

“The mission of 29 May ‘44 was my 6th, flying under Joy Smith as pilot. We were attacked by Me 109 and this particular one came in at about 2 o’clock, nearly level, firing at us with his cannons. A 20-mm round came in over my head (I was the radio operator) and struck the top turret, exploding. The seat gave way and Sgt. Williams fell from the turret to the flight deck, very seriously wounded in the small of his back. Burns [the tail gunner] and I attempted first aid, using sulfanilamide powder and compresses. But Chuck died shortly afterwards.

“I had received some of the fragments in my scalp, so Burns attended to me. I was taken to the waist and instructed to sit in the corner of the waist at the rear bulkhead of the bomb bay, until we got back to base.

“I had an unusual attachment to Chuck Williams – we were very close friends. He taught me to play cribbage and always was the winner.”

4 June 1944

Ground Crew Incident, Shipdham, England

This incident that resulted in the deaths of Sgt. Monroe Atchley and Private Ted Bunalski, both members of the 2033rd Engineer Fire Fighting Platoon.

2033rd Engineer Fire Fighting Platoon:

2033rd Engineer Fire Fighting Platoon Casualties

2033rd Engineer Fire Fighting Platoon

ATCHLEY, MONROE A. ASN 35579833	Fire Fighter DIED	Sgt.	Anderson, Indiana
BUNALSKI, TED R. ASN 32756508	Fire Fighter DIED	Private	Camden, New Jersey

Note: Atchley and Bunalski were on loan from the 68th Squadron.

In the late afternoon, a formation of 492nd Bomb Group planes were assembling for a late attack over Europe in the general area south and east of Shipdham airfield. The time was 1720 hours. At an altitude of 17,000 feet, Lt. Frank Haag saw Lt. Sachtleben suddenly make a steep bank to avoid a collision. The other plane, not identified, also made a steep climbing turn. Lt. Sachtleben stalled, fell off on his left wing and went down through the overcast. The aircraft was reported to have made a one or one and a half turn spin, leveling off on its back similar to a pursuit dive. No further observations could be made. This aircraft, 44-40160, crashed into an unoccupied house near Garveston.

Sgt. Atchley and Pvt. Bunalski were off duty and eating supper when they heard men yelling that a plane had crashed. They left their meals, ran out on the road, and jumped on the first fire truck going to the fire. Upon their arrival at the crashed plane, they proceeded to extinguish the flames, disregarding the danger of bombs going off and a gas tank which was burning and full of gasoline. When one or more of the bombs exploded, both of these men were killed. They both were awarded the Soldier Medal posthumously.

Cpl. Anthony Mastradone, 67th Squadron Medic, Capt. Worrall, Doctor, and Cpl. George Houston responded to the emergency, too. Tony reported that he drove the ambulance to the scene, to immediately get instructions to go into the inferno to retrieve the bodies of the two firefighters. Bombs were still exploding, fire very hot. The two of them crawled along in a ditch,

dragging a stretcher to get them, had to make two trips. They, too, should have been awarded a medal.

James O. Auman wrote the following description: "On the evening in question, it was about dusk, my friend, Harm, and I were riding bikes in what may have been southeast of the A.A.F. Station 115 at Shipdham. The sky was clear and the sun was setting behind us. We were several miles from the airfield and enjoying the quiet, still air of the countryside compared to the extremely loud roaring of engines being run-up at the field.

"As we coasted along, we became aware of a heavy bomber formation lumbering for altitude at what must have been 16,000 feet. The intense strain on the four engines was very familiar to me and I knew the aircraft was loaded heavily.

"As the B-24 came down, the engines screamed in what must have been a wide open position (that sound is still with me).

"I also remember how long it took for the crippled Liberator to hit the ground. My buddy, Krull, was screaming, "Get out....get out," but no one ever made it.

"There were no flames or smoke until the airplane hit upside down on a building that may have been the farmer's living quarters. The impact was more like a crunch followed by a muffled explosion.

"We rode to within about 600 feet of the farmyard and took a position along the roadside. The entire building and airplane were now a solid ball of flames. Firefighters arrived on the scene in very short order, however, the situation was hopeless.

"It was still daylight when we saw the rescue squad pulling what we assumed were bodies from the wreckage. There seemed to be several smoldering hulks lined up in the farmyard about 50 feet from the wreckage. The squad was using long poles to fetch out the bodies.

"Another four or five firefighters took a position on a thick stone wall about five feet tall with their backs toward us. These firemen did not have enough hoses or water pressure to do any good in putting out the flames.

"Suddenly, there was an explosion and we heard shrapnel ripping through the branches of trees overhead. When we looked back at the fire, we saw two, three, or four firemen laying on their backs on our side of the wall."

5 June 1944

Boulogne-Sur-Mer (Pas de Calais), France

Only six PFF aircraft of the 66th Squadron participated in this mission, providing leads for the 95th Combat Bomb Wing. One of these 66th Squadron aircraft was lost, ditching just off the coast of southern England after most of the crew had parachuted on or near the coast at Broadstairs, Kent. This is the mission on which Colonel Leon Vance earned his Medal of Honor. Because this mission involves a PFF crew, it helps to have some background information on issues in regard to bombing through overcast.

In his book, *Mighty Eighth War Manual*, Roger A. Freeman wrote these words in regard to overcast bombing: "The predominance of cloud in the northwestern European sky was a major obstacle to visual bombing and the principal limiting factor in Eighth Bomber Command

operations, grounding bombers on an average of four days out of five. During the winter of 1942-1943 it became obvious to even the most ardent promoter of visual attack that other means had to be sought to pursue the campaign during inclement weather. Radars (high-powered radio pulses, reflected or regenerated, for locating objects or determining one's own position) developed by the British for night operations eventually led to an 8th Air Force Pathfinder Force and, subsequently, to a bombing-through overcast capability. Radar-guided bombing received a number of descriptive terms in the 8th Air Force, namely Blind Bombing, Bombing through Overcast (BTO), etc., but the most persistent term was PFF, derived from Pathfinder Force."

This new equipment demanded considerable changes in the B-17 and B-24 aircraft themselves, as well as special training of the navigators. One squadron, the 66th, became the Pathfinder squadron in the 44th Bomb Group, and then the better and more experienced crews were moved into the 66th Squadron. In the early stages of development of the Pathfinder era, these specially equipment bombers and crews were established in the three oldest B-24 groups, the 44th, the 93rd, and the 389th. On missions planned under inclement weather conditions, each of these three groups Pathfinder aircraft and crews were delegated to lead the other newer groups, to fly the lead and deputy lead for their formations as well as for their own groups.

Normally, a high-ranking officer from these other groups would fly in these lead PFF aircraft as Command Pilot and Deputy Command Pilot to be in charge of his own group's activities and to make changes in the mission planning if he deemed it necessary. It was just this situation that was involved in this next incident.

66th SQUADRON:

66th Sq., #41-28690 B+, Mazure MISSOURI SUE

Note: The name "MISSOURI SUE" was not painted on the nose.

66th Squadron Crew:

MAZURE, LOUIS A. ASN 0-442977	Pilot KIA	Capt.	Gary, Indiana
VANCE, LEON R. Jr. ASN 0-022050	Command Pilot WIA, ditched	Lt. Col.	Enid, Oklahoma
CARPER, EARL L. ASN 0-678289	Co-pilot Parachuted	2nd Lt.	Chicago, Illinois
KILGORE, JOHN R. ASN 0-753006	Navigator Parachuted, injured	2nd Lt.	Victoria, Texas
SEGAL, MILTON ASN 0-685854	Bombardier Parachuted	2nd Lt.	Brooklyn, New York
GLICKMAN, NATHANIEL ASN 0-751902	Bombardier WIA, parachuted	2nd Lt.	Brooklyn, New York
BAIL, BERNARD W. ASN 0-807964	Navig/Radar Parachuted	2nd Lt.	Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
HOPPIE, EARL L. ASN 39689016	Engineer Parachuted, injured	T/Sgt.	Chicago, Illinois
SKUFCA, QUENTIN F. ASN 15354173	Radio Oper. WIA, parachuted, injured	T/Sgt.	Cleveland, Ohio
EVANS, DAVIS J. Jr. ASN 35599199	RW Gunner Parachuted	S/Sgt.	Canton, Ohio

SECRIST, HARRY E. ASN 35401867	LW Gunner Parachuted	S/Sgt.	Newark, Ohio
SALLIS, WILEY A.	Tail Turret Parachuted	S/Sgt.	Smithville, Mississippi

Note: Colonel Vance was Command Pilot and Commanding Officer of the 489th BG. He was awarded the Medal of Honor for his actions this day. Colonel Vance was killed in the crash of a hospital aircraft that was returning to the United States.

Captain Mazure was piloting this aircraft, flying lead for the 489th BG and the 2nd Division. The primary target was reported to be coastal installations at Boulogne-sur-Mer but actually was a V-1 Site, Wimereaux, North Boulogne.

Briefing was scheduled for 0400, even though Colonel Vance evidently had been held up and was late. So the briefing continued with the information that the bombing would be from 22,500 feet and the bomb load would be 10 500 pound GPs. Stepping away from the map, the officer addressed the bombardiers and stressed the point that should they for any reason fail to drop the bombs on the first run, they were to jettison the load over the English Channel and return to their bases. No second run was to be made over the target.

The meteorologist added that there would be broken clouds over the coast and should be clear sailing in and out. Intelligence reported that we could anticipate flak at the French coast and that no enemy fighters were expected so there would be no fighter escort.

