

Left Lincoln, Neb. Jan. 26, 1945 via Chicago, Akron, Pa., Washington D. C. and Baltimore. Arrived at Camp Kilmer, New Jersey (Port of Embarkation) on Jan. 28, 1945. Next two days spent processing. Jan. 30 got a pass to New York City. Had a swell time with Mac, Clem, Ole, Connelly, Murr, Pengra and Perry. Called Betty for the last time before leaving the states.

Left Kilmer on Feb. 2, 1945 by train and boarded the "Ile de France". Band playing on wharf and kind of got a lump in my throat. Red Cross girls passing out coffee and doughnuts. Whole affair rather thrilling and a little awe inspiring--doing some serious thinking, a lot about home. Boarded ship carrying full field pack--just about made it to cabin.

Feb. 3, 1945--Left Brooklyn pier. Sailed past Statue of Liberty--very impressive--again the lump in my throat. Wondering how much time would elapse before I again saw the "Grand old Gal".

Trip was for the most part uneventful. Played a lot of cards and drank a little. Always hungry as we got only two meals a day. Boat drills daily was only duty.

Feb. 10, 1945 Saturday morning. B-24 anti sub patrol sighter, and in sight all day. That night alerted for submarine attack (known only to ship's crew) and watertight doors closed.

Feb. 11--During early Sunday morning had 12 destroyer escort (usually only 2) and five sub alerts. Narrowly averted collision with allied cargo ship while both taking evasive action. Ship heeled badly, throwing most of us half out of bed twice. Later in day sighted Scotland and Eire, and anchored in Firth of Clyde at Gourrock, Scotland at 1 P.M.

Feb. 13--Disembarked and boarded train immediately. Ride through Scotland very pretty and exceptionally clean country. Arrived in Stone England Replacement base at 8 P.M. Still carrying full packs.

Feb. 16--Departed Stone and arrived at Station 111 (Thurleigh) 6½ miles from Bedford. Assigned to "Fitin! Bitin' " 369th Bomb Squadron, 306th Bomb Group, 40th Combat Wing, 1st. Division, 8th Army Air Force. Col. Sutton, Gp. C0, Maj. McKinney Sq. CO.

Ground school from Feb. 17, 1945 to Feb. 22. Flew locally Feb. 25, 2 hours day transition and 1p hours night.

Feb. 26--First mission. Hit Berlin PFF. Was not nervous at all. Fascinated by flack of which there was plenty but inaccurate.

Crew--All but Mac and Phil. (Pilot was Morere)

Target--Marshalling yards in Northern part fo city.

Ship--Flack Shack

Time--9:05 Saw no fighters (enemy) flack heavy and moderate---5 scattered holes in ship, one right above Ted's head.

Feb. <sup>27</sup>--Mission to Leipsig PFF

Crew--All but Mac (Miagliarro as S.J.) Morere as pilot

Target--Largest R.R. Station in Europe.

Ship--Flack Shack

Time--8:25

Flack innacurate and scant--no enemy fighters. 2 holes in tail.

Feb. 28--Mission to Hagan PFF. First mission as first pilot

Crew--All

Target--Marshalling yards

Ship--Flack Shack

Time--8:15

Flack very inaccurate and scant--no damage--no fighters.

March 1--2:30 local formation practice.

March 2--Mission to Bohlen--visual

Crew--All

Target--Synthetic oil plant

Ship--Flack Shack

Time--( 9:50 Rendezvous over France-- Saw Paris )

Flack--heavy, intense and very accurate. Straggling over target and on bomb run due to poor leadership. Pulling 42" and 2500 RPM (excessive power) trying to catch up. Engines smoking badly. Inverter went out and manifold pressure went wild. A little nervous as flack very accurate, tracking and bursting all around. Switched inverter and things came back to normal. Rejoined formation in turn off target. Landed with 20 minutes of gas left. Results of raid excellent. Damage hole in waist about 2" around and one in wing tip. On bomb run Johnson's helmet kept getting in his way. In pushing it back he threw it off. It landed on Clem's neck, and he thought he was hit by flack. Bergerner's ship caught fire going over France--crew bailed out. Everyone OK.

