

This Diary Belongs
to

Sept. 20, 1942
to record
your adventures
for me and
posterity —
Betts

Lt. William H. Webster Jr.

O - 431580 Air Corps

United States Army

Through the Years
A FIVE YEAR DIARY

When you are old and gray
and full of sleep,
And nodding by the fire,
take down this book,
And slowly read,
and dream of the soft look
Your eyes had once,
and of their shadows deep . . .
William Butler Yeats.



THE WORLD PUBLISHING CO.
CLEVELAND, OHIO
Made in U. S. A.

Wed, Sept 24, 1942 ~~JANUARY~~

19 My Overseas Odyssey finally begins. The nineteen forgotten men of the 76th B.G. left Blythe about noon on Monday (21st) and trucked to Indio. Then a helluva train to L.A. - Taylor & I shared a room at Biltmore to fall in dead sleep. Then Tuesday we hopped on the Daylight Steamline to San Francisco. Played bridge with Lt. & Mrs. Reed & Marty Radwin most of the ride. Got into SF & after a lot of mulling around got out of Ft. Mason into town to get a last bit of loving from Betty & the San Francisco Drake. Spent all of Wed. beating our heads against the wall at Ft. M. trying to get cleared. Jimmy Davis & I managed to slip away & take lunch & dinner with the girls. Loaded with heavy bags & high hopes we boarded the troopship SS. Mount Vernon at about 2000 and got bedded down. Taylor, Joe Moore, Bill Paine, & an Adj. Gen. 1st Lt. Joe Walker who seems like a good boy. He's a General's aide and an influential fellow - just what you want for a sixte-mate.

~~JANUARY 2~~

Wed, Sept. 24, 1942

19 Incidentally, there are five of us sharing this room + bath - it is a bit crowded, but it's a dream compared to the poor buggers down on "B" deck. "Les Miserables" is what they've dubbed themselves + it's

19 true - 9 of them in one room! Jabb pulled the prize remark by saying he had to get up during the night and got out into the companionway for a while so he could "rest up". So we're lucky after all - food

19 is fine in our mess + should prove a healthy voyage. We shoved off at about noon today + soon were thru the mine fields and submarine nets and into the ocean. At last we're headed for combat!

19 This boat we're on is a beauty - one of the largest of the U.S. lines - is very fast (20-25 knots) and maneuverable. As we are not travelling in a convoy but alone, you can see it's a risk. We change

19 course slightly every six minutes. So that way we thwart any sub that may be lying in wait for us, which incidentally is the only way they could get a shot at us. For

Mt. Vernon

O.H.S.

~~JANUARY 3~~

19 armament she carries "5" cannon, "3" cannon, a flock of 50 cal. m.g. + some really nifty 1.1" pom-pom a.a. guns. I'll bet this baby could put up a good fight.

19 Played budge all aft + eve with Ed Lauer + two New Zealanders. It's great fun hearing these two argue across the table. Despite lousy cards + occasional shoddy playing by you + truly we made a 19 couple dollars. Had some good chicken + mince pie for supper - really a good meal. Now am ready to hit my bed for a pleasant 7 hrs. or so of sleep.

19 So ends my first day on the Blue Pacific. The weather is surprisingly smooth and seems not the least bit like a boat. I was afraid I would be sick from the start, but so far it's

19 all fine. Except for an occasional vibration when the propellers get out of synchronization, it's just like the Pontiac. Wonder how the girls are making out??

~~JANUARY 4~~

Thurs. Sept. 25, 1942

19 Not much doing today - the usual boat drills right after meals. Spent most all the day and night teaming with Lamer in snowing under some bloody Australian at bridge-

19 took em for about \$7 dollars in a sort of up+down game. Got to bed a little after eleven - finally got to sleep despite a very irritating left eye. Otherwise all O.K.

19 Fri. Sept. 26, 1942

I see by the daily bulletin that the Cards have clinched at least a tie for the pennant. Hot dog - good ol' Cards - Weather a bit rougher

19 and cloudy. Jimmy Dama + I talked + walked all morning - we figure we've got damn little chance of getting here again. Pleasant thought - no ... War about \$5 at poker

19 this aft + snoozed a little. Read some quadrants tonight till nine and after this, I will retire. Ship rolling now a little. O.K. (Sighted freighter off port bow at dawn - ours)

Sept. 30, 1942 Wed

~~JANUARY 5~~

19 This boat travelling is so uneventful that time gets all screwy up. We actually sailed on Thursday + not Wednesday. I do know it's a week now since we lost sight of

19 land. There's really not much doing. The grub is periodically bad and barely edible. It's a good thing actually that it is so hot, because with all this enforced inactivity, we'd be getting fat as

19 hogs in no time! The weather is quite rough today - in fact this blowing boat is a veritable rocking-horse. Yesterday we crossed the equator +, as is the tradition, were initiated

19 into the Royal Court of Rex Neptuna. There was a little ass-snuffing, horrible tasting crap with salt water + cascara, electric tritons, + fire hoses. It was sorta silly, but got some good laughs.

19 Have done some reading in last couple days, won about \$5 in poker increasing my resources to \$233. Had some good ball sessions with the Australians on board - swell chaps. These I'll go play volley-ball.

~~JANUARY 6~~ Oct. 4, 1942 Sunday

19 Now are just a couple days out of New Zealand - the weather has turned quite cold necessitating the return to woolens. For the past couple days it has been quite cold: so our usual

19 pastime of sun-bathing + volleyball are hampered. The boat really rolls now + pitches - my stomach + I are still pals.

The Cards are whalloping the Yankees +

19 now stand 3-1 in games. That's my team yesterday aft. Had a little excitement - we sighted a ship off the port quarter about 1750. It failed to identify itself immediately so we turned

19 to overtake it. However, it proved to be a friendly ship, but there were some uneasy moments.

Had been doing a lot of reading last few days - have managed to get next to Chaplain + am deep

19 in his stacks. Read "Class Reunion", "Dogs Bounce All Here", "Smoker", "By the Way Songs" + one other. Miss the hell out of Betty + am more determined than ever to take a cruise with her when I get back.

Oct. 7, 1942 Wed. O.H.S. JANUARY 7

19 We are now sailing around the small Barrier Islands on the north tip of New Zealand. It'll be a couple of hours before we dock at Auckland. Sighted land about 0800 this

19 morning and almost all the personnel are out on deck watching the coastline go by. Were greeted by a group of playful + quite beautiful porpoise they sure are a cavorting bunch.

19 A couple of Lockheed Hudsons buzzed around + all the ground officers were quite amazed at the airplane - I sure wish we had a couple of A-20s here + could show 'em some

19 fancy rip-ups.

I sure hope we get a chance for some liberty tonight in town. I want to get some presents + cards for the folks at home + something in the

19 clothes line for Betty. All - all, this last two weeks has been a pleasant time at sea - I gained weight, never got sick, + slept well. Feel in the pink for a big party.

~~JANUARY 8~~ Oct 8, 1942 Thurs.

19 Well, still on this blooming boat even though we are in dock. Yesterday aft. we wound our way thru the islands that bar the approach to Auckland Harbor. A lot of porpoise and a small school of whales put on a command performance for the boat. Finally, after a lot of stalling, got into the channel. Auckland really has a fine harbor - quite indented & banked by hills. The gun defenses don't look too adequate to me, but perhaps they were well concealed. About 1700 we pulled into the wharf at Auckland, amid the cheers of the crowd & music of an organ band corps. It was really quite impressive when this band struck up "The Star Spangled Banner" - all the troops aboard the U.S.S. Mt. Vernon snapped to a salute as well as all the New Zealand troops on shore. The band's version of the anthem was slightly different than mine but still it was a grand feeling. As the gangplank was lowered, the band continued by

Mt. Vernon

~~JANUARY 9~~

19 playing such American favorites as "Stars & Stripes Forever", "On the Double Eagle", and "Roll Out the Barrel". There were quite a few women down on the docks, many on their WAAF & WREN uniforms - of course these brought a rousing cheer for the boys aboard. The following a long session of coin tossing and cigarette tossing to the people below. I guess American tobacco is quite a luxury here, because the mass of wharf workers & seafarers were committing mayhem to get one of the doubtless 75 or 100 cartons that were thrown over. Some of the boys managed to swap American money for New Zealand money by means of some good catches. Even toilet paper & all types of magazines & books went over the side. About three companies of our troops got off; of course Brig. Gen. (Ed) Wing went off first, the 1st American general to set foot on this soil. The last I saw of Joe Walker was as he followed the Gen. into the car - that sounds like a good deal.

JANUARY 10

10/8/42

19 What I can see of the town from the ship pleases me. The streets are quite wide and although they are windy, it has a touch of Old England. All the houses are two or one & a half story buildings with

19 red corrugated iron roofs. The New Zealanders seem to take pride in their yards: each house has a good sized yard & as it is spring, the whole town, even though it is spread out all over the hill, is a glad

19 sight for sea-weary eyes.

None of the buildings in the business section are over three or four stories high - the old town clock is right close to the boat & the quarterly

19 hour chimes that ring out remind me of the St. Dunstons clock at home.

From what I can see of New Zealand girls, they are quite plain, have large feet & legs, and yet

19 have an air of simple charm and naivety that I find attractive and intriguing. I hope to get ashore in a couple hours & see for myself what they are like.

Oct. 10, 1942 Fri. JANUARY 11

19 Back at sea again for another three or four days probably. It sure felt good to get solid ground beneath your feet for a spell, even though it rained like fury all the time we were ashore.

19 Seems like we just can't get away from water. Taylor, Downs & I got off the boat & walked thru Auckland. We stopped at a kiosk and got some New Zealand currency in exchange

19 & proceeded to shopping. I sent some wood carvings back to the family that was nice & 'New Zealandish' - got them at a novel store run for Disabled Vets. Then we ate lunch - fish in

19 chips at a local store. The fish was good but the chips are like wummy french-fried potatoes that are about a week old. Milk & butter are abundant & tasty here, but the water & coffee

19 are terrible. I can see why everybody is so healthy - milk's the only good thing to ~~drink~~ drink. After lunch, we had some native beer & then took a taxi up to Memorial

~~JANUARY 12~~

Mt Vernon

19 Museum - I practically passed out on the drive there for the way they drive on the left (I almost got hit a couple times while "pedestrianing" also.) The trip proved to be worthwhile.

19 as the museum was a collection and history of Maori development, culture, and weapons as well as a general background of anthropology, genealogy, paleoanthology with regards to

19 to South Pacific Island group. We put only a couple of hours in there but was impressed. This island has two claims to natural fame - it has the type of green-stone found only here + second

19 is the Kauri gum, a resin like secretion that is a highly polishable material + useful in the manufacture of shellacs. Taylor got a bad headache while working around there + we spent

19 a little while in a chemist's (drug-store) getting heri straightened out. As it was now 6:30, we decided to take in a show "What's Cookin'" + "One Day Every Minute"; a couple of class "B"

O.H.S.

JANUARY 13

19 American films (It is remarkable how similar New Zealand (+ Australia likewise) is just a small cross-section of the U.S. Their movies + music are strictly American and in all other ways

19 too) We then had a bite of dinner at a shop - I had a ham sandwich that was fully five layers thick of good ham. We walked around after the meal + got pretty wet. The town

19 was quite darked out + all the armed forces were really a-whoing. I guess the women are really eagle here, cause they sure were out. I didn't feel much like being unfaithful

19 at this early state, so I just provoked. Spent a couple hours in the Strathend Club, a speech easy atmosphere for our typical joke joint. Had a good talk with local gal - a plain but intelligent girl. On comparing the two nations, we come at this decision - New Zealand women are death have bigger feet + legs, poor teeth, and for the most part of them, are heavily bosomed.

JANUARY 14

19 Got back on board midnt a helluva rain + was honestly glad to get back to a warm room. Those damn New Zealand shops, theatres, + homes are sure frosty things, especially in a damp time.

19 I dropped off to bed + sleep at 2330, a very tired lad but pleased for the most part with NZ. Awoke this morning to find the boat under way. And who should pop in the room

19 but it's Bob Escher, a 42 XP from Lowell. His one of the casualties aboard soon to go home. As a Navy flier he's really been around - to England, Malta, Africa + just recently in the Solomon

19 Island show. Got hurt when he was forced to penetrate an A-24 after his carrier, the Waap, had been sunk; (Sept. 15) lost use of left eye temp. We had a good ol' chat over ol' times, + his travels.

19 Also met a Maine Lt. Jurey, a 42-A from Muskogee that washed out. He got bullet wound - right arm from Guadalcanal attack. (Must be a couple hundred wounded men aboard.)

O.H.S.

JANUARY 15

19 Escher is going back to the States + should be there by Nov 1, lucky guy. I'm going to have him call up Betty when he has time. Speaking of Betty, while I was in the ship's library this

19 morning selecting my heavy schedule of reading, next three days, the phonograph played D'Annunzio's + I really got lonely for her. I really would be in hog heaven if I could spend a night with

19 her. To think how often I shoved her off + spurned her affections!!! Never again -

Now that we have the wounded men aboard + incidentally a couple of WAAFs from New Zealand

19 + some Australian nurses, the food has picked up considerably. The next week should prove very interesting.

The old boat is really pitching + tossing to -
19 right, worse in any other time so far! A new gale blowing up. Well, had read two good books today "Dicks To Yesterday" + "Jumpsuits - the Wilderness". My eyes are tired so I close now -

~~JANUARY 16~~ Oct. 14, 1942 Sunday

19 As usual, life on the open sea is uneventful. Spent the greater part of yesterday talking with Escher + Frey. This war is no picnic from their description. I am

19 prepared for the worst already and I think I can stand the gaff for a reasonable length of time if only I get a chance to go home + see Betty. I'm slowly coming to

19 the realization how much she means to me, and its plenty.

Have read when I'm not bulling, + have done another four books. They were all quite

19 interesting - one in particular was very bad for my morale. It described the home life of a young couple such as Betty + me. I'm sure you've heard of the settle down.

19 We should get into Sidney Harbor tonight + be ashore by Monday morning. After that, nobody knows what we are to do. Ain't it exciting + mysterious, huh! -

Oct 14, 1942 Wednesday ^{Sidney} ~~JANUARY 17~~

19 I remember when I was back in Blythe, I said that any place would look good next to the desert. Well, I guess I'm getting my just desserts now, for we've seen constant rain since we left Auckland till now

19 our third day in Australia. But I'm getting ahead of my story - lets look up three days.

Monday morning, Oct 12, we pulled into Sidney Harbor. The ocean was apparently angry for being 19 let us off with such smooth weather, so she put up one last good blow - it was a killer. The pilot boat just barely could stay afloat when it came out to meet us. He finally got aboard

19 all right and proceeded thru the sub net and mine fields all right. Now this harbor is very well shielded by hills and although the channel is narrow, it is deep enough to hold any

19 ship afloat. A small tug came out to meet us just after we went under the Sidney Harbor Bridge. He threw her a line + made it fast - then the crew + captain proceeded to get up full speed, +

~~JANUARY 18~~

19 snap the hawser. By this time, the ship was swung broadside to the windward face. To make a long story short, we end up by running aground between Goat Island and Balls Head with the bow on Balls

19 head and the stern on Goat Island. But it was really a snafu deal! We had about ten tugs and four ferries trying to pull us off. When when, the tide goes out & there we are. In order to immediately

19 lighten the ship & keep it from cracking the hull, all troops left the ship and got to shore on tugs, jetties, & every way but swim. Then went up to Cobargo Docks and caught a train for Warwick Downs, the Sydney

19 rail track. This is apparently the breathing spot after disembarking for American troops. Well, it was raining when we got here and it still is, & 8 hrs later. We had to march about a mile. The mud &

19 driving rain, stood in formation for a little while and finally dove into tents. Taylor, Podink, Ray Moore & I share one tent - we have four blankets & 4000 ft. = the first night

Sydney

~~JANUARY 19~~

19 we got here, we filled out a questionnaire - since then all I've done is try to keep dry & well fed, both aims I have failed miserably. Meals are really lousy - we have to stand in line for a half hour on the main

19 to get some corned beef, some potatoes and either smoked salmon or goat meat for the main course. I guess I've had two meals out of the six so far. The damn wind drives the rain horizontally at a high

19 rate & soaks all clothing. Fortunately Taylor & I got some puttees from P.C. + S.P.M. & it helps a little. At night, I manage to keep warm, but can't sleep for some reason. Must

19 be worrying about the little woman.

Well, guests will pull out of here tonight about 1500 & go up to Brisbane. I'll be on all night ride on a little old train, but it will

19 sure be a helluva lot better than this. Christ, how I'd love to take a nice bath, have a cup of hot chocolate & settle down with Betty for a little love - front of open fireplace!!

~~JANUARY 20~~ Sat. Oct. 17. 1942

19 Well, we've been on the move steadily since last Wed. We finally fought our way out of Warrick Farms - had to carry the bags + chutes about a half mile on knee deep mud.

19 Then to top it all off, all we had was open 2 1/2 ton trucks to ride in. The rain really beat us to a ~~bad~~-droggled looking mess. Caught a little electric train into Sidney - the dinner

19 at the station there with Paul Kendrick. We had soup, steak + eggs, salad, milk + dessert for 1/9 (29¢) About eight on Wed. morn we left Sidney for Brisbane. The train was made

19 up of the old European Continental compartment cars. Davis, Lamer, Kendrick, Solomon, Paine + myself was in one. I didn't get a damn bit of sleep - sitting up is not

19 too comfortable anymore added to my newly developed insomnia. Spent the entire last day on the train + finally got into Brisbane about 1930. All - all, the

O.T.

~~JANUARY 21~~

19 ride was a lot of fun. I broke about even at Black Jack (Ponton the Aussie call it) We had a warrant on our railroad ticket that entitled us to a 1/3 meal

19 at the food stops of the train. (These trains have no diners, so at frequent intervals dining stations are set up) We ate breakfast of porridge (water + oatmeal), ham + eggs, milk,

19 and toast at Coff's Harbour. Had a sort of non-committal, yet filling, lunch at Cosimo. The weather was mostly cloudy with slight rain squalls. The terrain was quite hilly with a

19 great number of tall, straight trees covering the barren slopes. Scattered throughout the wilderness are small stork farms. Lots of shathern, whiteface, and Holstien, some

19 around to breed at will. In the last hundred miles or so, the country got flatter + the results of the yearly great bush fires could be observed. The older trees are all left over

JANUARY 22

19 and cleared - the smaller scrub trees were just coming out. All along the trip we got glimpses of the ocean as the railroad closely parallels the coastline. Almost every half mile

19 we had a descent, revealing a queer position commanding a good strip of beach. Lots of barbed wire helped add to the picture of preparedness. As for my Bushong stop,

19 all continue later when the train stops working so badly.

One more - Rockhampton waiting for the mail to come down - had a pretty good lunch, despite

19 the fact it was 13:15 when we set down.

Let's see - now back to Bushong. We put all our luggage - trunks and piled on top to ride out to the Ascot race track where we

19 were stationed. It is really a beautiful spot, lots of eucalyptus and flowering trees of a brilliant crimson and purple. The grass is now in its fullness of spring growth and makes

JANUARY 23

19 the whole place, despite the fact that the Army has taken it over, looks cool and clean and restful. And for the Army, that's something. Got tented for the night with Neal, Brown, Moore, & Taylor.