Col. Vance arrived at 0830, apologized for his delay, and asked Capt. Mazure to review the information we had received at the briefing. When he had finished with the flight plan, Lt. Glickman informed him of the instructions regarding the bomb run and the specific order not to make a second run over the target.

Takeoff was at 0900; the mission was rather routine as Lt. Bail, radar-navigator, guided the formation via his radar "Mickey" toward the Pas de Calais sector of French Coast. As they approached the IP, control of the aircraft was turned over to Lt. Segal, bombardier, for the bomb run. Lt. Glickman called out the target and then watched for signs of flak and enemy fighters. There appeared to be flak off to the starboard side but it was of little consequence.

As the target was approached, Lt. Segal ordered the bomb bay doors to be opened, steadied down and then called out "Bombs Away." Nothing happened! Every bomb was still hanging in the bays. The other aircraft in the formation awaiting our drop, failed to release theirs, too. Either there had been a malfunction in the bombsight, or the arming release switch on the bombardier's panel had not been activated. So nothing happened due, apparently, to some faulty equipment, and no bombs were dropped by any of the aircraft in our formation.

Lt. Glickman added that "We turned off the target and at that time I notified our pilot, Mazure, that we were to head back over the Channel and jettison our bombs according to the briefing instructions. But Col. Vance countermanded my orders and directed that we make a second run, informing us that he was in command of this flight."

Departing the immediate area, they flew south, circled and flew parallel to the coastline, at the same altitude and airspeed, but as the enemy gunners had zeroed in on them, the first flak burst exploded off their port wing. The pilot, Mazure, was killed when shrapnel sliced in under his helmet, and struck him in the head. Lt. Carper, the co-pilot, immediately took over the controls. When the next blast hit, it tore through the flight deck, hit Col. Vance (who was standing

between the dead pilot and Lt. Carper) and nearly severed his right foot so that it was hanging by a shred.

Lt. Bail gave this report, "Our bomb bay doors were still open and I could see that a couple of bombs were still hung up. About this same time, the co-pilot Carper, cut off all four engines and switches, fearing that the plane would catch fire and blow up. He quickly turned our ship for England in a shallow glide. I then began calling the various members of the crew on interphone and was relieved to learn that no others were badly injured.

"As soon as possible, I managed to get Colonel Vance down to my seat, took off my belt and wound it around his thigh as a makeshift tourniquet to reduce the spurting blood."

Lt. Glickman continued, "At this same instant my nose turret took a series of bursts that shattered the Plexiglas and cut open my forehead, as well as hitting the base of my spine. Our plane continued to be hit as we stayed on the bomb run. My primary concern was the possibility of our bomb bays being hit before the bombs were released.

"The starboard outer engine (#1) had been hit and the propeller was now snapped with the three blades drooping downwards. The top turret had most of the Plexiglas blown off, part of the right rudder and rudder elevator also had been hit. Concerned about the previous inability to release our bombs and now approaching the prior drop point again, I called out that I would drop the bombs using my turret release switch that would bypass the bombardier's panel. The other bombers following us in our formation unloaded at the same time that I did.

"After I released our bombs, my turret took another hit which not only cut my left hand but blasted off another large portion of the turret Plexiglas. Looking at my pilotage map I advised Carper of our position and gave him the return heading to England. The celestial navigator had his equipment, his desk table and charts destroyed and with Bail aiding Vance, I had maps with which to aid the pilot.

"We continued to get hit; the radio room took flak which severely wounded Sgt. Skufca."

On the flight deck and behind the two pilots and Col. Vance were the two stations for the PFF navigators: Lts. Bail and Kilgore. John Kilgore added these comments, "As we left the south coast of England, the Germans began to jam my 'G' set, as usual, so I looked over at Bail to see if his "Mickey" was operating, but he shrugged his shoulders, 'No.' This had been the same conditions as from the other two previous missions. We turned at our I.P. (Initial Point) and headed north, and as we approached the target, Glickman said he could see our target through the broken clouds. I assumed that Segal was on the target with his sight.

"At 'Bombs Away,' nothing happened! Vance did order a second run on the target. Why we didn't take some sort of evasive action or change in altitude is still a mystery to me. The second run was uneventful until the bombs were released. Even then, I don't recall hearing the crump of ack-ack. But I do recall, and very vividly, the left side of the plane pressing inwardly against my right arm. The flak jackets jumped off the flight deck floor, my instrument panel going dead, the sight glasses of the fuel transfer system disintegrating, and raw high-octane gasoline streaming onto the flight deck. Hoppie, our engineer, literally 'slithered' out of the top turret, grabbing what I thought was a flight jacket and trying to stem the flow of gasoline with one hand, turning off the fuel transfer valves with the other.

"About this time Glickman came over the intercom announcing that he had been hit in the head and blood was streaming down over his face so that he could not see. One of the waist gunners,

Secrist, came over the intercom that Skufca had been hit badly in the legs. As he was calling no one in particular, I answered by telling him of our situation on the flight deck, and asked him and Evans to see about Sallis, our tail gunner, and to assist Skufca out of the plane when the time came.”

“Apparently we had experienced two to three hits or misses – there was no direct hit, for if there were, none of us would be here. The plane seemed to be ‘sailing’ along on an even keel. At no time were there any sudden diving, stalling or yawing motions. I turned to Bail and told him to turn on the I.F.F. (Identification, Friend or Foe) switch was directly above his head, and had a red safety cover over it. As we had left the formation, and we were approaching the English Coast, we must be identified.

“I got up from my seat and looked into the cockpit area, found Mazure slumped in his harness and his instrument panel was covered in blood. Carper was in the co-pilot position, doing what all good co-pilots do, trying to keep the plane flying. I then jumped down into the ‘well’ of the flight deck along side of Hoppie – not that I could assist him in any way, but to be first in line. Hoppie didn’t need any help as he was a true professional and knew his job well.

“As we were standing there looking down at the water, the doors began to close. Hoppie grabbed the manual crank to open them again, and I reconnected my intercom, yelled for someone not to close them again. Apparently the message got through as the doors were never closed again.”

Glickman added, “As we headed towards England, the plane took one last blast that cut the gas lines and forced Carper to cut all the switches to prevent any fire and stopped all three remaining engines as well as the power to my nose turret. With that action and starting the no-power glide towards England, I heard the bailout bell and someone calling us to bail out.”

S/Sgt. Harry Secrist, left waist gunner, added his recollections of what took place in the rear of the aircraft: “Skuf was hit while still in his radio room and fell out of it into the waist area ahead of us. He was badly injured and could not stand. Gasoline was spraying all over us in the waist and Skuf was lying on the waist floor in all of that gasoline. So I grabbed a spare parachute and put it under his head. As I stood up, another large burst of flak came through the side of the waist and passed between Skuf and me. It made a hole in the right side about ten inches wide, then made several holes on the left side where it went out.

“All of the tail assembly was intact, but the left rudder and vertical stabilizer had a lot of holes in them. Dave opened the hatch door in the floor and was sweeping some of the gasoline out with his foot.

“When we got near the coast of England, I threw the left waist gun out of the window and turned to get Wiley and Dave to help me lift Skuf to the waist window where he could bail out. But when I turned back from the window, Wiley had Skuf and was going into the bomb bay where they eventually bailed out. Dave went out the right window and I went out the left. I fell about a half mile, it seemed, to get rid of the gasoline on me. We were all soaked with it and wondered about the static electricity when the chutes opened. I think I was the only one of us who bailed out of the rear area to land in a minefield.

“After I opened my chute, I was about a thousand feet above a large cloud and when I came out of the cloud, there was a barrage balloon under it. I missed it by about 100 feet. Then, when I got below the balloon, I was drifting toward the cable, but missed it, too, by about 50 feet. As I got closer to the ground, I saw men running along a dirt road toward me, then came down about 60

to 70 feet from the edge of the cliff next to the Channel, and just a few feet from a fence that ran parallel to the cliff. My parachute fell across this fence and some barbed wire between the fence and the edge of this cliff. This barbed wire was about eight feet high.

After releasing my parachute harness and standing up, I started to walk down to the road. I had taken only a few steps when I understood what the British Sergeant was yelling to me. He was shouting for me to stand still as there were land mines everywhere. Help was on the way with maps to guide me through this field!

After spending a most interesting overnight at this remote cannon emplacement unit, Harry Secrist was driven to the huge British airbase at Manston where he was united with Sgts. Evans and Sallis. None of them were injured in their parachuting.

Lt. Bail continued his recollections. "As our plane neared the English coast, still gliding without power and rapidly descending, I directed the crew to start bailing out. When only Colonel Vance and I remained, I told Col. Vance that we must now jump as there was no way to land that damaged plane, especially with those bombs hung up in the bay, armed and ready to explode on impact. Not being a doctor then, I was not fully aware that the Colonel was in shock. When the Colonel shook his head and said he wouldn't jump, I knew that there was no way I could drag him to the bomb bay, and assist him out. I knew, too, that the plane was losing altitude fast, and we didn't have much time. I checked his tourniquet, shook his hand and made my plunge through the open bay.

"We bailed out between Ramsgate and Dover in Kent, most of the earlier ones out landing near the water, but on land. I, being the last to parachute, came down a bit further inland, but not too far away from them. Lt. Kilgore broke one leg in two places when he hit the ground.

Lt. Glickman continued, "I was the last man to bail out inasmuch as I was trapped in the nose turret after it had been shattered by flak and the power to turn it in position for me to fall backward had been cut off. I was forced to break my way out although I was wounded and hit in several places. The Air Force Telex indicated that I was blinded by blood and was led to the bomb bay simply was not true.

