PROPERTY OF

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332 BOMB SQ
94TH BOMB GROUP
APO 634 - 4th Combat Wing
C/O POSTMASTER
N.Y.C.

THE STORY OF MY

25th MISSIONS -

S/Sgt. G. J. Sisto

(I hope I finish them)

94th Bomber Group
332nd Bomb. Sq.
4th Combat Wing

1st mission OCT 18, 194

TARGET - DUREN - GERMANY
TAKE OFF TIME — 10.00 AM.
ALTITUDE [redacted] FEET.

It was damn cold up there today. 48° BELOW. Our planes were leaving vapor trails. The sky was full of white streaks. P47's in the distance could be seen easily because of these vapor trails. They were our fighter escort. I didn't see an enemy aircraft. We were twenty minutes from our target and were called back to the base because of weather conditions. At that time we were flying over France near the German border. No flak was seen. Was told that one enemy fighter started for us but a P47 shot it down. Since were not allowed to drop bombs over France unless the target can be seen, we brought our bombs back. The mission was counted as operational because we were over enemy territory and an enemy fighter was shot down.

24 more to go

I didn't get to do much shooting.

2nd mission DATE - NOV 13

TARGET — BREMEN - GERMANY
TAKE OFF TIME - 0738 TIME OF RETURN - 1420
BOMB LOAD — [redacted]
ALTITUDE — [redacted] FEET
FIGHTER ESCORTS — P38 - P47
TOTAL TIME OF MISSION —

Bremen a railroad Center - Flak pretty light. We were effecting very heavy flak but got enemy fighters instead. We were on oxygen for more than four hours. The entire mission lasted more than seven and a half hours. The temperature was down to fifty below. When we were nearing the target the enemy fighters showed up. Both M.E. 109 and F.W. 190s. For awhile I thought it was our end. Then out of no where the P38s came. Did I feel wonderful. The enemy fighters scattered all over the sky. I saw a P47 break in two, I saw the pilot bail out. It made me feel better. D'Alessio ~~and~~ our tail gunner saw a B17 go into a spin heading downwards out of control. Some P38s were shot down also.

TAILGUNNER - FROZEN CHIN. NOT VERY BAD 23 more to go.

3RD MISSION ✓ DATE — NOV 16

OVER ENEMY TERRITORY - 3 HOUR

TARGET — RJUKAN — NORWAY

TAKE OFF TIME - 630AM TIME OF RETURN — 4:30PM

BOMB LOAD — [redacted] BOMBS - [redacted]

ALTITUDE — [redacted] — 12000 — TEMP - 30° BELOW

FIGHTER ESCORTS — NONE - BOMBS AWAY - 1205A

TOTAL TIME OF MISSION — 10 HOURS

I was awaken at 230 a.m. Went to breakfast then to briefing. The target a factory in Norway - makers of some kind of H2O. Approaching the coast of Norway a observation plane spotted us. Since we had no escort we had to change our course. We finally reached our target and found out we were an hour two early. Since the people of Norway help us when possible we try to help them out so the 8th air force told us to drop our bombs during lunch hour. So we flew around awhile until such time. The view of the target was clear and our bombs hit smack in the center. When we were going to the target an enemy fighter shot down one B17 in the group behind us. On our way out of Norway we encountered flak. Not very heavy. Also a ME 109 made a pass at our rear and to the right of the plane. Our tail gunner

MISSION No - 3 -

Top turret gunner, right waist gunner and ball turret gunner opened fire on the Enemy fighter. I guess they must of got mighty close to him because he high tailed out on the double. The trip was long and cold. When we returned to the English coast we found the overcast pretty thick so we went under neath and found ourselves hedge hopping over houses and trees.

Twenty two more to go.

VOX POP - 167 DATE NOV 19, 1943

MISSION — No 4 ✓ FLAK VALLEY

TARGET - GELSENKIRCHEN - GERMANY

TAKEOFF-TIME - 8:53 AM. RETURNED TO BASE 3:30 PM

BOMB LOAD - [redacted] INCINDIARYS

ALTITUDE [redacted] FEET.

FIGHTER ESCORTS — P47 - 400 AIRCRAFTS

TOTAL TIME OFF MISSION.

