

**2nd Lt. Joe L. Parkin: MIA in Yugoslavia
13-21 September 1944**

Joe Louis Parkin was a native of southern Iowa, born in a farmhouse west of Derby, Lucas County, Iowa, 31 January 1923. On 20 May 1944 he was commissioned as a second lieutenant-navigator in the Army Air Force (Hondo Class 44-7). Assigned to Combat Crew #5793, Lt. Parkin was deployed to the Mediterranean Theatre of Operations (MTO) in August 1944. He served his entire tour-of-duty with the 740th Bombardment Squadron (Heavy), 455th Bombardment Group (Heavy), 304th Combat Wing, 15th Air Force.

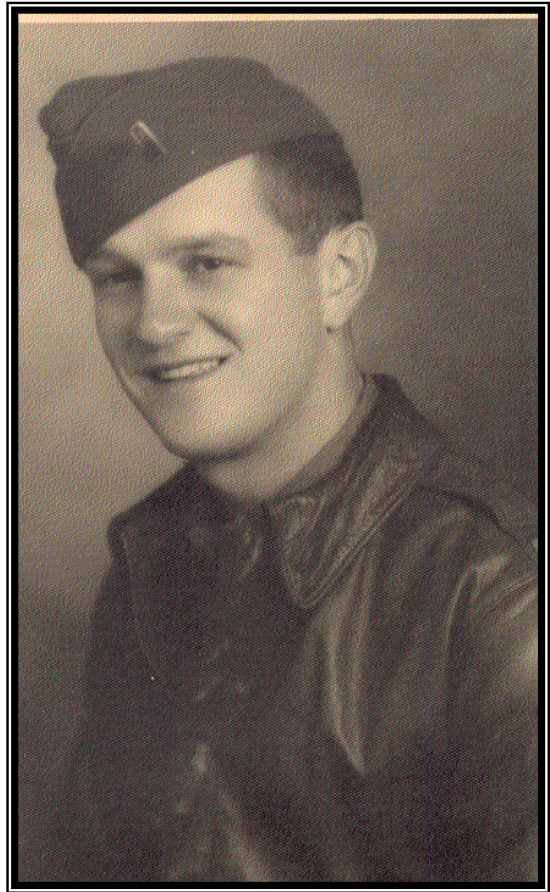
On 13 September 1944 he was shot-down over German-occupied Europe, while returning from a mission bombing the oil refinery at Odertal, Germany. This was his tenth-mission.¹ Ironically, this was the first and only mission combat crew #5793 would fly together. After that, the crew was parceled out as replacements ("*spare-parts*")

Following is Lt. Parkin's recollections of what transpired during his week of eluding Axis forces in Yugoslavia, during that fateful week. He penned it upon his return to San Giovanni Field on 21 September 1944, while the events were still fresh in his mind. I have elected to use footnotes to explain and highlight aspects of his narrative for two reasons:

1. so as to not disrupt the "*flow*" of his narrative, yet
2. provide details for readers wishing to delve into the *minutiae* of Lt. Parkin's service.

Any emendations to this story should be proffered to Jon Parkin *via* the following:

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¹ Because of the length of this particular mission, as-well-as the mission to Munich, Germany, the previous day (12 September 1944), Parkin actually had twelve mission credits towards the fifty needed for rotating home.

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Combat crew #5793 in front of their aircraft the *Lonesome Polecat*. Back row: Staff Sergeant Charles ("Murph") Oltarzewski (engineer and top-gunner) and corporals George Harvey (radio operator and waist-gunner), Bob Belding (ball turret-gunner), Mike Stohman (waist-gunner), Lawren Rittenhouse (nose-gunner), and Bill Hill (tail-gunner). Front row: Lieutenants William Gemmill, Jr. (bombardier), Wesley Powell (pilot), C. O. "Jug" Kell (co-pilot), and Joe Parkin (navigator). (Source: Parkin Family Archives.)

The crew was intact the morning of Wednesday, September 13, with the exception of Gemmill, who had been grounded the day before.² We took off³ at 0645⁴ for a mission⁵ to Southern Germany carrying a 5,000 pound bomb load⁶ to dump on the oil refinery near Odertal.⁷ I was responsible for toggling the bombs⁸ from our wing position, #9,⁹ so we only had nine men along.¹⁰

Everything went pretty well until rally time¹¹ after the target, when it was necessary to cut number two engine because of a gas leak, so things looked rough. We lagged behind our formation, tacked on to another, and

² 2nd Lt. William Gemmill was grounded with pleurisy. [19440912-JLP] Note: Flight surgeons took very seriously any illness that could be aggravated and become much worse by flying on long missions at high altitudes in unpressurized aircraft.

³ San Giovanni Airfield. [MACR #8349.]