"When the bailout bell rang, you can imagine the mass exodus! But now I crawled to the nose wheel area, snapped on my chest chute, and because my legs were useless, crawled through the tunnel under the flight deck to the bomb bay catwalk. The only men I saw on board at that time on the flight deck were Col. Vance and the dead pilot, Captain Mazure. In fact, I had to push the bombardier, Milton Segal off the catwalk before I rolled off the catwalk myself.

"I withheld opening of my chute for a time until I was sure no other aircraft was in the vicinity, and also I was very close to the Channel, with the breeze bringing me back over land. I was lucky in that I landed on the lawn of the Royal Marine Hospital at Deal, on the cliffs of Dover."

Lt. Bail continued, "When I visited Col. Vance in the hospital, he told me that he had worked himself forward, crawled into the co-pilot's seat, and turned the aircraft away from that populated area and back out to sea. Captain Mazure's body was still in the pilot's seat so he was forced to get into the co-pilot's position. When the ship hit water, the bombs exploded and destroyed the aircraft, somehow not killing the Colonel. Finding himself still alive and conscious, the Colonel began swimming toward the shore, injured leg and all, until rescued by a ship in that vicinity.

“Later at the hospital, the Colonel told me that he was eager to get back into combat, and would as soon as he recovered. Most unfortunately, the Colonel was killed when he was being returned to the States and his airplane was lost at sea. After the war, I was invited to attend the ceremonies when the Colonel’s widow was presented with his Medal of Honor.”

On the 19th of March, 1945, Lt. Bail, with another crew, was shot down over Germany and became a POW.

Lt. Nathaniel Glickman added, “A number of years ago I attended a reunion of our Second Division at the Air Force Academy. There, I met a co-pilot of one of the Wing crews on our flight who related the following story, which added a new bit of drama to the end of this flight. He had witnessed the damage to our plane and had counted the number of our crew that had bailed out. Our plane was still airborne and headed inland, but as you know, was losing altitude. Someone had contacted the authorities, which, in turn, were concerned that the plane might crash into a built up area and allegedly, gave orders to them to shoot it down. Just as they turned to follow those instructions, our plane began its very slow turn to the left back towards the Channel where both Segal and I bailed out. The order, of course, was canceled, when it was noted that the plane was still under control and attempting to turn. You can imagine my feelings when I heard this story!”

“I, too, visited Col. Vance at his hospital as soon as I was able to get around with a cane. He informed me that he had submitted my name for the Silver Star which I was informed a month later had been approved. However, the medal was not given to me until this past May (1986) at a formal dress parade at Vandenberg Air Force Base in California.

“I returned to combat within a month. I had a sergeant carry the bombsight to the ship and I limped along with a cane during my first few flights. Later, I was listed as Pilotage Navigator/Bombardier and 66th Squadron’s Lead Bombardier, and completed 19 more missions.”

Only Lts. Bail and Glickman and the two waist gunners flew additional operational missions! T/Sgt. Skufca was sent to Station 93 Hospital near Oxford for treatment of his shattered ankle and leg wounds. Skin grafts were necessary, so he remained there for several months. Eventually he was moved to Station #318 near Norwich while his severed Achilles tendon healed. On December 18, 1944, he was evacuated to the U.S. for further grafts and treatment. He never walked normally again.

This mission was the subject of a lengthy article called “Sometimes I Can’t Believe It” in True magazine. The author was Carl B. Wall. Wall describes MISSOURI SUE as “a plain, businesslike aircraft...no fancy lettering on its sides...no pictures of pretty girls.” Wall also tells a story about Vance’s recovery after losing his foot: “During one of the depressed stages, he was crutching along a London street when an eight-year-old boy yelled at him: ‘You’ll never miss it, Yank!’ The kid’s mother came up to me and apologized, says Vance. Then she explained that he had lost his own foot in the blitz and was getting along fine with an artificial one. That was the biggest boost I got. Felt a devil of a lot better after that.”

The following is the transcript of an interview of Colonel Vance by Bebe Daniels. It was part of a BBC American Eagle Broadcast. Daniels interviewed Vance at an American Evacuation Hospital in England.

Daniels: Lt. Colonel Vance was born in Enid, Oklahoma. And Enid Oklahoma is mighty proud of him. It was on June 5th 1944 when he was leading his group to attack the famous German Coastal Defenses installations where the invasion attack was made on the following day.

Col. Vance, I wonder if you can tell us what happened on this date?

Vance: We didn't meet any fighters on the way in but met a lot of flak. That's when they knocked out three of our engines about 10 seconds before arriving over our target. We went on in and delivered our bombs on the duplicate? Target and hit it right on the nose. That's when my right foot was shot off and when our 1st pilot, Capt. Mazure was killed. The bombardier said, "We hit it right on the nose!" Capt. Mazure was just strong enough to reply, "Good boy." Those were his last words. Then the co-pilot took over while Lt. Bernard Bail put a tourniquet around my leg. Just then the ship stalled and I took over.

Daniels: With your leg in that condition?

Vance: You don't think about what's wrong with you in an emergency like that, Bebe. It was then that I heard our Radio Operator, S/Sgt. Quentin Skufca had been hit.

Daniels: What happened to him?

Vance: Well, he and T/Sgt Hoppie, my engineer, are here with me at this hospital. Lt. Kilgore was here yesterday but he has gone back to the States with a mending broken leg. I would like you to meet my radio operator S/Sgt. Skufca. He's from Cleveland, Ohio.

Daniels: Thank you, Colonel. Now tell me what happened to you on that foot?

Skufca: Have you seen this?

Daniels: That's a piece of shrapnel, isn't it?

Skufca: It feels much better since they dug it out of the bones.

Daniels: (Laughing).

Skufca: They dug this thing out of my leg. I'm going to show it to my girl in Chicago.

Vance: Here is my engineer, Earl Hoppie. He is from Chicago.

Daniels: What happened to you, Earl?

Hoppie: Well, I was in the top turret when I heard this fellow say over the intercom that #1 engine was smoking. So I got out of my turret to shut off the gas. Just then there was another burst of flak under the ship that cut off all of our gas lines. I tried stopping the leaks by wrapping my jacket around the pipes but it didn't work. I got a shower bath of gas. My eyes were full of gas. I kept the bomb bay doors open to let the gas out, but it was hopeless. So I went back onto the flight deck and told Col. Vance, who ordered all of us to bail out and we did.

Daniels: You couldn't land then, could you, Colonel?

Vance: Not very well. The plane would have exploded with all of that gasoline. Besides, I had gotten my bearing by then. I feathered three of the props, but the fourth wouldn't feather. It was still running alright. By that time we were over England at about 12,000 feet and still gliding.

Daniels: Did you bail out then, Colonel?

Vance: No, I found out that Sgt. Skufca was in the waist area and badly injured, and couldn't bail out. So, naturally, I couldn't leave him. All of the rest did bail out and I flew the ship down

to crash-land in the Channel. The windshield was cloudy with vapor and foggy, so that you could hardly see through it. I was lying on my stomach between the pilot and co-pilot seats with my hands on the wheel. I tried to get up but my foot was lodged around the flight deck. I could not take my hands off the controls to get my leg loose, as the plane would have stalled. It was hard to hold the ship level because the right elevator was shot away.

Somehow or other when I got down close to the water, I put my parachute pack on my head so that I would not break my neck with the shock of impact. When the ship hit the water, the top turret came off, pinning me down. It was lying on my back and I was under about six feet of water. I figured that was the end of the line for me.

Then I did something rather odd. I knew pilot Mazure was dead, but I reached over with my left hand and released his safety belt and pulled him up over my head toward the escape hatch. And then just as I thought that my lungs would burst, something inside of the ship exploded and I was blown to the surface.

After I got out I tried to climb back over the top of the ship to get Sgt. Skufca, the injured radio operator, but I just didn't have the strength. But it was just as well because, unbeknown to me, the two waist gunners had bailed him out.

I just had sufficient strength left to inflate my Mae West and the last thing I remember was the British air/sea rescue ship. Later, I woke up in the hospital.

20 June 1944

Politz, Germany

The extensive oil refineries near Politz again was the primary on this mission. Results were most gratifying as the bombs covered that area with an excellent pattern. 60 enemy aircraft were seen, but only seven attacked the 44th's formation. One 68th Squadron aircraft was damaged and was last seen heading for Sweden.

68th SQUADRON:

68th Sq., #42-94892 U, Keller	BATTLIN' BABY		MACR #6149
68th Squadron Crew:	Entire crew interned		
KELLER, RICHARD I. ASN 0-812607	Pilot Interned, returned	2nd Lt.	Selma, California
WILT, KENNETH E. ASN 0-819238	Co-pilot Interned, returned	2nd Lt.	Cape Charles, Virginia
GAUTREAU, LIONEL E. ASN 0-706925	Navigator Interned, returned	2nd Lt.	Thibodaux, Louisiana
DUDZIK, LEON R. ASN 0-689534	Bombardier Interned, returned	2nd Lt.	Whiting, Indiana
FERRARA, HAROLD M. ASN 327003474	Engineer Interned	S/Sgt.	Brooklyn, New York
WEST, WILLIAM A. ASN 32752930	Radio Oper. Interned, returned	S/Sgt.	Collingwood, New Jersey
PUCKETT, HAROLD E. ASN 36294272	RW Gunner Interned, wounded	Sgt.	Barnum, Wisconsin

GILBERT, LLOYD W. ASN 34708051	LW Gunner Interned, returned	Sgt.	Alexander City, Alabama
FRANTZEN, FRANK C. ASN 36294272	Tail Turret Interned, returned	Sgt.	Bronx, New York

The MACR reports that at 1001 hours, Lt. Keller's aircraft was reported to be hit by flak in the vicinity of Politz. He called on Channel A of VHF, after bombs away, reporting "He had sustained considerable damage, that one engine was out, and he was heading for Sweden. He did not need assistance and would someone notify his wife."