We awakened at 430 A.M. Went to breakfast and then to breifing. The temperature was 48° below zero. Very little flak was sent up at us and hardly any enemy aircraft were sighted. No planes were lost on this raid. Were the only ones left out of the Gay provisional group. Kane and meatball and the rest of the boys went down. Rolls went down two missions post. Brennan's crew blew up in mid air. Douglas who live on 221st went down with his crew. He was in the 100th group. Won't know whether he bailed out or not. I hope he did. He was sure in love with Ann on 221 st. B.P. He and I left together when we left new york on our two day furlough. He was engaged at that time. One of the Photographers froze one hand on this mission. He had to have three

fingers cut off. Lots of other boys had the some trouble with the terrific cold. One boy who was in the same locker with me lost three toes from both his feet. I hope my heating equipment never fails me. Well I'm getting there. 21 more missions to go. On my next I will receive the Air medal. Please O Lord take care of me, Watch over me always. The Chaplin was at the plane on take off time. He was kind of mad when he heard I didn't go to Confession. He wants me to go the quickest possible moment. Hoping my next raid will be as easy as this one. Never can tell about these Raids.

AIR MEDAL Borrowed Plane # 378 ✓ NOV 26, 1943

MISSION No. 5

TARGET BALL BEARING FACTORY NEAR PARIS FRANCE

TAKE OFF TIME – 7:15 AM RETURN TO BASE 1330

BOMB LOAD [redacted] pound bombs G.P.'s

ALTITUDE [redacted] FEET / Impertune 38° zero

FIGHTER ESCORT

TOTAL TIME OF MISSION

Started on mission in our own plane and three new men. Our tail gunner, Right waist Gunner and Bombiden were left behind to give the new men some experience. When we were ready to taxi out of our dispersal areas Lt. Smith ran his plane into our No 1 engine and scraped our left Wing. On inspection of damage we were told that we couldn't take off. There was a stand by plane with all guns ready. So we got on a truck and went to plane No 378. By the time we were ready to take off all the planes from our Group had left. We went to meet them and were lucky to find them. The target was

~~was~~ paris. When we got over the Channel we started to test fire our guns. The right waist gunner didn't know his hedd from his elbow. His gun wasn't working so I started to work on his gun at an altitude of 25 000 feet and the temperture down around 38° below zero. (What a time I had) I finally got it working. My troubles weren't over yet. The tail gunner was having trouble with his Intercphone. I attached my mask onto a walk around bottle and crawl back to the tail. I tried to tell him to tighten the straps on his helmet but he couldn't hear, so I crawled back to the waist because I was choking without any oxygen left in the bottle. After I get back the tail gunner remembers that he hasn't an extention cord for his heated suit. Boy was I sore. So I dig up a cord and throw it back to him. That wasn't all because our troubles hadn't started

yet. We started to near the target. The flak started coming up and the enemy fighters started up at us. We met the 47's but they weren't much help. They went after a few enemy fighters and left us to fight the rest. We had our hands full! I was starting to see some real action now. The flak was getting thicker. A F.W. 190 made a pass at us from six o'clock a twenty M.M. exploded near the tail wheel. It ripped a hole in the horizontal stabelizer and through the inside of the ship. At about that time my knees started to shake. Another attack brought 30 caliber bullets about a foot away from my left waist position. they ripped through the tail and through the Wing and gas tanks. A twenty M.M. shot through the Wing right in back No 2 engine flak made several other holes in the Wing and the tail. Yes ~~sir~~ sir I was seeing action at last.

The target was covered with clouds so we couldn't drop our bombs. We started back for home and met a 100 hour wind. We look like we were standing still. The fighters kept coming at us because we were tail end Charlie. Our tail gunner was new and was scared I guess because he never fired a shot. Our right waist gunner didn't know the difference between enemy fighters and our own so he didn't do much firing. Between the tail gunner and the waist gunner I almost went crazy. We finally made the English coast and I sat down for a well earned rest. When we landed I jumped out to see how much damage was done. There were holes all over the ship. I couldn't believe what I saw. One 20 m.m. cut through the wing about an inch from the main gas line. We picked up a 20 m m shell in between the waist and tail

I feel that I really earned that mission. I hope I don't have to go through more of them. Never again will I go up without our own Waist gunner. (Never again) The ship we flew will be out of commission for at least a month. The have to change the entire Left Wing. When I got back to the barracks I hit the hay without even eating. I slept until the following morning.

(20 more to go.)

Dec. 11, 1943

MISSION No 6

TARGET DOCKS INSTALLATION EMDEN

TAKE OFF TIME 7:30 A.M. RETURN 1400

BOMB LOAD [redacted] INCENDIARY BOMBS

ALTITUDE [redacted] FEET TEMP 40° BE.