⁴ The Briefing Outline specified that crews would be at their stations by 0600B, taxi to the south end of the runway at 0640B, and take off to the north at 0650B. [Briefing Outline, *Field Order No. 121*]

⁵ This was 2nd Lt. Joe Parkin's tenth *actual* mission over German-occupied Europe. This mission, along with a previous one over Munich, Germany, were of sufficient length to be counted as a double-credit, giving Lt. Parkin twelve mission credits. [19440912-JLP and 2nd Lt. Joe L. Parkin, *Individual Combat Record*]

⁶ Ten 500# RDX. [Briefing Outline, *Field Order No. 121*]

⁷ Odertal Oil Refinery, Germany. [Briefing Outline, *Field Order No. 121*]

⁸ "They have a new deal around here now – bombardiers + navigators alternate missions. I haven't been bothered by it yet, and probably won't be." and [Post Script] "Have to learn all about dropping bombs from Bill before I retire. Not much to it – over here, unless you're leading. You just let fly when the lead ship does, and I do that in addition to navigating tomorrow. I'm getting very versatile – I can do anything wrong now." [19440912-JLP]

⁹ The position for aircraft #239 was in the "C" (Charlie) Box, 2nd Combat Wing. [Briefing Outline, *Field Order No. 121*] Note (Speculation): If the boxes were launched in alphabetical order, 2nd Lt. Parkin's B-24 would have been the next to last to take off on that day.

¹⁰ Ironically, this would have been the first combat mission where crew #5793 would fly together as they had trained, without one of them flying with another crew, or someone from another crew flying with them.

¹¹ This would have been a little after 1100 (11:00[A.M.]) north of Oppeln (present-day Opole, Poland; 50°40'N, 17°56'E). [Briefing Outline, *Field Order No. 121*]

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finally lost it, too.¹² About that time, number one cut out and Wes advised us to stand by with ‘chutes while he tried to maintain altitude and get things rolling again – all to no avail. Number three¹³ then cut out, and the bell rang, accompanied by Wes’s voice, “*Bail out, men.*”¹⁴

Ritt¹⁵ and I were in the nose all set to go, so this took very little time. I snapped the emergency release on the nosewheel door, slid out, and was away in a wink. Ritt was right behind, but was delayed a minute when his harness caught. We’ve talked about our feelings since then, trying to analyze what went on in our minds when the order came to jump. Really, it all happened so quickly that there was hardly time to think – only react mechanically. However – we decided that you’re afraid to jump, but more afraid to ride the ship in. At the time, bailing out is definitely the lesser of two evils.¹⁶



Source: *Missing Air Crew Report #8349.*

After clearing the ship, I jerked the rip cord, and the ‘chute snapped open. I believe this was my first real awakening – and quite violent, too. Drifting down is a funny feeling – you have no sensation of falling – only suspension. When you near the ground, the picture changes, however, and you seem to be descending at an alarming rate. On my descent I could see the other fellows jumping and ‘chutes billowing out, but had only counted six, I believe, when I crashed through the trees to the ground. My ‘chute had caught in the branches of one of the numerous trees. And I couldn’t get it loose, so I took off through the timber under full steam.

The country in which I found myself was very rough and heavily forested. The going was extremely tough, as I was pretty laden with high altitude clothing that I didn’t want to shed while facing the problem of a cold night with no shelter.

After struggling with the underbrush for about half an hour, I stumbled onto an old unused trail, so I decided to follow it in the direction of a clearing I had seen while

¹² The last documented sighting of Combat Crew #5793 in aircraft #239 (*Glamour Girl*) was by Tech. Sergeant Ethridge G. Preston. This was at 49°30’ North, 18°00’ East, near the town of Val Mezirici (Valašské Meziříčí, Czech Republic; 49°28’18”N, 17°58’16”E). He reported that the number two engine had been feathered, and the aircraft had descended to about 500 feet. [MACR #8349]

¹³ The number three (3) engine was critical to the safe-operation of an airborne B-24, as it provided the power for the hydraulic pump.

¹⁴ “*Flak at the target was moderate to intense and very accurate. We lost three ships over the target. One pilot brought his plane back to allied territory and the crew bailed out successfully. Nineteen men were missing in action.*” [Asch et al. *The story of the Four Hundred and Fifty-fifth Bombardment Group (H) WWII*, pages 125-126]

¹⁵ Sergeant Lawren D. “Ritt” Rittenhouse (39577100) was the nose-gunner.

¹⁶ Using information provided in the following paragraphs, it can be surmised that Lt. Parkin bailed-out of *Glamour Girl* around 1400-1430 (2:00-2:30 P.M.) – approximately three-hours after dropping the bombs on the Odertal oil refinery.

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descending. My plan was to get near a farmhouse and try to contact the Partisans, but I wanted to stay out of sight as much as possible to avoid any chance of capture. Of course I was keeping a sharp outlook for the other boys, but this was all in vain.

I followed the trail for about an hour, and finally came out on a barren hilltop that overlooked a series of ledges which eventually found their way to a large valley. As I saw no sign of human life nearby, I started to work my way down gradually, keeping an eye open for any sign of a human being.

