

your ass up here now, number two engine is on fire from a flack hit." Needless to say I recuperated fast and proceeded post haste back to the flight deck. We were able to put out the fire and feather the prop.

We were now alone but found our way back to base without any further mishaps. At the de-briefing session one of the crew said he saw a German jet plane off in the distance. But no one else saw it so that sighting was discounted. Upon examination of the damage done to Stud Horse it was found to have a big hole caused by flack in the floor of the plane and up through the top of the plane. That hole was in the exact same spot where I should have been standing had I not been stuck in the bomb bay. The damage was eventually repaired and "Stud Horse" was to fly again and eventually survived to the end of the war.

Later that night and subsequent nights when we had time to relax and think about the day's happening, I prayed to the Lord. I said, Lord, please get me out of this mess in one piece and I will let my life take any direction which you might want me to go." I thought, "How stupid can a man get?" Here we had ten good men on our plane dropping bombs on other human beings and they in turn are trying to shoot us down. Surely there were also other good men on the ground. How foolish! I vowed at that time to try to do something more positive in the future to help correct this folly of man's inhumanity to man.

Some months later the war in Europe ended. We were shipped home, given a month's furlough and we were then scheduled to be sent to the Pacific for the war with Japan. In the meantime President Harry Truman made the right decision to drop the atomic bomb on Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Shortly thereafter Japan sued for peace. The war was over and we were all discharged.

Somewhere along the way something in my conscience told me to go to college and become a teacher. This I did. After thirty-eight years as a teacher and



school Principal, I look back and honestly believe this was God's message to me to give back to society something of myself. Perhaps by working with young people trying to help them to get a good education we will realize that wars are for losers and World War III cannot happen under any circumstances.

I also would like to think that the fourth bomb, which was hung up finally landed about fifty miles outside of Linz, Austria in some farmers' pasture creating a large hole in the ground which then filled up with water and fish. Now the local young kids and possibly their grandfathers have an ideal fishing hole for summer afternoons of fun and laughter. Is that wishful thinking?



Photo 1 April 2, 1945 St. Polten Marshaling Yards, Austria, axis of attack 310 degrees. Altitude 19106 feet. Time of attack 12:48 PM. 826 Squadron.