of our crew, myself, navigator, next came Cassidy, bombardier, and lastly Long, pilot. Thus the crew's officers went out together.

After staying at Mdm. Gonet's for seven days, we started for the frontier at Geneva. We walked from the house in pairs, about twenty yards apart. We left about seven o'clock pm. It was pouring rain. We walked about a mile through town to an old forest park where we were picked up by a fellow in a truck. Of course the back was covered with canvas. Here Brown left us, but Francois went on. After driving for about two hours, we came to the edge of Geneva about two miles from the frontier. Here we left the truck and started for the frontier on foot. It was still raining and the fields we crossed were muddy and filled with holes of water. Soon we were soaked from the rain and our shoes were filled with water and mud.

After walking about a mile we came to a river and followed it to a bridge on a main highway. This bridge was guarded but our spies had previously determined the time the guard would be absent from the end. Waiting until the guard left for his rounds, we sneaked across the bridge, climbed a fence, passed through an old cement factory and came to what we thought was the frontier fence. It was on the other side of a small stream used for powering the mill. To get across, we walked across the top of the sluice-gate. At the far side we encountered a stone wall about eight feet high. Climbing the wall, we found three strands of barbed wire. Eventually however all were safely across into what we thought was France. Then, to our dismay, we found that we were two short. Hal and another fellow were not among us. So our guide went back and found them where we had left the truck. Due to language, they had misunderstood the guides instructions. So after an hour or so they too were over the fence. Then we went across a turnip field, smoking, laughing — a happy bunch.

Then Francois began to wonder if we really were in France. Leaving us again in hiding he went up to a house and made inquiries — finding we were still in Switzerland. Fortunately the man Francois spoke to was an Englishman so he showed Francois where the border was. We hurried to it to find two fences of interlaced barb wire about eight feet high. We climbed over and through as best we could and many pieces of clothing were left flapping in the breeze. Also many hands were torn and cut by the barbs, mine no exception. But we got across and hid in an old barn while Francois went to find some friendly French — preferably the Marquis. We had been inside about five minutes when the Swiss Border Patrol came by passing within a few feet of our hiding place.

One funny incident occurred to relieve the monotony and dreariness of our wait. We were smoking and standing or walking around and trying to keep warm without making too much noise, when suddenly there was a crash and a stifled cry. One fellow had fallen through the floor. He caught himself on the edges of the hole with his arms and with help was able to climb up. By the aid of matches and cigarette lighters, we could see a hole some twenty to thirty feet deep with mud and water in the bottom. That was about 0100 am on the morning of 26 Oct 1944.

At about 0200 am we heard voices and steps. Looking out into the night we were able to distinguish about twenty men with rifles and machine guns. They rapidly surrounded the building and trained their guns on every door and window. We did not know if they were friend or foe, but soon they sent three men in with Francois. I surely was relieved when the leader said, "Vous sont Americain, n'est ce que?" We all said, "Oui" with our best French accent. Then they told us they were the Marquis and extended their hands in welcome.

Then we started on the last leg of our journey for that night. We walked across fields, hills and streams, through rain, mud and slosh for I suppose about two or three miles, though it seemed like ten. Finally we came to a small French village where the Marquis had their camp. It was a massive stone building with a single in one room and bunks with nothing but thin mattresses and one or no blankets. That night we dined on cheese and brown bread with much wine. In the morning only wine was left but we were given freely of all they had. I slept in my wet clothes, but it was warmer that way.

The next day we were up at dawn and to my surprise we were within a dozen yards of the Swiss border. The Marquis chief called the Americans at Annecy and a car was sent for us. At Annecy Francois left us. For three days we had fresh eggs, milk, butter, white bread, real coffee – in fact things we had not had for so long. We were waited on by German prisoners. It was the life of Riley, but then Riley came home — or rather orders came for us to move on to Lyons. After almost a day, we were picked up by a B-47 and carried to England. Back once again to the American army. We arrived there the 27th of Oct, 1944, just eleven days after we left Davos and three months and two weeks after we had taken off to bomb Nazi Munich.