March-3--Flew local bombing 4:00

March 4--Mission to Ulm in Flack Valley PFF

Crew--All

Target--Ordnance Depot

Ship--Flack Shack

Time--8:00

No flack at target. Flack over front lines through Frankfort "gap?" too darned accurate going and coming. Going over received two hits in #3 Nacelle--no damage. Coming back flack lost its fascination when 3 bursts hit very close--one over astro dome, one directly in front of windshield right in my face, and one at my side in front of #2 Nacelle. Upon examination found that right inboard Tokyo tanks were punctured twice, necessitating wing change; #4 oil cooler knocked out and #2 prop hit twice.

March 5--No flight. Crew cleaned ship inside and out.

March 6--2½ hours formation and SCS-51 letdown (blind landing). Got 20 minutes instrument time.

March 7--Mission to Geissen (PFF)

Crew--All but Zamiska

Target--Marshalling yards

Ship--Flack Shack

Time--8:20

Meager flack enroute and none at target. No enemy fighters--thank goodness. Flubbed around for one hour looking for target. Navigation strictly off the ball. Steiger's tail gunner killed in collision over Germany. Crew bailed over France--OK.

March 8--Mission to Gelsenkirchen (GH) (Happy Valley)

Crew--All but Phillippi

Target--Cokig Plant

Ship--Flack Shack

Time--7:00

Intense heavy flack on entire bomb run--very innacurate.

March 9-- 4:30 Formation gunnery <sup>over</sup> Crew bailed out over wash and only one rescued.

March 10--Mission to Dortmund (PFF) (Flack Valley)

Crew--All but Mac (Co-Pilot Snock)

Target--Marshalling Yard

Ship--Fack Shack

Time--7:10

Heavy, moderate, inaccurate flack entire bomb run.

March 11--Slow timing Flack Shack #1 & #3 engines changed.

March 12--1:20 Cross country to Hereford to see Mac's brother.

March 13--4:40 formation (local) Went on pass.

March 14--Arrived in London on pass. Took tour of town and saw Tower of London, London Bridge, Waterloo Bridge, Westminster Abbey, Buckingham Palace etc. Saw very good stage show. Food terrible except in Red Cross. Do not particularly like London. Drank a little Scotch and beer with Abe. Three rocket bombs dropped during night. Returned to base on Mar. 15 and had a lot of mail from Betty.

March 16--Mission to Leipzig scrubbed due to weather. No flight. Wrote 8 page letter to Betty.

March 17--Mission to Molbis (PFF)

Crew--All

Target--Electric power plant

Ship--Flack Shack

Time--9:15 Heavy intense flack, all over sky--enough to walk on. No fighters--2" hole in vertical stablizer.

March 18--Mission to Berlin (PFF) but mostly visual.

Crew--All

Target--WilhelmStrasse Station and junction of Unter den Linden & other prominent Berlin streets.

Ship--Flack Shack

Time: 9:15 Heavy intense flack from IP for about 25 minutes. Flack everywhere I looked. Saw two ME 262's go by less than 150 ft under us. No attack on us. Saw ME 410 attack and shoot down B17 in group ahead, and saw P-51's get him. Saw unidentified plane going down in flames and explode before hitting ground. Counted 5 possibly 6 chutes 30 miles from Berlin. Hit by flack in right stab. necessitation a new one--hit in left elevator

and right wing minor lost #4 turbo over target. Fires all over area. After returning from Berlin was notified Maj. McKinney wanted to see me. Reported to him in club and was congratulated on promotion to 1st. Too tired to really appreciate it. Bought drinks.

March 19--Mission to Plouen (PFF)

Crew--All

Target--Marshalling Yards

Ship--Flack Shack

Time--9:45

Little flack crossing lines--none at target. Rendezvoused over France and I got a good look at Paris. #3 engine acting up the whole way in-vibrating extremely. Nursed it along until we recrossed the lines, and then feathered. Flew four hours of formation on 3 engines. Saw an ME-262 being chased by four P-51's. Came back from just over the lines through front--dodging bad weather as much as possible and losing altitude constantly to try to stay under the stuff. Came across the channel and to England below 200 ft. and at times right on the water. Lost the formation in the overcast and finally came out of the stuff right on the deck. Darned happy to see the field.

