



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Hello Bud:

Had to do a little dog sitting and housewarming for my daughter down in Plano, Texas, where the temperature hovers around 100 degrees. Now I know what housewarming means.

Let me tell you about Captain Ned Vahldieck. He was from Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and I was from Racine of the same state just 25 miles away, so it was natural for us to be buddies. He was an excellent pilot, and had only a few missions to complete his tour. I was lead bombardier, and he was always after me to fly with him on missions and practice bomb runs. I was eager and always ready to fly.

One day we went up. Now with my own pilot I always had plenty of time to set in the drift settings and and bomb sight adjustments, but this was not to be the case with Vahldieck. When he got up, he was ready to go, so I worked hard all the way up getting things ready. When we got on deck I was all set and I guess we dropped ten sand bombs.

When we got down on the ground and out of the plane, someone said,

"Amos were you flying in 56 today?" I replied in the affirmative.

"Oh! That was some 'Beaut' of a roll through the silos and a 'Buzz Job' on Major Phillips' tent."

"Naugh!!, that was not us, we were dropping practice bombs," I shot back quickly.

Another officer confirmed rather emphatically, "Amos, old buddy, we know you were up in 56 today roaring down the company street".

Then Vahldieck came by and said, "Hey! Lars I guess we are in a bit of trouble, I flew down between the silos and said hello to Major Phillips, but don't worry, you are not involved, it's all my fault."

Shortly afterwards we were called to face Major Phillips in his tent, "Court Martial 1000 hours Monday morning," He said stern faced. We worried all weekend, and appeared in Major Phillips tent at 1000 sharp in our dress uniforms. He and the operations officer, who were dressed in fatigues, inviting us to a game of bridge. Then he said rather calmly without a change in his expression, "Tonight there will be a

meeting in the officers club, and I will talk about needed repairs. So you Capt. Vahldieck will stand up and say loud and clear, yes ! I believe we do need repairs and I will contribute \$500.00. And you, Larsen will get up quickly and say yes, we do need repairs and I will contribute \$200.00."

That night everyone knew the story and kept hollering, "Now! Vahldieck, Now!" even before the meeting started. The meeting went according to plan, just as Major Phillips ordered. I not only pledged \$200.00, I paid it too. Shows you what friendship can do for you. All of the officers got a good laugh over that, and also learned a B two four was not to be used for aerobatics, in our squadron anyway, unless you wanted to go to the poorhouse.

Thanks for listening,
Amos Larsen 766 Sq

Dear Bud:

In answer to your letter, on one of my days off from flying several of us from the squadron rode down to the maintenance area to see repair work that was being done on one of the Pratt & Whitney engines. The mechanics showed us a sleeve with a vertical split in it. He explained that without a serviceable sleeve, the supercharger would not work, resulting in low manifold pressure at altitude. This sleeve was part of the line that fed pressure from the exhaust manifold to the turbo boost control. He further went on to say that this sleeve would deteriorate from heat and normal vibration, and was difficult to detect during an engine inspection, thus explaining why many crews reported loss of supercharger control prior to encountering combat conditions.

In re-reading Torretta Flyer No 12 Spring 86, an article on page 21, "My Last Mission," by Carl Peterson, 767 squadron, I remember the mission well. I was the lead navigator for the 767th, and if I recall, the target was Brux Oil Refinery. Delena, a squadron pilot, and Hower, a co-pilot, bunked with us for several days before the mission. Being