19 We had a good dinner of stew at the camp, and after changing into clean and dry uniforms (first time in five days) went into Bushong. We rode the train (open steel-car) in at 10:00 (2nd class).

19 The town itself is heavily shacked out & makes night travelling difficult. We finally got rooms at the Oxford House and started out to pray. While walking up the main street, called

19 Queen's Street, we stumbled into a dance at the town hall. So we plunked down our 2 shillings and went in. It was quite a large hall and filled with men and women, most of the men in uniform and

19 about a fourth of the women likewise. Well, an Australian dance is really something. The band was pretty corny, to put it mildly. And as for the audience (including ourselves) that suffered severely

~~JANUARY 24~~

19 in order to obtain the maximum of enjoyment from the minimum of talent present. Dops on the way again. Docks at supper time.

Well, that dance was really something, as

19 for as we could tell, Australians are eccentric & slightly piqued jittersbugs. They had one dance called the Happy Jop; I guess Casey At the Bat inspired the thing cause the main step consists of both

19 partners moving six steps & then sliding. It's a haul - they are so serious about it always watching their feet & counting almost audibly to themselves. Most of the girls were pretty molting

19 and unattractive - I only saw one girl who probably a couple hundred were close to Betty's looks. Ah me, to have & to have not. Got to bed at Hotel about 1:00 after a hamburger & walk in the rain.

19 next day was mostly for Santa Claus. I had to talk an Australian Capt. Rogers, out of a ration book first: then proceeded to hunt all over for a Hornet Tuxed sport coat for Betty but to

~~JANUARY 25~~

19 no avail. Finally gave up that angle. First sent her a toy book-bean - then went to Allen Stark Inc. & finished with a pink satin quilted house gown, a light tan shirt, and a set of black lace undies.

19 (I sure had fun shopping for those) Then got Mother a beautiful Red Sweater, Mrs. Bolhem likewise - blue, Jack - the invisible tie & muffle, and Suzie some waist funts. By the time I

19 made out the million forms & blanks & got insurance, postage, and wrapper costs, I was out about \$23 or \$30 and late getting to track. Was so much in a hurry I forgot to get

19 Jimmy something. Too bad!! Rushed out to track, packed and proceeded to wait five hours before we left for the station. All that good time shot to hell, & how I needed shoes, haircut,

19 shine, and a good meal. That's Army life, though - hurry like hell to wait a while. SNAFU. Fortunately we had sleepers on the ride up to Jacksonville on a narrow gauge railway at that. As usual

JANUARY 26

19 my sleeping was lousy. Played cards in the morning and just loafed in general. Had pretty poor meals that day - dinner at Kalkhampton was not too close but the restaurant was clean for a change.

19 Well, so to head. We should get into our next port - the storm, Townsville, tomorrow noon. Then where we go to & what we do is a big question in everybody's mind.

19 Tuesday Oct. 26th

Well, been quite busy for a while and hence no time for writing. I'll go back to a week ago & bring things up to date. Got into Townsville Sunday afternoon. Went right out to Sublett field & stayed in transient officers quarters. The field itself is a fair one, a couple miles off the coast & nice runways.

19 The country is quite rocky & heavily wooded thru there and pretty rough in bad weather. Barracks were O.K. except for one million pesky mosquitoes & two million carnivorous red ants.

Townsville

JANUARY 27

19 They were really terrific - the only way you could sleep was to get skunks drunk before retiring, which we did. Went to the club that night and got pretty fixed. Monday I walked

19 around town, called another \$1.00 home and drew the rest of my Sept. pay. That night I think I stayed in. Tuesday I took some laundry and dry cleaning downtown - did a

19 lot of window shopping & that's about all. Great scarcity of food, clothing, and toys here in Northern Australia. Got a haircut from a pretty good old bloke there. Bought a shirt, two

19 pants, and pair of leggings at G.M. Supply. Tuesday night played bridge with H.K. Brown (one of the main first heroes of Pearl Harbor days) and a couple other Joes. All told, I made 2 shilling

19 Wed. we met the General, Kenneth Walker, head of 5th Bomber Command. He gave us a little pep talk on how lucky we were to be in the fight - Sunday. Wed. night was dance at Club & sort of a drunk

JANUARY 28

19 afternoon at Col. Kulens, head of B.M. in N. Australia. Thursday I climbed a local mountain, read a little, gazed longly east over the Pacific and incidentally got a helluva

19 sunburn. That night went to dinner party at Col. Kulens - really swell grub (steak + french fries) topped off by Copenhagen cherry brandy, creme de menthe, some South African rum

19 and a couple other cordials. Now I see where the gray train is best - in P.M. : it's like being a millionaire only its free to them. Those SOB's will never see combat + yet they sit

19 there and write home all their mythical battles and hardships overcome. It's awful - Managed to pick up my stuff that day also. Sent all my warblers home to Betty - best of moisture

19 will milder in up North - to check them here is 50-50 chance of getting stolen or eaten by moths. I figured I'd have in when I get home + will be a little safer, even though I might be inconvenienced

T.

JANUARY 29

19 a couple times by not having blouse (I did keep one dark shirt + one pink pants) We left old Townsville Friday noon from new station, Charter Towers with the 3rd Bomb. Sq. (L) for only a 90

19 mile train ride, that slow hours was a helluva long struggle. Saw a bunch of kangaroos on the way + lots of wild country. Finally got into Charter Towers at about 6:30. Came right out

19 to field and were put up in the 8th Sq. for the night. Curiously, this is Bobby Cassell's old squadron - he's been missing from A-24 unit over New Guinea since last July. The old boys

spoke highly of Cass - they thought he was tops. We got some dinner rashed up and turned in. Come the dawn + we could see what the set up here was. (I'll go on with this tomorrow when I

19 have more time. Darn to the Wopu hills for a brew) Ah me, qualle me. That moon is very bright and I miss my sweet wife very much -

~~JANUARY 30~~ Wed, Oct 28, 1942

19 Twenty four hours later + Jim backs to describing Charters Towers. It's a lot more than I ever expected. The field itself is nothing exceptional, the usual two runways + 19 large dispersal areas for aircraft. The amusing part to me is the casualness of everything. The 8th Sq, to which I am assigned, has its own Officers Club called the 19 Wagon Wheel. We have a little bar with all liquors, beer, and occasionally wines. There's couple chairs, card tables, radio set, victrola complete with a nifty set of old T. Dorsey records or 1911 or others. There's sort of the lounge for the mob. Even have a small library which Jim rapidly finishing, having read perhaps half of the books before. We have just about the 19 some mess setup as usual at Blythe - most of the time its hom, lach, a clean gallois but I know Jim not staying. We get damn little milk though + every other day is butter-

C.T.

~~JANUARY 31~~

19 less. However, I have no squawks at all. Six older members of the old 27th Sp + later 3rd Sp, 8th Sq. left for home. Among these were such workhorses as Harty, Yakusha, Summers. 19 Davies, and others. They were all fellows just like myself and not supermen at all. They were good pilots with good heads, and that's what it takes to live over here.

19 Here in town there's an officers' club for 3rd Sp. officers + its quite nice, dance floor, dice room, bar, and screen porch. To keep things up and to provide the sex there are

19 a group of eager and not unattractive nurses. A couple could really get into my pants if they wanted to, but right now I'm happily married and intent on being faithful.

19 Here there are numerous Aussie nurses + town folks who also lend their bodies to the boys for enjoyment. It could be a lot safer as far as social diseases are concerned if

~~FEBRUARY~~

19 Uncle Samuel had a travelling stock of accessible ass with each outfit.

Aside from the social side, sex + food I should say, our tents are one + four man

19 jobs well dispersed in a wooded area + quite comfy. The latrine is the usual style four hole with adequate paper to match. As a luxury we have a shower with running hot water all the time, as long as the sun is out and shining bright.

Tactically we're pretty weak at present: we are actually flying old A-20 A's that were

19 the 3rd way back in '41 in Jowers, Ga. They are in pretty fair shape, now mount from 50's - the nose is well as four 30's, but as far as parts especially tires are concerned

19 we're S.O.B. They are about 22 planes to the squadron though, which is much more than each squadron - the 46th even had. They have had to do a lot of make-shift work on the ships

C.T.

~~FEBRUARY~~ 2

19 too and that isn't so hot if they ever break down. So far we only gave on two gunnery and bombing missions and haven't gotten the old touch quite back yet. These planes are a lot

19 more rugged + less slick than our DB-7 B's were. They're just as fast though + with the belly tanks have about a 1000 mile trip capacity. It's really quite a thrill when you

19 press the trigger for the first time + all those gears let loose. This ship dropping frog bombs by parachute + strafing could do a helluva lot of damage to personnel.

19 That's about the situation. Got here on Fri. mite - went to club Sat. night, stayed here Fri. mite got very drunk Monday night at a farewell party, spent all day Tues. sobering

19 up. Here's the lited mite: have read "The Foreigners and Random Harvest since I got here. also have heard a lot of good times such as "He blew a pair of Silver blings" that remind me of Betty. To kid

~~FEBRUARY 3~~ Thursday, Nov. 5, 1942

19 Not much doing around C.T. now - we only have about two planes in commission a day & they probably get six hrs. apiece a then so it's not much flying time. Every morning we are supposed to visit a different department - the Squadron & see how things are run. It amounts to mostly a pull session, but it's possible to learn a lot if you're eager enough. Me - I'm not!!

Let's see, the last entry was on a Wed. morn. Sat around club Thurs. & Fri nights - the Wagon Wheel is quite handy. Sat. night was supposed to be a big party - steak fry & beer bust combined. About 25 of us that didn't have dates piled into a 2^{1/2} Ton truck & took off for the never-never. We sure went for a wild ride. No one knew exactly where or what river the thing was supposed to be or how to get there. We on the truck (& later turned out three guys & their nurse dates) never got there - just spent

C.T.

~~FEBRUARY 4~~

19 three hours bouncing along cow-trails at night: I was so jounced I thought I'd ripped a kidney - it was rough. So we all come back to Wagon Wheel & consumed beer. Measured only

19 eight guys got to the picnic: with a total of 14 people inhaling 60 T bone steaks, we sat on - beer and bottled honey hamburgers. That was the crowning blow of all.

19 Sunday was a holiday - read that night. Monday night and Tuesday also were spent at the 3rd Sp. Club with gin bucks & pink ladies. Did a bit of waltzing on the dance floor. Most of the 19 girls are hockers, but one little nurse by the name of Pees-Wee was certainly a wow - not good looking but a fine dancer & good sport. Bill Payne had a good looking date but she

19 wasn't a dancer. Joe had - Wed night I vowed I couldn't go out, but a nurse called up - the aft. & asked me out. So I did - not too shabby a time. We went to the

~~FEBRUARY 5~~

19 club + she was pretty eager. But something must be lacking - either that or I'm getting scolded. Must be O.K. I hope I stay that way that I'm faithful to Betty in body as well as 19 in the mind. Tonight I stay in + catch up on some sleep.

Along the technical side - I flew a couple more missions + did not better. These A-26's

19 still sound + feel queer, but not as much as before. Bill Payne had a forced landing today on field - the wheels (main) folded up + he damaged the nose wheel

19 didn't stay up - a two point landing, the front wheel + tail skid. The propellers didn't even touch the ground - good job. The situation is New Guineas + Solomons at present

19 is favorable, although 24 new "O" are now at Lae. Maybe we'll get up there soon.

Along the cultural side - read quite a lot - post work "King's Row - George Meloy"

C.T.

~~FEBRUARY 6~~

19 Doll Stones, The Sun Also Rises, This Above All and one other. What few books are around are good American literature. In another week or so, I'll have finished these + either go

19 to periodicals or Australian trash - may even pick up a mathematic or electrical book and try to recapture a little knowledge.

Along the physical side - every day almost I

19 do a little exercise, like shooting baskets, throwing the shot, using ker-bell + abdominal board, or work outside on the tent. Have a pretty good tan now - sure hope I don't peel.

19 Rained like hell today - it was really pouring down the slope. I had no hands around my tent but luckily got only a laundry bag wet. Some fellows had tents a foot in water.

19 Won't be long before it'll be that damp every day. Well, to show the note Betty for about the 15th time in two months. Still no mail from her yet - Curses!!!

~~FEBRUARY~~

Tues. Nov. 10, 1942

19 The life of leisure continues: Friday I flew - went to the show "Captains of the Clouds" in Chartres Tower - very interesting show, both the movie + the pldg. No work

19 at all + set of beach chairs built together - very practical these Australians. (I continually find that despite public sentiments - the States, Gen. Weng M^c

19 Arthur is not looked upon as the God almighty over here - all the officers that were with him in the Phillipines are very agin him.) After the show went to club + a couple drinks - did a little

19 working as usual. Saturday flew again. Payne led Under + me on B + M mission - he did a good job too. Under's landing gear folded at the landing and he coughed up. Nobody hurt but

19 the plane pretty rich. Sat. night went to club early + left early. Brought home some copies of Dennis books. Got a ride home with Doc Baumhauer - the umbrella. Some fun -

C.T.

~~FEBRUARY~~ 8

19 Sunday morning a pretty bleary eyed officers team took the field against blood thirsty S.I.'s. After a bad start, we came from behind to win ⁱⁿ the last half winning 9-8. I got one for

19 two + two walks, but was pretty disappointed. Did tolerably well in the field - got a big game with 90th Sq. tomorrow for gudge battle. Stayed at Wagon Wheel during evening - polished off 2 hamburgers,

19 2 ham + cheese sandwiches + couple soft drinks before bed. Needless to say, sleep was not good.

At noon Mon. stood over O.D. job. Flew - the off. - did all bombing + gunnery. Mine had hydraulic failure

and 19 had to use emergency pump for brakes. That's the 5th accident in ten days. Went to show at Base at night - saw an oldy food train from Madrid "Olympa Broda" is a plenty sexy little dish. Inspected

guard 19 a couple times during night - all OK. Spent all morning cleaning up club and all aft reading. "Under the Fig Leaf" - medicine. Now to show + share + write Betty - "I mail letter. - still no mail.

~~FEBRUARY 9~~

Nov. 16, 1942 Monday

19 The past six days have been very, very dull. I think I flew once and the rest of the time have goofed off. Read a couple books.

The World's Mine + Kitty Foyle. The first 19 was an English book, sort of a Modern Court of Monte Cristo story about revenge in the realms of high finance. K.F. was interesting in its feminine local points and views, but a

19 but fuck it times. One or two more books left before I deliver two Aussie books & bought - may even tackle ~~Today's~~ War + Peace if I stay here much longer!!!!

19 All the evenings except one were spent out here at Wagon Wheel - a couple beers, some cabbage + hodge and a can of cheese. On one flight to McKay a couple

19 of cases of Sparkling Burgundy were purchased. These went down with a bang but made a little potent to some boys. Sat. night went to the club downtown - Jimmy Davis got

C.T.

~~FEBRUARY 10~~

19 really pleased a S.B. + girl - had to carry him home. He's really been hitting it lately.

Last night was spent in cleaning up my little tent + putting things in shape. Really looks 19 almost likable when it gets cleaned up.

About half the boys took ships up to Maresby - must be hot cooking up there now. We only have one or two ships left here. I hope to go up soon +

19 get in on some of the easy pickings before we theoretically base at Auro. Jimmy is up there now + will or all my cabbage opponents.

Spent this A.M. writing them + the Volunteers:

19 then this aft dug up some pipe + also saddle - soaked all my shoes + boots. Now have 3 pr. of socks, one goniab sock, one pr. slippers, + one pr. of Aussie flying pants. Quite a wardrobe.

19 Well, guess I'll take a shower + eat - hope we have a repeat in that good steak lunch. Have written Betty three or four more times - up to 21 now + still no mail from home. Better come soon -

~~FEBRUARY 11~~

Nov. 21, 1942 Sat.

19 Ho, hum - as usual, dirt on my feet
kitt again and have been as for as airplanes
are concerned. There are only a couple left in
the field now all the rest having gone to
Port 19 Maseby. All the 8th pilots that ferried
ships up there are back o.k. Here we sit +
ponder over these dive bomber rumors that
keep popping up. Although dirt not exactly
in form of dive bombers, they aren't so down
dangerous if you have pursuit cover. At least
it's better than shoving a pack of concrete down
here 1000 miles away from Japs?

19 Abigail, that terrific lion from
the 87th + 89th is missing. Took off from Cairns
Monday with three passengers and no word of him
since! It's a long swim back - weather had up
there 19 to which doesn't help search missions any.

All work we have been busy building a new
club - it's out of half log, half concrete, and all

C.T.

~~FEBRUARY 12~~

19 haphazard. But after all, the only thing we
need is someplace to do our drinking + card
playing. Also installed an officers shower over near
our tent area - will be a lot better + nearer for
19 us + gives the enlisted men more room too.

Spent all the nights in bed at 10:15 + 10:30:
getting to be an early-to-bedder. Really feel good
to get nine hours of sleep a night.

19 Have read a couple more books. One was an
Aussie writer "Moby-Duck" by John Fabricus - it
was very good but a little involved - nature notes +
birds for me to follow accurately. Also read

19 "H.M. Pulham, Esq." Having been married
some puts a different outlook on life - I was sure
very surprised to find the book so changed for
me by this fact. Mobs me want to go home

19 home all the more now. Still no letters
from Betty - should certainly hear from her during
this next week. Really missing her with the full
moon. Got my "Betty the Kid" cubbies done - classy!!

~~FEBRUARY 13~~

Dec. 4, 1942 Fri

19 Yes, I know I have been lax as hell in writing this chronicle, but little has happened during the past two weeks to warrant more than a "second verse, same as the first"

19 Our whole activity has been expended in the constructive field: built a new Wagon Wheel, quite large with a good cement floor + wall sides of logs. Put a bar in also: it is really the cat's ass

19 when compared to the other outfit's set-ups. Then after that was done, I laid off for a couple days. Was made squadron Athletic + Recreation office. so I immediately took inventory of all

19 squadron equipment, painted the bookbonds and started building an Entertained Men's Day Room. Now, however, a bigger job soon my hands.

About ten days ago, Group ordered 24 pilots

19 out of the 8th to be co-pilots in the 90th + 13th. That left Hill, Durn, Mac Gilleney, Rodnik, Chudoba, Elhin, + a yellow pre-shooter boy, Oestricher. Then yesterday Rodnik, Durn, + Oestricher were to

Charters Towers

~~FEBRUARY 14~~

19 go North to run a few missions with the 89th. He backed out + so now I get to go - I wonder if it will be good luck or bad? Will be glad to get up there though and taste a little combat - just how scared I will

19 get has always interested me.

However - this morning the B-25 was to go up in sort for 100 hrs. insp., so I get a one day respite. Got to town this A.M. to Finance + drew \$235 back

19 pay. I now have more money, excluding this, than when I got paid Nov. 1. Beer + block job are paying a little, with cribbage just a little ahead.

Have gone into town very seldom these last two weeks at night - instead just sit here, play cards, read, and worry about Betty. Still have no mail from her - I wonder what's wrong. I'm hope nothing went amiss on that side line.

19 On Barry Charters Jones I am a little heavier (despite tennis + basketball) + happy. Am taking Taylor up 3 cartons of Old Golds: also a qt. of Port to celebrate birthday + one cp. service.

