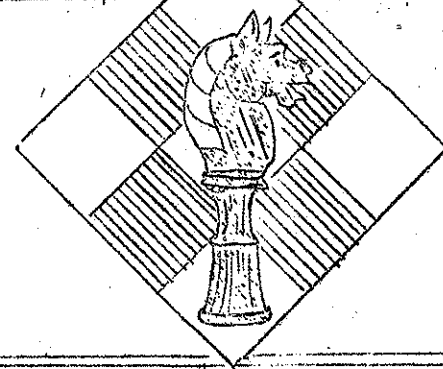


487BS.
II ANNIVERSARY

487

B. S.



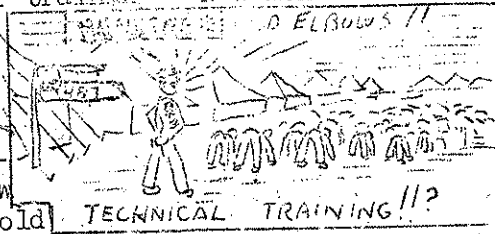
• 2ND ANNIVERSARY •

As we gather around the huge Squadron birthday cake, brightly aglow with its two candles, on this, our second anniversary, it is only proper that we pause for a few moments to reflect back upon these two years of our military being - two years of trials and tribulations - and fun.

When the 340th Bombardment Group was formed in August 1942, it was decreed that one of its sons would be the 487th Squadron, and on September 15th of that same year, that son was born. It was, we must admit, often a problem child, but what great person hasn't been?

The task of forming the new organization fell to Lt. Bugbee and Capt. Whittington, who was appointed Squadron Commander. As time went by new officers joined the Group as did cadres sent out from the 309th Group. As we look back at ourselves we must admit that we were just a bunch of little fellows trying to find our places in a rapidly growing organization.

We soon began to find those places, however, for at Columbia, S.C., our birthplace, we began our first phase of training. New men arrived frequently from the various technical training schools, thus adding strength to all departments. As the new men arrived, the old



ones heaved a sigh of relief, for here was fresh material for KP, guard, and other distasteful tasks. Airplanes, old ones, began making their appearances, and all departments set out to show what they could do. Even the Orderly Room did a good job, if only by promptly posting detail rosters and getting the all important payroll ready so the eagle could fly at the end of the month.

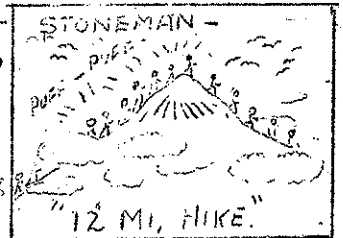
After a few trying weeks, the "powers" deemed that we were now wise enough so that we could move and enter into a new phase of training, and at this point began the first of a never-ending series of latrine-o-grams. Where were we moving? Apparently that had long previously been decided upon and on the first of December the advance party took off. At the end of the day it found itself at Walterboro, S.C. Our entry to this base was not too well received by the men of the organization, for here again we were pioneering. But even that was better than being back in Columbia with the rear echelon, for it seems that a young hurricane kept them up most of the night trying to hold down the planes.

Things soon began working like a clock, twenty-four hours a day. Long before daybreak, and before

anyone thought of crawling out of bed to get the fire going, the sweet melodious voice of the beloved First Sergeant would come over the P. A. system, and so goodbye to all thoughts of more sleep for the day - for you know how persistent those zebras can be.

Along in January things began to smell very strongly of the sea, so we had to get ready for another move. Boxes were packed and stenciled, and before the paint was dry, a new P. of E. was stenciled. They really kept us guessing. While all this was taking place, we were also getting some commando training, and not the S.O. kind, either. The Squadron was divided into two groups, the ground and flight echelon, the former more frequently referred to as "Gravel agitators". Here began friendly feuds between the two groups, each feeling sorry for the other because of the sad plight which had befallen it. However, our morale was greatly bolstered during this critical period by our old friend, Capt. "Judge" Brivether. How sweet it sounded when he said, "You will only be overseas a year." The only thing he forgot to mention was the date from which that year began. Without his many rumors, however, things might have been far more gloomy.