This came to pass about 0430,¹⁷ when I noticed a few men on foot (with guns slung over their shoulders) prodding four pack horses up a path about a quarter of a mile to my left. I crept closer to the path and finally came up close enough to it to observe anyone who might use it later. After another half hour, three more fellows in tattered khaki came up the grade, but a red star on the cap seemed to be most prominent. I thought at first they might be Russians, but after considering how close to the coast we were, decided this couldn't be. They weren't Germans – of that I was most sure (and thankful) – but I wasn't sure whether they were Partisans or Chetniks.¹⁸ (The Chetniks aren't our boys – they play ball with the other side.) Finally decided to try them for Partisans, and climbed out in the open and followed them up the hill, where they had taken up a position.

When I was about fifty yards away, they first became aware of my presence and jumped up with rifles ready. Naturally, I almost “browned out” at this time, but kept going ahead steadily with hands raised, shouting “Americano!” at the top of my lungs. Finally, one of them caught on and came running with his hand outstretched. We shook hands and beat each other on the back like a couple of old grads at homecoming – then five of his buddies appeared and the scene was repeated.

By the use of a variety of motions and phrases, I finally put it across that I had jumped from a plane and wanted to get to an allied officer as soon as possible. The fellow who had first greeted me beckoned for me to follow, and we took off down the trail – where, I knew not. On the way we tried to converse, but with little success. However, we did convince each other of one thing. He thought Americans were okay, and I was very sure that he was one hell of a nice guy.

In about a half hour, we arrived at a camp, and the crowd began to gather. About fifty guys crowded around trying to make conversation, but I had no part of it – I'd repeat an Italian phrase about every five minutes – “*No capishi*” – meaning “I don't understand.” They got quite a kick out of that. After a bit of that, I was dispatched with a courier for a strictly up-hill climb that took about 45 minutes. My guide also tried to converse, but neither of us were very eloquent. His stock expression was “Partisans,

¹⁷ If the time cited here is accurate, then this would have been early-morning 14 September 1944, the day *after* the mission, otherwise this could have been at 4:30 P.M. the day *of* the mission, 13 September 1944. I am inclined to think it was the latter, as it is highly unlikely Lt. Parkin would have been able to espy clearly the uniform details in the pre-dawn darkness. [See footnote 20 below.] Also, he parenthetically notes the change-of-day to the fourteenth a little later in the narrative.

¹⁸ The Chetniks was a Yugoslav royalist and Serbian nationalist movement and guerrilla force in Axis-occupied Yugoslavia. While it was anti-Axis in its long-term goals and engaged in marginal resistance activities for limited periods, it also engaged in tactical or selective collaboration with Axis forces for almost all of the war. The Chetnik movement engaged in cooperation with, and operated as, “legalized” auxiliary forces under Axis control. The movement progressively collaborated with the puppet Government of National Salvation in the German-occupied territory of Serbia. [Source: [Chetniks - Wikipedia](#).]

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Boom, boom – Germans – (at this point, he crossed his wrists.)” I couldn’t dig that one, but supposed he was trying to tell me Tito’s boys were kicking hell out of the Heinies.¹⁹ By this time, I had adopted the expression I was to wear for the next three days – a constant grin, and emphatic nodding of my head in agreement with everything directed my way.

We reached the next camp, (at the top of a mountain) about seven o’clock [P.M.].²⁰ The first thing I saw – and what a sight for sore eyes – Ritt perched on a box by the fire. He had sprained his ankle quite badly in coming down, but one of the Partisan searching parties had found him within an hour, so he had been well taken care of. As I had had nothing to eat or drink since four o’clock in the morning, they fed me – plenty of water, which tasted best – and goat meat boiled with potatoes. It was doggoned good.

After eating, we tried to talk with the boys, and succeeded to a certain extent by using a phrase book they happened to have. Most of the fellows we were with were officers – including a major and a colonel. A bed was prepared for us about eight [P.M.]. The bed consisted of canvas on the ground – a blanket over us. We were tired, so turned in early. Sleeping wasn’t too good – it was quite cold, and we woke up several times during the night.

The morning saw us arising at seven [A.M., 14 September] and huddling around the fire getting warmed through. The major woke soon after and joined us, attempting to make sociable conversation. He was a handsome fellow of 25, with a heavy mustache. I asked if he were married, and he said “No” – He’d been fighting for four years and had no time for a wife. He told us with the use of the book that we were to travel that day (the 14th) and would meet more of the boys, and a liason [*sic*] officer.

Breakfast was hardly an imposing meal – they told us they were out of food, and the Yugoslavian girls that were with the outfit had gathered some blackberries. Ritt and I ate about a quart between us – very good.