~~FEBRUARY 15~~

Dec. 7, 1942 Moreby

19 The war for our country is one year old today - I am celebrating it by sitting on alert at "4 mile", awaiting my first mission.

Jimmy, Raduk + I finally got up here day

19 before yesterday. But most important, I finally got a letter from Betty. Yes since, I scored. Friday afternoon I bought some things in town, sent a sugar + join silver set to Mo.

19 Baldwin + a collection to Betty. She brought \$300 worth of bonds + sent em home.

On returning to the Wogan Wheel, lo + behold I had letters from Betty, two of them. She said

19 these were thirty some others on the way - But now that I'm up here, I guess I'll have a good long wait before I get them.

Sat. we took off - 0.25 + arrived here at

19 about 1300, a 3½ hr. trip. Landed at 17 miles + took us 3 hrs. to get into 89th sq., thanks to lack of co operation of 90th + the near breaking down. Our area is right at the West + South side of

~~FEBRUARY 16~~

19 foothills overlooking the Port + the Ocean. I am tenting with Taylor + Kindsch. We share a sort of shower and a three hole trough with about a dozen other pilots of the 89th. all told, they are a good bunch of boys: got

19 a damn good C.O.: Lamer is Operations Officer + has taken over for fair. They all have seen a kind of Missions: Taylor was shot down once but crashed ok. Dick seems to be main worry - the Japs still are

19 hanging quietly into the Buna strip. We will undoubtedly go over today, as there was no mission yesterday. Seems funny to sit here and think - in a half hour I may be out shooting + bombing some

19 Mess, I may be shot down myself, or I may still be sitting here, thinking about Betty. These past three months have flown by swiftly, yet each day of waiting ahead seems unending.

19 The quiet is fine, although beans + willy will undoubtedly get pretty tiring. Got a hell good tonight if all goes well during the day. Guess I'll close + look at Betty's picture for awhile.

~~FEBRUARY~~

Dec 9, 1942 Moresby

19 Well, I'm over my first raid + still kicking. But I can't say I got there unscathed. Four of us, (Lamer, Downs, Conn + I) strafed the Ach. Ach position at Buna in support of some B-25's

19 We went down in twos, Lamer - Downs, and then Conn + I. Conn's electrical system went out so he didn't do any firing. I got hit in the nose of the ship by direct AA. That put me up a creek. I did a pretty good strafing on them, but that hit was not good. The bomb doors went open when all the fluid went out and of course all the fluid drained out. We got back OK. without being jumped but I had to make a crash landing at "Tide".

With the bomb doors open, three or four hits in the wings + nose, and hydraulic fluid all over the windshield, I made a pretty hairy landing.

The ship was washed out for good. I hit the wheel with my face and knocked out a couple teeth in the front. I don't say, I guess I was lucky to get out with my life + body almost

5 -

~~FEBRUARY~~ 18

19 intact. But then again, with a little luck I could have gotten out all right. As it is, I might get the Purple Heart for "wounded as result of enemy action" - one way to look at it, it's not worth it, but

19 It was a cracked tooth injury. Have to get an X-ray this evening + see how much I got left. Will probably get a false front one and a crown on the other one. Sure felt pretty weak for a couple

19 hours - just about fainted right there from loss of blood. Went over to the Kobi Mission dentist to get X-rayed, but as usual all was filled up. Will have to get it

19 done tonight a son.

Still have a pretty bad head-ache + a pile of sore neck muscles. The chin is swollen up as are the lips. I'm not exactly what you 19 would call beautiful now, nor even as a fact. Almost got thru my first year of service without a scratch. Result 4 yrs. work - about 320 hrs of multi-engine, one medal, + minus two teeth.

~~FEBRUARY 19~~

Port Moresby

Dec 11, 1942

19 This chapter will be long, having interruptions - I have all the intentions of filling about four pages up. Where we will end is one matter of time, ink, & my hand.

19 New Guinea is primitive, dangerous and beautiful. There are about eight air fields with a 20 mile radius of Moresby. We are working 1/1 either 3 or 4 miles, B-17's off of 7 miles (also B-24's) the

19 B-26's at 14 miles, B-25's at 17 miles.

The pea shooters, 39's, 40's, & 38's, work off all these fields, and "30 miles" also. No fooling, I'd safely say there are 300 tactical planes,

19 and probably 100 or so various types of transport ships. That makes a constant traffic around the sky - at any rate, 24 hrs. a day there is a constant hum here. The two or three hours that 19 you can't hear planes, the mosquitoes fill in on you well. And flies help them too -

It's hard to describe this place, especially when one lacks an adequate vocabulary and an athletic

~~FEBRUARY 20~~

19 eye for beauty. The way I will describe it will be lousy, for I fear it could apply to a million and one other small parts around the world. But with the hope that someday I hope I can describe it all to

19 Betty and use this as a supplement I stodge onto my self assigned task.

For navigation, Moresby is easy to find: there is a reef formation about a half mile off shore that is

19 easily discernible from the air. It runs from Moresby south to the end of island and stops right at the mouth of the Port - no part of the reef runs north, which is fortunate. The Owen

19 Stanley Mts. rise to about 12,000 feet in back of Port Moresby. Dist. time of year is very uncertain as to weather - it's always cloudy in the mountains and usually rains on the other side - all

19 of which makes missions sort of questionable. The country is very heavily wooded all over the island here, really tropical growth. Trees a hundred ft. tall, covered with vines and thick moss.

~~FEBRUARY 21~~

P.M.

19 many various types of palm + nut trees, strange reed grass and tiny flowers, thrilling hillsides of Bougainvillea, and high cliffs of virgin rock. Add the vast Pacific and the sky, another sea of blue

19 with galleons of feathered glory instead of steaming steelclads crossing its expanse, well it makes quite a setting for just sitting on your butt and watching time go by.

19 I have often thought what the natives can see in just being and accomplishing absolutely nothing. I see now that in a climate such as this, nothing but heat, water, and trees, time

19 itself is immaterial and unconceivable. It is not measured in years but in children and generations. Maybe that would be easier and more pleasant life than the "heaping up with the genes' existence

we 19 are continually fighting for. Could be.

The squadder has a native boy around to do the washing - Henry by name. In a year's time, he has picked up a smattering of English that he

~~FEBRUARY 22~~

19 use when and if it is advantageous to him. If not, he lapses into native jargon. His one great failing conversationally is to say "yes" and shake his head "no". Really a swam to talk to - he dislikes the Japs

19 greatly cause they make all the native girls frightened and off into the hills. With a slight variation in the story, mainly I have a University education, generations of mostly good and a little of the

19 ~~inverted~~ bad blood breeding, a beautiful and intelligent wife, and yet I dislike them for the same reason, cutting off my loang. Perhaps our so-called advanced race is only a dressed up tribe of albino aboes.

At 19 my rate, the basic desire for food + sex are one and same in both of us.

And speaking of food, it's pretty bad here. We had meat today, for a change. Usually it's either

or a 19 combination of sardines, beans, macaroni, peas + carrots, and hardtack. Occasionally we get bread to eat on permit bottles + jam on (my diet for the last couple of days) and canned "c" items, which are

~~FEBRUARY 23~~

P.M.

19 possible cause I don't mind dash. For the most part it is grin though. I sure will be glad to get back to some good show.

Have been down to the Hospital a couple times for 19 X-rays and examinations. Fortunately, the medicine think that all the root of the big frog come out on the creek-up, so maybe I won't have to have it dug up. And the other one can be copped and

19 hooked so it won't look too bad. I hope they don't have to up a plate in - I'd prefer it if I could get a good false one and enchain in for good. Am being transferred to 12th Station Hospital at Brisbane n T. Hills

19 for treatment. Am going down to Chester's Junction tomorrow n the next day on a B-25, leaf there for a couple days and get over my slight dose of dysentery then over to either Transville n Brisbane for a week

19 and stretch it out near Christmas. Then back here for some good missions in Lae + Solomons.

But my road is on easy one compared to some of those poor suckers I've seen down at the 10th

12/11/42

~~FEBRUARY 24~~

19 Evacuation Hospital. They are being flown back from the other side and are in tough shape. All seem to have malaria in one stage or another in addition to bullet wounds. All have that hang-dog look from being 19 in the swamps over there so long. They like to see the A-20's come over but dislike the B-25's cause they occasionally drop bombs in our own troops. One boy with an amputated leg really showed me what guts were. They 19 all can't understand why Buna doesn't fall - nor do I. Can't be long now - surely in a week.

Met Steve Reed, capt of Northwestern's football team in '36 down at hospital. He has a Lt. Commission as X-ray.

19 Damn jockoses + cockabures start out at dawn - have to draw near a close so I get some sleep before they wake me up.

Dreamt about Betty and snow last night. A white 19 Christmas with her would be divine. I saw a beautiful sunset tonight, glowing and sinking sun in the indigo western and blue-pink clouds. Really wished the old gal were here now. Wow ~

~~FEBRUARY 25~~

Charters Towers

Dec 14, 1942

19 Back at old Charters Towers again + glad to be fat-cutting again. Will describe briefly the trip. Sat afternoon I finally ran down the B-25 I was to go on after chasing it all

19 over these damn bumpy roads. We finally left "7-mile" about 1400 + headed out for Horn Island. Cruised right along + got there in jig time. Really some beautiful little tropical islands around there, merely little dots $\frac{1}{2}$ mile or so across, and lots of trees + verdure on them. Sure would like to get Betty over here and shack up in one for a couple months.

19 That would really be ~~the~~ ideal. Horn I. is right next to the famous peeling grounds of Thursday Island. Rough country though + pretty meagre living. We ran up to the

19 RAAF mess + had the usual cup of tea. How those damn Aussies get tea so hot I can't understand. By adding a lot of canned milk and sugar, its pretty fair drinking.

~~FEBRUARY 26~~

19 Took off again for Cooktown. Had a beautiful glimpse of country. Lots of grim swamps and untrackable forests to make forced landings impractical. Quite interesting to see all the

19 strange rock and coral formations along the coast. This book "My Love Must Wait" that I am reading is all about exploration of this region as done by Capt. Blinders of Royal Navy in 1800's.

19 Landed + spent the night at Cooktown. Had a pretty good meal, shower, + dished into town for a picture. The town, although well deserted, turns out for the shows, even though they are real old ones.

19 Took off next morning after a good breakfast of rice + currie + tea. Got down to Charters Towers about 10:00. Of course all the boys were anxious to hear of my raid + crash landing. May Ellison

19 was pretty nice + gave me a plan in the shape of a wobbly D.S. at Tamsville at Army school for "Identification of Enemy Aircraft". In between time at classes, I can get a chance to get my teeth fixed up pretty.

~~FEBRUARY 27~~

C.T.

Dec. 14, 1942

19 This school will last till just before the Christmas. I plan to stay here + get a good holiday meal. Will probably be back up there by the 28th or 29th of Dec. ↙

19 Got a couple letters from Betty when I got back + a couple more today. Then there are a couple others up at 8930th. that I probably passed in mid-air. Glad as hell to hear from her + Mom. Little by little the story of her trip + apparent great social success is unfolding. Still have a good thirty or forty letters in the mixer someplace.

19 Pop's will was probated + now Betty. I have almost \$2000 on my share. With the rest of my money + all the bonds, we have over \$3000 easily, closer to \$4000 in fact. Betty seems

19 to really miss me - can't be anywhere nearly as homesick as I am. Would gladly give \$100 for just one night. To bed now -

Townville

Dec. 19, 1942

~~FEBRUARY 28~~

19 Back at class again 9-12 and 1:30 to 4:30 - just like the good days at Cornell. Got over here Wed afternoon - on A-20. Registered for class + got rooms at Transit Offices Mess at Tabbitt Fl. Then

19 went into town, had a good steak at Athol's Inn. Then saw the show "Mortal Storm", a trifle old but very enjoyable for propaganda film. Next day, the 17th the lesson on Aircraft Identification started. Here are about

19 25 coast artillery officers (A.A.) in it + three flying officers, (Price, Laine + myself) a couple of B-26 boys + instructors this term. It's pretty fundamental + boring but must be done. Thursday night went to a show at 19 Field here called "Affairs of Martha" - apparently is a new one + damn humorous. Friday we took up the Army + Navy aircraft. I skipped off to town - the aft. + did a little shopping - bought a grey sweater + a pair of baby

19 shoes for Betty. Tried to get some silvers, but not much around. Picked a bunch of opals + pearls that I would like to buy just before I leave for the States. Had another steak at Athol's, just as good as previously.

~~FEBRUARY 29~~

19 The show in town was N.G. so I stopped a truck and come out to barracks. Went over to day room + had a little ice-cream, cider, and read. Found a couple Nov. Chevy Trucks. + combed them closely. Also skinned a

19 couple Aussie books, one of which was very naughty but definitely informative in the pockets of the other half. Went to bed about 1030 after settling omnipresent ants.

Another dull day in class with Aussie ships and 19 pop. ships as subjects. Guess Ill go in town tonight for show at least. All in all, class is a pain in the ass - no pen. In. Sub is fair + weather threatening + sticky. Can't get a plate put in - just bent three weeks.

19⁺ Broke a bone - the roof of my mouth + it's gotta heal before I can get my idies in. Hope to go up North for a couple good missions, come back + get my teeth, + then go on furlough about Feb. 1st down to Southport

19 for a bit of sun. Have written Betty + Mom "v" letters while here - I sure better have a pile of letters when I get back to Charters Towers on Wed. or Thursday. Will give me something to do over Christmas. Back to class -

Charters Towers

Dec. 27, 1942

~~MARCH~~

19 Back in Charters Towers again and just the same old loafing around. Had quite a dreary Christmas day. Got roped into being A.C. on Christmas Eve and didn't get off duty till the

19 next afternoon. Got a flock of good letters though, and spent the time quite profitably in answering them. Also did a little reading on "My Son Must Wait". The weather

19 for the past four days has been really dismal, constant dribbling rain all the time. The three ships are out of shape for the present, so our total work for the day results in:

19 merely sweating out mail and show call. I think I have to come overseas to do that - if the army thinks him worth #13 a day doing that, it's OK with me. But I'd sure like to be

19 able to pick my locality. Played a lot of cribbage and won over \$10 for the total. Not a bad haul - Got two letters from Betty these as - seems to be getting along O.K.

~~MARCH 2~~

Jan 3rd 1943

C.T.

19 Ho-hum. Sunday again, & it's finally stopped raining. New Years Eve proved very dull as usual for me - had a couple of beers, played some cullage & called it a day. Just hopped

19 into bed as somebody cut loose with their .45 to welcome 1943. My whole thoughts were of Betty & what she was doing & if she missed me. I am so lonely & bored I can hardly see straight.

19 To think that I have about eight more months at the least, or here is damn discouraging.

Then on Friday off, a couple of the boys decided to help the people back - the state usher in the New

19 year to. They really tired me on this time - got falling down, passing out, dead, stinking drunk. The main thing wrong is they get quite destructive & break up lots of glasses, bottles, etc. The last thing

19 exhausted in grand looks supply entirely. Plus yesterday & today - weather pretty cloudy & rainy, the navigation tough as hell. Guess I'll go up & check the mail. Hope Betty comes thru -

Jan 6th 1943

C.T.

~~MARCH 3~~

19 Wowie. I just got a letter from Betty dated Dec 12 and the news it contained still leaves me breathless. She informed me that we were to have a baby about May 27 - imagine that. By the tone of

19 her letter, she seemed quite happy with the prospect - but then she may have just written it that way, since she knows how I want children. I sure wish I knew how she really feels - that uncertainty

19 & the fact that I'm 1000 miles away are the two things that slightly dim this otherwise very auspicious development. If it's a boy we will name it Arthur & call it 'Hank' after Pops, or if it's a girl call it 'Lynn' after

19 Betty's Dad. Both sound like pretty good names - I hope it is a boy, but for Betty's sake, I hope even more it's a girl. In fact, I don't give a damn if it's twins, so long as I get home safe & sound to see them. Sure hope

19 Betty is getting on all right. Further 'V' letters of Dec 15 & 17 made no mention of it. Well, must close, all this excitement has been too much for me. -

~~MARCH 4~~

Jan 9th 1943 C.T.

19 Saturday + big moving order - looks like the whole outfit goes North Monday to M. resby. Everything is packed up + all ready for the word. Only few planes left so all have to go by boat. Dues

+ 19 I went to Jansville yesterday to do some last minute errands. I tried to get a mold made for my teeth, but no soap. That god damn dentist was really not obliging. I think I'll wait till

19 I get a furlough - then will buzz down to Brisbane + get an Aussie dentist to fix it. May cost me about £10, but I'm getting sick of this hole in my face. Closed around Horbath fold for a couple

19 supply, in town for canned foods, + other errands. Had a steak at Alhambra - pretty good too. Got back in time for a shower before dinner.

Got a couple fold letters from November 10 + 14 from

19 Betty. How I do wish I could visit her now to look out for her + help her in these next very trying four months. Pongul has a tough road ahead. Guess I'll turn in + get some shut eye.

Jan 12, 1943

CT

~~MARCH 5~~

19 Tuesday - we didn't go after all - see, the Group Adj. Sam Rubenstein went down with Not on Stock: the new boy, Bill Hood, got a little over eager + had all the squadrons alerted on a rumor he heard. So

19 we have to unspook. The 8th Sq. is now temporarily a B-25 Squadron - we have one loaned to us from the 90th Sq. + we put 4 hrs or so on it each day - weather is pretty damn hot - the afternoon to do much flying.

19 Have about six or seven hrs - I now + feel almost at home. It's quite easy to fly, sort of like a steam-lined B-18. About as fast as an A-20 i.e. cruises about 195, it is a good instrument ship + loud like a drum. Has quite

19 a steep gliding angle, but it really scoots - nice after you break the glide. Better have A-20's though.

Evenings have been quite dull, as everything is still here packed + half unpacked. The wheels are really spinning.

19 Have done all right by the mail's the post few days. Got three letters, the 9th + three more yesterday. All except a double V dated Dec. 20 were quite old. Hope it keeps up. -

~~MARCH 6~~

Jan 15, 1943

Friday

C.T.

19 Still at Charter Towers with one foot on the train waiting to go North. Maj. Elson + Capt. Durns are flying the two available planes up with Cpts. Hill and Chudoba as passengers. That means the rest of us take the 19 leather medal for suckers + ride the boat. Sure will be nice to be a wheel sometime + dictate to the seifs. There will be headed out quite soon. Sure getting tired of looking around here of late. Took a couple showers.

19 Got a hair cut + ate the usual set of lousy sandwiches - that comprises my trips to town. The rest of the time I busy bottling the breeze + driving a B-25 around the skies.