Came at last the parting of the ways, the birdmen going to Battle Creek, Mich. and the Air Corps Infantry to Camp Stoneman, Cal. For the next two months each group lived a life of its own, and



judging from reports, it would be hard to say which had the better time.

The family reunion took place at El Kabrit, Egypt on March 29th. The boys of the flight school were on hand to greet the ground forces who by this time were greatly wearied, haggard, and above all else - hungry. Readjustment came fast and soon everything, including the sands and winds of the desert, was going full blast in final preparation for the trip to the blue, a date which was not long in coming.

CONVEY

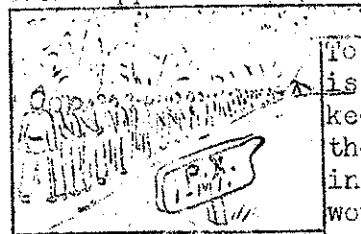


Again we split up, this time into three groups, and by the time the third group caught up to the first it was moving time again. Here followed a succession of moves to Sfax and Hergla, Tunisia, neither of which proved to be too much to the taste of anyone, save the Arabs.



Less some get the impression that all we had done so far was to move from one bad place to another slightly worse, if possible, we want to let it be known that we were already contributing a great deal to the defeat of the German Army. Armament was kept extremely busy loading bombs only to find that the load for the next mission had been changed. There was nothing to do but dump the load and put different poundage into the bomb bays of the faithful Mitchells. Here, too we were being

constantly alerted, for it seemed someone had grave fears of a Nazi paratroop attack. Guard was doubled and alert crews were set up but, happily, nothing ever happened.



To the boys in the States, a PX is just a handy place to go to keep away from details but in the desert it was a salvation in a different way. A line would form at least two hours before the PX would open up. You see, it was quite uncertain whether the cigarettes, candy -- mostly life-savers -- and various other small articles would last long enough to supply the great demand.

One of the most welcome structures ever built in the squadron, was the listed Men's Club at Hergla. Arrangements were made to get beer from Tunis, so here at last was the perfect answer to a GI's prayer at the end of a hot, busy day.

With lumps in our throats, probably gobs of clay which accumulated while we slept with open mouths, we bid farewell to Africa, the land of pyramids, sands, winds, and Arabs, and later, after a very pleasant voyage, we found ourselves on the fair island of Sicily. Here for the first time in many months we saw people, especially girls, and what a sight for sore eyes they were.

Catania found everyone quite happy and contented, and why not? We could figure on a stand down about every second day, and that meant a trip into town or perhaps up to Via Grande to enjoy a satisfying meal of steak, chicken, and french fries. The restaurant there became a great competitor of our own mess Hall.

PROGRAM

FOR THE DAY - 9.15.44

11:00 HRS. "DINNER FIT FOR KING" WITH YOUR FAVORITE SPECIALTY -
ICE CREAM AND PIE - PREPARED AS NO OTHERS CAN PRE-
PARE IT - BY "C-RATION" KIDS.

14:00 HRS. PLAY BALL! GET YOUR PROGRAMS, - PEANUTS - POP CORN - "NO
LADY HAVINT SEEN YOUR GAMM DOG" - CRACKER JACK."

15:30 - 19:00 HRS. - BINGO! "HOLD YOUR CARDS." WIN THAT PASS TO ROME. - PLUS
THOSE BEAUTIFUL - DELICATE PRIZES JUST IN FROM
ROME. DONT MISS THE RAFFLE!!

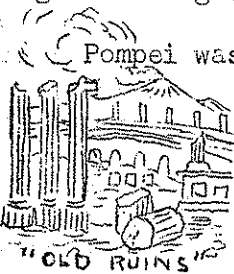
17:00 HRS. DONT PUSH - FREE BEER!! GET YOUR HAMBURGERS
AT JOE'S JOINT -

19:00 HRS. WE PRESENT FOR YOUR ENTERTAINMENT THE 320th B.G.P's.
FAMOUS CONTINENTAL ORCHESTRA - "THE MITCHEL AIRE'S"
DIRECTED BY CAPT. W.C. SMITH.

FURTHER ACTIVITY AT-
YOUR SACK — G.P. OFFICERS CLUB — E.M CLUB (UMBRIACO).