Sgt. Harold Ferrara, engineer, sent this information: "We were on the bomb run when we were hit. A flak burst knocked out the electronic control for the turbo superchargers, all four waste gates went into the open position. This, in effect, put us in low blower and no power. With the bomb bay doors open, full load of bombs, and now no superchargers, it felt like we hit a stone wall. We continued on the bomb run alone as we could not keep up.

"After bombs away, I tried to set-up (close) the waste gates with a spare amplifier, but had no luck. We also had fuel cell damage, so getting back to England was impossible due to lack of fuel. The only crewman hit was Harold Puckett, waist gunner.

"Puckett had a piece of flak go straight through his right thigh. He wasn't bleeding very much but was in great pain. I got the morphine from his escape kit attached to his parachute harness and administered the shot. He was going to be okay.

"After landing at Malmo's military airport we were greeted by a Swedish officer who proclaimed 'the war is over for you gentlemen.'

"All of my crew left Sweden after only a short stay. I was retained for 13 months as I had had B-24 training at the Ford Plant and the Swedes wanted my experience in repairing all those airplanes. At war's end, I flew as co-pilot for six or seven trips between Sweden and England, helping to return many of our aircraft!" *BATTLIN' BABY* was one of these planes that was returned to U.S. control – June 19, 1945

21 June 1944

Genshagen/Berlin, Germany

The 44th's target was the Daimler-Benz Motor Works, but very bad weather prevented visual bombing, so Berlin was hit utilizing the PFF method of bombing. One 66th Squadron aircraft crash-landed at Shipdham with wounded aboard, and a 506th Squadron crew, flying a borrowed plane, did not return.

Note: This was the 8th Air Force's first shuttle raid to Russia, in which 1st Division B-17s flew on to bases in Mirgorod and Poltava.

68th SQUADRON:

68th Sq., #41-24109, Smith	FLAK MAGNET		Crash-landed
68th Squadron Crew:			
SMITH, JOY M. ASN 0-690265	Pilot	1st Lt.	Weeping Water, Nebraska
COOPER, PAUL	Co-pilot	2nd Lt.	Colorado Springs, Colorado

21 June 1944

44th Bomb Group Roll of Honor and Casualties

POWNER, BENJAMIN ASN 0-700765	Navigator	2nd Lt.	Long Island, New York
BARLOW, DAVID A. ASN 0-696193	Bombardier	2nd Lt.	Chicago, Illinois
DEWATERS, EUGENE J. ASN 32783124	Engineer	T/Sgt.	Staten Island, New York
SPROWL, KENNETH ASN 15389068	Radio Oper.	T/Sgt.	Bradenton, Florida
SHELTON, JOHN H. ASN 17159935	RW Gunner Neck Wound	S/Sgt.	Centralia, Illinois
ELIAS, JACOB ASN 13100737	LW Gunner Wounded	S/Sgt.	New York City, New York
FENNER, ROSS W. ASN 37665920	Tail Tur	S/Sgt.	Independence, Louisiana

S/Sgt. Jacob Elias, waist gunner on this crew, referred to this mission in his story "Bedtime Ramblings" printed in the June 1978 edition of the "Journal", front page. In this article he states in part, "I was assigned to the FLAK MAGNET, Joy Smith in charge. What a pilot! Cool, efficient as a computer, a rock of strength. Another time (21 June 44) Johnny (Shelton) gets a piece of flak in the neck and the bombardier (Lt. Barlow) and I are frantic in our efforts to stem the blood. He made it in spite of us."

Sgt. Elias also said that he seriously doubted if John would survive, because at first it looked so very serious with the loss of so much blood. Elias didn't say so, but he was peppered with flak, himself.

In the book, "Jaws Over Europe" on page 29 (count out to that page since the pages are unnumbered) there are two photos of Sgt. John Shelton being removed from FLAK MAGNET and attended to by Capt. K.E. Comer, flight surgeon.

When Sgt. Shelton was recuperating, he visited London only to be wounded again when a V-1 Buzz Bomb landed near him!

506th SQUADRON:

506th Sq., #42-100411 E-Bar, Howe

MACR #6150

506th Squadron Crew:

HOWE, NORMAN E. ASN 0-1101878	Pilot POW	2nd Lt.	Tucson, Arizona
HENDERSON, GORDON W. ASN 0-817211	Co-pilot KIA, murdered	2nd Lt.	Brisbin, ? Pennsylvania
HARRIS, DAVID MILTON ASN 0-709365	Navigator POW	2nd Lt.	Steubenville, Ohio
BINKLEY, FRANKLIN W. ASN 0-700097	Bombardier POW	2nd Lt.	Park Ridge, Illinois
SMITH, ROBERT E. ASN 34623289	Eng/Waist POW	S/Sgt.	Indianapolis, Indiana
FALLER, HENRY D. ASN 39854563	Radio Oper. POW	S/Sgt.	Belleville, Michigan
STOLTZ, FRANK ASN 37558907	RW Gunner POW	S/Sgt.	Miles City, Montana

McCONNAUGHAY, Wm L. ASN 17020809	Top Turret POW	S/Sgt.	Larned, Kansas
TERMIN, FRANCIS E. ASN 13084734	Tail Turret POW	S/Sgt.	La Jose, Pennsylvania

William McConnaughay sent his article containing 2450 words covering his experiences. The following is a condensation of it relating to this day: “Our trip to Berlin, our fourteenth into Germany, was uneventful due mostly to a good cloud cover, with only isolated pockets of inaccurate anti-aircraft fire. About forty to fifty miles out from Berlin, our cloud cover dissipated, and we could see a light haze hanging over Berlin. Our flight plan routed us southeast to a point approximately twenty miles south of Berlin, and then due north across the city.

“As we turned north and quickly approached our target, the whole damn sky, almost as far as the eye could see, was a blazing inferno created by the hundreds of anti-aircraft guns installed there. Off to each side, German spotter planes were flying at our exact altitude, relaying this information to the gun batteries below, increasing their efficiency for their devastating barrage on our bombers. Although we tried to ignore it, we could see bombers ahead of us falling out of formation, some blowing up, and an ever increasing number of parachutes floating down over the city.

“Even at this time, I believe all of us thought we lived a charmed life and were going to make it, but seconds before we were to drop our bombs, a shell exploded in the vicinity of our left outboard (#1) engine. We dropped out of formation like a ton of bricks and continued to lose altitude until we could jettison our bomb load. With the bombs gone, we were able to stabilize our position and were soon over the outskirts of Berlin. A quick check of the plane revealed our condition not critical, and our navigator, Lt. Harris, estimated we could be in Sweden in approximately 35 minutes.

“My job as a gunner on the crew was to operate the top turret located on top of the aircraft, directly over the flight deck. As I rotated my turret, I saw some Me 109s closing rapidly from the rear. These fighters had a 20-mm cannon in the nose and three .30-caliber machine guns in each wing. As the first two fighters made their pass at us, their cannons made gaping holes in our left rear stabilizer and the left wing. When the third plane came it, I was nearly hypnotized when .30-caliber bullets started penetrating the fuselage on the top and rear of our bomber ... and they came directly in a line for my turret. In what seemed an eternity, .30 bullets came crashing into my turret through the plastic bubble!

“Although slightly dazed from this experience, I remember something had hit me in the neck, and I was convinced it was one of those bullets. I immediately had the sensation of blood running down my neck and a very sticky feeling in my flight suit. Instinctively, I followed the fourth fighter through his pass and about burned out my gun barrels trying to get revenge. He came right in on top of us, and just before he turned it over to go down and away, he raised his hand and waved! Although he was long gone, I remember waving back at him.

“Surveying the damages from my vantage point, I could see that the entire left rear stabilizer was gone and approximately one-third of the left wing. It seemed like there were thousands of holes. Our plane at this time was completely out of control, and I’m sure that the pilots were far too busy to inform the rest of us what we could expect.

“In the confusion that followed, I forgot I had a .30-caliber bullet through my neck and probably was bleeding to death. Then reality came back, positive that I was dying, I became hysterical. I

remember hollering incoherently, but then, just as quickly, I became calm and at peace with the world. All sorts of thought then poured through my mind.

“I was brought back to reality when the pilot announced over the intercom that he could handle the plane, and we should all parachute out as quickly as possible. I immediately crawled out of my turret and desperately started looking for my parachute that I had so nonchalantly tossed on the flight deck earlier.

“Crawling on my knees, I finally found it and as I stood up and started to unbutton my heated jacket to snap on my chute, I noticed several fragments of plastic about the size of a dime fall out onto the floor. As I continued to unbutton my jacket, I realized my flight suit was soaking wet – with sweat! It slowly dawned on me that I had found my .30-caliber bullet and the blood.

“Crawling over to the bomb bay, I jumped out, following my plan to free fall as long as possible. But suddenly I was in a small, low-flying cloud and could not see the ground. I immediately tried to open my chute but nothing happened. With my heart skipping beats, I looked down and there was my left hand desperately trying to keep my right hand from pulling the ripcord. Under control now, I pulled the cord for a short ride to earth with my chute blossoming above me.