19 As the schedule stands now, I am in charge of the motor convoy scheduled to leave for Fornsvelle in a couple days - I'm not exactly sorry as I know it will be a lot of extra work. But I'll have a little

19 spare time to do some shopping for Betty's presents while there. Well, time to close - still riding high in the mail situation with 3" from Betty, an old one from Jack Eddy, Jacked + dreams of Betty + baby -

Jan 18th 1943

Monday

~~MARCH 7~~

19 Another three days, + another \$39 - in getting so damn sick of this sitting on our butts at C.T. when the money angle doesn't interest me now. The only good thing about the day has been the

19 Super surprise of getting the Christmas package Betty sent to me. She mailed it Oct. 21, almost three months ago - the address was 3239 - that gives me a little indication of how long I'll have to wait 19 before I get all the rest of my packages mailed at a later date + to a couple other addresses. Sure was glad to see it, for sentimental more than practical sake. Box contained some Neutype, shaving lotion, security kit, a relative 19 of my old Worry bird - York Bird, pair of patched up shorts, package of very melted caramels, mirror, and three screw snapshots of Betty taken at Blythe with my chute + helmet on. Had great fun uncrapping each individually + noting the card 19 she had attached. Other mail has dropped to New Low, probably being stopped in Brisbane or Fornsvelle subsequent our departure for Moreby. Now there is nothing to look forward to except being day after tomorrow.

~~MARCH 8~~

Jan 22, 1943 Friday. Innessville

19 Now resting my weary ass in Armstrong Paddock at dear old Innessville. Will go back a couple days now + catch up. Tues. we all moved into the Wagon Wheel + had our tents taken down for shipment. Now about 20 of us

or less, just like cadet barracks. Laid out a 'chute' bag for a couple days, but what the hell!! The funniest thing of the stretch was St. David J. Donovan, a little Irish statistical officer from Jersey City - he is quite glibly anyway 19 having led 28 yrs of sketched life. We were all bed + told Donovan to blow out the gasoline vapor lamp - I'll be damned if he didn't puff + wheeze for a couple minutes over it - we all split laughing + finally told him to manly turn

the 19 handle + out she goes. ~~Taken~~ Jimmie + Chuck left for Morroby. all Tues. + Wed Jimmie + I had charge of loading the damn train - I was really stiff + tired when we finished. This yep - Wed morning we got orders for motor convoy to leave - got on 19 the road about 2:00 P.M. + pulled into docks at Innessville about 6:45: I left Astucher + some enlisted men to guard the tracks while I came to Armstrong Paddock + arranged for tentage + chow. (Archer, Rodink + the other train guards

~~MARCH 9~~

are 19 ft. - setting it out at Sarbutt Rd. Innessville (Bike). The goddam Quartermaster Maj. in charge here gave us the most distant, best-up row of tents in the lot. He very graciously (yawn!!!) had the cook fix us up some chow but closed the kitchen before the other 19 truck load could get up from the docks. Had to run a roster + guard all night for train + truck grounds. Everybody in sorta peed off including me - did get a shower + cleaned up which was something. Thursday they started loading boat - at first, 19 it was all a surprise to the authorities, this move was. Seems it was called off, but the Group never got order. SNAFU. Darned Annie wharfies knock off about 30 min. of every hour for smokes + tea - loading goes slowly + guard roster continued. Stayed at Paddock all day getting things in shape + trying to fight off all the details for work the landlady is imposing. Hyde was supposed to go on duty as dock officer tonight. I took it for him. Stayed up all night watching wharfies pool of 19 all told they loaded three of our vehicles all night. Come off at 8:30, had a breakfast of steak + eggs, some beer + shaved + shaved; had Swiss steak of lunch + now off for train + another steak dinner. Do a little shopping for Betty too.

~~MARCH 10~~

Jan. 24, 1943

Sunday

T'ville

19 Here it is Sunday & still the troop train hasn't arrived. We finished the loading up Fri. aft except for a few odd pieces. I went to town about three, shopped around town till five buying nothing, & ate a steak at Altho's like on

19 my way out to Paddock when 1st Sgt. Bell been asked me if I would help him out & take an extra gal off his hands. So he & I & two Aussie gals took off. Went to their boarding house for dinner (I had already eaten one supper) The gal I was with was 19 from Perth, quite intelligent, & attractive but hard looking. Spent most of the evening walking & talking & singing.

Sat. morning I went into town quite early - went to Horn & Peters to look over opals. Did buy one blue-green one but lacked funds to

19 really splurge. Luckily caught Airfieldhead & borrowed some money. So bought a beautiful pearl & three supplies for Betty. Had steak dinner at Altho's again - shared a table with very pretty WAAF nurse. She was on night duty, so I was out there. While at 19 Box 2 O'Connell met the same gal I had been with night before. Said she was going swimming, would I like to go. So I did - had fun, but missed Betty awfully. Herro story in tonight & get drunk with the boys in the tent. And I awful -

Jan 27, 1943

On S.S. George Matthews

Coral Sea

~~MARCH 11~~

19 Now am once more on high seas & what's more, I don't like it. Monday we got up early, checked out of Armstrong Paddocks & entucked to docks. The troop train from C.T. had come in at dawn & they were there also. Just got all baggage off the trucks 19 & it started raining. My raincoat was well packed: I got well-soaked. Finally all got in shipboard after much tugging & pulling a my four pieces (I now was a I travel light). Tossed it in the hold & tried to get dry. Sun came out & roasted all to a turn. 19 When finally all were aboard, about 12:30 we pulled anchor & moved out to harbor proper where we again dropped anchor to wait for right time to start. Took a look around ship - a typical 10,000 ton Liberty ship capable of 10-12 knots & absolutely no 19 room for passengers. There were three holds for the 800 or so sp. personnel on board. Most of deck was littered with vehicles, life rafts, piles of rotors, & other paraphernalia & impediments. All - all it was a mess - the holds were damp & very smelly. I know now 19 how conditions on the old slave trading ships must have been. Fortunately I found a vacant side of a Hdg. Sq. Shop which I had seen become my home. Made sort of a shelf by using ropes & tent poles - this inflated my air mattress & put it on top.

~~MARCH 12~~

55. George Matthews
Coral Sea

19 Really smooth. A Pvt Wetzell of Hq. Sq. from Baltimore + a real Easterner from Maine, Sgt Joe Curren of 8th Sq., shared the truck comforts with me. Sounds pretty primitive but was far better than anyone else had. Those that couldn't

stand the boredom of the hold came up on deck + slept wherever they could find a vacant space, be it under a swaying 2nd truck or atop a water trailer. The only

cupper of any sort was a very primitive affair consisting of 19 a trough through which a fire hose squirted, shoving debris out over the side of ship. Almost every one, upon seeing this grand affair, said to himself, "contingency, where out there?" Chaw was thrown upon a sled upon a deck - messhats + trimmings

19 long chow + wash lines were in order here. Bully beef, beans + H.I. vegetable meat ration proved to be lion's share of both the days meals. That's that for a rough life.

Early Tues day morning we set out with a small Aussie gun 19 boat, H.M.S. Swan as conveyer. Keeping inside the Great Barrier Reef we hugged the coast up past Cairns + then set out for New Guinea. The weather was full of squalls + steaming sunshine - the hold became more dark + extremely

Coral Sea Jan 27, 1943

~~MARCH 13~~

19 odorous. In other words, brother, it stunk!!! In my little truck-house I was quite dry + comfortable, spending the greater share of each day bathing the breeze with two of our rationed ship rations. Both had quite unpleasant experiences

as for 19 as married lives were concerned, each having been forced to divorce an unfaithful wife. Right then + there I resolved to give my wife so much loving when I get home that she won't have to worry about going out to get it. - i.e. when I get home

19 By afternoon time we left land + headed out. Also I was so tired of standing chow lines + wash lines, I decided to do something. So Curren, Wetzell, Sgt. Boer, + Sgt. Bric set up an inn mess. Got a can full of water, heated it to boiling by use of a blue torch

+ 19 then into the chow line we dropped pulsed cans of soup, hash, spaghetti, + even beans. Got a little hard torch, ~~blow~~ some coffee - really toled good + had no waiting. Thus we ate our two meals a day without too much discomfort. Tues passed without

any 19 exciting + here it is Wednes. Will probably get into Pt Moresby tomorrow. There will really scramble for a couple days. Oops, here comes another rain. Best really rocking was "lots of the boys are whooping it up" on the song tapes. To bed + go.

~~MARCH 14~~

Jan 30, 1943

Sat. Port
Morseby

19 Now resting my weary butt over at the 89th till our camp area gets set up. Pulled into the harbor Thursday morning - I was on dawn watch & got a good view of all the proceedings from the quaterdeck. Had a 19 raid the night before here - a P-38 shot one down too. Took a couple hrs. to get off the boat using & get to dock. Then get into the trucks & come to 89th area. It started raining, as it never fails to do when the 8th moves, & we got 19 soaked. I got a couple hrs sleep. Thurs. night I spent a couple hours 1-6 down at docks getting some of squadron's stuff unloaded. Seems as though 8th Sq. is furnishing all dinner & stoves for 19. - we take it all 19 to a pool, dump it off, & each of three Sq. picks their individual stuff up, plus all they can steal. I think we're getting caught short - the stealing deal. Our comp area is about a half mile inland from the 89th - is right 19 between an Aussie outfit & about six Negro Eng. companies. Charming company - not a damn thing is set up. Dinner & Chudok got screwed up on advance echelon body. Time to go down to docks again. Main work is never done.

Feb. 1, 1943

Monday Port Morseby.

~~MARCH 15~~

19 Finally got moved into new area. My tent is on the top top of the highest hill in camp area. It's a hellava climb, and sometimes I wonder if it's worth it. But as I sit & look out towards the sea & watch the waters breaking over the reef, a 19 watch the sun go down in a blaze of unmatched coloring & beauty, I know then that the climb is well worth the effort. Comp area is beginning to take effect - the first couple of days were rough, hell with no tents of the boat, no cot, very little 19 grub available. Seems as though it rains every night for at least a couple of hours - still water is our main trouble. Dams has worked out a scheme that may solve the problem. I hope so. All the officers & men have their tents pitched after a fashion. Got 19 the cement floor for the kitchen laid today. Got lots of big plans for comp area - still a little unloading going on, but almost there now. Dams consent of kully beef & beans all the time & he is so hungry from god hard work, it tastes good! 19 Rumored that we will get 10 A-20's soon from somewhere peacefully, sounds just like latrine organ to me. See Jaylor & all the other boys occasionally. Turner is a Moj. now. Elson continues to pass time flat in his back. Fally a leader! Mrs Betty like hell

~~MARCH 16~~

Feb 4th 1943
Thurs.

Port Moresby.

19 Getting to be a real fat-cat, I am. By doing a lot of just plain minging, I managed to get enough lumber to build me a tent floor. It's a surprisingly good job - now when I get the time will build a desk + set of drawers, clothes rack + maybe a stool. Quite a carpenter I am!!!
The pilot of the 8th is attached to the 89th for flying now + I imagine will be doing some good missions soon. I sure would like to get a live target in my sights - I don't like this area.
19 work. Work at camp coming along pretty well. The cement floor of kitchen, officer's mess + enlisted men's mess all done, as is the orderly room, after a fashion. I still go over to the 89th to shower at night, as we still have none on our 19 hill. Enlisted men are really doing hard work, i.e. digging dug trenches, shoveling rock + dirt, mixing cement, hauling water etc. Weather is - hot hot + mighty rain keeps up. Had an alert the other morn but no enemy planes appear.
19 guess the last time they tried, it was a little too hot for 'em. Yesterday I hit the jock pot with nine letters, some new + some from beaks - Oct. - mostly from Betty. I sure was glad to hear. Just hope it keeps up.

Feb. 7 1943

Sunday

Port Moresby MARCH 17

19 Boy, I mean to tell you - I'm really tired out. The last three days have proved a real test for the kid. On Friday I did some hard physical work on enlisted men's club. Got it graded + packed - should be ready for floor tomorrow. The Sat. 19 morning I went on a mission with Kindred + Longley. It was a sweep on the north coast from Gona to Salamaua. We shot up a lot of villages, especially a mission at Zaka + dropped bombs. I sure love my bombs, but would have enjoyed a direct hit.
19 met no resistance in the air, + only ack-ack from light stuff. Saw one guy shooting at me out of a window with a Tommy-gun. It was a brass man, but a trifle foolhardy. Got back O.K. - quite unscathed really. Loafed around there that aft.
19 was going out that evening but something came up, I can't remember what - probably a particular rough bunch of mosquitoes, + I retreated to the haven of my double mosquito net + retired. Sunday, today, was hot + sultry. I 19 spent the morning supervising work call and some digging details. Lunch was pretty fair. Right after lunch, when I decided to go bush in a jeep. So about 1:30 we set out with the top down + only a pair of

~~MARCH 10~~ (Cont) Feb. 7 1943 Sunday

19 kaka shorts on. We drove through town, along the coast anyway + then due North. Went along till we dared go no further due to mud, so came back along - different track. Roads were dusty in spots, + full of mud holes in others. Some passed quickly + road was really bad. Made several inquiries along way + each time were assured we were on the road back to Moresby. We seemed to be circling back all night - passed a couple small native villages right on the beach, lots of palms, white sand, chubby black kids, + bare-breasted babes. All told we must have hit five or six. Road terrible + we nearly got stuck - mud several times except for the 4 wheel drive jeep. Finally were forced to halt by river. There met a couple Negies - a 2¹/₂ ton truck + were informed we were about 30 miles north of Moresby. Had been going in the wrong direction all the time. Well, we followed them all 19 the way back, arriving here at 6:30 + dirty - now - looked like savages ourselves. After a shower, Ed C. (saw guy) + I cooked a can of soup + can of spaghetti for dinner by my tent. Really hungry + tired. But good fun!!!

Feb. 10, 1943 Wednesday Moresby ~~MARCH 10~~

19 That jeep ride fixed me up bad - I got a helluva case of G.I. trots, and believe me, living on top of the hill + having the crapper at the bottom is quite un-lucky not to mention tiring. Monday night I felt a little better, thanks to the fact I played a couple innings of hard ball against one of the local colored Engineer companies. I guess the Genesedil me good for by Tuesday (yesterday) I felt almost like living.

19 Weather has been pretty bad all the while; lots of little rain squalls + low clouds. No more raids + even alerts recently. Sure is different from the way it used to be back in April - May - June + July. Have stayed in mot 19 of the night for lack of something better to do. Went out to 89th to see Taylor but he's in the hospital with cold. Have had no missions in the last few days. The mailman apparently developed a nasty attitude towards me as the 19 mail supply is nil. Received one V mail from Mother + that's all in the last ten days. That's p-poor. Sure is hard to write letters home to build up their morale when the mail from the new gets here. Curses + rats -

~~MARCH 20~~

Feb. 15, 1943

Monday
Maresby

19 Well, had a little excitement - the past few days - not really a whole lot but at least to a little out of the "get up, chew, work, chew, etc" line.

Thursday nights + Friday nights we played baseball. 19 I'm not too sharp myself at baseball - never was, but I get along. We have a fairly nice team considering. Won both games from colored teams by small margins. It's remarkable how much these games meant to the morale of the men - they get a great kick out of it.

This break in the monotony of S.I. life helps immensely in keeping spirits high. These games plus mail call are the two things most men have to look forward to.

As 19 I said before, Thu., Fri. + Sat passed without much consequence, the usual run of details + censoring.

Sunday was a crazy day. Ruby + I were scheduled for a team instrument ride. We were using Al Neel's air-19 plane + I noticed the difficulty in taking it. In fact we just barely got off the ground - I had to pop it off with the stabilizer + flaps. Well, we stayed up for an hour or so; I was flying instruments + Ruby in

Monday
2/15/43

~~MARCH 21~~

the 19 back seat as safety pilot. Decided to come in for landing, mode approach + leveled off, + whoo-oo, the left brake was locked + we really went over teakettle. I saw + felt it getting away regardless of my actions so I cut the 19 switches + hung on. When the dust finally settled, I'd lost two wheels, one engine, + five pounds. Gordon was OK + I got only a small cut on the hand - the ship was pretty messed up. That was a close one + I figure I was lucky at hell.

19 Today we had a good mission. Six A-20's, 7 B-25's, 12 P-38's, + 10 P-40's up to Lae + Malsbury. Made only one pass; bombed, strafed, took pictures + threw out a lot of propaganda leaflets in the one trip over the target. Well, the 19 ideal, + only opposition was light A-1's. All aircraft returned safely from the mission, as the reports read.

Then to top this all off, I got the madman to break down + give me seven letters he's been holding. Had a

19 nice shower + shave after lunch, read my mail, closed up the tent, god dinner, was about 8 at cribbage from Mac Gillis + now on going to be + dream about Betty. Sure wish these good days would come more often!!!

~~MARCH 22~~

Sat., Feb. 20 1943
Muesby.

19 Having lots of smelly weather lately & no missions are being run. Not much activity to speak of except mopping up around Mubo region by our troops. All other fronts seem to be going slowly forward, i.e. Russia, Africa, & Solomons. Sure would like to see the war over by this Christmas although unless there is a major collapse, I don't see how it can possibly be before 1944. If all theaters move as slowly as this, it'll never end!!!

19 The baseball team is sorta taking it easy, due mainly to our inability to get good equipment or rather get any equipment. The Special Service Office here well screwed up for fair - some old case of big wheels spinning.

19 Most of time is spent attending to my various jobs of censoring, sanitation & recreation office. Enlisted men's tent is almost finished & will be damn nice.

I think the general tone of the men has improved since 19 coming up here. No liquor, no women, & lots of physical labor will always keep in it of doldrums. The canteen more or less regularly furnished us one all that full. Betty seems to be doing fine & keeping busy.

Mon. Feb. 22 1943

Muesby

~~MARCH 23~~

19 Feel like hell today - got the S.I. trots again & also developed a terrible annoying rash called 'jungle itch'. The more you scratch, the more it itches & the more welts raise up. I look like an Indian on the way path now, all painted

19 up with colomine & benzoin. Ah me -

Sat. night we had a good air raid - lots of ack-ack & searchlights. Clouds prevented us from seeing the few Jap bombers that apparently were high up, but still didn't prevent them

from 19 straddling 14 mile dome runway with a couple of 500 #'s. Fortunately no damage other than some empty gas drums blown to hell. Rodick & I flew instrument team side

all yesterday morning. In against Sunday flying anyway & the 19 last three Sunday night the jacked. We also did a little sightseeing up coast - found we wrecked O-25 in the water, apparently been there long time. Had out the raid last night but nobody showed up. Haven't received

any 19 mail from Betty in four days. I sure hate this no news spells. Well, guess I'll retire to scratch myself into a pile of fresh hamburger & maybe get some sleep. I sure am uncomfortable!!!

~~MARCH 24~~

Sat. Feb. 27 1943 Mresby

19 At last got out of the hospital this morning - I sure got in screwy mix ups. Tuesday the Doc sent me down to the hospital for diagnosis. The damn docs there at 171st Station Hospital felt around my 19 stomach + before I knew it I was in the operating room + a nurse starts shaving my stomach. They were apparently going to cut my appendix out: I felt so bad that I'd have welcomed a little relief from my bellyache. They 19 get all ready to cut + the phone rings - something showed up at X-ray lab + I get a shot of morphine + sent to bed. Wake up the next morning feeling quite a lot better. Then come three days of liquid diet + just 19 loafing. Ellison showed up with his hypochondriacal backache. Did nothing at all - wrote a couple letters, one of the boys brought me down some mail. Saw a good colored soft ball team one night + another night Bob Hope + Mad. Carroll 19: "My Favorite Blonde". Friday got a little feed + Sat. I got out. Still a little weak but hope to get some good chow at squadron. Got some mail today + was glad to hear Betty got two more packages. 'Nite -

Tues. Mar 2 1943 Mresby

~~MARCH 25~~

19 Well, quite a bit of excitement around here these past few days. There is a Jap ship convoy steaming down Bismark Sea past Finschafen with reinforcements for the Lae area. Supposed to be twenty or so boats: I - the B-17's 19 have been shadowing it constantly + managed to pick off a couple ships. We are all on the alert now - as soon as they get within our range + the front under which they are trying to hide breaks up. I guess every damn 19 plane on the island will go after them. Sounds like a red-hot mission, not to mention slightly hazardous. Went down to dental lab Sunday + had an impression made for my teeth. The doctor, a '41 from Marquette Univ, was 19 quite nice + worked on them while I was there. Got a trial fitting on my teeth + they look swell. Thursday I will be able to get them for good.

