

LETTERS
TO THE
EDITOR

Stanford, NC
Dear Bud:

There was a Barry Jones in the 461st at the same time I was a gunner in the 484th. Barry became a POW. We did not know each other.

After the war I received a BA from Michigan State University. In that same graduation, also receiving his baccalaureate degree was Barry Jones. We still did not know each other.

In February 1988, I moved into a new home at 513 Argyll Dr, Carolina Trace, Stanford, North Carolina, which includes an 18 hole golf course. Three doors down in 509 Argyll Dr another family moved in. Name: Mr and Mrs Barry Jones (764 Sq). After almost 50 years since being in the same neighborhood in Italy, we finally met, on the golf course.

I must confess, Barry is the better golfer. It is a small world after all.

Sincerely, W. Arthur Brindle, (824 Sq) Major Ret

PS After I left the 484th I accepted a direct commission and served in Korea.

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Hyde Park, Ny
Dear Bud:

I was up until the wee hours of the morning reading the back issues of the Torretta Flyer and they brought back all of the memories of 44 years ago. In fact, I think we witnessed, "The Last Flight of Crew #14." We ourselves were jumped by Me-109's and FW-190's and were hit by 20 MM cannon, disabling number two engine which could not be feathered. Thus we had to drop out of formation and joined another group behind us, but we couldn't keep up, losing altitude all the way. Being a lone plane we were

easy pickings for a fighter attack. Our tail gunner reported a bandit closing in behind, but peeled off when he noticed the tail gun was inoperative. Fluid was all over the tail turret window from damage to the hydraulic system from the first wave of fighter attacks. We like to think the enemy fighter was a sport, but maybe his guns jammed.

We headed for home via Yugoslavia, but were running out of fuel very fast. It was a choice between ditching in the Adriatic or a chancy bail out over the rough terrain of Yugoslavia. Our pilot, Nick Sidovar asked one by one, "Ditch or Bail out?" Every one wanted to ditch, but when he finally got to me, I said, "Not me, I'm bailing out, a B-24 doesn't stand a chance in ditching." The rest agreed and out we went thru the bombay doors. Nick was the last, setting the autopilot, he jumped too. We thank God the whole crew got out alive and were picked up in a very short time by the Usachi, who turned us over to the Germans.

Hitting the silk was an experience, and I was glad that I took in the one lecture back in the states and remembered everything. I had a chest pack and I delayed pulling the cord for a long time, during which I experimented with alternately doubling up to "tumble" and then spread eagling to "freeze" into a position favorable for a safe chute opening without getting tangled or burned. This I did quite a few times before pulling the rip cord. Fortunately I landed in a muddy field which broke my fall nicely. My post mortem critique said that I kept my legs too stiff on contact.

Sincerely,
Ed Chan 766 Sq

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Pittsburgh, Pa
Dear Bud:

I am enclosing two photos, one taken last year in Colorado Springs and the other one taken in Italy in 1945. Joe Malloy,