Around ten-thirty [P.M.], we were dispatched on horse back with two guides. We followed the reverse of the route that I had travelled the day before until we reached the spot where I had made contact with the Partisans. As we started to climb the hill, snipers down in the valley started taking potshots at us. We hit the ground and crawled up the path to some bushes with the bullets whining all around. After some thirty minutes, we made the top of the hill and went on down the path on the other side. Of all the events that had happened or were to happen, this was the most anxious for me. I couldn’t see spilling any of my precious blood at that particular time.

About three o’clock [P.M.] we pulled into another camp, and were plenty glad to see Kell, Murph, and Harvey.²¹ Their stories in brief – Kell and Murph had landed close together, and right after hitting the ground, Murph had fired his pistol three times as a distress signal, hoping to give his location from that. Jug²² heard it and thought someone

¹⁹ A contemptuous term used to refer to a German, especially a German soldier in World War II. It is essentially a double-*entendre*, as it was also a slang term for buttocks.

²⁰ From this point on, Lt. Parkin drops the military way of expressing time. As-a-result, any determination of whether specific events related are in the morning (A.M.) or afternoon/evening (P.M.) must be inferred from the context in the narrative. In this particular instance, it was probably 7:00 P.M. [1900 Military Time].

²¹ 2nd Lt. Curtis O. Kell (O-720522), co-pilot; S/Sgt. Charles J. “Murph” Oltarzewski, flight-engineer and top-gunner; and Sgt. George F. Harvey, Jr. (38508814), radio-operator and waist-gunner.

²² “Jug” (short for Jughead) was the nickname for co-pilot Lt. Curtis O. Kell.

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was taking shots at him, so he took off through the timber like a scared rabbit. He was pretty beat up by his fall – he’d landed between some rocks and had a nasty cut on his head – and had bruised his tail bone quite badly. Both were found by the Partisans within an hour or two, however, and taken to the same camp.

Harvey, as the first man out of the plane, had landed quite some distance from the rest. After climbing a couple of mountains, he ran across a Yugoslavian who took him to a little village where he was treated like a king for the night. The next morning, he was told that three of the boys were dead, and he was to go identify the bodies. Upon arriving at Kell and Murph’s camp he found the error in this report, however, and was quite relieved.

We spent about an hour at this camp, then departed for the next stop. Murph was acting as spokesman, as the Polish language is similar in many ways to Slav. He couldn’t get much out of them, except we were headed for “Division Headquarters.” Harvey and I were walking – the other boys riding, due to their various infirmities, - Ritt’s ankle, Murph’s leg, and Kell’s general beat-up condition. Because of Jug’s tail, he was quite uncomfortable on his horse, but finally found that riding side saddle was the solution to his problem.

Two hours of travelling – mostly downhill – brought us to the little town where Harvey had spent the previous night. The usual crowd developed as we entered the town hall. Through Murph and two old Codgers who had worked in America some time in the distant past, we contrived a conversation of sorts, but it was none too inspiring. They became all hepped²³ up when they found out that I was the bombardier – the guy who drops the bombs is the big Hero. Gemmill would have loved that.

It was about six thirty [P.M.] when we left this village. This time, we all travelled in a wagon drawn by two horses. For the next three and a half hours we were jolted in every possible way. The roads were indescribably rough, and we hit all the bad spots. It was a rough trip on me, but the boys [who] were injured really suffered. We were more than relieved to pull into 9th Division Headquarters²⁴ a little after ten.

Apparently no one here was expecting us. We were ushered into a large room where a number of officers and a couple of women in uniform were conferring. We were seated, and they crowded around with rather hostile looks in their eyes. Soon an interpreter was brought in – a chap called “Aspirinov”,²⁵ who is a journalist and artist of some repute here. He had food brought to us – canned salmon and corned beef for a distinctly welcome change – and we ate quite heartily.

After the meal we conversed for a couple of hours, explaining our presence and what we wanted to do. He was the first one who could really give us any satisfaction, due to the language barrier. He told us that the fellow [we] were looking for was at Corps Headquarters – some half an hour away – Captain O’Meara, of the United States Army. We were glad to hear this, of course. From him also, we learned much of the story behind the Partisan fight for liberty, but that’s another story that I can tell you best verbally.

²³ Excited.

²⁴ The 9th Dalmatia Division (Deveta Dalmatinska Divizija) was a Yugoslav Partisan division formed in Imotski on 13 February 1943. It was originally composed of the 3rd, 4th, and 5th Dalmatia Brigades. [Source: [9th Division \(Yugoslav Partisans\) - Wikipedia.](#)]

²⁵ I have been unable to identify who this was. Perhaps Lt. Parkin’s transliteration is not very accurate?

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We departed this spot ten [A.M., 15 September] the next morning, after a Partisan doctor had looked over the injured. Again, Harvey and I walked, the others rode. It took us about an hour to reach the mission, where we met O'Meara, a British major, and three enlisted men of the British army.

