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year. As I said our pilot was an "Eager Beaver" and he looked after his crew and got us the promotions as fast as they were available. All the enlisted men on the crew were Tech-Sergeants, something very unusual.

→ After the war began to wind down in Europe and many of the men that had completed their missions in combat, began returning and took over the jobs we had been doing. There were openings in the Air Transport Command for pilots and Radio operators to help transport the men from Europe back home by way of South America.

While in the Air Force I had three very close escapes from death. While Sioux City, I was scheduled to fly at 7 ~~AM~~ A.M. one morning. While waiting in the briefing room, a pure Indian Radio operator came to me and asked to take my place that morning as he needed to fly a few extra hours so he could collect his Flying pay for that month. He had been overseas and just returned from Italy. He had almost been shot down several times but had always ~~managed~~ managed to get back to home base.

I agreed with his request and went over to the P.X. (store and cafeteria combined) for a cup of coffee. While there I heard the sirens blowing