TOTAL TIME OF MISSION

We were awakened at 3:30 A.M. Went to chow and then got our equipment. We took off about 730 A.M and headed for the North Sea. Until we reached Holland we didn't see an enemy fighter. When we reached land Hell broke out. Both fighters and flak was thrown at us but ample. F.W. 190 and ME 109's were attacking. Going over the coast line a B17 blew up right in back of us Another B17 broke up into pieces when it ran out of control and took a long spiraling dive. Over the target the flak was very heavy after the target I saw Capt Kents plane fall out of formation. As soon as he did that two fighters

started throwing lead at the plane. I kept looking at it. When it got down to about twenty thousand feet I saw a man bail out then another until all ten of the men had jumped out. They went down in Holland because by this time we had left Emden and its only five minutes from there into Holland. I fired most of my Ammunition at the fighters that attacked ~~us~~ us. I didn't shoot down any fighters but I'm sure I put a couple of holes in a few. One F.W. 190 made a barrel roll right under us. It was a new plane and I could see the German insignia plain as day. The target was visible from our altitude. Most of the important centers were covered with a smoke screen. We were supposed of shot down 138 enemy fighters with a loss of 17 of our Bombers. I can

a German fighter burst into flame
The flak would come up at us
and first a red burst then a
puff of black smoke. When we
left the target just behind us
could be seen a layer of black
cloud. There darn accurate with
there flak but I'm hoping there
not to accurate when they come
to aiming at out ship. The target
was hit and distroyed. We
were lead ship and I'm feeling
great to think that we lead a
Group of B 17's over Germany.
19 more to go.

Vox Pop 767

Dec 13, 194[illegible]

MISSION No 7

TARGET KIEL GERMANY

TAKE OFF TIME 8:00 A.M. RETURN 5:30 P.M.

BOMB LOAD [redacted] lb. Demolition General purp

ALTITUDE [redacted] FEET TEMP - 41° BELOW

TOTAL TIME OF MISSION

We were awakened about 3:30 A.M. Went to breakfast then out to the plane and installed my guns. The target was heavily defended with flak guns. To start with we had the wrong bomb load on the plane. The other planes in our squadron had demolitions. That made our load twice as heavy as the others. So we had a hard time trying to keep up with the formation. We were lead plane in our squadron. On the way to the target we had little flak thrown at us. Some J.U. 88's were throwing rockets at ~~us~~ us. One came at us just before our bombs were dropped. We could almost reach out and grab it. As soon as we reached the target. Keel Broke loose

The flak was so heavy I couldn't see some of the other planes in our formation. They were so close I heard several of them burst and at the same ~~time~~ time my knee's were shaking to beat hell. I'd rather have a hundred fighters come after us than have flak thrown at us. The target was covered with flak but we dropped our load right in the middle of the flak. We must of hit it alright. After we left the target I saw a hole in our left wing. There was a hole in our right wing also. On the way out the flak wasn't so thick. We spent some fifty five minutes over enemy territory. Most of there fighters were twin engin J. U. 88's. We had P51's and P38's for Escorts. The mission was a success. We dropped all our bombs. Nine bombers were lost. Our plane was damaged but was repaired upon landing.

I was glad to hit the ground.
Only 18 more to go.

No 8 Vox Pop 767 ✓ DEC 16, 194[illegible] THUR.

TARGET – BREMEN GERMANY
TAKE OFF TIME – 900 HOURS LANDED 1650 HOU[illegible]
BOMB LOAD – [redacted] pounders [redacted]
ALTITUDE – [redacted] FEET
FIGHTER ESCORTS P47 AND P51
OUR LOSES 11 BOMBERS 1 FIGHTER
FLAK – INTENCE

We were awakened at 400 hours went to Breakfast and then to the Briefing. Target was Bremen Germany. We were told to finish it so that we wouldn't have to go there again. The aria around the target is full of enemy fighters. This mission was going to be tough from the start. Bremen has more flak guns per square mile than on ether Berlin or the Ruhr. We started out over the channel and I put my flak suit on. There was an extra suit in the back so I sent it on the floor beneath me. Every thing went well until we hit the I.P. Then the flak started to come up. Although there was an over cast over the target

there guns were right on us about this time my knees started to shake and I put on my tin hat. There were enemy fighters in the distance but they didn't worry me because the flak was coming to close for comfort. I was standing on the flak suit and had my oxygen on. The flak was getting thicker as we went on to the target. We were leading a squadron about this time I was hiding behind my gun trying to protect my face. Dake on the opposite side of the waist was doing the same. At about the time bombs were away I felt a sting under my left foot. I was afraid to look. I lifted my foot and saw a large rip in the flak suit. A large piece of flak had come through the fuselage and through the floor board into the flak suit. If it weren't for the flak suit I may not of been here to tell the story.