The time here was well spent – we learned that Belding²⁶ had been there the day before, that the base would be notified we were in safe hands (and subsequently our families – which was bothering Kell, Ritt and I no little bit.) We could hope for evacuation by air soon from our next stop at an air field in the hills some 25 miles distant. We were concerned to learn that nothing had been heard from Mike, Wes and Hill.

Here we hit a windfall – cigarettes. Each one of us was given a pack, and with the exception of a toothbrush, nothing could have been more welcome. The Partisans rolled their own – but no matter how I tried, I couldn't master the art. Kell had been my guardian angel in their manufacture, but I was independent for a time.

At two o'clock [P.M., 15 September], we departed the mission in the company of two guides – this trek promised to be long and rough – especially for my short and tender legs. The boys who were riding were already saddle sore, but we were in good spirits at the thought of getting back to Italy soon. The road we followed was quite good, but fortune was smiling and we were overtaken by a group on horseback that had four extra horses – just what we needed for Harvey, myself, and the two guides.

We rode with this outfit till nearly eight o'clock [P.M., 15 September]. By this time, Murph was almost too tired to travel, so we stopped – the five of us and our guides – in a small village for the night. Here we ate rye bread, cheese and milk – and then talked to the villagers. One lad spoke Polish, and Murph acted as our intermediary again. He told everyone's occupation, and when he came around to me, said I had been a radio singer. This created quite a sensation – so I sang “Mairzy Doats and Dozy Doats and Little Lambsy Divy”.²⁷ This was sort of a stinking trick, but we got quite a kick out of it, and no one was the wiser. Then we all sang a marching song – “I Been Working on the Railroad,” with good harmony. They liked that. Murph told them that Kell, Ritt and I were married, that Ritt had a five-year-old boy, and that Harvey, while not married, had five children. That brought down the house.

Reveille the next morning was at 6:30 [A.M.] – this was the 16th – and we were on our way by eight again. The final leg took only two and a half hours – uphill most of the way. About ten thirty we pulled into our new camp – the one at which we were to sweat out air evacuation. It was situated on a mountain top overlooking a long valley where a landing strip had been improvised. Here we found Belding and seven members of another crew. Their pilot had been killed (burial the previous day with the Partisans

²⁶ Sgt. Robert L. Belding (37615213), Sperry ball-turret gunner.

²⁷ A novelty song written and composed in 1943 by Milton Drake, Al Hoffman, and Jerry Livingston. It contains lyrics that make no sense as written, but are near homophones of meaningful phrases. The song's title, for example, is a homophone of "Mares eat oats".

The song was first played on radio station WOR, New York, by Al Trace and his Silly Symphonists. It made the pop charts several times, with a version by the Merry Macs reaching No. 1 in March 1944. The song was also a number-one sheet music seller, with sales of over 450,000 within the first three weeks of release. The Merry Macs recording was Decca Records' best-selling release in 1944. Twenty-three other performers followed up with their own recordings in a span of only two weeks that year. [Source: [Mairzy Doats - Wikipedia.](#)]

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giving full military honors.) Two more members were in the hospital some 90 miles away.

We were quartered in a two room shack with a smoky fireplace in one room, beds in the other. The first night's sleep was very uncomfortable – too damp and cold. The next night Jug and I pooled our blankets (we had one each), and slept much more comfortably. Our food was very wholesome, but definitely not suited to the pampered American taste. It consisted chiefly of goat's meat, rye bread and tea. Our third day [Tuesday, 19 September-?], this was supplemented by a side of bacon which tasted doggoned good. I've been doing all right on the food – all six of our crew, in fact, but the other boys are having a bit of a time. We believe it's all in their haids.²⁸

Time hangs heavily here – today is the 19th and everyone is pretty bored. A couple of the boys have had the G.I.'s,²⁹ but they're in good shape now as we sit atop the hill in the sun writing, reading, and sleeping. Four of the boys on the other crew went to the hospital to see their injured; Jug and I plan to go to a marshy creek to wash our clothes later in the day. Everyone is hoping that one of those beautiful C-47's³⁰ will whip in for a landing today, but that's not probable. We're becoming pessimists. We've just about given up Wes, Mike and Hill – believe the Chetniks or Germans have them, and that ain't good.

Noon of this day, the 19th, saw good news coming up the hill in the person of Mike – it was good to see him and hear his tidings – that the plane would be here Thursday morning at daybreak to pick us up. That heartened the troops considerably – but most of all this Parkin kid who had become very restless. Mike had been at the mission for two days waiting for a guide and during all this time had heard nothing of Wes and Hill.³¹ Our hope buoyed up considerably on that score since Mike made his belated appearance, however. We're still hoping.

September 20 [Wednesday] – Life about the same today – excepts for the appearance of O'Meara, who came up to see the plane in that was to take us out. I spent a good bit of the day talking to the Engel brothers – two Partisan officers who speak excellent English. Gave my flying jacket to the elder – a former well-to-do oil importer from Split.