“With all of this activity, I had completely forgotten about the rest of the crew. Looking up, I quickly counted eight chutes – all of the crewmen. They were all in the same general area and still about a mile up. Breaking almost every rule, I headed on a dead run for a relatively small wooded area where I stopped, sat down and became violently ill at my stomach. I had not been there long when I heard the roar of airplane engines, followed by limbs being torn off trees, and then a shower of airplane parts and pieces of trees. Looking up, directly over my head and not thirty feet high, a four-engined bomber was crashing through the trees and finally came to rest less than a quarter of a mile in front of me!

“Dazed for a bit by the fire, smoke, exploding ammunition, I was jarred back to reality by a large explosion – probably the gasoline. I jumped up and ran out of the woods, back into the potato field where I had landed, and then noticed a small green spot ahead and ran for it – anything was better than this open field. The green area turned out to be far better than I had dreamed because it was a hole perhaps 30 feet in diameter, about eight feet deep, a small pond of water in the middle and small trees and shrubs around the entire bank. Soon I was into the water up to my armpits, my head and shoulders well covered by a small tree...

“I was captured 10 to 12 days later while trying to get to Sweden because I got completely lost and didn't know where I was. I was sent to Stalag Luft I.”

Sgt. Faller, radioman, answered a few questions, also, “As I recall, we did have a borrowed plane, but I don't remember why. We received a direct hit through #1 engine just before the bomb run, and fell out of formation. After salvoing our bombs we headed cross-country hoping to tag onto some formation, but were hit by about six Me 109s who took turns at us. When it became evident that we could no longer stay airborne (about 12,000 feet), we bailed out and all became POWs except our co-pilot Henderson. He was killed by civilians when he landed.”

Frank Stoltz, Howe's right waist gunner, recalls: “I was in the top turret gun position when we were shot down. We were just south of Frankfurt, Germany. Somehow I got caught in the slipstream of my parachute and the intense pressure broke several of my ribs. I'm not even certain that my chute opened all the way.

“About 15 minutes after I reached the ground, a three-seated vehicle carrying six or seven German officers and civilians came roaring across the field. They ordered me to get up. As I painfully rose, I noticed the skull and cross bones on their caps. They were from the dreaded SS troops that reportedly did not take prisoners. I thought they would kill me right then. They only beat me a little, mostly the civilians. It was nearly a month before I got any treatment for my broken ribs: some bandages from medic at the POW camp.

“I was in about three prison camps. During the last four months, we were on the road ahead of the lines. The skies were constantly flashing with the explosions of artillery and bombs. Our biggest fear was the civilians and the American fighters. They shot up everything that moved. I still have a scar on my head from a German civilian’s walking stick. One member of our crew was hit with a rifle butt and lost all of his front teeth.”

27 June 1944

Creil, France

The primary target was the site of a rail tunnel and marshalling yards in this German defensive area. Flak was intense and accurate over the target, with many 44th BG aircraft sustaining damages. Three men were wounded by flak, and the 506th Squadron lost two aircraft – one over the continent and the other crash-landed at Manston, Kent on the return. One of the wounded men was from the 67th Squadron.

67th SQUADRON:	1st Lt. W.D. Carter’s Crew		
67th Sq., 42-52616 C-Bar, Carter	GLORY BEE		Returned to base
67th Squadron Crew:			
CARTER, WILBUR D.	Pilot	1st Lt.	Omaha, Nebraska
ARTERBURN, ROLEY	Co-pilot Wounded, lost three fingers	1st Lt.	Lamarr, Nebraska
STILL, JACK W.	Navigator	1st Lt.	Prescott, Arizona
KERR, JESS F.	Bombardier	1st Lt.	Irving, Texas
BERGMAN, HAROLD F.	Engineer	T/Sgt.	Hurst, Texas
WHISLER, REYNOLD T.	Radio Oper.	T/Sgt.	Pottstown, Pennsylvania
GREGORY, COLLIN	RW Gunner	S/Sgt.	Salem, Virginia
MAULE, DONALD A.	LW Gunner	S/Sgt.	Mondamen, Indiana
WOOD, EUGENE	Tail Turret	S/Sgt.	Wichita, Kansas

S/Sgt. Donald A. Maule made these comments in his personal diary, “Our 9th Mission – 27 June 44. We almost got it today. Artie (co-pilot Arterburn) got three fingers cut off of his right hand by flak. The same burst of flak also cut out all of the instrument wires, a hydraulic line and

Artie's oxygen supply. We got hit at 23,000 feet. We counted at least 20 holes, all from flak. It sure was close! One piece went out through the left tire and also cut (frayed) the aileron cable.

"We crash-landed with three engines, no brakes, and the left tire flat – and the aileron on the left side was out. Everybody said it was the best landing like that they had ever seen. They took Artie right to the hospital as soon as we got stopped. We did not land until 8:45 PM, as this was an afternoon mission, and we did not take off until 3:15 PM."

506th SQUADRON:

506th Sq., #41-29496 Bar-Q, Scudday ARIES MACR #6744

Note: This aircraft was also known as RAM IT-DAMMIT.

506th Squadron Crew:

SCUDDAY, BERNIE L. ASN 0-682906	Pilot KIA	1st Lt.	Forsan, Texas
FARRELL, JOHN A. ASN 0-755660	Co-pilot KIA, buried Epinal (B-31-8)	1st Lt.	Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
McCORMICK, RAYMOND A. ASN 0-689617	Navigator POW	1st Lt.	Milwaukee, Wisconsin
RICHARDSON, PAUL ASN 0-752904	Bombardier KIA, buried Epinal (B-32-8)	1st Lt.	Riverside, California
WYCHECK, JOSEPH E. ASN 13116002	Engineer KIA, buried Epinal (A-21-28)	T/Sgt.	Treskow, Pennsylvania
VENTURA, ANTHONY J. ASN 32551956	Radio Oper. KIA	T/Sgt.	Falcuner, New York
TEPE, CARL W. ASN 18184357	Nose Turret POW	S/Sgt.	Canadian, Texas
RIES, ROBERT P. ASN 35669582	RW Gunner KIA, buried Epinal (B-33-8)	S/Sgt.	College Hill, Ohio
ACUFF, COYLE J. ASN 14134043	LW Gunner POW	S/Sgt.	Washburn, Tennessee
WARREN, LESTER D. ASN 13078765	Tail Gun. KIA	S/Sgt.	Wilmington, Delaware

The MACR reports that this aircraft was hit by flak approximately 30 seconds before bombs away, at 23,500 feet. It is believed hits were chiefly in the radio compartment since many flares were observed at same time. Aircraft went into a steep glide, later going into steep dive at about 15,000 feet. This aircraft was afire at this point. It crashed or exploded just above the ground. One chute was observed to open, perhaps one other.

1st Lt. Raymond A. McCormick (now an M.D.) sent me his recollections: "The history of #41-29496 and crew is reasonably accurate. We were on an unusually long bomb run from Rheims, France, straight into the target which was a bridge over the Seine River, just north of Paris. There was a G-H aircraft (radar controlled) in the lead, being vectored from England. In establishing the bomb run, he was all over the sky, and our bombardier, Paul Richardson, flying in the deputy lead slot, decided to go up on the flight deck because he said he could not follow the lead ship through the bomb sight. This was a fatal decision! Carl Tepe and I were in the nose when we were hit. (M. Dyer reported, "went belly-up")

“I saw Carl start to come out of the nose turret, and I turned to open the nose wheel doors. Those doors were kinked upward and jammed. I made a wild dive at the doors that propelled me out of the nose wheel opening. I found out later that Carl Tepe had hooked his shoe laces on the gunsight, and had some difficulty freeing himself from the electrically heated felt boots. He did, however, get free and was picked up on the ground shortly after parachuting.

“Coyle Acuff, a waist gunner, reached for his chute on the plywood floor that had replaced the ball turret, when the plane began to burn and he thinks he was blown out through the floor! He hung onto his chute and placed it on his chest in midair. One of the other gunners in the rear, either Warren or Riess, bailed out and did not open his chute at once, but when he did deploy it, the chute went through the propeller of the number one engine of another 44th plane that was trailing the formation at approximately 1500 feet below.

That airplane was piloted by a Lt. Milliken (lost at a later date). His co-pilot was Manierre, from Lake Forest, Illinois. I do not know if it was Warren or Ries, but the chute then became a long, single rope-like structure, and I followed it all the way to the ground. A terrible way to go!

“The flight deck was destroyed by that original flak burst, which entered behind the nose wheel and took out the entire flight deck – a direct hit. I looked back from the navigation compartment and the entire flight deck was empty, and it looked like a big canoe. No roof!

“Since I had impulsively opened my chute at about 20,000 feet, I think, it took me a very long time to get to the ground. It seemed about 20 minutes. I fell in a wooded area, caught between two birch trees, like a towel in a clothespin. I sustained a partially ruptured urinary bladder for which the Germans hospitalized me at Beauvais, France. Later, I met Tepe and Acuff at a transient camp in Beauvais. They went to Memel, in Lithuania, and I went to Stalag Luft 1. In this camp with me were at least twenty other officers from the 44th BG.”

Lt. Jack Wind, pilot of an adjoining 506th plane, stated, “Bernie and I talked about this mission that morning – it was the 31st for both of us, and we hoped it would be our last. Sadly, it was for both of us as his was the HARD WAY.

“He was flying deputy lead and I led the 2nd element, just behind him. When we turned onto the bomb run, our leader was fouled up and we were six minutes behind the lead squadron. They dropped their bombs with a smoke marker and the German Ack-Ack used it to zero in on while our leader followed the smoke marker on the bomb run. I recall calling the leader and I think Scudday did also, yelling at him to change altitude.

