

section. He was one of the four who built a "Tufa Stone", casa in the 824th squadron area, along with Newton D Lewis, Raymond Grenz and myself.

Rakower and myself were radio operators, working at the group radio station located behind 484th BG headquarters. The station was supervised by M/Sgt Bramlitt and Sgt Samson, (not sure of his name). Sgt Bramlitt had a "prize" dog which we all at times attempted to preserve, defend and protect against the hoard of clamoring males, clawing and scratching at our door. It was our job to select the most outstanding mate so as to preserve the blood lines, and let him in to prove his amorous intention. Ha! maybe Bramlitt or Samson would remember this breeding experiment, as I never was able to find out what the results were.

Cordially yours,

Gordon Brant, 824 Sq.
Oelwin, IA

Dear Bud:

In the last issue of the Flyer, Orville Wildman had a letter about one of the Vicious Virgin's missions. Here is a story about the end of old Vicious.

On 1 November 1944, flying our first mission with this colorful aircraft, we were hit over Vienna and unable to feather number 2 engine. We were unable to keep up with the formation, so were on our own. For about an hour I sat like an idiot in the nose watching the propeller snap the crankshaft and pull out about eight or ten inches from the engine and then wobble, chewing chunks out of the the upper and lower cowling. I finally realized that I was sitting in the path that the prop might fly if it came completely loose. I quickly dispatched myself to the relative safety of the flight deck.

After about two hours we lost number one. We had been flying over an undercast so I did not have a reliable position, only that we were over Yugoslavia. We were looking down at the mountains when we lost number one, a minute later we were in a valley looking up at the mountains. The order was given to bail out or prepare for a crash landing. On approach I could see boulders three feet in diameter, and wondered who would survive if we hit one of them. The pilots sat the plane down in the only clear place in the valley no more than two hundred yards in all.

The bombardier and I had our heads up and locked as we were sitting underneath the upper turret, which did just what we had been told it would do, that it would fall through on impact.

The crew cleared the ship in a matter of seconds, the pilots went out their side window with parachute packs on, an impossibility under normal circumstances. I went out the hole left by the upper turret and just as I hit the ground, I re-

alized that the bombardier was shouting that he was pinned in. I climbed back up to help him when he knocked me off the ship as he came out.



The props were laid out in an even row. The partisans stripped the ship of all guns and ammo. The next day they blew her up so the Ustachi couldn't salvage anything. Thus ended a tough old bird.

Yours truly,
R D Pierson, 826 Sq

Editor, Torretta Flyer
Sir:

Enclosed is a photo of our crew. On 9 March, 1945, over Germany at 29,000, the bombardier said, "No flak here", so we dropped down to 17,000 feet when we were hit by a 105 millimeter shell. Upon landing at Cerignola, the pilot stated, "No brakes". We rolled until stopping in a field. Nobody was hurt. We went on to complete 50 missions.

Angelo L Ferrara, Ball Gunner 767 sq.
Essex, Maryland



Kneeling L to R 1) Lt Charles L Dean, co-pilot; 2) unknown; 3) unknown; 4) Donald Herbert, pilot. Standing L to R Brevett Hook, engineer; Raymond B Spencer, tail gunner; John L Shaw, nose gunner; John T Ryan, radio operator; Angelo L Ferrara, ball gunner; and Harry Poturalski, upper gunner.