Tomorrow's the day, though. We're going to sack early, so we can be up by daybreak. Hope the weather is in our side.

September 21 [Thursday] – Tonight finds us back in Italy in the wondrously clean and comfortable hospital in Bari, where we have showered, shaved, been deloused and fed a good old G.I. meal. If Wes and Bill were here, it'd be damn near a perfect ending. Tomorrow, Mike, Bob, Harvey, and I go back to the outfit. The other boys are being hospitalized until their injuries heal up.

²⁸ Heads.

²⁹ Gastrintestinal problems, or diarrhea.

³⁰ Dad once related in a conversation that a couple of fighters suddenly appeared overhead providing combat air patrol, while a cargo 'plane landed and collected the downed fliers. The entire operation took mere minutes, before the C-47 was airborne once again.

³¹ 2nd Lt. Wesley Powell (O-710508) had been the pilot for Combat Crew #5793. Sgt. William A. Hill (33083919) was the tail-gunner.

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EPILOGUE.

December 17 [Sunday]³² – The last chapter is a good one. Was scheduled to fly this ayem, but we had engine trouble, so turned back.³³ On returning to the tent, I decided to shave, and while getting water, saw Jug and another fellow at a distance. Wanted to see Jug about something, so yelled. He called back for me to come on over, so I pranced out in my shorts, and found the other guy to be none other than Powell. Hill was back, too, over at the troops' tent. The Chetniks had picked them up – and kept them for publicity purposes – but finally they were able to transfer over to the Partisans and subsequently evacuated after only 95 days in Yugo. They're headed home.³⁴

³² This was the day of the infamous Malmedy Massacre, during the Battle of the Bulge.

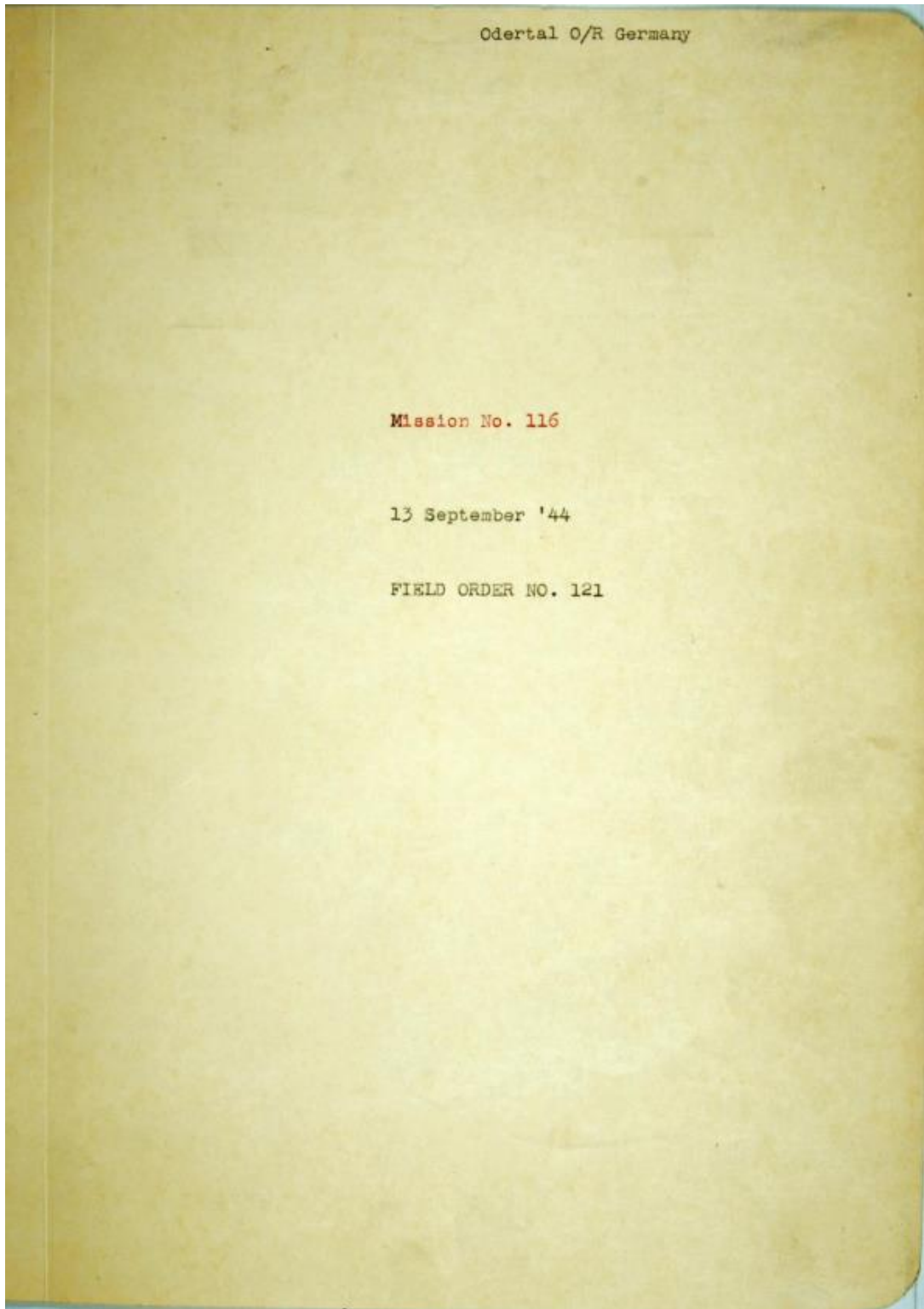
³³ Mission #167 (Odertal, Germany).