I looked at my bottom and saw that I was still in one piece. After we left the target we made a right turn and I could see the smoke from the flak. Plenty of it. Our radio man pete had a piece of flak come through the Radio Room floor and out the side just above his seat. Our tail Gunner Chick was lucky. A piece of flak hit the side of the Ship just about where his head was. It didn't come through. In the nose of the ship we had several more holes. Our right wing had a few holes. After we were away from the target I picked up the flak suit on the floor and saw the hole. Then I dug into the suit and took out a piece of flak ~~suit~~ out as big as my thumb. I also took out some of the steel plates in the suit. I am saving them so that I can always remember the close call I had on this 8th

raid. Thank the lord I had an extra suit. Our loses were eleven bombers and one fighter. Enemy loses were 18 fighters. I saw three of them going down in a ball of flame.

17 more to go.

Vox Pop 267

Dec. 30-1943

MISSION No. 9 -

TARGET - LUDWIGSHAFEN - GERMANY

TAKE OFF TIME

BOMB LOAD [redacted] BOMBS

ALTITUDE [redacted] FEET TEMP. 38° BE

TOTAL TIME OF MISSION - 9 HRS. 50 MIN

FIGHTER ESCORT - P38 - P51 - P47

Ludwigshafen a Chemical Center. We were awakened about 2.30 in the morning. Had breakfast and went to the briefing. The mission was a long one and we didn't like it from the first. We took off and it still was dark. I fell asleep until I was awakened by the navigator and told to put my flak suit on because we were approaching the enemy coast. We had to go through France - Holland into Germany. Every thing was going along fine until we neared the target. About that time we noticed enemy fighters near us. They didn't get near enough because our fighters went after them. After we left the target one of

engines went out. The oil leaked out and Baldwin couldnt feather the props. We wouldnt last long if the prop started prop milling to fast. But it didnt. We couldnt hold our altitude and since we were leading the squadron we had to call some one to lead. So Baldwin called Blanche and he took over. We lost altitude fast.. About this time we were deep in France. No ~~boddy~~ body around to help us if we were attacked.. Baldwin kept diving and twisting the ship so the enemy on the ground couldnt get a bead on us. We made it back to the channel o.k. after a few prayers were said and a lot of wishing and hoping. But it seems that our troubles were just starting then. Because we were alone and since the germans here some B17 which they picked up here and there the British dont trust anyone that alone

They started to shoot at us. And their Flak was accurate ~~so~~. When Baldwin saw that he turned the ship around and we headed for the Channel again. After awhile we started back to England again. Agai they shot at ~~us~~ ~~is~~ us. What were we to do. Here we were with three engins running out of gas and they wouldn't let us return to our base. Our Radio was dead and we were in a dead fip. We flew around until we got near the Cliffs of Dover. There we start towards England again. This time they didn't shoot at us as we headed for home. When we got to the field it was nearly dark. All the rest of the boys had already landed and they thought we were shot down. Sowerby didnt know what to think because we didnt take him with us because he hurt his ribs the

day before. We landed and I thank the lord for taking us through that mess. P.E.

Only 16 more to go

No - 10

DEC 21, 194

TARGET - Cognac France
TAKEOFF TIME
BOMB LOAD - [redacted] GENERAL PURPOSE
ALTITUDE - [redacted] FEET. TEMP - 17° BELOW
TOTAL TIME OF MISSION - 9 HOURS

The target was an air field in France. When we were briefed we were told that we wouldn't have much flak thrown at us and the enemy fighters weren't many. We found out differently later. We took off when it was still dark and naturally fell asleep again. I always like to sleep until we get over enemy territory. I liked this mission because there wouldn't be the cold to worry about. It was only 17 below at our bombing altitude. As soon as we reached the coast we were attacked by enemy fighters.