March 20--Awakened for combat meeting at 6:45. At seven was notified that the meeting was called off. Wonderful feeling to sleep until 10, after arising at 2:30 and 3 for 4 consecutive days. Zingerli (roommate) had fire going and for the first time in months got up in warm room. Flew lead element in hole on flub-dub for 2 hours.

March 21-- No flight. Duty in orderly room from five to seven.

March 23--Mission to Coesfeld (Visual)

Crew--All

Target--Marchalling Yards.

Ship--Flack Shack

Time--5:30

No flack Flew as leader of hole element. Lost #4 over target and feathered. #3 developed a run-away prop and Mac and I had a helluva time controlling it. It was vibrating so badly that we were making bets as to when it would quit running. Came back alone as we couldn't stay with the formation. Made a high approach as #3 sounded like it would fall off at any minute. After landing #3 cut out as we were taxing back to the dispersal area.

March 24--Mission to Rheine (Visual)

Crew--All

Target--Air field

Ship--765

Time--6:45

Navigation instruments went out and missed rendezvous. Tacked on to 401 St. Group and bombed with them. Little flack. Came back from Zuider Zee alone to fly another mission which was cancelled. Result of bombing excellent--plastered hell out of air field. Abe reported that he saw our bombs run right down the main runway.

March 25--Maximum effort called for mission to Zeitz. Took off at 5:05 in blinding rain in the dark and skidded all over the runway. Gyro-horizon lagging and just caught other instruments in time to yank the Shack higher. (later found out that the Crew Chief had pulled out a piece of tree branch from the tail wheel) Returned to base after flying formation in thunder storms and heavy clouds at about 50 feet and less for 2 hours and 30 minutes. Bad cross wind on landing, and helluva time. Really sweated it out because we had about 2500 gals. of gas aboard and 12--500 lbs. of GP's and 1000 lbs. of IB's aboard. Kearney in ship ahead of me landed with wings on fire to make me sweat a little more. } MISSION CANCELLED

March 26--Mission to Ruhr Valley scrubbed. Patten got to the target first. Found out that Frank Biorn was in the hospital at Diddington and the Joe T. Clark had been killed. Got a truck and Fischer, Mac, Pengra and I went to see Frank. Was not seriously hurt, small piece of flack in right calf. Joe was hit hard in left hip and died in station hospital. That night we had a little squadron party and I got pretty high--kind of had it coming for some time. Even Pengra, who never touches a drop, had his share tonight.

March 27--Mission to Schweinfurt scrubbed due to weather. Got permission to go to Joe T.'s funeral. Fisher, Pengra, Jones, Dragoo and I went to Cambridge where American Cemetary is. Town is very old and nothing but colleges. Met Bob Perry and Frank's whole crew at Red Cross and went to funeral with them. Services were very impressive with 20 chaplains present. About 40 men were buried at one time. Cemetary is very large and many graves are there.

March 28--Day very dull--Had link in the morning and evening.

March 29--Had long SOP session in A.M. Afternoon had no duties. Went to town about 6:30 but came back early.

March 30--Mission to Vegesack (Visual)

Crew:All

Target--Sub Pens

Ship--Flack Shack

Time--8:20

Carried 2 Disney Bombs externally. Heaviest load a B-17 has ever carried in combat-- better than 70,000 pounds. Flew 6 ship squadrons instead of the usual 12. Was sweating out the take off, but it wasn't bad at all. Made four bomb runs and flack was damned accurate. On the first run Clem was knocked down by a piece of flack which hit his helmet. It glanced off of him and hit Phillippi's flack suit--both unhurt. Next run wasn't bad. Third run they were waiting for us and plastered hell out of the group. Two bursts on the underside jolted me out of the seat and I could feel numerous bursts on the controls. Fourth run was just as bad. One piece of the flack came in right waist and went out left then through stabilizer. One piece passed between Tex and I and another nicked top of cockpit about 3 inches from my head. We could now smell the powder from the Jerry shells. On the ground we discovered about 35 holes and armor plate saved Clem. Had to have new gas tank in #2 because of size of holes, and a new left stabilizer. However, we really plastered the target.

March 30-- No mission. Had movies in the morning and afternoon off. Started a 48 hour pass. Stayed in Bedford over night, and got slightly stinko--had learned that Jim Wokersein had been instantly killed by flack.