Oh yeah, we've decided that a Friday we are to go to Obooduro 19 for about 3 hrs. missions. Just between you + me, it's too damn close to Jap air bases; I smell lots of bombing missions. Oh well, not to sweat out the mail for letters from Betty + wait for the convoy to show up - all I do is wait!!!

~~MARCH 26~~

Sat. Mar. 6, 1943

Moreby

19 Well, we certainly have been making history the last few days - I'm sure I go will think twice before he tries to run another convoy into Lae. Sometime during the night of the 2nd, fortunately the front abated & the B-17's really got hot on the shockwing. Wed. morning the Bomber Command really did a smooth job of coordination. At Cape Woodhead probably 60 bombers & equal number of Pursuits rendezvoused & set out. About 9:30 we sighted the 19 about the middle of Huan Gulf steaming for Lae. Well, I was something. First the B-17's, then the B-24's dropped bombs. Then Beaufighters, 38th Sq. B-25's, 13th B-25's, 90th B-25's as strafers & ship bomb, & finally A-20's. Well, of 19's ships in all, about a dozen were sunk outright and another eight set afire. It was a real-rose for fair. Up about the pursuit & heavy bombers were shooting down Zeos like clay pigeons - probably 30 or 35 went in. Below ship & bombing & strafing ships had field day. Lane got a heavy cruiser & a transport - two more - Chudola got a transport & we all got good hits. For about a half hour this went on - ack-ack from ships was medium &

Sat. Mar. 6, 1943

Moreby

~~MARCH 27~~

inaccurate. Ships were burning & careening around - the rate at a great rate. About 10:15 all planes retired & left quite a mess. Weather was still cloudy & visibility not very damn good. Got back ok. to Moreby. It later turned out that we didn't lose more than 10 planes the whole trip. Got bombed up again & another 12 ships all ready to go with 100th demo, 5 sec. delay fuse. Every body was really hipped up. Biggest mistake I ever seen took off again with Petie leading (Clark led first attack) & try as we might, we couldn't get thru. I flew on Mac Allhorney's wing & just couldn't find a hole. So after an hour of pecking around tremendous thunderheads, we came back & landed in a helluva rain storm. Had a sleep dinner & that night went to see the U.S.O. show. It really was good - bad weather kept to crowd down to about 1000 or so - Bobby Del Rio, my hospital pal, was quite good on the accordion. Also had such old time & wonderful stars as John Fogarty, Dan Callahan & many others. In all show & gave all the boys lots of laughs to chuckle over. Really had a good reason to sleep peacefully that night - a good job well done.

~~MARCH 28~~

Sat. Mar. 6, 1943

Moresby

19 Then Thursday 12 of us went out again to strafe
Lae + also search coast for survivors of convoy that were
reported staggering for shore. Back led on flight of six +
got all screwed up on approach in such a way that we
were doing more acrobatics dodging our own airplanes
than shooting. I got a couple bursts into gun pit
but we were gone in a flash. That accident really has
been worked over + I imagine they have the same feeling
as 19 on our troops did in Moresby area back in April to
July. There must be at least 50 wrecked planes on
that strip - remarkable (my own farm) thing I've seen
in eyes. After we went over Lae, swept coastline to
north of Finisclafen. The other six ships were out to sea a
couple miles + we were right on coastline. I spotted a goal
to get - Japs seemingly in good shape on beach - probably
should have gone down after it, but that would have
meant breaking formation + that's bad. As it was, I was
lucky I hadn't done that for as we neared eastern tip of
New Guinea, a big swarm of Japs hopped us - us
really beat the old throtters then + headed for

Sat. Mar. 6, 1943

Moresby.

~~MARCH 29~~

19 safety. Strafed a block of boats + floating debris
on the way home. P-38's come down + tangled with the
hips to good score of nine lost to our own. Unfortunately
we failed to spot the one destroyer left that later the
afternoon the 50th hit. They sunk destroyer + then proceeded
to slaughter the 5 or 6 hundred Japs in water. Smoke soon
appeared + all agreed it was pretty gruesome - water was
actually red with blood. So ends the Battle of Bismarck
Sea 19 so termed by newspapers but actually took place
in the Huon Gulf instead of Bismarck Sea. All we hear
over radio is news of great rejoicing - states we this - the
first real proof that land-based army planes can knock
hell out of warships. I would bet a single Navy ship
or plane took part - it was all Army Air Corps but God
3rd Bomb. Sq got credit for 75% of total destruction done!!!
Stuckland is really proud - hell get big decorations for it
probably - for pushing that pencil.

I was on the alert again Friday for an attack
on trail near Mubo. However the order never came thru
so it was quite a restful one. Got several letters from

~~MARCH 30~~

Sat. Mar. 6, 1943 Moresby.

19 Betty recently so I answered those during the lull. Saturday, my fourth straight day - the line saw us, three planes to a flight with help from interval between flights, took off about 1:00 - afternoon for 19 Wedagasoal Saddle near Mubo. Chudoba led Richardson & I in second flight. Nennison got his flight there to target but had to land at Dobodura for night. Our flight fiddled around & after a couple hrs. turned back - just as we got near Kila, Richardson's left eng. went dead & he couldn't make any field and had to parachute into water. All three got out ok. & natives picked him up right away. Ship was total loss - leaves only 17 now. 19 lucky he was on the other side. Found out Jimmy had turned my name in for furlough along with Rediker to leave tomorrow. Pleasant surprise - eh. I forgot to mention that I got my teeth from dental lab Thursday & except for being a little annoying in the roof of my mouth, they're ok. - look just like the originals. Now for a nice ten day rest - hope we can get all the way down to Sidney - gonna do lot of baby shopping!!!

Tuesday Mar. 9, 1943

Mackay

~~MARCH 31~~

19 Back in Australia again on an 'enforced' rest. Sunday after a big rush to Ward's Dome & the usual two hr. wait after we there arrived - we finally showed off at noon for mainland. Had a C-47, piloted by a couple flight officers (3rd Lt) about 24 of us went down in this load. I flew the ship almost all the way to Townsville just for a look - flies like a new B-18 & about as fast. Weather sorta bad but got there ok. - proceeded without landing to head south another 1 1/2 hours & landed at Mackay about 8:00 o'clock. The pilot had his head up his ass & landed hot downwind - the runway was short anyway & he burnt out the brakes by jamming them. I told him 19 he better go around again, but no, he was going to stop it. Not result - wings off end of runway, knock off gear & props & crack fuselage. Fortunately it didn't catch fire. One guy got bloody nose & got 12 cut finger. One 100,000 plane shot to hell in a sergeant pilot's honor - that's the army. That little incident was a fitting beginning for the deal we were soon to find out we were getting into here. We

APRIL

Tues. Mar. 9, 1943

Mackay

Just 19 meet a very republican Jewish capt. up from the CCC named Cutler. He made it quite clear we were stationed here temporarily on D.S. for leave & went to leave. In other words, it's sort of a detention camp without bars or guards.

The 19 American Red Cross runs the whole show & they try hard: however the whole atmosphere of compulsion spoils their efforts. They have taken over one of the old hotels in town & really put lots of paint on it. Have nice dining hall & 4 hrs. 1 for enlisted men, bar shop, laundry & tailor shop, & milk bar all in one big bldg. The officers live in two houses rented by Red Cross from local doctors. We have a wonderful mess set up - steaks three meals a day & everything in the 19 line of food & as much of it as you could want. The first night after signing in, paying our \$7-10-0 for mess ticket while here, Rodnik & I spent the night with Mr. & Mrs. Arnold Cooche. Pretty nice people & nice. Their 1st door neighbor, Paul Kocumussen who incidentally owns one of the two liquor houses in town, brought over a couple quarts of Highland Tector, real imported, rare & very delicious Scotch. We rolled this down & talked

Tues. Mar. 9, 1943

Mackay

APRIL

about 19 convoy battle, U.S.A. & everything till we were quite happy & quite drunk. Went to bed at midnight very tired. Monday we got our first real glimpse of Mackay - nice little town. The main street is a boulevard with trees - the 19 middle parkway: millions of little shops, milk bars, hotels, etc. I did a little shopping in the morning for ~~my~~ baby clothes for baby (who else?) stuff for Betty, etc. My poor little supply of clothing ration coupons is going down 19 too rapidly to count. Monday night I did a bit of macking around, as the Australians say, with Lefler & Bembe, a couple of gunners out of the 8th. We ended up with some wild gals & I had a sex-crazy blonde. Well, that's my last try at 19 picking up gals. From now on I'm strictly a good named man. Rained last night too, which further complicated matters.

Food continues to be super - I'll be sure to pick up a lot of 19 weight. Got a shave & hair cut this A.M. & had some photos taken this aft. Hope to get the prints before I leave. Also did some more shopping. Gony to go to a nice peaceful movie this evening & be a good boy. Six refused.

~~APRIL 3~~

Saturday, Mar. 13, 1943
Mackay

19 Well, the first five days here have been a washout - I sure hope it picks up. Let's see, Tues. mite I went to show with a couple pursuit boys - not so good. Shopped Wednesday - spent most of day at O.E. Nels with Dulcie? stood around at dance that night at Parish Hall. Aussie dances still intrigue me - all the gals line up like crabs on a fence + the stags pick em off one by one.

Thursday morn I had a visit from local scout, Geo. Young! He asked me over for tea that night, which I did + had a good time. Spent a couple hours talking about American scouts + also New Guinea life. Friday I put in my usual rounds at the stores shopping for presents for the family + family to be. Friday night I made the rounds of all three of the Boy Scout Troops, land, sea, + air scouts. (Phillips, Hodges + Durham.) All the little boys were spell-bound - maybe they just could not understand English American style. Did have a good time. This morn I took local air scout out to home + explained controls, etc on C-47. Very funny! Off to a tennis party now at Dulcie's.

Wed, Mar. 17, 1943

Mackay

~~APRIL 4~~

19 Have had a good time in last couple days. Sat. afternoon Hoyer, Clapper (pursuiters) + I polished off a couple quarts of champagne and some port in jg time. I was a trife late + drunk getting to Dulcie's tennis party. But I soon redeemed myself by playing quite well considering the load I was carrying. Met three good gals there (Mavis Stale, Noela Oswald + Neeta Hise) who played fair tennis. Played three sets + had tea - dear me: aren't we just getting classy!!! Walked 2 miles back to supper + coffee, ate two large steaks + lot of potatoes, tomatoes + milk. Last night played ping pong I beat Cass, did a little dancing, and had a matted before going to bed.

Sunday 19 I played tennis in the morning + played a little bridge + read in the afternoon. Early to bed that night after writing Betty. Did some shopping for Jimmy in the AM of Monday, played tennis in the afternoon with Mavis. 19 went to show that night with Brock. Tuesday we officers had our big dance: rented the local Masonic Hall, decorated it all with palms, + crepe + flags, (alls looked real good.) Spent all day in it. That night we had open

~~APRIL 5~~

Wed Mar. 17, 1943

Mackay.

Bar 19 and plenty of liquors, wines, beer + soft drinks. I drove a staff car around and picked up a flock of gals that were on the "400" list. Had about 25 gals + 40 officers. It was just the right number too. No one wanted a carry around 19 bond so we rigged up a vic + loud speaker system. I sure felt good to dance to Miller, Dorsey + Shaw again. I sure wish Betty had been there. Noela did a good job in keeping my spirits up + we easily outdanced + outdrunked other couples.

Had 19 a good time wining at the old chopines - aint I the one, Myrtle!! Best time I've had since I left the state.

Wednesday, today, looks pretty bad. We're scheduled to leave tomorrow back for Merisby but I'm quite sure we won't 19, cause they are so far behind on the schedule.

Guess I'll go to dance at Parish Hall tonight + watch in go round + round to the terrible Aussie orchestra. Played the bad woman's clump (unknowingly) - tennis this aft.

While I 19 waiting around + she whipped me terribly. From now on, I play with no stronger 50-year old women, tennis or otherwise. Guess I'll write Jack + Betty before I go to dance. How I wish she were here to share my fun! 19!!

Sunday, Mar. 21, 1943

Mackay ~~APRIL 6~~

19 Sunday + we're still in Mackay - however I'd say again what I've been saying for the past 4 or 5 days "I'm pretty sure we are leaving early tomorrow morning." Have enjoyed the fun etc day here a lot. Thursday I wrote six letters in the 19 morning - went over to Young's house for a visit - the afternoon + sat to Eric Grahams for supper that night. Had a splendid meal and chatted for a couple hrs. Helen + Eric had a very nice home, well planned + furnished, + one good

for 19 Helen and I playfully passed digs about the Aussie + Yanks all the eve. Friday had a chat with Noela for awhile + got pictures finally from Grahams. Went to George Young's house again for dinner - delightful fish dinner 19 too. Small dessert, sweets as they say, of ice cream + jello. Left about eight + walked over to Eric's for a call. Met his in-laws + played bridge with them. My contract tactics - another dumbfounded them + fortunately I 19 had the cards + the luck to back in my.

Sat. played tennis again with Dwyer Hunter - Red Cross man + went to show with Noela that night. Good time. Off now to play tennis + then to beach for the aft. Ho-hum

~~APRIL~~

Thursday, Mar. 25, 1943

Moresby

19 Back up at Moresby again. Monday morning we left Mackay on a beat up ol' B-17 B. Made good time and got up here in a little over 4 hrs. He took us another hr. to get the telephone connection over here thru to get transportation. I had

19 about twenty letters when I got back, about half from Betty. About an hour after I got back, I had to go down to 89th to fly a photographic mission - very dull.

Have the sq. area a pretty fair baggy job. Found out 19 that Kendrick has been missing for over a week now - apparently got lost from Dumas & Leon in some soup & piled into a mountain. We still have hopes for him, but it begins to look bad for the 'Pride of Mingo Junction'.

19 Things are about the same as we left them - mass ball is now completed, advance echelon & six out of our eight jeeps are over at Dobodura. Pretty quiet in air.

Buck had set of scawed in landing a flight to Lae & while I bombing Malahang week he ran into a pile of Ach-ach. Ship caught fire, & two gunners bailed out. Buck luckily kept it up long enough to loop the Tobeo River before he crashed landed in water. He's OK. But had only know fate of two boys in Lae Harbor.

Friday, Mar. 30, 1943

Moresby

~~APRIL~~

19 Pretty tired tonight. Went on a mission this morn to bomb docks & supplies at Finckhafen - weather was bad & I had a bad engine. Managed to get out of the soup by the skin of my teeth. Dums & I returned to Kila, but the other six stayed at Dobodura for the 19 night. That's the first mission since Buck Hood got scrubbed down. Incidentally, he got picked up all right & got back to Synchon today - looked quite well, but I guess he feels pretty badly about the gunners he told to bail out over Lae.

19 The 8th Sq. suffered another loss a couple days ago. Sgt. Dale Houston of Basie City, La. was killed by a sniper while out near the pl bases at Smanda Pt. One of the others was wounded by some Jap. managed to get back safely to camp. It still isn't peaceful over there 19 by any means. He was a good man - feel very sorry for his wife. Just another of life's tragedies!! Too bad -

Other than that, there's not much news. Still nothing on the disappearance of Kendrick. Another swell gung gone west.

Have 19 received nine letters in the past five days & also Jackie's Christmas package of socks & books. Two big packages of books of the Month's relations that were mailed last Sept finally caught me too. I'll have plenty to read now for a couple months. So bed

~~APRIL~~

April 2, 1943

Friday
Moraby

19 Nothing of any importance here at present. Have put my spare time reading 'Bude of Hloy' a very colorful story of court life during the reign of George III. Wednesday morn. + afternoon Andy + I flew a couple dual instrument rides. Very dull, except that we fired rear guns + found out how little protection the rear gunner really is.

The yesterday was April Fool's Day - + I had a bad one. Got no mail for the 3rd days a row. Mac whipped my ass at cabbage, and I had a headache besides. I was so mad I drank my one bottle of beer that night all by my lonesome.

I think today brought a little relief though. Got two 19 letters from Betty and did better at cabbage. I sure is fixing how I get wopped up inside if I don't get my mail.

It is quite definite that the squadron will move to the new advance base at Dobodura quite soon. All the stuff is being packed + computers picked. I guess we pilots will stay here with the 89th + fly their few battered planes till the new ones arrive, which is an uncertainty. Would much enjoy a couple weeks on perdition in Sidney. Mum

April 7, 1943 Wednesday

Moraby
~~APRIL~~

19 Same life all my entries the past few days have been bad news. Well here it is again! Sat. night Ed Cuda came back for a couple days from Dobodura. So he, Rod, + I went down to Officer's Club + polished off a quart of gin along with some of my canned meats. While we were having the enjoyable time, a very unfortunate tragedy took place over at 90th Sq. Lauder, Fava, Luanda, Hamilton, Small + the rest was having a big drink as usual + got playing with their 19 guns. Luanda emptied his .38 + then puts one bullet back in the cylinder + spins it, à la Russian roulette + Chas. Gable style. Everyone saw him do it + all understood it was loaded. Well, you know how those gets when he drinks. He just took the gun, put it to his head + pulled the trigger. Wham, it's home!!! - he fell like an ox + nobody realized what had happened. Old Tom died on the way to the hospital. It was kept pretty quiet cause it was just a case of too much liquor. 19 costing Uncle Sam a good guy + a good pilot. No one - our outfit knew definitely about it till Sunday aft. He was buried over by Murray Barracks Moraby. Andy + I couldn't go cause we scheduled to practice bomb, but after we

~~APRIL 11~~

April 7, 1943

Moosby

Wed.

19 finished we flew over his funeral twice in a humble tribute to a swell guy, the most likable we've ever met. How won't have to worry about rank now.