³⁴ Fliers who spent thirty-days or more behind enemy lines were quickly rotated home. Because of the time and money invested in their training, they likely became instructors sate-side for the rest of their tour-of-duty.

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APPENDIX.

Field Order #121, Mission Order #116 (excerpts).



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BRIEFING OUTLINE

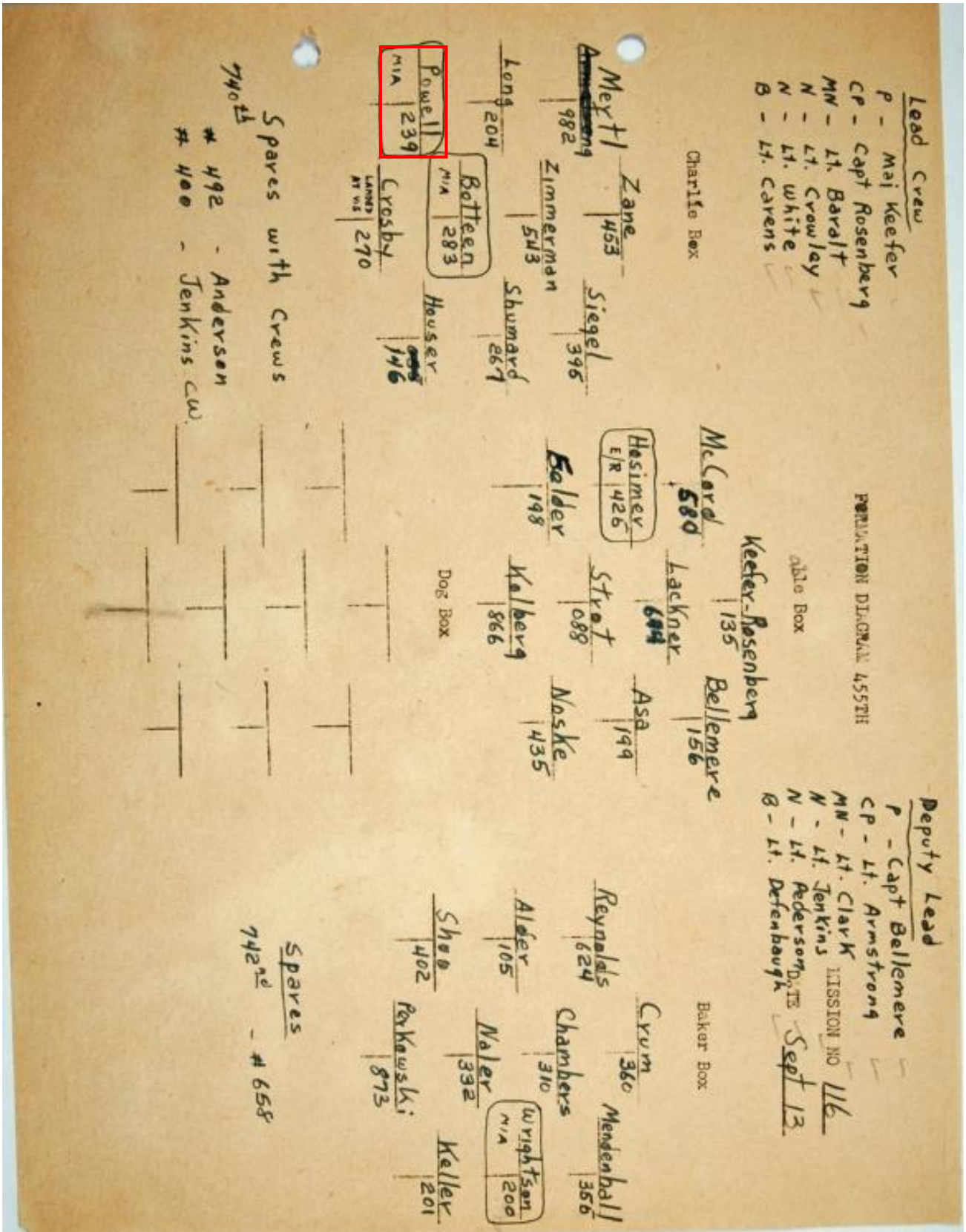
1. No of A/C on mission -----30 B-24's
2. Group leader -----Major KEEFER
3. Deputy Gp. leader -----Captain BELLEMERE
4. Baker Box leader -----Lt. CRUM
5. Charlie Box leader -----Lt. ZANE
6. Other Groups on mission -----454th 456th, and 459th BG's.
7. Fighter escort -----52nd, 1st, and 31st FG's.
8. Bomb load and fuzing -----500# RDX .1 sec N, .025 T fuzes.
9. Ammunition carried -----4200 rds.
10. Gas & oil load -----2700 gal full oil service
11. Time at stations -----0600B
12. Take-off Instructions -----Taxi to South end of Runway at 0640B
for take-off to North at 0650B.