Our escort hadn't showed up yet. When we got near the target hell broke loose. We were constantly being attacked by enemy fighters and I was cutting loose at them with my trusty fifty caliber. That wasn't all because the flak was so accurate we lost two ~~men~~ ships from our squadron ~~alone~~ alone. One of them was piloted by Sullivan. A swell guy if there was ever one. Another was seen by our tail gunnery. He was attacked by a fighter and he had an engine on fire so every one bailed out. Sullivans engine was hit by flak and he lost altitude fast. The flak was coming up thick and as accurate as I've ever seen it. On our left in the low squadron a navigator got scared and bailed out over the target. I often wonder why I don't do that my self be cause I get scared too.

Leaving the target we had four planes in our squadron. We were hit and our plane went out of control for a minute but old Baldwin put her back on course. We had a ~~Ta~~ Chicken on board as co-pilot and a great guy he was. We were attacked by an M.E. 109 but I guess we scared him away because he never did come back. For awhile I thought I hit him because I saw it smoke but he did fall or blow up so I guess he was alright. Going back home we were attacked a few times but we made it back alright with a few holes in our ship to remember the raid. All during the trip I didn't think we were ever going to see the rest home because we were to come for the rest home after the raid.

The Longell and most of the boys had already heard about Sullivan and his Crew. Sullivan was a great guy - Handsome and tall. His crew weren't a bad bunch ether. Were hoping that they at least bailed out and made it safly to the ground.
Now I have 15 more to go. If I ever finish the next fifteen I shall be one of the lucky few that get through. Here hoping that I do.

This is no mission — Jan 11, 43

During the past month our losses have been very very heavy. Our Squadron and also the Group has lost both men & planes on most of the Raids — Wainwright, Sullivan & Fairchild and lots of other Crews — Divini and his Crew — But now its getting where we lose three planes out of the Squadron and 9 out of the group — The other day while we were at the Rest Home we lost our Group leader — Barber — on his Crew were some of my best friends — Mancuso — Russo and others. His tail gunner didn't go up that day because they were leading and an officer takes the tail position. But Hunt went up today — He didn't come back because Fairchild went down. With Barber was our operations officer — Major Blyth. A swell guy he was. My hope

is that he's alive and walking around
While Barber was here we were
Squadron lead - Now that he's gone
were Group lead. Group lead
is a good position but now
the Germans are using new
tactics - There attacking from
the front of the formation. Well
I guess we'll have to Grin and
Bear it as our new ship is Called
We were given a new ship in
place of 767 Vok Pop - That
was yesterday. Today Vok Pop
was Shot down. They
say Fairchild was flying it.
We didn't go up today because
The Group just send a few
planes up with a Group leader
from another Squadron. Now
that were Group lead we
won't be getting many missions
in - There are four Squadrons
in our Group and we
have a Group lead in Each

squadron - Each Group leader take turn at the lead - That means we fly one out of every four missions pulled. More time to sweat out. Well thats War and we must do as were told. This Group lead position means a promotion for our pilot Baldwin. He'll get to be Captain shortly. I wish we had held our squadron lead position because that meant going up on every mission. Hard getting thru it quickly.

Jan 12, 1944

Just returned from the field where I looked at the planes that went on yesterdays mission. Every plane on the field is being repaired. One plane especially is in one hell of a mess. Words won't be able to discribe the condition its in.

The number of the ship is 775 — One wing tip is completely blown to nothing. The Horizontal Elevators are not there because they too have been blown to nothing. On the fuselage near the tail theres a large rip about two feet long. On both wings theres holes big enough for a boy to fall through. One engine was shot and the propeller spins around when touched by a finger. The nose where Bombidier & Navigator sit was full of holes — large enough to put my head through. All along the fuselage there are holes about the same size. In the Waist there a parachute with blood. One man tried to bail out but his parachute opened up to soon. No other chute on the plane so he and two other stayed with the plane — meanwhile the others jumped out over Germany. The plane isn't worth a damn. Two of the boys are in the hospital.

Today there only one plane on the field in flying conditions.

Plane #77
GRIN AND BEAR IT
No - 11
Mission to France - Jan 21, 1944

TARGET - No-108 in France - an Enemy fortification

TAKE off -
Bomb load - [redacted] pounders G.P.
Altitude [redacted] feet.
No escort.

We went over the Channel and didn't see any enemy planes in sight. When we reached the target there was a cloud right over the target. The first run over the target was unsuccessful. We made three runs over the target and on the fourth we dropped our bombs. I saw them hit the target. There was a flash of flame and then black ~~cond~~ smoke. We were leading a squadron - and the only squadron over the target at that time. I was scared because we fooled around

So long over the target. We finally left the enemy coast and I felt a lot better. Only 14 more to go - Now -