Monday night we started loading planes to leave for Dobodura. We get five planes a day & each plane usually makes three trips a day before it gets so closed in you can't get thru. So we total between 12 + 15 load daily and about 4500# a load. Every morning we have to get over to sink & catch the planes coming back after their 1st trip about 7:30, load 'em, & wait for them again at 10:00. Usually by 11:00 the purple fly is up & no more flying. These transport boys get a lot of time but it's not what I'd call hard work. What more, every 19th when we get to load, the damn weather breaks & we get rained. Theoretically the wet season is over here, but it still keeps raining. There will have to put out a new Almanac. At this date, Jimmy & Ostruch are over there, Hill & M^{rs} Hillery leave tomorrow for Moosby, & half the squadron here & the other half at Dobodura. What a terminal - now 5th Air Force went manifests on the loads that were sent over three days ago. What difference it makes now I don't see - inefficiency -

April 11, 1943

Moosby

Sunday

~~APRIL 12~~

19 Four lonely operators - Rad, Luby, Andy & I. The rest of the outfit finally got to Dobodura & we are on our own now. We decided not to move over to the 89th area just yet; may do it after M^{rs} Hill & Chub. get back. So we are 19 stranded here. No lights, no coppers, no phone, not a damn thing but one tank. I wouldn't mind moving over but the rest of the boys don't get on so well with 89th. So here we are. Food over there is damn good, believe me. Between the front national getting better & Sticks & Eggs flights South for food, the fresh meat, potatoes, & general food situation is damn good. For the past couple days that's all we've been doing. eat at 7:15, come back here & loaf till 11:30 lunch, go down to club for a bit of 19 cabbage or ping-pong, back here for exercise & bath, eat supper & fool around club till dinner time. A hard life - no mission the past few days except one to Moosby. Pretty dull as far as we're concerned. B-25s, B-24s & B-17s continue to work over 19 Maleng, Wauwau & Robaul. Good work, too. Last night Taylor, Rad, Andy, & I had a gin session at club downtown. Good fun; met a 42-A, Higgins, from Brody. Talked in old times with him. All well, go to sleep now -

~~APRIL 13~~

April 17, 1943

Wed.

Moresby

19 Ah me, lots of excitement in the past three days, Monday morning especially. Ruby + I were up a restaurant + when we landed about 0750, we were told over radio to get the ships in reetments right away as a raid was coming up. 19 I hopped out of the back seat + scurried up the hill. About ten ^{min} were sitting there - red alert had been sounded + we all scanned the sky. All of a sudden somebody shouted "Here they are" - sure enough 36 bombers in a "V" of 3 about 15,000 19 ft. + a couple miles to our west. High about you could just barely make out about fifty Zees cruising around. All at once the ack-ack opened up + scored a couple hits causing two planes to smoke + lag behind. I only saw four of our own pursuit, 38's, intercept. One boy really had guts + dove right thru the formation + started another plane on fire. Before they got even with us, they turned east + headed over the mts. having unloaded their bombs quite accurately on 14 mile. We 19 all breathed a sigh of relief to see them turn off - all of a sudden, we heard a drone right about over our heads. Three bombers had sneaked in thru clouds + laid a stick from 4 mile right thru gas dump, dump hdqrs. + down to 3 mile.

April 14, 1943

Wed.

Moresby

~~APRIL 14~~

We 19 were all surprised as hell, but not so much that we didn't either dig for slit trenches or hit the ground. I had no helmet + no trench - so Richardson + I just hugged the ground + listened to sheepish whistle + ground shake. After these nine passed 19 min. the raid was over. Pursuits kept closing in + some more joined from Dobodera. All told, about 35 planes out of 100 were claimed downed. Meanwhile the petrol dump flayed merely away, flames to 500 ft. + black smoke so thick that it hid 19 the sun. Ruby + I took charge of a bunch of men + rolled gas drums, spread chemicals, + worked on asses // fire was soon under control + only 5,000 or so barrels lost. I saw five Aussies that were burned to death - those were the only 19 casualties here. Everybody's tent was holed by diving cutters but no planes. All six of the 13th's planes were wrecked. All told, it was a catty raid for Tojo - but I figure we were sorta caught if you'll + will be on our toes now. Finished a busy day by getting hair cutting job. Went to sleep that night a very tired little boy. All Tue. + this AM. we did not talk about raid, dogs + out of slit trenches or alerts, + keeps on eyes on sky. Eyes are pretty jumpy now - more fire!!

~~APRIL 15~~

Sunday, April 18, 1943

Moresby

19 Lets see, not much doing the past few days - I guess the ground troops are pretty muddled up + we aren't being called upon to give much ground support because the ground troops don't know themselves where our own front 19 lines + patrols are. So we just sit on our butts, go out to Mubo a large Island occasionally + that's all.

Have had no more raids lately. Friday the Mess went for Mubo Bay + our pursuit took off the fields here to intercept 19 - In about ten minutes there must have been 50 P-38's, P-39's + P-40's all climbing like hell + heading southeast to get in on the kill. Very few did actually make contact though.

19 Today was quite a big day - on calendar here. At about 200 all the Group was lined up by Headquarters + the head of the 5th Air Force, Lt. General Kenney, handed out about 50 decorations. Oestricher + Strickland got DFC's, Price got 19 A.F.C. + the rest were Purple Hearts, Silver Stars, + Soldier's Medals. Had a lot of commotion grinding away like all hell - boy it was hot standing at attention for

Sunday, April 18, 1943

Moresby

~~APRIL 16~~

at least an hour in that glaring sunshine. After we were dismissed Taylor took a good shot of me. Publicity hand, that's me!!

Then that night about a dozen of us went over to the RAAF Boston Squadron No. 22. We were sort of stiff + formal 19 for a while but after a couple gin squashes, we got very chummy. I talked with the some four fellows all we + really enjoyed myself. The meal was pretty fair + lots of esprit de corps prevalent. After dinner, an Australian artist Roy Hodgkinson showed us some of his paintings on RAAF life that are to hang in the War Museum in Canberra. Small painting - so life like you could recognize the faces + the places. A very talented chap, even though he is a typical 19 genius - half drunk always + peculiar sense of humor. I dared make a comment on one of the pilots wearing jacket whereupon he traded me a few American officer's shot. His is a natty looking fella in both loose fitting 19 cut that's down comfortable. Come back to camp after a swell night. Looks like we are going to move into 89th area by force as the 857th Engineers are taking we here. Moresby - what a bother.

APRIL 17

Wed. April 21, 1943

Moresby

19 Looped quite horribly the past few days - today more or less set the record for dogging it. We set out about 7:00 for the docks on a swimming-fishing party. While Taylor & I stopped at armament in the line, a P-3819 had pretty bad smooch up - left engine cut out just as the plane left the group. Crashed into two trucks at the end of the runway. Pilot was burned pretty bad - one of the trucks drivers, an 89th Ordnance boy, was killed. Tough luck.

19 Got down to docks & had to wait a couple of hrs. for Cols. Daves & Strickland. They finally showed & we coast off. Trolled around for a couple hours & then we less accident Isaac Walters got off at Fisherman's Island to swim while the 19 others continued in the boat. What a setting - clear blue water, white coral sands, waving palm trees & a tropical sky of lacy clouds. We fished around in the row for an hour or so. I had my pistol & rifle along - shot 19 up about 100 yds. at cobs, etc. Couldn't hit with a damn with pistol: rifle worked good. Got back in early afternoon & all very sunburned. Good time, good swim, nice boat ride & no fish. Top bad -

Sunday April 25, 1943

Moresby.

APRIL 18

19 Life goes on in its endless pattern here - have had no day or night raids for a couple weeks now. I forgot to mention that on Tuesday I got a perfectly nifty anniversary letter and present from Betty: yes, I finally got my gold 19 wedding ring - fits exactly right and has engraved on the inside "Betty to Bill 5-2-42 Mizpah" The latter being Hebrew for 'The bond which between thee & me while we are absent, we form the other'. I was so delighted with it.

19 Today is Easter - the atmosphere here is hardly one of peace or earth but nevertheless Chaplain Jones did give a fine account of himself in my estimation.

This this afternoon we had a sea ship formation practice - 5. Paul had & we had a good work out & lots of rat-races & busy jobs. There are only about 14 planes left now - Chudoba taxied me up onto its nose & winged the fuselage to the dog and about a hour after that Longley was forced to set me down 19 in the water when his oil line in one engine went out & he couldn't hold it up or solve the tank. Every time you climb into one of these wrecks now you're taking your life into your hands. Well, don't forget new shoes -

~~APRIL 19~~

Thursday April 29, 1943
Moresby

19 Very little news from this end of the line. The situation is pretty quiet - apparently the ground troops are so mixed up in the Mubo - Green Hill area it's impossible to try + run air-ground support for half the time you are shooting up the wrong team. I guess the whole outfit hasn't had more than ten sorties all month. The inadvisability of strafing Lae + Wokomona when they are so heavily dug in has at last been realized. No more convoys to go out after + just the run down situation of the planes breeds laziness + inactivity.

All the 8th Plot has moved over to 89th area now we have a little shower set up + are comfortable in an outside hut of 9 days. Food is average here - not as good cooks as 8th. Weather is pretty sloppy with drizzly rain always nearby. The evenings are spent in the customary manner of old pictures, dart games, or few bonded cabbages. I have not 19 been as successful or used at the battle, but am still well ahead. I hear from Betty quite regularly which helps out a lot. In a month's time shall be in the clear I hope. All this enforced idleness ruins my composure.

Sunday

May 2nd 1943

Moresby

APRIL 20

19 At last I got a bit of the gray after seven months of the left-over. By practically holding a gun on Neal's head, I got one ride over to Bobodura. There were a lot of small but necessary parts needed by the 8th over there and I finally convinced Neal that an 8th pilot should do the trip and I got it. Loaded up the plane on the 20th and took off. Plane was all screwed up + wheels were all jammed at various positions. Finally got them all down + lashed + lashed. I switched planes + got to Bobodura in successful ride. Was glad to see Downs + all the boys again - it is a rough down place over, grub + living conditions not too lousy at all. I delivered my goods, + after a couple hrs. look around I took off + got 19 back to Kila at 4:15. The next day we were all very shocked to hear that Maj. Ed Lamer and his crew had been killed in a landing accident at Bobodura - had come on for a little buzz before landing and mushed in. Not enough left 19 to fill a 1/4 ton truck. A swell guy and a helluva good fighter - but his luck was bound to change. For God!!!! Mail is coming in pretty well and I guess Betty is as good as see. I sure wish I were with here for this month.

~~APRIL 21~~

Thursday, May 6th 1943

Maesby

19 Very busy doing nothing except for today. Played a little baseball + a little volleyball to keep up what little energy I have.

The tonight we had the RAAF Boston Squadron No 2219 over for dinner + a party. Had fresh meat for the first + a good time by all. Afterwards we adjourned to the Club for a spot of Scotch. The music was "Star Spangled Banner" and we are decided to attend. I think the 19 Aussies got a big kick out of it for it was very full of gobs + songs + American wit. In me, I enjoyed the hell out of it - Bob Hope, Crosby, Betty Hutton. And Vera Laina had a short five minute dance that about killed 19 me - Christ, what a build up that gal has - that she could dance a man insane. Was -

After the show we all went back to the Club and put away plenty of Scotch - had a good hell session with the cobbles I got pretty fried. They all left about eleven + Taylor stuck with me. Doc Spears brought an American nurse in for a while. Handy as hell but heavy with General No. 5. Under influenza, mucus, + liquor, she's pretty low stained: Oh, Betty

Sunday May 9, 1943

Dobodua
~~APRIL 22~~

19 Look where I am now - Dobodua. Sometimes the Army can move fast as hell. Friday morning we all got up very hung-over from the previous night's drinking bout. After breakfast I settled down to writing Betty + just got thru 19 with it. We got mail orders to get 100 ships over to Dobodua. I was the only 8th Lt. pilot to go out of the seven. We were told it was only to be for a couple days about there so I only threw some stuff in my parachute bag. But now 19 I feel that it is for a somewhat longer period than this - probably for good. If so, I'll have to trust to Mac + Andy to ship all my ten of junk over here.

We got over here about 1:30 o'clock Friday + have been sitting every since. There was a hot run as we were to be used as a striking force against barges + small shipping, some are all bombed up. Well, we're still sitting. I guess the others will come over here shortly if plans go as scheduled.

19 Staying with 8th Lt. + good to be home - rained when we got here but has since been dry. Jim's staying in Doc's tent now. Food is pretty fair + we're just waiting. Hope I start getting mail from Betty soon.

~~APRIL 23~~

Thursday, May 13, 1943
Dobodua

19 Our big striking force of six planes finally got hot & struck today, though it was a tame mission. For the first time A-20s attacked New Britain & we had good fun. Bombed & strafed Cape Gloucester dome & installations. Then poked around for barges & shot up a few along with some native villages. Taylor as usual got too eager & knocked about a foot of his wingtip when he flew into a coconut tree. He blew his thing & he got 19 back. My cold was quite bothersome & I was sure uncomfortable. Buck Bird led & we went along. It was a good ride though & interesting to go over New B. A bit like New Guinea naturally - that 100 miles of water is a 19 helluva long swim though.

The rest of the boys are up here now & fortunately Ruby & Anderson packed up all of my stuff that I left at Moresby & carried it up here. I lost an air mattress in the move but that 19 was all. Guess I'll use Leslie's now till he gets back. Food is holding up fair and mail doing likewise. The time for Betty's lying in period grows shorter & in starting to get a little weird. Wish I were with her!!

Sunday, May 16th 1943

Wobodua

~~APRIL 24~~

19 As far as the war effort goes the past three days. I've done nothing toward helping the cause. In fact none of us have. What with the 89th in the act of moving over as well as the 90th & 13th, we are sort of not directly connected to war 19 for a spell. I've put in a good couple days work by building our tent-house. To get along chiggers & insects of that class, we are raising our tent platform six feet & then plants make it roomy & screened in - really fancy like Ruby & 19 get the platform & supports up, thanks to the able assistance of Cpl. Higgins. Then we decided to make a palm log floor. This involves going half a mile into swamp and splitting and skimming the logs. After this comes the tedious job of carrying them out. I didn't mind soaking the other logs over with the jeep, but these palm log strips are very Ruby & Smuffy left on furlough yesterday & so Anderson & I carry on. Weather is hot & moist. I feel swell from all the 19 had work and am really tired at night. Haven't been able to sleep like a damn & dream sweet dreams of Betty. From the radio reports of Stokes, they are really having a blast there. Hope nothing happens to bother baby's arrival.

~~APRIL 25~~

Thursday May 20th 1943
Wobodura

19 Well, lots of changes around here in the last couple days. Just goes to prove that Army is capable of moving quite fast when it wants to. On Tuesday two B-25s came up from the mainland & were assigned to the 8th Sq. With them ¹⁹ come four complete crews that are also attached here for the present. We have flown these for a couple days now and except for being a little slower than an A-20, they are not bad at all. The ship has a great multitude of safety factors & features to it that makes it nice. It is planned to have three strafing squadrons - the 8th & one A-20 outfit. So, whether we like it or not, we are B-25 pilots. Naturally I liked the A-20 best but I'd rather fly these than nothing at all.

The new boys are getting settled down a bit now & seem like good eggs for the most part. Of course, there are a couple of stevens but that's to be expected.

19 Something is definitely on the breeze about all the old boys with a yr. senior creases going home. Lots of kids being turned in & whispering gang a. Wonder how Betty is making out now? "Letter sound cheery."

Sunday May 23rd 1943

Wobodura ~~APRIL 26~~

19 Well, last 48 hours has really changed the complexion of things. Yesterday morning the orders finally come up from Fifth Air Force in Brisbane with the list of boys to go home. The 8th lost Mos. Hillway, Hill, Chedoke, Oestrich and Anderson to 11th R.C.D. Naturally I was glad to see them go for two reasons; they deserve a break & this will leave some openings for us 41-Is now. About every squadron had few a/c officers & some for old time gunners. They had a big drunk last night but Rod & I didn't participate cause we had to get up early the next morning. It seems that the 89th were shut as pilots so we got invited to participate. Arose at 3:30, took off at dawn with 12 A-20s for Galdino. Neenan led a good flight with 8 other 41-Is boy along. Bomb runway with frog. cluster & I got a Teke dead center & set it afire. Made two strafing passes over the field & it's pretty desolate & beat-up shape. Searched all the way to Anzac for barges & finally turned home. Four hours is a long mission. When we get back, the boys had already left for Brisbane. Hope they have a good trip. No mail from Betty in two days - Sharp tied up in move. JNAFU.

~~APRIL 27~~

Wednesday, May 26 1943
Dobodura.

19 Well, my hangover is finally subsided enough to do a little writing about a couple of events, one that changed my whole set-up and the other that damn near stopped all my worries forever. I guess I'll take them up in 19 chronological order.

On the 24th with only Downs, Rodink, + myself less as 1st pilots (Rubyan Jurlough - Mac Hill, Andy + rest gone home) we flew the two B-25s around. I had just finished the last 19 flight about 4:30 when a call from Fighter Sector came in saying a P-40 pilot had spotted a sub in Oro Bay. Had I noticed anything? I told them 'no' + where to get to if they wanted bombers to go after it. Come on + after drink called again + I was directed to take off + get it if possible. So I figured to talk with calling Gump: so I got Hagan to get four 500's out there + load them. It was 5:30 before I got off, was a search, and I think I spotted it. But low clouds, rain squalls, and darkness all were against me + I couldn't get a chance to see it close before it was blocked out. I came back to shore, found the field + made a good landing, considerable rain, night, full

Wednesday, May 26 1943
Dobodura

~~APRIL 28~~

bomb 19 load + my nervous to plane. It was really raining. We tried to area + park. While standing there waiting for jeep, the crew chief tried to open the bay doors. He pushed the handle to release + plug out drops 2000 lbs of soap. The maintenance men had scrawled up + used the arming loop to the shackle, so they were all armed. Jody such was with me, for none of the fuses were set off. Nevertheless, I really blazed a trail across that water-soaked field. It was sorta like to me, but we all did. Had the fuses been set off, we'd have gone up in smoke. Close one!!! Everyone was on my neck when I got back cause of the fast way I had done things, i.e. neglected to call group, etc. As it turned out, they had cleared me OK as I thought. Well, was just trying to put the whole blame on me + cause something went wrong. You can bet if I'd got that sub, there could have been a flack of guys saying "I told him how!!" So, my 19 scan for top. guess!!! As it happened, I was in the right + all was forgotten. I admit I was a little lax in getting ahead thru channels, but to get something like that calls for speed + cooperation, neither of which are to be had in Gump!

~~APRIL 29~~

Wed. May 26 1943
Woboduna.

19 Next day was the 25th - there's a day I'll remember. We didn't fly due to having all the switches + ammunt eqpt. checked on both planes. (Incidentally, Capt. Ray Wilkins 41-4, is transferred from 89th + new Op Off. - good man + a fine soldier) I 19 come into the Post Office just before supper to find the group had finally gotten off their belts + sorted all the mail that had piled up in the past few days during their move. I got about ten letters + one cablegram. I wasn't worried about the 14th wasn't due till 27th - Imagine my surprise when I read "Son born - all well + safe - love Betty to." Well that about floored me. As soon as possible we got the planned party under way with Downe, myself, Taylor, Redick, Maj. Hall, Col. Earl Fields of the 9th 46th, Kaul + a flock of other spongers. I personally drank the two bottles of champagne + one Scotch. The rest took to the beer, whiskey, gin, and brandy I'd been saving for the past six months. Needless to say, we all got pretty stupid. I spent the night (a rainy one) in a shit trench that seemed to becken me while on way to my tent. It was all for a good cause ~~as~~ WHEW!!! is good reason to celebrate. Also a swell wife - I hope she's OK. Close now + take a shower + my head!