All good things must come to an end, so it wasn't long before we found ourselves headed for Italy. If California thinks it's chamber of commerce can promote trade by advertising "Golden Sun-Shine", they should contact the man who first called the famed peninsula "Cunny Italy".

He could certainly lie faster than any Californian for we found out the first night we were there that it did rain. Planes were mired, and in general we were "very unhappy". Our first stop in Italy was San Pancrazio. When things got bad, we always consoled ourselves, "Oh, well, the next place can't be as bad as this." How wrong we were. Foggia proved to be the wettest, muddiest place on the map. Somehow we existed, and here we spent two holidays Thanksgiving and Christmas. The cooks had put forth total efforts, for they certainly cooked up some very tasty food. New Years Day found us split up again. Part of the Group going to Pompei and the rear echelon freezing back in Foggia. These boys messed with one of the other squadrons and "Mess" is about all one could call it. If you don't believe it, try eating your next piece of turkey when it is ice cold and the rest of your food is of the same temperature, and when the rain runs down your back while you are wrestling with the food. Happy days when we met up with our cooks again. We liked them so well that at least 4 meals went by before we began cussing them again.

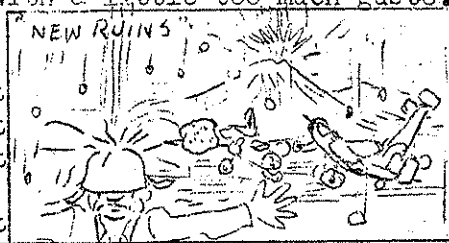


Pompei was really an ideal spot. Being close to Naples was of course a big factor, but the field itself was really quite pleasant, also. To the west of us Mt. Vesuvius rose majestically. At night her stream of molten lava could be seen

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shooting high into the heavens and lending a new color to the sky. Yes, Vesuvius was beautiful - until March 22 when she belched forth with a little too much gusto.

We were awakened by chunks of volcanic rock slashing thru our tents, and our 1st and only thought was to get the furthest, the fastest and the firstest. All escaped safely, and the first



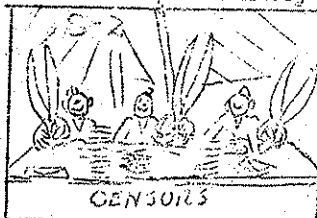
night of our strategic retreat found the most of us reposing in a hotel in the modern (/) city of Pompei. After a long, cold tiresome trip we finally arrived at the fair town of Paestum, to take up temporary residence with another medium Group. The first day caused us to wonder if we had bettered ourselves any, for the fine ash of Mt. Vesuvius had found its way even this far south. A strong wind blew continuously making the task of setting up tents quite difficult. Some were ripped before they were staked down. It was a tired, discouraged bunch of men who turned in that night. Here we quickly recovered from the wounds inflicted by Vesuvius and were once more dealing out death blows to the rapidly retreating Krauts.

Before we were fairly settled, it was time to move again, this time to our present base. The boys of Coyle Rest Camp had made good use of the excellent beach at their back door. From here we have all but finished the Jerries or vice versa. Remember May 13th.

In turning this second milestone, we have traveled thousands of miles and have dropped hundreds of tons of bombs. We have established records in maintenance and efficiency which are the envy of all other Groups in the Air Force. No one section can claim the credit for this fine work. The engineers have maintained the planes, Ordnance has hauled the bombs, Armament has loaded them, Communications has kept the radios in first class shape,

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and the Combat crews have delivered the goods. The Cooks in spite of existing conditions have somehow managed to keep us fed. S-2 has maintained our security thru strict censorship and