April 1--Went to London with Dutch, Ted and Abe after church. Met Tex, Mick and Phillippi and had a darn good chicken dinner. Had a lot fun riding the "tube" all over town. Found a couple of nice sopts to take a drink or two, and did. Spent night in Red Cross.

April 2--Slept until 11:30 and it was swell. Spent afternoon at Trafalgar Square and came back at 4:20.

April 3--Link trainer in A.M. Went to town in P.M. to pick up my Battle Jacket.

April 4--Mission to Fassberg.(PFF with visual corrections)

Crew--All

Target--Airfield

Ship--Flack Shack

Time--9:50

No flack--no fighters. Went in at 12000 ft. and plastered target with 1000 pounders. Made two runs on target and sweated that out. Was novel to smoke going down the bomb run. Flubbed around the field for a half hour before they'd let us land. Laid down at 5:30--woke up at 11:30, undressed and hit the sack. Awakened again at 2 A.M.

April 5--Mission to Graffenwohr (PFF with visual corrections)

Target--Ordinance Depot

Ship--Flack Shack

Crew--All

Time--10:40 (longest of my missions)

No flack. Saw one ME-262 but no attack made. Hit target on the nose with good results. Could see fires all over area from other bombings and from ground shellings--Nurembourg was really in flames. Trains were burning all over the area from fighter-bomber attacks. Our fighter support was the best ever--there were P-51's all over the sky. Took off in rain in dark at 6:25--sure sweat out these dark rainy take offs. Weather terrible all through France. Came back over France at 0 Altitude. People all over waving at us. Damage throughout was intense. Saw world war 1 trenches and world war 2 pill boxes--what's left of them. Everywhere signs of destruction--trucks, tanks, trains, buildings, cities and railroad yards. Saw the Argonne Forrest and the invasion beach--bombardment must have been terrific. Many wrecked bridges across the Moselle and Rhine. Parts of France beautiful, Expecially hilly country in South. Pretty well beaten down tonight.

April 6--Mission to Leipzig (PFF)

Target--R.R. Station

Crew--All

Ship--Flack Shack

Time--9:30

No flack, no fighters. Saw 2 B-17's collide in mid-air. One disintegrated and pieces filled the sky. Other went into a very steep dive and spiral, recovered temporarily and then spun in. Saw one chut only. This was the best PFF bombing the group ever made--results were excellent.

April 7--No mission. Shot Skeet in A.M. Swung compass in P.M. Went into town and had a pretty fair time with the squadron. Got only one hour sleep

April 8--Mission to Halberstadt (visual)

Crew--All

Ship--Flack Shack

Target--Marshalling yards

Time--9:00

No flack, no fighters--dull trip. Blasted heck out of target. Had a sort of a hangover especially because of only having gotten one hour sleep. Ran through a squadron of B-24's in the con-trails and thought that we had had it.

April 10--Mission to Oranienburg (Visual)

Target--Airdome

Crew--Mac, Clem, Tex, Dutsch, Abe, Ted, McKillop, Quinn and I

Ship--Flack Shack.