ORDER OF TAKE-OFF

<u>"A" BOX</u>	<u>"B" BOX</u>	<u>"C" BOX</u>	<u>SPARES</u>
135	360	453	492 - Anderson
156	355	395	400 - Jenkins
580	624	982	658 -
644	310	543	
199	200	267	
425	105	204	
088	332	283	
435	201	146	
198	402	239	
866	873	270	

13. Bomber rendezvous -----1st C. Wg. (456-455) at STORNARA at 6,000'
at 0743B. 2nd C. Wg. (459-454) at GIULIA at 7,000' at
0745B.
14. Course out to target -----Base to 4150N, 1620E to KP-DRVENIK ISLAND
4327N, 1605E to TP-BACANI 4512N, 1640E to TP-BULINAC
4549N, 1659E to TP-CSORNIA 4737N, 1714E to TP-TRNAVA
4823N, 1734E to TP-STERBERG 4944N, 1718E to IP to
target. KP time 0837B at 14,000 feet.
15. Initial Point -----NEUSTADT 5019N, 1734E if pathfinder Bombing
is required. If no smoke screen and Bombing is visual,
out inside IP to DEUTSCH MULLMEN 5022N, 1747E.
16. Axis of attack -----76° M.
17. Target time -----1100B
18. Bombing Formation -----Column of 9 ship boxes with boxes stacked down.
19. Bombardier Information -----Box leaders sight for range and deflection,
all others toggle on leaders.
20. Direction of Rally -----Left North of OPPELN
21. Route back -----From rally to TP-NEISSE 5029N, 1720E then re-
verse route out.
22. E.T.R. -----1440B.

2nd Lt. Joe L. Parkin: MIA in Yugoslavia
13-21 September 1944



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13-21 September 1944**

Lieutenant Joe L. Parkin's *Individual Combat Record*. (This is *not* a part of Field Order 121, Mission 116.)

INDIVIDUAL COMBAT RECORD

NAME Parkin, Joe L. RANK 2nd Lt ASN _____ POSITION Navigator

RESIDENCE _____

EMERGENCY ADDRESSEE _____

NO. & DATE OF MISSION	TARGET	SHIP No.	HOURS FLOWN	BOMBES (CUM.)	POUNDS FIRED	ENEMY A/C DESTROYED	BOMBS DROPPED	REMARKS
103 8/26/44	Bucharest, Rumania	492	7 10	1	0	0	40	Moderate heavy flak; no fighters.
105 8/28/44	Digarda, Italy	748	5 25	2	10	0	6	Slight heavy flak; no fighters.
107 9/1/44	Budapest, Hungary	748	7 30	3	15	0	10	Moderate heavy flak; no fighters.
108 9/2/44	Nis, Yugo	748	6 42	4	15	0	10	No flak or fighters.
109 9/3/44	Szeged, Hungary	624 131	5 30	5	15	0	6	No flak or fighters.
110 9/4/44	Casarsa, Italy	131	5 00	6	15	0	4	No flak; no fighters.
111 9/5/44	Szolnok, Hungary	748	5 55	7	15	0	6	Slight heavy flak; no fighters.
114 9/10/44	Steyr, Austria	400	5 50	8	15	0	40	No flak; no fighters.
115 9/12/44	Munich, Germany	131	7 25	10 (?)	15	0	6	Intense heavy flak; no fighters.
116 9/13/44	Oderthal, Germany	239	7 50	12 (?)	15	0	10	Intense heavy flak; no fighters.
126 10/4/44	Vienna, Austria	135	7 10	14 (2)				
130 10/12/44	Bologna, Italy	912	5 35	15				
133 10/14/44	Oderthal, Germany	546	7 50	17 (2)				
141 11/4/44	Linz, Germany	400	7 25	19 (2)	90, 50			
146 11/7/44	Sjenica, Yugo.	115	4 10	20	34			
147 11/11/44	Linz, Germany	414	6 35	21				
153 11/18/44	Vicenza, Italy	400	6 05	22				
156 11/20/44	Zlin, Czech.	033	7 10	23				
160 12/6/44	Graz, Austria	295	5 45	24				