“The Germans had us dead to right, but he flew right into the smoke. The first shell hit Scudday directly in the cockpit. I saw his window blow out with smoke and flames. The plane seemed to stagger, and then fall off into a spin. The next thing I knew, we were about five miles from the formation, flak all around us. My crew reported they saw one chute from Scudday’s plane.”

“My co-pilot said that I suddenly kicked rudder and slid away from the squadron. And I found a note in my diary that I said I had “blown my cork” and that was it! When I snapped out of the ‘panic,’ the co-pilot had the controls. The crew reported they saw one chute from Scudday’s plane, then the engineer (mine) reported our gas gauges were at zero as we approached the coast of France. We called Air-Sea Rescue for a vector to the nearest field in England, and gave the crew the option of bailing out over France, or to stay if I was to try for England. I never did like the idea of trusting that bundle of silk canvas at 20,000 feet. So we went into a glide with

everything cut back and landed on a P-47 field in England. Found we had 800 gallons of fuel. Took off again and returned to base with another crew that had crash-landed at the same field.

 The second 506th Squadron aircraft crash-landed at Kingsnorth, Kent, doing so successfully, except for one casualty. The official records make no connection between this crash-landing and the notation on June's casualty listing of Sgt. Santo Romeo dying from injuries, but they were the same.

506th SQUADRON:

506th Sq., #42-50339 Bar-C, Tucker	FUEDIN' WAGON		Crash-landed
506th Squadron Crew:			
TUCKER, JAMES ASN 0-757629	Pilot	1st Lt.	Largo, Florida
TRUDEAU, ELMO C.	Co-pilot	2nd Lt.	California
WILSON, ALFRED R. ASN 0-753096	Navigator	2nd Lt.	
ROMEO, SANTO ASN 14023217	Engineer KIA	T/Sgt.	Memphis, Tennessee
KHOURY, RAYMOND ASN 32686237	Radio Oper.	T/Sgt.	Brooklyn, New York
MILLICAN, IVAN C. ASN 38370290	Nose Turret	S/Sgt.	San Saba, Texas
REEVES, THOMAS J. ASN 14059236	Waist Gun	S/Sgt.	Miccosukee, Florida
WHITESIDE, LEON M. ASN 34431924	Waist Gun	S/Sgt.	Forest City, North Carolina
MEYERS, JOSEPH F.	Ball Turret	Sgt.	Croydon, Pennsylvania
BREAKEY, KARL D. ASN 33408973	Tail Turret	S/Sgt.	Johnsonburg Pennsylvania

Note: Sgt. Breakey was KIA on 8 August 1944.

Lt. James Tucker, sent this information, "After our first two mission, I was made first pilot. I was never assigned a regular co-pilot to take my place, but we used any number of co-pilots from then on. That is why I cannot remember who our co-pilot was that day.

"On 27 June, 1944, our target was Creil, France, approximately fifty kilometers north of Paris. Enemy action had been rather heavy on the way in, on the bomb run over the target, and anti-aircraft fire was very heavy and accurate. We had direct hits on our #1 and #4 engines, knocking them out.

"After the bomb run, we were intercepted by enemy fighters because we were a cripple, and they knocked out our hydraulic and oxygen systems. Then we lost our #3 engine over the Channel on the way back, and lost our last engine, #2, near the coast of England. We just made it to a Fighter base just inland from the coastline. We were unable to lower the landing gear with the #3 engine and the hydraulic system out, nor could it be cranked down manually probably due to another malfunction.

“Upon learning that Sgt. Romeo [the engineer] had gone below the flight deck to try to lower the nose wheel and get it locked into place, I gave the order for him to return to the flight deck immediately, as we were very close to ground contact. However, for reasons unknown, he delayed his return too long and upon contact with the ground, the nose wheel was forced back and crushed him. His death was immediate. No other members of my crew were injured at that time.

“This was our seventh mission. I went on to complete my tour, but my tail gunner, Karl Breakey, was killed while on his last mission filling in on a new crew.” (8 Aug 44).

There was another 506th loss this day, that being William S. Strange, waist gunner from Lt. Fred E. Stone’s crew, who bailed out over France.

506th SQUADRON:

506th Sq., #42-95209 Bar-W, Stone			Returned to base
506th Squadron Crew:			
STONE, FRED E. ASN 0-747516	Pilot	1st Lt.	
DERR, MERRITT E. ASN 0-747767	Co-pilot	2nd Lt.	
PETRICHUK, ANDREW L. ASN 0-684623	Navigator	2nd Lt.	
FLUGMAN, HERMAN G. ASN 0-543494	Bombardier	1st Lt.	
BROWN, CHARLES J. ASN 32371366	Engineer	T/Sgt.	
CORVELIERA, SAMUEL M. ASN 39118367	Radio Oper.	T/Sgt.	
RYAN, ROBERT E. ASN 17059318	Well Gunner	S/Sgt.	
STRANGE, WILLIAM S. ASN 6255935	RW Gunner POW	S/Sgt.	Elysian Fields, Texas
FOUST, ROBERT M. ASN 18217202	LW Gunner	S/Sgt.	
YOANITZ, MORRIS ASN 36264653	Tail Turret	S/Sgt.	

At time of bombs away (1913 hours) this aircraft suffered flak damage in #3 booster pump connection to #3 gas tank, causing the fuel to pour out into the slip stream, then spraying into the waist window. Apparently Sgt. Strange thought the spray was smoke and the aircraft afire, or suspected fire to immediately erupt. Sgt. Strange quickly jumped out the camera hatch! The crew was not positive that his chute opened, but it is believed it did since others in the formation saw an open chute in addition to another chute that came from a B-24 shot down at the same time (Scudday’s).

Sgt. Robert Foust, the left waist gunner across from Sgt. Strange, supplied additional information: “On our mission prior to this one (25 June), Sgt. Strange observed a ship from another Group flying close to us. It requested permission to join the formation for protection. We could see the crewmembers scurrying about trying to stop the flow of gasoline from battle

damage it had received. A few minutes later, a fire blossomed out in the bomb bay and the pilot of this aircraft (named TUFFY) then dove out of formation, I'm sure, to keep from taking our B-24 down with him in case he exploded.

"As we watched, we could see the men bailing out of the rear hatch on fire! Some of the chutes opened, but they were on fire as well. It appeared that none of the crew escaped alive. Bill Strange remarked then that if we were ever hit like that, he was going to jump immediately, and advised the rest of us to do the same.

"It was our very next mission on the 27th that we were hit in the fuel transfer pump in the bomb bay, and all of us in the rear section were covered with fuel. Lt. Stone dove out of formation because of exploding B-24s of either side of us. (#s 41-29496 – Scudday's, and 42-110082 that crash-landed.)

"I had the rear hatch open throwing out chaff, and Bill Strange punched me in the back and handed me my chest type pack. After unplugging my oxygen hose, I dropped my flak suit and was putting on my chute. When I looked up, I saw Bill Strange bailing out of the rear hatch.

"By that time I was becoming a bit woozy from lack of oxygen and all my activities, but then the ship leveled off. Our pilot, Lt. Stone, had regained control, so I plugged my intercom back in and reported to the pilot that Strange had bailed out. Lt. Stone then explained the damage to us and told the rest of his crew that if anyone else wanted to bail out, they had his permission – but he was going to make every effort to get that ship back to base. He succeeded. No one else wanted to bail out."

Merrit Derr, the co-pilot wrote: "My logbook indicates the target was a railroad bridge and the total flying time was five hours 45 minutes. This was my 24th mission and I remember our crew feeling sorta cocky by this time; maybe even invincible. How stupid that was, as we learned later in the day. If I recall correctly, the weather was fine. At briefing, I was glad we had been scheduled for this mission. To me, the target seemed like it would be an easy mission; and one more toward completion of that 35-mission tour.

"It was always customary for Stone to fly the mission to target and after "bombs away," for me to fly back to base at Shipdham. This mission was no exception. As we approached the target, flak became very intense and accurate; over the target we were bracketed by it. Just about the time of bomb release, there was a tremendous explosion, which seemed to be just outside the co-pilot's window. Lt. Scudday's plane, Q-496, ahead of us and on our right turned belly up and went down on fire. We received numerous hits, which resulted in a fire in #3 engine; a large hole in a fuel cell that poured gasoline into the open bomb bay; cut hydraulic lines; and flak flying through the cockpit area. Why we didn't blow up, I'll never know.

"I glanced over my shoulder toward the bomb bay and the stream of liquid pouring into the bomb bay reminded me of a cow taking a leak. A piece of flak entered the flight deck from below, lodged in my seat and literally lifted me up against my seat belt. (I have this piece in my possession today). Another piece of flak entered the aircraft on the left side of the cockpit, flew across the instrument panel and out the window on the right side. Had Stone and I not switched jobs at that precise moment, his hands would have been on the yoke and would have been shattered. There was debris flying all over the cockpit. We feathered #3 and hit the fire extinguisher button, which killed the fire. Charlie Brown, our flight engineer, and Lt. Herman Flugman, who flew with us on this mission as an observer, stopped the flow of liquid from the

ruptured fuel cell as best they could by stuffing clothing into the hole. Brown then created plugs for the hydraulic lines by chewing on some pieces of wood he produced from who knows where.

“We started losing altitude and couldn’t keep up with the squadron. About this time, Bob Foust called on the intercom from his waist gun position to report that Bill Strange had bailed out. Surprise! Surprise! No bailout signal had been given, but apparently from the waist position, it appeared imminent. Meanwhile, we called our little friends for support and along came the most beautiful P-51 I have ever seen. He stayed with us to the coast. We checked our fuel supply and decided we would bail out after crossing the allied lines. Upon reaching that position, we again checked fuel and decided to stay with the airplane as long as she had fuel to fly.