Sunday, May 30, 1943
Woboduna

~~APRIL 30~~

19 Well, life has settled back into the routine of things by now. Every one is finally convinced Jim a poppa + congratulations come from every angle. The announcements showed up + everybody thought they were very cute. I was quite worried about 19 Betty for awhile due to a suggestive letter from her mother but I guess all is well despite flood situation there. We haven't done very much flying the past few days due to weather, lack of planes, etc. Then yesterday the big swap of pilots + ground gunners came up. We tried to get back most of the old 8th men from other squadrons. We got back a lot of them - in fact we ended up with 7 41-5's. But it's good to be back again and all in one bunch. Ruby just got back from 19 very wild time in Sydney + so now Ruby, Tall, Ralph Payne + I tent together. Schenty, Bell Paine, Bria + Huber lead on the man other additions with about six other guys from 90th + 13th thrown in. We kept the best four 19 out of the new bunch so now we're gradually getting up to strength. Now if we get some airplanes, we might do some good for the cause. I still am tickled pink about Herb - as the time goes, Jim a lucky guy!!!

Wed, June 2, 1943

~~MAY~~

Doboduna

19 The 8th Squadron is humming along quite well now. All the fellows that transferred back into the Squadron are settled down + we are starting to get some airplanes. Now have the two level bombers used for training and these 19 strofers. Jim flew several times with a new F/O A.E. Throck - he's a good fellow + probably a helluva lot better B-25 pilot than I. But he's going to be my co-pilot now + Jim damn glad of it.

19 Ruby got back from fullong the other day + brought back some cherry brandy. Hence we sit + sip that most of the evening. Ralph Payne seems to have changed a lot for the good and is really a likable guy now. He is also a damn fine pilot + knows the B-25. As the set up is now, Todd is A flight leader, Jan P, Radnik is C + Payne is D. Pat leaves Payne, Scherwitz + Ruby officially without flights but we are going to trade off with it.

19 I finally got a letter from Betty written June 18th telling me she's O.K. + so is Hank. That makes everything a lot rosier. The food is pretty terrible these days - must be a screw up somewhere. Weather cool at night + good sleepin

Sunday, June 6, 1943

Doboduna

~~MAY 2~~

19 Not a helluva lot to report these last couple of days of any importance. I hear all the boys left the 11th R.C.P. and are probably well on their way home now. They sure deserve it - I don't envy them too much. I just hope we can get home by this December - that will be made to order. Of course, if the wheels see fit to send me away earlier, I'll be packed in ten minutes notice.

Actually everything is quiet now. I think we're getting ready to start a show up there soon + the Japs are busy digging in. Have had a few alerts but no bombs dropped here in the last week. The B-24's + B-17's continue to plaster Rabaul and the A-20's peck away at Mubo. We don't pile up the time in the missions these boys do, but when we do go out, by God we see action!!!

News from the world front seems encouraging - maybe the damn war will end before the spring of 1945 after all.

19 Mail from Betty + friends is very encouraging + makes me puff up with pride. That is really a super gal - lucky me. The food is getting vile - no fresh meat + vegetables for two weeks now. Wonder what the trouble is -

~~MAY 3~~

Wed, June 9th 1943

Dobodura.

19 Haven't made much of an ace out of myself with the B-25, but I do feel that I'm getting familiar with it. In the past week, we've been having two or three lectures a day on various characteristics of the 19 Mitchell such as gas & oil system, emergency procedures, hydraulic lines, radio compass, etc. I am not sure of myself yet, but if I apply a little study to manuals, etc., I may be all right. It's a lot 19 bigger than an A-20 + hence has a flock more gadgets + radios to keep in good shape. Although it is pretty sluggish, I think I'll like it: if I can get a good set of guns, I know I'll be OK.

19 Have been running training flights on gunnery, formation + instruments - I had hoped we could get it for a couple weeks training but it looks doubtful now.

The food situation is really getting acute. Bully beef, 19 beans, + salmon are our main dishes which is a miserable menu if I ever saw one. Got word from Betty that all the stuff I sent from Morbooy got there so I feel pretty proud of myself.

Sunday, June 13th 1943

Townsville

~~MAY 4~~

19 At least I get a queer train ride South. Now a a per day trip to Brisbane along with Dams, Robins, Bridges, Roberts and Under. We and seven crews from the 90th + 13th are to pick up ten new B-25 OI's there, load them to the train 19 with supplies, and go back to Dobodura. Should take about a week altogether + I welcome the experience as well as getting out of New Guinea for a short spell.

We left there this AM, took a transport to 4 miles, waited there for awhile till I B.C. got there head out + cut the orders for us, and then transport to Townsville. Got there about five, ate a fair meal, and went in town to prom around - saw 'The Big Street' + had a acaglade. See, women - white ones - sure look strange. Staid at in all - got back to barracks + bed by 11:30. Townsville + Subulone pretty much the same as Oct + December. Lots of new crews new waiting orders. Had 19 a nifty raid at Dobodura last night. Few Betty's unloaded bombs inaccurately; searchlights picked them up + ack-ack got us that late washed. Their love guns used to hit at the bottom - good show - no casualties.

~~MAY 5~~

Wed. June 16, 1943
Brisbane

19 Down in Hat Cat land now + I'm enjoying it immensely - good food + lots of fresh stuff to eat + drink. Have spent about eight hours a day working on buying all our supplies. Capt. Keeler of 89th + Lt. Mackay of the 13th + I all decided to pool our efforts for the three squadrons. The 90th as usual went off on their own - they are truly small Ed bombers. All have mustaches + stoppy hats just like Ed + the same to hell with everybody's attitude. Ride down on the transport duff. Stopped in Rockhampton to go up + broke hydraulic line. By the time it was fixed + we took off + got to Amberly Field, it was 5:30. Went to town, got rooms at Oxford House (what a hole I cleaned up + had dinner, it was 9:00. Saw Ellson + Walthampter down there - really plump pussies! Tuesday, yesterday, we went to Mg. Dwyer of Base Sec. 3 + told our story. He pledged his support + seemed very interested. That took all day getting the bulk of the stuff ordered. Early bed that night - some writing of shipping checkup lists, today. Waves + friendships leave tomorrow to await us in Cairns. Told as hell here. Burn-

Sunday, June 20, 1943

Dobodura

~~MAY 6~~

19 We finally staggered into the field today about 2:30 P.M. after a good trip. Let's see, I'll catch up to date Thursday morning we packed three planes that went out - the other all had Group Material equipment. That leaves all I the rest of our stuff, some 6 1/2 tons of it, for 3 ships. I just hopped my ship in the morning + except for a busy loading, I did all right. These staffers are really nose heavy planes - Robert as my co-pilot is sorta finicky + worried about tips, but I don't mind cause he knows B-25. Thursday night I passed with Elton + Rodub - we got pretty stinks at dinner, dug up two of El's body friends, + chatted for a couple hours. I booted out about 10:00 + went back to Oxford House. Friday I spent loading planes. Had my only date that night with a nice English from Stuart. Had dinner + saw "Pride of Yankees" - good picture. Took off next AM - landed back at Townsville - we are really well loaded. Gassed up + went to Cairns - another good landing. Spent night there. Sunday, today, weather over land sea was good + came straight to Dobodura from Cairns - finally made a good landing - home + safe.

~~MAY 7~~

Wed. June 23, 1943

Wobochua

19 The 8th Sq has felt its first losses since last July two nights ago when Ray Jabb + Harbor Reid failed to return from a night barge hunt. Apparently either they got caught in terrible storm or else fly right into the water. That was Sunday night about midnight - Dams + I went out to look for them the next morning all up the north coast of N. D. - saw nothing at all in the line of wrecks. Spotted 5 Nates + carried our belts away. We still have 19 hopes left turn up someplace. Long luck -

Last night we were supposed to run a barge mission but the weather was bad + it was called off ~~fatally~~. These barge hunts are pretty stupid - risk a bomber + four guys 19 lives to sink a couple rowboats, maybe. I sure wish the brass hats that planned these missions would just fly one of them. They'd change their ideas in a hurry. Dumb!

We finally got all the grub divided between the 8th, 13th + 33rd. Now perhaps the grub will pick up - it should for the 2000 we spent on fresh meat, potatoes, ham, canned goods, butter, etc. Had ten letters from Betty in last two hrs - nifty business, eh?? She's well + so is Hank -

Sunday. June 27, 1943

Wobochua.

~~MAY 8~~

19 Boys - it's gone + happened - Jim now a captain as of June 22nd. All of the 89th capt. come in about four days later than mine - now I have the jump on them. Rad + Schwartz + Jabb + Payne all got there's too, the last is 19 down South with Ruby - left yesterday to pick up a new ship. Now we're just the same as the boys back home except they're all squadron CO's, four months of capt. with their wives, etc, etc. We are ^{not} getting much for sending out 19 much! I'd love to see them over here!! -

The weather the past few nights has been bad so we have abandoned night barge hunts till next month. Good - Another bunch of 88-46th A-26 boys arrived the last couple 9 days + are very indignant cause they have to fly the B-25. I still think a B-25 is the worst ship in the war to be flying. Give me a good crew + good maintenance + I'll be almost contented. ~~Sucks~~ is honey but what the hell!

19 Still have had no word from Jabb yet - it begins to look pretty bad now. Supply comes in + packed up all his stuff for shipment home. Par Jabb - he never found out about his promotion - how he did sweat it too. Rough!!

~~MAY 9~~

Wednesday, June 30, 1943
Wobochura

19 The last day of an eventful month - both good + bad events - the chief happening other than personal things was at least the starting of the rebirth of the 8th Sq.: since last Aug. practically they've done little combat at all. Now we have 1 light plane and more on the way: everything points to some activity along this front - I guess Gen. Kenneip's visit to Washington last month really stirred up the pot as far as plane allotment to S.W.P.A. is concerned. Dood-ah!!!

19 In fact the whole situation looks pretty good - all of the combat theatres are beginning to show decided advantage to the Allies. Maybe we'll get the war over by end of 1944!!!

Old Dotochura is really getting settled down these days. Had 19 a U.S.O show the other night that was quite good. Our Sq. projector is on the blink so we go to the 13th Sq. for flicks. Food situation is still right good - I think our trip stated the Stinsons going + we are actually getting issued stuff like fresh butter + eggs occasionally. Mail comes in at a slow rate but nevertheless I gather Betty + Hank are progressing very well. I sure would like to get home to see the old crowd it's a long wait -

Sunday, July 4, 1943

~~MAY 10~~
Wobochura

19 Looks like we are in for some more bad luck - Ruby + Ralph Payne cleared Cairns this AM. in a hairy laden B-25 for Maresby and naught has been heard from them since. They've neither turned in any of the fields along the way or reached Maresby - weather wasn't bad either. Looks like another one of those cases of the ocean swallowing them up. On thinking it over now, I see where of the five guys in my tent (Payne, Ruby, Jolt + myself) I am the only one left - all the rest disappeared. Maybe that tent of mine is jinxed - I hope not cause I'd sorta like to get home.

Nobody is running many missions these days - the troops that landed at Nassau Bay seem to be slowly but surely making ground up the coast - little by little they are now closing the hold on Solomons - it looks like another three months of several months siege before we get it. Have had only a few alerts in the past week + no real raids. The Solomon situation is favorable + look at the boys in the Mediterranean - at least we are definitely on the move. Got a couple more new crews in from the States really wild as hell kids. Oh me - I need to go on leave.

Wed. July 7, 1943

~~MAY 11~~

Wobochera

19 Three days have gone by now & there is still word from Ruby & Laine. The scavengers have come in to pick up all their stuff & reports already turned in. Boy, you hardly have time to get cool before you are assaulted as gone. The Army speeds up at the damndest times - May. And is strictly no good in it either.

Went to the Dobodura horse races today. It was really a sight. Had a bunch of old nags & mules that I have recaptured from the Japs & the Aussies had a brilliant idea to have a horse race. Had a varied program of horse races, mule races, foot races, tug of war, and jumping. Regular betting sheds, odds, and bookies. These guys really go in for it - a big way.

Went on a barge hunt today around the coast of New Guinea & New Britain. It was all very futile and we accomplished practically nothing.

19 Sue is lonely in the tent now. The Pearson who was commissary on 1st Lt. from 800 is now with us as Eng. officer. He has decided to test his luck and move into the "Jed Sheeh" with me. The guys are absolutely fearless -

Sunday, July 11, 1943

On Borrowed Time

Dobodura

~~MAY 12~~

19 Well, here I am again, but God only knows why! I guess he decided I should be saved for the Prom or maybe even saved till I get home where I hope I get smothered with affection. At any rate, I'm lucky as hell I don't shank between the Honor Shelf now.

Here's how it all happened - I had ordered a weather mission for early take off on July 9th. We had been running on the same pill each day & I looked like a gray trip. So, Walker & I with Allport & Davis as gunners & Capt. Murphy, Temp. Walker, Officer as observer, we took off at 0600 for Solomons. Weather was ok. & we cruised around over Koroa Bay, Soloburi, & all around the area just having a big time. Two weather reports were turned in & all seemed to be going smoothly when all hell broke loose. I'd been surprised before, but to go into a turn & see five jets coming down at you, well, that took the cake. The lead jet opened up & hit us with everything but a ouija board. The right engine was redded before I could say O.P.A. and we were pretty well screwed. I turned into this guy & tried to get friend guns for a little

~~MAY 13~~

July 9, 1943

shooting myself. As I turned to the right. another little
20.6. shoot by my left wing. The right engine was on
fire now + I could scarcely believe it had happened so
fast - one minute O.K. + the next with your neck in the
wood? I turned back to the left + headed south in a
dive - the Nips kept coming after me - the turret gun
wasnt doing me one bit of good. Fuel was pretty bad now
+ with no backup system we had no way of checking
the spread. Passed over Nassau Bay + I guess we looked
like a comet with fire bees chasing it. Feathered the right
prop + was surprised to see it was shot up to - navd not
yet worried. Another burst took the pilot tube away
+ I had no instruments. I kept swimming around as
much as I dared + trying to get south. For a while I
thought we might make it on one engine. But the heat of
the flames melted through the right gear lock + the
wheel fell down. That increased drag worked our nose.
I judge the speed was about 105 or so, we started to
mush down. I had full aileron trim + full pressure to
keep it level. Widener pulled the cockpit hatch +

July 9, 1943

~~MAY 14~~

I got "stand-by for crash" on the radio. With the wheel
full lock - my stomach, we muddled forward. I unclipped
my safety belt + kept hosing back on the wheel. I heard
the water as the tail hit + the glass started the tumbling.
I let go of the wheel + hit the switch, just as the right
wing exploded + we went in. I just reeled myself off
the seat + face. I was flung out the hatch + into the
ocean. I distinctly remember hearing the glass break, the
mush! Taste of salt water + blood + my great dislike for
soft water swimming. But I hit the water + came up!!!
I honestly didnt expect to see anybody get out. The right
wing of the ship was all that was above water + there was
a little fire + smoke. Legs popped Widener + Allport
came up from out the radio operators escape hatch. The
ship disappeared below the water when suddenly up
floats Murphy - how the hell he got out, I dont
know! The only things floating were the life raft, the
right wheel + the oxygen bottle from the right nacelle.
I had already struck out for shore when Widener saw
Murphy unconscious from come up. He inflated the jacket +

~~MAY 15~~

July 11th 1948

OBT

his 19 men right away + they worked. My life vest had a bullet hole in the neck + wouldn't work. I kicked my shoes off + with all part hanging onto the very battle, + Wade + I turning Murphy in a farm, we left out for shore. I gave orders not to use the life raft, for the Jaws + one Vol dive bomber were circling around. Between the waves of Jaws striking us + the sharks finding us, I really had a great time. The Nips decided to work over a couple of L.C.T.s about a mile towards shore + as we watched them, they dive bombed + shrapnel the barges: it was thrilling to see + don't think I was afraid they'd give us a couple bursts for good pleasure. Slowly but 19 only we made progress toward a little island about a mile away. The surf helped us + the undertow pulled us out. What a tug of war + Murphy didn't help matters either. We tried to keep our spirits up + make jokes on the way. But 19 the sharks + worrying about Davis going down with the ship we all were pretty glum. The island seemed to fade + fade but at 0935 we staggered upon the beach. Well, at least we'd beaten the water. The little island

Oroduna

~~MAY 16~~

we 19 landed on. Much Island by name, is perhaps a mile around + rises steeply out of the water. Very high rocks + trees cover it, and we were fortunate as hell to hit the little sand strip that we did. As soon as we got ashore, we checked on our equipment, three water soaked guns + one parachute tent. All five had foiled nets + burns, so I played doctor + put sulfa ointments all over the gruesome quartet. Murphy was pretty sick from all the shrapnel + so we laid him out. I headed out + tried to signal a friendly airplane. After two hours, an Aussie with his police dog + paddlers finally came out to pick us up. They didn't see how many had survived - one too. He 19 us aboard his little laborator + paddled around the shore till we sighted one of our L.C.T. It took a hour for it to get to us - so we had a good chance to look around. The coral formation which before I had cursed for cutting off my feet now looked fragile and beautifully abraded in blues, reds, + pinks. The tiniest + most vivid blue fish darted in + out - what a spot for an artist. The Aussie, a Sgt. Pomeroy, let his boys do a little play

~~MAY 17~~

July 11th 1943

OBT. Rotochua

19 while we waited - it was truly a sight to see them stalking & spearing fish. What physical specimens they would make. With Jensen look sick at just the thought. The barge finally pulled up & we got on after taking the barge & giving him & his boys our life vests, etc.

The trip by barge to Mageri Pt, the advance barge base was quite uneventful. All of us began to feel the effects of our cold - Murphy was a stunner. All parts of us badly cut, 19 & Wideman's boots were sucking badly. My head bled a lot & I ached all over. They gave us some canned food & we chatted. After a bit two hrs. we got down to Mageri Pt. I was the only one able to walk & apparently our company had been sent ahead. The beach was lined with tents. I guess they'd never seen a pilot before - I guess we cut quite a wretched picture - all ripped up & no shoes. All of them crowded around to hear our story, sopt with interest. They all marvelled at how young I was to be capt. of a bomber if they only knew how stiff I felt. I don't think we knew the doctor fixed up my head. But we were all soon hounded up & ready to go. Got on another barge & set out

July 11 1943

~~MAY 18~~

for Morage. These boys definitely beat swimming but launching along at 6-7 knots is not fast enough. We got down to Morage without any more trouble - we were treated very royally there. I sent a radio message to I An Force & also got a pair of shoes out of the pile there. We had done with a couple nice maps there & walked around to have a look at the Harbor & installations. We got on the hospital steamer at about 7:30 P.M. & headed for Oro Bay. I had a pretty bad headache & was terribly stiff: fortunately one of the gun crew on the boat let me sleep in his bunk & I did get a bit of rest that night, though little sleep. My headache passed during the night & bled a lot & my face was pretty swollen up. But I was alive & lucky.

We were taken immediately to 1st Evac. Hospital at Oro Bay & put to bed. In a while our wounds were dressed & I ate my first good meal in three days there. After much telephoning & griping, I got down to come over & sign me out. I was glad to get back to the Squadron - all seemed quite glad to see me even the dogs acted as if they knew I'd had a close one. It's great to get back to your own bed!!!

~~MAY 19~~

July 11, 1943

G. B. T.
Dobodura

19 This ends the epic of two days of interesting happening. I certainly learned a lot in this time, some of it rather painfully. Oh yeah, I forgot to mention that after dinner Saturday night, I gave a little resume for adventure to the combat crew of the squadron. I merely stated what had happened - we were attacked and shot down while the trench gunner was out of the trench. It was a rough price to pay - Davis' life, but it nearly cost four more.

