

(27)

and the fire trucks screaming. We ran over to the run way and saw that the plane I should have been on had crashed on take off and everyone was killed.

Another time just after I had returned from a trip home, I was informed that I would fly with a different crew from the one I had been flying with. This plane I would have normally been on also crashed in a field a few miles from the base, killing all the crew.

While in Sioux City, I was sent on detached service, with six other Radio operators to Pocatello, Idaho, to train some crews for over seas duty. After we arrived we found that we would be flying in the B-24's (Flying Box cars) instead of the B-17's. Several of the operators refused to fly in them as they weren't as safe to fly as the B-17's. I didn't hesitate to fly in them as I figured God could take care of me where ever I was. I have a strong belief that we all have a set time to leave this old world and when that time comes, that is it. While here one of the Radio operators on a crew got air sick everytime he flew, so the C.O. asked me to go up with him the next morning and see if I thought he should be grounded and not