“Again, after reaching England, we checked fuel and headed for Station 115. Eventually, we got back to Shipdham with only vapor remaining in the tanks and landed on the grass. This made the engineering officer very unhappy because the aircraft had to be towed back to its revetment.

“That night, we all went into town and got thoroughly soused, with the result that we nearly suffered several casualties from guys driving into ditches on their bikes as we peddled back to base.”

Here is William Strange’s account: “The report that Bob Foust gave you was very accurate, except for one minor detail. The ship he referred to that was badly shot up and flew on our wing actually happened on our second Brunswick raid. On this Brunswick raid, our combat wing encountered heavy fighter attack with the 392nd and 492nd having heavy losses. The ship that was damaged flew a short time on our wing, caught fire, and peeled off, and apparently had no survivors. I did say that under like circumstances I would try to bail out before getting trapped.

“I was grounded for about a week before the Creil raid with a bad ear that was damaged on landing on another raid. So I didn’t fly on the 25 June mission.

“The Creil raid was by far the most accurate, if not the heaviest flak I had ever seen. The flak exploding was like a cannon. The surroundings turned black with smoke. Usually smoke was mostly brownish, but not this time as it had blotted out the sun. I was looking directly at Scudday’s ship when it seemed to get a direct hit. I didn’t see how anyone could have survived, but later learned that three did.

“A few seconds after Scudday got hit, we got hit. As Bob Foust gave a good account of the things that happened after this will only tell about things after I bailed out. After leaving the ship it seemed that I was tumbling end over end and I didn’t like the feeling so decided to pull the ripcord. I should have waited because I almost passed out for lack of oxygen. Seemed like a long time to get to the ground which was about four miles. Looked out and could see smoke from where the bombs had been dropped. Also could see three parachutists.

“As I approached the ground, the wind caught my chute and carried me over a road that was approximately 300 feet below. Just before I was carried into some trees, put my feet together so wouldn’t straddle a limb, then I felt leaves brushing me and then hit the ground harder than I thought I should – then my feet were jerked out from under me and my head hit causing a few stars or whatever. I will always believe that chute partially collapsed at first, causing my fall to be faster. Then at the end parachute and lines caught in limbs slowing fall down, but liner stretched, then recoiled jerking my feet from under me. I had to pull myself up to unfasten the chute, which was hung in the tree.

“As soon as I got loose from the chute, I started running away from the road. I had run about 200 yards when a French girl ran to me shouting, ‘Americans! Americans!’ She was, I thought, very good looking. Someone was hollering at her to come back. I thought it was probably her mother. She took my helmet and hid it under her bosom and then led me down a creek to cave or a cellar. However, the door was nailed up and wouldn’t open.

“Now here comes a German soldier with a rifle held across his chest. We saw him but he didn’t see us, but unfortunately, he stopped on the creek bank and started looking around. We weren’t hid well; he could turn around and see me anyway. Across the creek there were trees that I could run to and get away before he could turn around and get a good shot. Now let me ask you a question. What would you have done? I ran and got away, however, the girl didn’t follow me and have always wondered what may or may not have happened to her. After the war I should have gone back to France and tried to find out.

“So I was back running in the trees until I came to what looked like a small pond about 15 feet in diameter and in the center was a mound. It was dry with grass growing inside so I climbed inside because I was thinking someone else was probably looking for me. For them to see me they would have to get on the opposite side. Pretty soon I did hear footsteps and they came close and as they came close, I circled around the walls so as not to be on the side they were. It could have been the girl, however, I didn’t dare show myself.

“Now, everything got quiet. All I had to do is wait until dark and do like I had been instructed to do. However, I didn’t like the idea of trying to get out of this place at night because there were too many trees and creeks and gullies. I would walk quietly and hope I saw them first. First walked to the road, which was about 400 yards. There was a fence made of metal more like a chainlink fence that was about 8’ high that would have been hard to climb. Anyway, a car or truck came down the road that scared me back into the woods.

“So now, I decided to try the opposite way from the road and started walking and started to feeling confident, as the trees were thinning out and the ground was better to walk on. Could almost see the light at the end of the tunnel when a soldier with a blue uniform appeared with his rifle. I was in range. We seemed to see each other about the same time and this time there were no trees to run to. He signaled with his hand for me to come to him. He never really pointed his gun at me. He had me walk in front of him for about a quarter of a mile to a truck where about five soldiers were. He was different from the first soldier, the one who was looking at me, being about ten years younger. One of the five said something that sounded like a question as to where did he find me.

“I was taken to a small town where my escape kit, which I never opened, and my water were taken from me. I spent the first night sleeping or trying to sleep at an office where about ten soldiers worked.

“Back to how I felt about being captured. I didn’t like it and felt that with a little luck could have avoided capture. I can’t say what I should have done because I don’t know if that would have worked either.

“About a week later I was in Frankfurt, Germany, where I wasn’t interrogated. The only interrogation I faced was in Brussels, Belgium where they wanted the names of my crew. At first I refused, but was advised by another American to go ahead and give it for identification purposes, so I did. That was it as far as interrogation was concerned. At Frankfurt, they searched me pretty rough once, but no questions. I was sent to Stalag Luft IV. Carl Tepe, who was on

Scudday's crew, was one of the ten men in my room at IV. Coyle Acuff was in the same compound. I was liberated around 1 May 1945 at a hospital north of Munich."

29 June 1944

Magdeburg, Germany

Specific target here was the Krupp Aircraft Factory. Meeting the stiffest ground fire of the month, the 44th BG had 26 of their 36 aircraft damaged! Two of these planes were lost when flak damaged one, which lost control, and crashed into his wingman. Both 506th Squadron aircraft were lost. Also, one 66th Squadron aircraft was forced to crash-land; one 67th plane returned with one WIA.

On the return from the target, the following aircraft was forced to crash-land, damaged and out of fuel.

66th SQUADRON:

66th Sq., #41-28767 L+, Handwright			Crash-landed
66th Squadron Crew:	No serious injuries reported		
HANDWRIGHT, CHARLES B.	Pilot	Capt.	
DENISUK, ALEXANDER	Co-pilot	2nd Lt.	
STOUGH, LOUIS F.	Navigator	2nd Lt.	
PALERMO, JOSEPH S.	Bombardier	1st Lt.	
KENNELLY, HERMAN J.	Pil-Nav.	2nd Lt.	
MAY, CHARLES A.	Nav-V.	2nd Lt.	
GILLEY, JAMES A.	Engineer	T/Sgt.	Vacaville, California
FELLER, ROBERT J.	Radio Oper.	T/Sgt.	Brookville, Illinois
McMULLEN, JAMES C.	RW Gunner	S/Sgt.	Henryetta, Oklahoma
DENTON, FRANKFORD G.	LW Gunner	S/Sgt.	Williamsburg, Virginia
GOERNDT, WILLIAM W.	Tail Turret	S/Sgt.	Strool, South Dakota

Capt. Handwright was flying deputy lead of the 392nd BG's "B" low left section. Time was 0965 at 22,000 feet over Magdeburg when bombs were dropped visually. Flak was intense and accurate, hitting and knocking out #2 engine. Aircraft was forced to drop out of formation, and lost altitude down to 14,000 feet. They continued to lose altitude until they were at 9,000 feet over the Zuider Zee, and could get only 135 MPH.

Having used so much fuel, they were forced to crash-land in a field between Lowestoff and Southwold (at Covehite) when all engines quit. The left wing was torn off and the fuselage broken. Aircraft was declared Category "E" and was salvaged. None of the crew was reported to have been seriously injured.

506th SQUADRON:

506th Sq., #42-51181 Bar-K, Landahl	CAPE COD SPECIAL		MACR #7088
506th Squadron Crew:			
LANDAHL, HOWARD K. ASN 0-677785	Pilot KIA, buried Ardennes (B-28-11)	1st Lt.	Youngstown, Ohio

SMITH, RANDOLPH K. ASN 0-689390	Co-pilot POW	1st Lt.	Stockton, California
PEDERSEN, NELS W. ASN 0-689636	Navigator KIA, buried Lorraine (C-10-79)	1st Lt.	Chicago, Illinois
CONZONER, THOMAS C. ASN 0-543493	Bombardier POW	1st Lt.	Appleton, Wisconsin
STAPLES, ROBERT L. ASN 39453890	Engineer KIA	T/Sgt.	Post Falls, Idaho
YOUNT, WALTER K. ASN 37462347	Radio Oper. POW	S/Sgt.	Fremont, Nebraska
SCHIESS, CHARLES F. ASN 32529251	Well Gunner KIA	S/Sgt.	Garden City, New York
DAVIS, JACK ASN 14161625	RW Gunner POW	S/Sgt.	Chattanooga, Tennessee
COLEMAN, UNDERWOOD ASN 14085780	LW Gunner POW	S/Sgt.	Lakeland, Florida
RINALDO, FRANK A. ASN 31082344	Tail Turret POW	S/Sgt.	Worcester, Massachusetts

The MACR states that after the flak hit it, this aircraft went into a slip to the right, and, when attempting to pull out of formation, its right wing contacted A/C #41-28829 near the top turret. This aircraft then went into a flat spin.

Sgt. Frank Rinaldo gave me his recollections, “We got hit about 10 AM. I remember that we were getting hit by flak all the way on the bomb run. I had my flak suit over all my body. When the bombardier said bombs away, I looked up at my window and it was all shattered – and that was enough for me. I said, ‘Let’s get the hell outa here!’ – and that’s when we got the first direct hit. It knocked me over, and when I started to get up, we were hit again. That is what I thought at first, but instead, it was when we crashed into Wescott’s plane, MY EVERLOVIN’ GAL. I was knocked out for a few moments and when I came to again, all I could see was open space where the bomb bay had been!