19 Besides the joy of getting back, I was very peeved at Maj. Wood at Sharp - he had already turned in a "missing in action" I sure hope Betty doesn't get used to it. The only thing I can do is write a couple of cabbages & have Rod send them when he goes South.

Well, that's the story. I slept rather lightly last night, so tired or I was. I keep turning over all the deal in my mind - a lot of things could have been done differently but the fact that I got back to tell about it is proof I didn't get cheated.

All this AM. I spent shaving & washing my oil & salt matted hair. Feel lots better now - ah, life! -

Wed.

July 14, 1943

Dobodura.

~~MAY 20~~

Boy, 19 I bet I feel about as beat up as Davy O'Brien after tackling Bronco Nagurski. It's funny how damn stiff all your muscles get after a crook up - it's really understandable when you consider that all at once you're stopped cold when a few seconds before you were going about 110 m.p.h. My legs & chi have receded to normal proportions & my head is healing up well. The left leg is still bandaged but works OK. The past 12 hours I've spent most of the time writing letters to Betty, Mom, Jack & to Ruby's girl, Jane Hawman. When I'm not doing this or eating, I'm out in the sun trying to bake a little of the soreness out of my spine. I have had the medic give me a counterpane rub down & am almost back to a place where I can move without creaking. Got paid the other day & now have \$ so far the coming full month - guess I'll have to borrow some from Davis before I go. Mail from Betty comes along well these days - Hank is the cutest baby ever - Mom has been down to visit & verifies it. How I'd like to get home to them!

Sunday

~~MAY 21~~July 18th 1943

Dobodura

19 Tomorrow we get off on a big furlough - I'm sure he glad to get a little unwarmed life for a spell. Martindale & I are going to Moresby this aft. & tomorrow and leave there Tues. Wm Fitch and Minors of the 1913th are going down with us - I'm going to try & find Rodnik & Budge when we get to Sydney: they may be able to help us find a flat someplace.

Not a lot done here - they on a mission to Salamaua this morning and I could have gone. But I still don't feel too damn chipper - didn't accomplish much anyway.

Widener & All put me out of the hospital now and seem all right. Most of my aches & pains are gone by now: I have only 19 a swollen jaw & that gosh on my head as usual reminders inside - well, I figure that's another story.

A correspondent from Chicago Daily Sun, Smith by name, was over here the other day for a sort of "local boy makes history" angle! 19 It takes all kinds to make a war. The Albas seem to be taking dicky damn well - should be there the damn place by now. Well, I'm off to Sydney - sorry to leave the mail situation - it's getting pretty good. Oh Sydney

Wed.

July 21st 1943

Sydney

~~MAY 22~~

19 At last. I'm back in Sydney. What a time getting here. Stayed at V.B.C. at Moresby Monday night - got a few back letters written and some good grub there. Then Tuesday morning we took off from Jackson in a C-47 - a Lt. Murphy was pilot & a damn good one. Weather was good & we landed at Finsville about lunchtime. After gassing up, we set sail again for Amberly Field - there are three strips from the 90th along - Lee, Pryor & Salmon as well as two fighter pilots & about 19 ten enlisted men. Played bridge & black jack on the way down. It's amazing how much colder it gets every mile further South you go. We spent Tues. night - Amberly. Went into Spanish for two steaks, half dozen eggs & a melted cheese I walked around town for a bit, looked into the town hall dance and stared at all the attractive girls - it's been so damn long he's almost forgotten what the female sex looks like. We all looked terrible - our noses muddled and 19 muddled. Came back to the dating place 'Londis', for a bit of tea & a couple sandwiches. Back to the club at the field for some Coca Cola & a hot shower. Saw Noel Bundy there - he's a flight lieutenant in a P-38 outfit there

~~MAY 23~~

July 2nd 1943

Sydney

that 19 is being formed. I didn't have a lot to say except that Art Clarke, my old Kelly Field roommate, is now in Brisbane as a wheel in a P-47 Squadron. I would like to see him. Got off this morning for the big city - made the 19 trip in three hrs + arrived at Mascot Field about 10:15. Sydney from the air is a tremendous expanse of red tile roofs - the Heads look beautiful from the air. The first person we run into is Maggie Darnell, the Red Cross friend of 19 Debbie Kettis. We had a good chat, went into town + checked in at Red Cross Hotel at Ward Jones' + got a room at 2 Elizabeth Bay Road for the night. I took the tram out to Kings Cross + then a taxi to get the 19's. The rest of the forenoon stayed downtown at the finance office to do a little money chasing + a little drinking. I checked in there, went up to my room + took a nice long bath. Gosh, it's great to get back to warm showers + running toilets again. And while I was enjoying the showers, the strains of Coella Ruston's 'Come up thru the floor from the dining room below' where a burlesque show was being played. I again

July 2nd 1943

Wed.

Sydney

~~MAY 24~~

got 19 sick for Betty - we could really have a great time in this town. Well, finished bathing + went down to eat - just got there at 2:02 before the grill closed + had a wonderful filet mignon + all the trimmings. This is the best place - town best, is run solely for American officers, and at 3/- for dinner + supper and 2/- for breakfast, one can't go for wrong. After luncheon, I dashed over next door to the Officers Club + got my daily allotment of six cases of beer, a little whiskey + a bottle of cherry brandy. There were a few couples - there all ready to say them down + the girls were attacking all their dates' money into hungry slot machines. They are definitely attractive as hell + seem quite easy - remind me so much of the San Antonio coded widows with exactly the same approach, etc. I had a few beers there + then tried calling Rodink - never did get a hold of him. Fitz is going over to Maggie's for dinner tonight + Knobby, Merv + I are going wolfing. Weather is cool but my winter flying jacket comes in handy here. After seven hours in Sydney + seven days to go for all in favor of it. Gosh, like big times ahead for us. - I doo it

~~MAY 25~~

July 25, 1943

Sunday Sydney

19 Well, four days of my seven are gone and I am still going strong. We are really having a wonderful time here. I never imagined full length would be like this at all. I'll go back to East W. & catch up. Knobby, Miss & I set 19 out after a couple hours to the Australia Hotel & see some of the chicks. There are ample of them there too - reminds me of a horse show or slave sale. I would say it reminds me of a whore house I've never been in one.

About 150 gals sit around different parts of the lobby & about two hundred yaks cruise around. When they see me they suits either their taste or their need, the act of separating them isn't difficult - deep talk some, conversation deep gals.

If you have a little more debma, you can go into one of the juke or juke cocktail lounges & accomplish the same purpose. We three hung around & stared for while & finally saw two fairly attractive girls & nabbed em. Then we got another girl which we never did get to. So then we went out to the officers club, downed a bit & drank a lot. The gal I had wanted a prize winner, but considering my own looks & condition, I see no rose

July 25, 1943

Sydney

Sunday.

~~MAY 26~~

19 myself. It got pretty hot & we had a late treat & my dream girl got sick. Finally I moved her out & in a while got a taxi and drove eighty thousand miles or more to her home. It was definitely a wasted evening but I felt tired anyway & a few lumps were all I wanted. Got back to the Red Cross about 1:30 & hit the hay. Was down to breakfast by 9:00 & met Rodnik & Bridge. They were leaving that noon & I went right down to their apartment & looked it - not exactly the real beautiful place we had wanted. But it is handy & we can get it. So we moved in - the apartment is located in the district of King's Cross, a very Bohemian section. It is only two blocks from Officers Club & from train lines. There are about 25 apartments in the bldg: all 3 & 4 room affairs. Nobody observes the rules & it looks like a pretty rough place for an orgy or two. That aft. the four of us went downtown to do some errands - while going down we shared the cab with a delightful show girl. She told her we could come to the show tomorrow & for her to get us dates. Well!! Did a couple errands such as repair shoes & boots, get clothing coupons, & do a little window shopping. Then

~~MAY 27~~

July 25, 1943 Sunday Sydney

back to the Cross for a shave & bath, a few beers in our new home. Got all ducked up & back to the Australia again. See of the 90th & I got dates with a couple cute girls & had a swell dinner there at Hotel. Then we went out to the club & drink - danced like fools. This girl I was with is engaged to a marine of the Solomons. She is pretty keen on marrying him and get to America, as are all the Aussie girls here. This one is, at first sight, a stick in the mud, but turned out to be cute & much fun. We went over to the Sea Shack & Solomons rooms at "Mr. Higgins" & had a little party. It started to get rough & knowing what was coming off, I sneaked my companion out & we taxied home. Again, I ended up just about buying the down car - was a no no, the taxi drivers get their pound of blood as well as five pounds or so for those early morning rides.

Friday, ^{day like} yesterday, I went down to early and did some shopping I bought some beautiful & expensive costume jewelry for Betty - the kind of clips, pins, etc. Had a lot of fun doing that. Went back to the club for lunch. Then Fitch & I went to the stage review at the Tialo. Was truly

July 25, 1943 Sunday Sydney ~~MAY 28~~

amazed at the show - it was equally as good a show as most American shows - the usual shoddy gags, skits, & dancing. The show girls weren't all Betty Grables but a couple are close 2nd. We went around to the stage door afterwards & talked to some. We ended up by getting three dates after the show.

So, we went back to 4 Elizabeth Bay & got some beer - this beer is really good. It is actually at the point where I like it. Had a usual steak dinner there & more beer. At about ten o'clock, Robby, Fitch & I set out for downtown on Tialo. We met them right at time, piled into a cab & went to the club. Had a good look at them, the c - all attractive gal. I had a tall blonde show girl, & the other two were short blondes. We had a full beer & danced till they closed the club. So we adjourned to an apartment & continued - all got very fired & very humorous. The girls talk a hell about stage life & sex - said it a lot. Ted & Robby got a little long in, but I was having a hell of a time giving the gal & had a dancing lesson. We finally broke up about 5:00 AM. & taxied home. What a night - I laughed myself silly at their antics - they seem very sophisticated & down to earth gals.

~~MAY 29~~

July 25, 1963

Sunday

Sydney.

19 Today I got up about 8:30 + rushed downtown to do some more shopping. Bought Betty a grey sport coat, a couple shirt waists, some baby clothes. Stuck up a friendship with the nice woman who waited on me - she has been on shopping trips to U.S. + Europe for this store - well educated + nice as hell. She issued me a invitation to have Sunday dinner with her + her husband. I accepted, naturally. After that store, I returned to jewelry store + squandered some more dough. Had a date for the night game but it fell thru. Undaunted, I decided to go anyway, the which I did. Went to the Hubert Grounds to see Sydney - North Sydney play. I never realized how damn rough that game is - took me quite awhile to catch on, but I became quite an expert by the time the main event went on. Left the park about 9:30 + rushed back to get dressed - went down to the club for a couple beers + over to the 'Shelter' to get dressed. There was a large party going there - I finally broke away + got downtown to meet my date at the Australia. She was there but very apologetic - an old friend had come back into town + would mind if she broke my date to go out with him? Well, naturally I was disappointed

July 25, 1963

Sydney

Sunday

~~MAY 30~~

but I had to release her. So after much, "I hope you can't be mad at me" she took off + I beat a hasty retreat to our flat. Got there just in time for the cold chicken + beer course. Nobly + Faith had a couple dates, there [Mira is living out with some gal] I got a few feet there + then damn if a spare gal didn't turn up out of a party downtown. We set right out killing beer + soon got quite high. Listened to the radio for awhile in the tub a half dozen beers over to her apartment. There we danced a lot + listened to the vic - she had some swell records as well as being a good dancer. I got so fried I forgot all about sex - I got very sleepy + we parted about midnight - my main date had fallen thru but I had more fun + spent at least $\frac{2}{10}$ less money than if I had the big night as planned.

Today I went over to Mary's + Carl's for dinner - they have a very attractive apartment overlooking the harbor - been married 18 months + very swell couple. Had a grand meal of pork + baked potatoes + all the trimmings. Then in the afternoon, we three went across the bay to Taronga Park to see the zoo. Got back about half past midnight. In all set to meet Bonnie, the dancer, at 6:15 at Australia for dinner + evening. Got leg. off again!!!

~~MAY 31~~

July 28, 1943

Wednesday

Sydney

19 Just killing time now until the plane leaves for North New Guinea. It's really been a terrific good time - now I'll be glad to get back to work for awhile - I got to pile up the missions cause I'm getting very bored. Let's see Sunday night, Ronnie + I had a stick of Officer Club + then went next door. Yuzzled a lot of beer + got feeling high. Our dancing was supposed to say the least - everyone else stepped + let us have the floor. Needless to say, having a professional dancer for a partner made my dancing fool the locals into believing I could really walk my size 11's. We left there about midnight + I put her in a taxi for home. All - all, I had a good time, spent very little money + had an enjoyable + homeless evening.

Tuesday I took the train out to 118th St. Hospital to call on some friends of Baldwin's from Baltimore. The majority of the staff comes from there + knows Reg. Had lunch with them + chatted for awhile. I had to hustle to catch the train back to town (like there is really cold down here now. I have my winter flying

July 28th

Wednesday

Sydney

~~JUNE 1~~

19 jacket + woolen scarf + gloves fortunately. I got back to town about 3:00, met Knobby for a few drinks + dinner. Neither of us felt like choosing the females so we took in a show instead - "The Abbie" all 19 - naturally as WAAFS are present everywhere, certain parts of the film were cut as being objectionable. But still, I enjoyed it - have been wanting to see it for about a year now. Back to the Sorotega + bed by 12:00.

19 Tuesday, yesterday was spent mostly cleaning up odd ends. Picked up my shoes + boots that were resoled, bought presents for Davis + Baldwin's wife, as well as the last few items to be sent to Betty. Had a date with a fresh Miss's gal - an attractive but demented blonde. We got pie baked, went home with the sox and tights, had a hell of a time getting back to town, couldn't find a taxi, so she ended up staying with Miss's gal. She's pretty but stupid. We spent all this AM. packing + clearing out. I just finished posting my packages home + am now waiting for the bus to take us out to Mascot Field + away. One last look at Sydney - a swell time in a swell town.

~~JUNE 2~~

Aug 1, 1943

Dobodua

Sunday

19 Back to the old home grounds again + not unhappy about it. The best part of the reception was the twenty five (25) letters I had waiting for me. Betty sent a flock of cute pictures of Herb - what a dear she is!!! Gets the 19 mha to society - if it weren't for her, I'd probably go back + hunt for gold: a remain - Sydney after the war.

The plane ride back was naturally anti-climactical. We ate numerous sandwiches + drank ample beer. Spent the 19 night again - Spanish - brought 4 dozen ham + tomato sandwiches as well as a frozen pond turkey for the ride to Moresby. It proved a good investment too, for we got no eat at Bouville. Arrived at ABC Thursday into Cuddly 19 get a ride in a transport next day. Saturday Kubby + I got a plane + flew over here but it was closed in + we returned to Johnson. Finally got - here this morning. The rest of the boys really worked while we were gone - three barge 19 etc + two missions against destroyers at Cape Hinchin. That really makes me behind. Now to settle down + do some tall fighting. Two ups last but my spirits are again lifted + I'm more or less eager to go!!!

Aug 4, 1943

Dobodua

Wednesday. ~~JUNE 3~~

19 Back into the old saddle again + all traces of my Sydney trip now worn off. What's worse too is that one of my momentos, a bottle of whiskey, was broken while unpacking + now two bottles of cherry brandy and a bottle of wine are all that remain. Just swell off without I thought considering the heat.

Let's see, Monday I had the mail run up to Nassau Aug + Moresby - on the way back I dropped a note to the Doc + Maggie M. I tried to spot our ship - the water but I guess it's down too damn far. That July 9th - now I sweated every inch of the way too - this time I made it. Yesterday we had eight ships go to Hope River + hit a few traps - no startling results at all - but our pursuit was so cold it continues to coast of New Britain.

I'm almost all caught up on my correspondence now. The weather is getting a little warmer here with the coming spring 19 and its going to really get hot soon. Evenings are still cool though + I'm almost a lover of the jungle. I'm missing a love of my wife + home-life though + that return trip home can't come too soon for me.

~~JUNE 4~~

Aug 8, 1943

Sunday

Dobodura

19 Had a little excitement yesterday - Downes, myself + Budnik had flights on a long search to New Britain. While going thru some weather, we lost our parent code, but Downes chose to go on. We were using one recently devised six wire three lead method when suddenly three enemy J.S.F. attacked us. The first came from high N + I turned my top six into his direction + he overshoot terrifically. We headed for home indicating about 245 mph., pick up Downes flight + get away. The gunner of the 19th then planes downed me for sure - I was sorta close for a minute there - that damn Tony that made the first pass really come right straight down at us. On the whole, it was very much fun + the flight showed good discipline + courage.

That's the only mission we've run in the past week - things are too quiet to suit me. That Rabaul idea fell thru apparently but the wheels are bound to figure up another whopper. Got some more letters from Betty + a batch of pictures of herself + the baby - also letters from Mom, Toek, Mrs. Scheyer. Even the Hinesdale Dumps is coming thru the mails ok. now? I wish I knew what was keeping around here!!!

Aug. 11, 1943

Dobodura

Wednesday

~~JUNE 5~~

19 I don't see why so much excitement always follows us - we are debating whether I'm the unluckiest lucky guy or the luckiest unlucky guy alive. Yesterday morning I was getting all set to go on an instrument ride with St. Shaped. We got rolling down the metal runway and the damn elevator wouldn't work - apparently the cable or the pulley had slipped. About 13 mph. we were going when I saw we weren't going to get off - by the usual at the end of the metal + headed for the hospital area + the woods; I cut the switches + used all the brakes but muddy weather would allow. Fortunately we missed all the other planes + hit a gear pit trying a wheel to swing off + stopping us with a jolt. I was out the top in a flash but by some chance, the even parent fire didn't break out. The gunners all got out ok. - the plane however is a wreck. That makes my fifth crash in nine months. Everyone is calling me the man on the my fifth plane - the only trouble is, they've all been all 19 planes. The expense don't ought to decorate me - I've cost an taxpayer about a million dollars now. It's about time I start doing something to pay the book. No mission at all here these days - merely training flights. Am ready for leave again.

~~JUNE 6~~

Aug 15, 1943

Wobodura

Sunday

19 We are back into the old rut of sitting on our
butts now & doing very little. The only trip out in the last
week was a twelve ship formation led by Downs - the weather
was pretty bad & then turned around at Morobe = a rough
1.3 hr. combat mission. The rest of the time we've been a
maintaining & training in readiness. We now have fifteen
airplanes and sixteen crews - the new planes continue to
trickle in little by little, just about the rate we lose
them. 19 Since of recent changes around the place are these:
we've moved operations out to the line & now the other
building in the camp area is an officers club. Pearson, Hornish,
& Greenhalgh are tenting with me now & although it's a
trifle 19 crowded, we get along well. The work on the
Dump Officers Club down by the river has started & very
slowly is taking shape. Shiso & Dick Peters are down on
furlough now & I'm sick of it here already. Lewis Langley, Neil
& Mack are back home now & enjoying furloughs. I
hope to hell I get home inside of the next three months - letters
from Betty make me more & more homesick - fortunately these
planes won't go 10,000 miles non-stop; otherwise I'd be tempted.

Aug 18, 1943

Maresby

Wednesday - after telegraph

~~JUNE 7~~

19

19

19

19

19