Time--Never reached target

This was it. We took off at about 10 or 10:30, and the Shack was really running sweetly and handling like a charm. We were flying #3 position in the low squadron of the group off of Smitty's wing; Tink was flying #2, Fischer #4; Snook #5 and Woods #6. In addition to us Fischer and Woods caught hell that day. We were doing fine and were only 15 min. from the target 10 miles north of Berlin, except that we were three thousand feet too low. We were at 21,000 instead of 24,000 as briefed. Then the lead navigator goofed up and took us too close to Wittenburg, where according to S-2, Jerry had just put a brand new flack position consisting of 6-88's and 105's and 155's. We found out how right S-2 was. It was now about 1505 and we were in a shallow turn to the right, when Ted called out a burst of flack at about 7 o'clock a little low. Shortly after he called out another burst a little closer and said that it was big stuff, probable 155. I pulled up as far as I could, and had my wing in Smitty's waist window. Then we got hit. I felt the ship lurch, and felt the control column shudder, and knew that we were hit bad. The ship went into a climbing turn to the left (thank God) and I called the tail--no answer. After trying to get Ted several times with no luck, I called Dutch in the Radio Room. He was only naturally excited as he told me that we had only a big hole left for a tail, and that Ted had been blown out. Meantime Mac and I had been fighting the ship and trying to do a million things at once. Mac had switched on the Auto-pilot and in the rush, I turned it off. Finally we got together, but it did no good--that had been knocked out too. I checked the crew, I had already alerted them to stand by to bail out. I now found that our oxygen had been knocked out and that Abe was stunned and could not get out of the ball, so I sent Dutch to help him, which he did. While this was going on, I noticed that #4 was smoking and not giving any power, so I feathered. #2 Turbo was out so we had only 2 and one half engines. Tex was in the back trying to see if he could patch the elevator cables, but had no luck. Clem meantime had given us a course to take back to friendly lines and Mac and I were working like mad to try to hold it. We had no control over the elevators and very little over the rudder. Mac handled the throttles and did a helluva swell job, while I struggled with the controls. Each time the ship would approach a stall, it would try to fall off on the right wing and we had just enough rudder control to keep us from spinning in. The boys now were working like mad throwing out everything that wasn't bolted down. We had gotten rid of the bombs just a few minutes after we were hit the first time. We had been hit three separate times in all. Dutch was back under control now and doing a swell job with the rest of the boys and with his radio. Mac had contacted our fighter escort and we now had about 5 or 6 Mustangs around us. We were doing pretty well now, holding a pretty good course and Mac was working wonders with our

altitude--we were not losing nearly as much now. We had a little conversation going on over the interphone, and everyone seemed in good spirits now. We knew we would have to bail out eventually, but what we wondered was where. I had set a tentative altitude for bailing out at 7,000 ft., because I did not know how long it would take the fellows to bail out. We were now all remembering every scrap we could about how to bail and what to do upon landing and holding a discussion --I think we got a lot out of it. Now we were sweating out reaching the lines. Clem was doubtful, and before long we in the front knew we couldn't make it. We were doing so good when we hit 7,000 ft., that Mac and I decided to ride the Shack a little further. Finally when we hit 3500 ft. and we knew we couldn't make the lines, we decided that it would be better to jump now--we couldn't be sure of our altitude and it wouldn't have been the best thing to land right in between the lines.

So I gave the order to hit the silk. There was a general wishing of good luck and a few hand shakes, and then the fellows starting jumping. I didn't have to worry about those boys getting out--in about 20 seconds Mac and I were alone. Quinn went out of the tail hatch and McKillop out of the nose simultaneously, Abe and Clem likewise, Dutch and Tex the same. Then I held the ship while Mac got into position in the nose. He waited until I had left my seat and was standing on the cat-walk holding her steady with one hand. I crawled back up and exploded the IFF set foolishly (it wasn't even installed), and Mac pulled on my leg so I let her go. When he tried to go out his chute caught on the hatch and I had to kick him out. The Shack was pretty steady now, and as I sat down in the hatch I gave one last look through the ship and saw that every one was out. Finally decided the best way to go out, and rolled out head first. Had no trouble clearing the ship and no sensation of falling. Suddenly I saw the tail, what was left of it, go by and knew that I could safely pull the rip-cord, and did. There was one rough pull, and then I heard the chute pop and felt the harness pull as the canopy opened above me--that was a welcome sight, that canopy. I turned myself around and counted 7 chutes behind me all open, and knew that the boys were OK for the present at least. Then I saw that I was drifting and so started to look around to see where I would land, and what was around. I was aware of a complete lack of activity around below me even though we were only 25 miles from Hanover and the lines, and only a few miles north of Brunswick. There was a forest below me, and I knew that a tree landing was inevitable, so I prepared as best I could for it. I crashed through what seemed like a few dozen trees, and couldn't tell whether it was branches or bones I heard breaking. Finally landed with a thud against a tree.

April 12, 1945--Thursday. Picked up by 334th Infantry and brought to Burgdorf, Germany. Learned that Mac was safe.

April 13--Friday. Toured lines for 12 hours in jeep with an officer in the Signal Corps, then spent the night in Haltern.

April 14--Saturday. Went to 29th Tactical Wing, 9th Air Force. Met Mac, Abe, Clem, McKillop and Quinn. Went by car to Munster.

April 15--Sunday. Went by C-47 to Brussels. Was interrogated and given physical. Went by B-24 to Watlon, England. From there by C-64 to base at Thurleigh. Interrogated again.



