

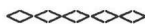
Dear Bud:

Sorry to have taken so long to take action on your last letter. So far as my "oxygen blackout" mission is concerned, it is difficult to provide much information since I did not mention it in my pilot's log at the time. It probably did not seem especially significant at the time. John Boyd, I am sure was the pilot. John was with the 766th only a short time before he was moved up to Group, but we shared a number of hairy moments beginning with a take off from Gander in a blizzard and ending with an inadvertent wheels down bomb run over Fiume.

Herman Weidower was the flight engineer and undoubtedly saved me from some serious problems, (like instant death) by his swift action. He hailed from Oklahoma, but I am afraid I've lost touch with him and the other enlisted men. Paul Jensen-tail gunner, and Swank-upper gunner, were both from Minnesota. Albert Kozlowski-nose gunner, Emerson Burr-radio operator were both from Connecticut, and William "Shorty" Dixon-ball gunner from California. Tom Forsyth-Bombardier, and Ed Callahan-Navigator were the other two officers of the crew. We still keep in touch.

I have forgotten both the date and target, but it was one of the early missions for our replacement crew. Since we were a few hours out from Torretta, the target was probably Regensburg, February 5, 1945, or Vienna February 8, 1945. Both were well defended targets and we were lucky that the weather at both was too bad for German fighters to operate. Our formation was led by the relatively new "mickey ship" which permitted bombing by radar. All of the planes in our squadron returned safely, as I recall.

With best wishes for a happy and successful 1990.  
John H Williamson 766 Squadron



Hastings, Florida  
Dear Bud Markel

Thanks for printing the two versions, one official and one personal, of the bombing mission by the crew of Ruben Kaiser on December 11, 1944, to targets in Austria, in the last issue of the Torretta Flyer, as that was the way I thought they should be published.

Ruben Kaiser has been in and out of the VA hospital in Madison, Wisconsin for surgery on his right leg due to insulin complications caused as a result of diabetes. (Editors Note: Ruben has recovered sufficiently to attend the New Orleans reunion with his wife Petronella. He managed to get around with the aid of a walker even on rain slick Canal Street, New Orleans.

For anyone who doesn't remember Ruben, he appeared at several reunions wearing his uniform (still trim and fit.)

Charles J Shanklin-engineer on Ruben Kaiser's crew has been found and was not killed as everyone thought but is alive and well and living in the house he and his wife bought over 30 years ago.

I am enclosing a picture of "OL' 45." When Harold D "Bud" Pressel Jr 825 Squadron wrote that he was on the last flight of "OL' 45" in Flyer No #16, I started to thinking that I had a photo of this old B-24. Before I knew it Flyer No#17 was re-

ceived with the letter by Roy R Lee Jr reporting that his crew flew their first mission on August 24, 1944. The photograph (right) was taken January 31, 1945 after a 4 & 1/2 hour high altitude training flight. From left top row: Ruben Kaiser-pilot, Charles Laster - bombardier, and Chester Jones-co/pilot. Bottom row from left: Calvin R Teel-radio operator, and Charles Shanklin-engineer.



With best wishes  
Calvin Teel  
Radio operator on Ruben Kaiser's crew



Roscommon, Michigan  
Dear Bud:

Enclosed please find a photograph of our crew that was taken down in Cuba in 1944. We went down there to complete some training flights because of poor weather in Massachusetts. I have also included a photo (right) of the clock at our rest camp showing the exact hour we heard that the war in Europe had ended. Everyone brought out cases of vino to the town square that day to celebrate.



In reading Flyer No 12 on page 9, I ran across a picture of one of our planes #63 that we flew on our last mission on April 25, 1945 with nine 500 pound bombs. We hit the main marshalling yard at Linz, Austria. It was one of the worst missions. We saw more flak than ever before. We had three holes in the nose turret, Sam E Church, the nose gunner thought he was hit. He had powder burns on his vest. Everyone on board said their prayers.

Our left wing men and ships were blown apart by direct hits. Being the ball gunner, I was quickly out of the turret sitting on the rear hatch looking out the lower windows to watch for our bomb hits. When the two wing men and ships were blown out of the sky, I went to the left waist and saw only three chutes come out.