“Luckily, I had a back type chute on. The next thing I did was to dive out where the bomb bay used to be. Our two waist gunners bailed out on the bomb run, just before we got hit. Both the pilot and co-pilot were blown out after the collision. The radio operator and bombardier had jumped out of the bomb bay just after the direct hit and before the collision.

“Lt. Conzoner, Walter Yount and I were captured about two hours after we hit the ground. Also captured were Lt. Smith, co-pilot, and our two waist gunners, Jack Davis and Coleman Underwood. Lt. Landahl, after being blown out, parachuted to the ground safely, but was so seriously wounded that he died about an hour after being captured. So after 27 missions and five diversions, the war had ended for us.”

1st Lt. Thomas C. Conzoner, bombardier, remembers, “First, as I recall, we were #1 aircraft in a formation when our #2 aircraft, high and slightly right, received a direct hit, with the resulting wreckage colliding with our aircraft, which at the same time received severe flak damage, resulting in an explosion of the right, gas-filled wing.

“My first impression was that of intense silence and I became aware that I was outside and slightly above the nose section of our B-24. This, in turn, was separated from many pieces, both large and small, of what was left of our plane. I surmise that when the aircraft exploded, I was

blown out along with the other crew members, both dead and alive. My only injury was slight, where a piece of flak hit my helmet and probably penetrated, as I still have a bump on that side of my head.

“I parachuted down with no problems, and ended up in the same field with Frank Rinaldo and Walter Yount. We attempted to hide in a grain field, but eventually were rounded up by the Land Watch within an hour or so after landing.

“They took us to a central gathering place where my co-pilot Smith and Aircraft Commander Howard Landahl were both alive. However, Landahl was mortally wounded in his upper right thigh to lower abdomen, which was fairly wide open and he was in shock. Smith was totally unharmed, but was in a daze from shock. I did what I could for Landahl, but he died in my arms about 20 minutes later.

“By that time, they had rounded up Coleman, so five survived and one was dead and four were missing at the time. The Wehrmacht arrived and put Howie in a cart and marched us about three miles to a village. There we were dispatched to the interrogation camp at Frankfurt. I supposed that they buried Howie in the area.”

The second 506th aircraft involved in this collision was that piloted by 1st Lt. Gerald S. Westcott.

506th SQUADRON:

506th Sq., #41-28829 Bar-H, Westcott	MY EVERLOVIN GAL		MACR #7093
506th Squadron Crew:			
WESTCOTT, GERALD S. ASN 0-808918	Pilot KIA	1st Lt.	Columbia, South Carolina
REEVES, ROBERT H. ASN 0-755597	Co-pilot KIA, buried Golden Gate Nat. Cemetery	1st Lt.	Palo Alto, California
HINE, THOMAS L. ASN 0-692312	Navigator KIA, buried Ardennes (D-2-52)	1st Lt.	Muskogee, Oklahoma
TOEPEL, ARTHUR C. ASN 0-752794	Bombardier KIA, buried Lorraine (K-17-12)	1st Lt.	Dubuque, Iowa
THOMPSON, EDWARD J. ASN 16038586	Engineer KIA, buried Lorraine (D-36-35)	S/Sgt.	Chicago, Illinois
DUBOSE, FRED A. ASN 18209799	Radio Oper. POW, wounded	T/Sgt.	Florien, Louisiana
LAWRENCE, WALTER V. ASN 18186087	LW Gunner POW, wounded	S/Sgt.	Kemah, Texas
ARTYM, FRANK Jr. ASN 16171652	RW Gunner KIA	S/Sgt.	Harvey, Illinois
MORRIS, JOSEPH I. ASN 13096159	Tail Turret POW	S/Sgt.	Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

The MACR states that this aircraft was hit by the right wing of aircraft #42-51181 as it was attempting to pull out of formation after sustaining flak hits. This occurred at 0952 hours over target of Magdeburg, 30 seconds after bombs away. S/Sgt. Walter V. Lawrence, left waist gunner, sent this story, “Our mission was to Magdeburg, 29 June, 1944. We were on the bomb run and flak was very heavy. I was flying left waist, the bombs were dropped, and then we received some damage from a close one. Pilot Westcott called me to check the damage in the

bomb bay. As I opened the interior door, (to the bomb bay) fluid from the hydraulic reservoir was pouring out, and the bomb bay doors were still open, all the bombs had cleared. I learned later that Fred DuBose was on the other, cabin side, of the bomb bay to close the doors when the fire began in the bomb bay.”

The ship flying off Westcott’s left wing was Landahl’s. Both were hit at the same time. Due to the flak hits, Landahl lost control and altitude, dropping right on top of Westcott.

Sgt. Lawrence continues: “Fred jumped from that position before the explosion. The last thing I remember was closing my door to the bomb bay, then talking to Westcott on the intercom to tell him the problems with our ship. I had returned to the left waist position when the explosion occurred, throwing me out – and the heat was terrific. My first thought was to pull the ripcord (I had been wearing my chute), which I did, and somehow my chute did not catch fire nor was it hit by flying debris.

“On the way down I counted chutes and assumed we all got out. At this point, I did not know about the collision with Landahl’s plane. My only injury was a broken collar bone, pulled muscles in left arm, and sprained ankle when landing. Fred DuBose and I landed within about 200 feet of each other. After getting out of my chute harness and putting on those G.I. shoes strapped to the harness, Fred and I went to help Lt. Landahl who was about 100 yards from us. It was 1000 hours. A Land Watch farmer was coming for us as we approached Landahl. He quickly saw we were trying to help, so he went on searching for the others.

“Lt. Landahl was in great pain from wounds in thighs and legs but neither of our first aid kits had any morphine. But we did find some in his kit and gave him a shot. Both of his legs were mutilated, broken in several places and evidently had lost most of his blood during descent. I put a tourniquet on for a bit, but after cutting his trouser leg to see what was wrong, I removed it. His wounds were not bleeding; they had lost most of it already, I suspect. So Fred gave him another shot of morphine. But he died shortly thereafter.

“We were near a small village, but did not leave the field where we landed until that evening. Only three men from our ship survived. The tail section must have separated from the rest of the plane at the waist window area, making our escape possible. Three men from the other ship were also there with us at that time.”

“Joe Morris, tail gunner, also was blown out and free from the debris after the explosion. There was no ball turret gunner on this plane as he, Joe Gasky, had been invited to London by Bebe Daniels to take part in her radio broadcast. So only nine men flew this day, one short.”

Note: Walter “Tex” Lawrence reported that this aircraft, MY EVERLOVIN GAL, appears briefly about halfway through the film, “The Men Who Flew the Liberators.”

Wounded on board one of the returning 67th Squadron aircraft was Sgt. Norman Tillner.

67th SQUADRON:

67th Sq., 42-99967 Q-Bar, Henry

MYRTLE THE FERTILE TURTLE

Returned

67th Squadron Crew (partial):

TILLNER, NORMAN

Waist Gunner
WIA

S/Sgt.

Bellflower,
California

1st Lt. Howard C. "Pete" Henry, Jr. was piloting this aircraft, with Lt. Albert E. Jones as his bombardier. Lt. Jones had these remarks in his diary, "I flew the waist position because of the size of the turret – it was just too small for me.

"Over the target, Sgt. Tillner, the other waist gunner, was hit in the leg with flak. At that time the flak was heavy and accurate, damaging the ship in several places. The trim tabs on the rudder were shot off, the prop on #4 engine was hit, but still continued to work, I'm happy to say.

"While still over the target I gave Norm some first aid as the fighters would not attack at that time. The flak was too heavy for them to venture too close to us. The piece of flak was still in Norm's leg, I discovered when I cut away his heated suit, so I put sulfa powder on the wound. I did not apply a tourniquet because bleeding wasn't too heavy, later almost stopping due to the cold. Tillner refused a shot of morphine for the pain.

"It was three hours before we got back over England and Pete left the formation at the coast and came in as fast as possible. He circled the field so we could fire red-red flares to alert emergency crews of wounded aboard and then landed. An ambulance followed us to the dispersal area and a doctor took care of Sgt. Tillner, then drove away with him.

Sgt. Tillner spent a considerable time in a hospital, then when almost fully recovered, was transferred to Africa, where he completed his combat tour from that area of operations. He still carried around with him that large piece of flak.

4 July 1944

Beaumont-Le-Roger Airfield, France

68th SQUADRON:

68th Sq., #42-100412 V, Schaffer

Crew bailed out

68th Squadron Crew: Entire crew bailed out safely over England

SCHAFFER, BENJAMIN L. ASN 0804518	Pilot	1st Lt.
PELLEGRINE, JOHN D. ASN 0806512	Co-pilot	1st Lt.
DUNDA, ANDREW ASN 0687935	Navigator	1st Lt.
MOORE, KENNETH J. ASN 39081967	Nose Gun./Toggler	S/Sgt.
PARSONS, RUSSELL L. ASN 35662830	Eng./Top Turret	T/Sgt.
GARVEY, JAMES T. ASN 37272533	Radio Oper.	T/Sgt.
SWEENEY, GEORGE Jr. ASN 15335699	RW Gunner	S/Sgt.
HOFKIN, JOSEPH ASN 12011009	LW Gunner	S/Sgt.
McNUTTY, JOSEPH W. ASN 31193308	Tail Turret	S/Sgt.
KRZYZEWSKI, IGNATIUS P.	Unknown	S/Sgt.