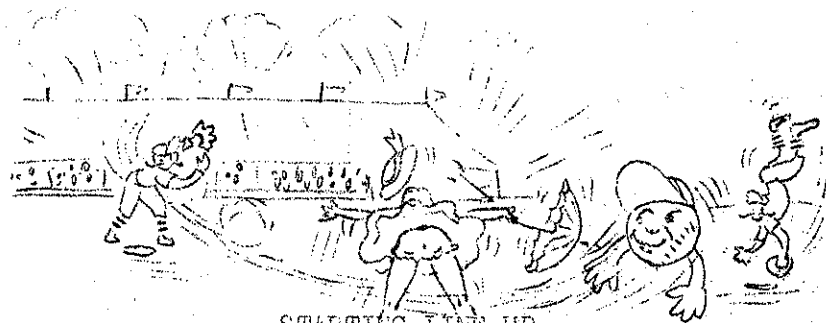
has kept us posted on the rapid advances of our troops. The Medics have been on hand for any and all emergencies, and they likewise



have done a good job. Operations has kept track of the missions and schedules. The orderly room boys have taken care of vital records and payrolls. So you see, our successes have been possible only thru close cooperation between the various sections -- one big happy family, as it were. Of course, there has been friction occasionally, but with a family of this size that is only natural and all has soon been forgiven and forgotten.

Two years ago found us in Columbia, last year we were in Catania. This year the end is in sight and it seems only a matter of days until Hitler's European empire makes its last stand. Then shall come that victory and peace for which we have waited so long and worked so hard. When the final bomb is dropped the 487th will doubtless be on the mission. We may proudly take a great deal of the credit for the victory, for we have done all that is humanly possible to uphold the high standards of the Army Air Forces, and to:

"Keep 'Em Flying"



STARTING LINE UP

OFFICERS

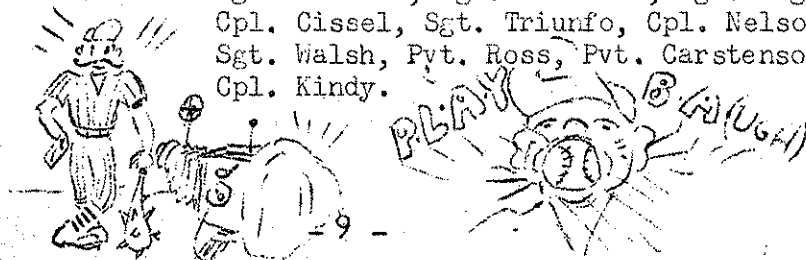
ENLISTED MEN

Lt. Moule	3B	Sgt. McMillen	SS
F/O Polanko	CF	Cpl. Kühn	3B
Major Bugbee	SF	Sgt. Prichard	P
Capt. Camp	2B	Pfc. Kiel	LF
Lt. Barry	C	Sgt. Byerly	RF
Lt. Snaper	LF	Sgt. Collamore	C
Major Parsons	RF	Sgt. Paradis	CF
Capt. Coyle	SS	Sgt. Edwards	1B
Lt. Broos	1B	Sgt. Whalen	2B
Lt. Cuthbertson	P	Sgt. Graham	SF

SUBSTITUTES

OFFICERS: Lt. Lantz, Lt. Suthers, Lt. Heckman, Lt. Eruce, Captain Kendall.

ENLISTED MEN: Sgt. Gillman, Sgt. Futterer, Sgt. Rogers, Cpl. Cissel, Sgt. Triunfo, Cpl. Nelson, Sgt. Walsh, Pvt. Ross, Pvt. Carstenson, Cpl. Kindy.



ADVISOR

Major Edwin P. Bugbee

FOOD & BEER

1st Lt. John P. Mako S/Sgt Paul S. McMillen
Sgt. Otto J. Stellato
"C" Ration Kids

ENTERTAINMENT

Sgt. Francis M. Barnes

BASEBALL GAME

T/Sgt. Henry J. McClernon

PUBLICITY

T/Sgt. Edward Graham

BINGO AND RAFFLE

Sgt. Howard T. Bates Sgt. Francis M. Barnes

STAGE

Pfc Wallace Larson Cpl. R. L. Taylor

LIGHTING AND AMPLIFYING

Sgt. John S. Smith

INVITATIONS

1st Lt. Vern I. Salsbury

BOOKLET

Sgt. Gregory C. Moore S/Sgt. Charles M. Goodrich
Pfc Anthony J. Nieli Pfc Edward A. Burke
Cpl. Malcolm P. White Pvt Howard B. Rosenberg
Sgt. Samuel Boor T/Sgt. Dexter F. Garbet

Thanks to S/Sgt. Goodrich and to 340th personnel
who did the fine job of Mimeographing.