April 19--Thursday. Reported to rest home at Southport.

April 26--Thursday. Returned to Thurleigh and put on orders to report to USSTAF-Ex POW Detachment in London for interrogation.

April 27--Friday. Left for London.

April 28--Saturday. Reported for interrogation and was told I would be sent home. Left for Thurleigh.

April 29--Sunday. Left for London to get orders.

May 2--Wednesday. Back to Thurleigh with orders to Stone.

May 5--Saturday. Reported to Stone.

May 6--Sunday. Processed.

May 11--Friday. Alerted and placed on orders for London again.

May 12--Saturday. Left Stone and reported to London P.O.W. Detachment again.

May 17--Thursday. Left London and reached Southampton. Immediately got aboard the S.S. John Ericsson.

May.18--Friday. Sailed from berth to outer harbor to wait on Convoy.

May 19--Saturday. Sailed for New York in convoy at 1800. Trip to take about 10 days.



ALLEN L. BABIN, GLU

ONE SHELL SQUARE, SUITE 1500, NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA 70139

581-1269

Dec. 7 1990 ( ironic that I'm  
writing you on this  
date )  
Dear Mrs. Hathaway

It was nice to hear from you again and I appreciate the information in your letter. I share your feelings on the Mid-East crisis, and like you, I hope for a peaceful end. I would not take a million dollars for my combat experience, but there is not enough money in the world to tempt me to go through another war, and I hope no one anywhere ever has to again.

As far as Fred's position as tail gunner I really don't know whether or not he volunteered. When our crew assembled he was the tail gunner & I don't know what happened before we met.

Fred, along with the rest of the crew did not fly overseas. We left Camp Kilmer N.J. and boarded the Ile de France, which had been converted from a luxury liner to a troop ship. Since the ship had the speed to out run German subs, we went over un-escorted - no convoy. I think the trip took about 5 days.

BROKERAGE MANAGER

OCCIDENTAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA



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581-1269

Here is Ferguson's address & tel. #

Wm. J. Ferguson (wife Catherine)  
Rte. 8, Box 478

Henderson, Tex 75652 Tel. # (214) 854-4688

Should other bits of information come to me that I think would be of interest to you, I'll be happy to send them along.

Hope you and yours enjoy the holidays

Sincerely  
Al Babin.

P.S. I remembered that I had kept a diary of sorts of our activities, and found a copy, which I have enclosed. I thought you might like to have it.



ALLEN L. BABIN, CLU  
ONE SHELL SQUARE, SUITE 1500, NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA 70139  
581-1268

6644 Orleans Ave.  
New Orleans, La. 70124

Oct. 24, 1990

Dear Mrs. Hathaway,

Your letter of Oct. 3, was a very pleasant surprise. To hear from Ted's family after all these years was great.

Yes, Ted was the tail gunner on our plane. As you may imagine, we made all kinds of inquiries of crew members of other planes on that April 10, 1945 mission. We were never able to get a clear picture of what may have happened to Ted when we were hit.

I am enclosing the picture you sent and on it I have identified the crew. I am also enclosing some pictures of Ted and of the crew, and a picture of our plane, which you may like to have.

In my files, I found a letter from your mother. She wrote in response to a letter I wrote shortly after Ted's death.



ALLEN L. BABIN, C.I.U.

ONE SHREVE SQUARE; SUITE 1500, NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA 70139

←581-1269

You may keep it since I made a copy.

Now, I'll try to answer some of the questions you raised:

When you went to Janesville in 1945, it was Don Clementson (navigator) that you visited.

The greetings & fruit baskets your folks received were from "Dix" Ferguson. (engineer)

In early September this year Betty (my wife) and I attended a 306<sup>th</sup> bomb group reunion in San Antonio. Clementson, Johnson and Ferguson were the other crew members there - we are all that are left. Ned may be gone, but believe me he is not forgotten. His name came up quite often.

As nearly as I can recall, I knew Ned for only about 6 or 7 months and it is difficult to really know someone in that short a time. It seems to me that he was quiet and laid back, easy going - and readily accepted his job as tail gunner. I would bet that he was the biggest tail

~~BROKERAGE MANAGER~~

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gunner in the 8<sup>th</sup> Air Force.

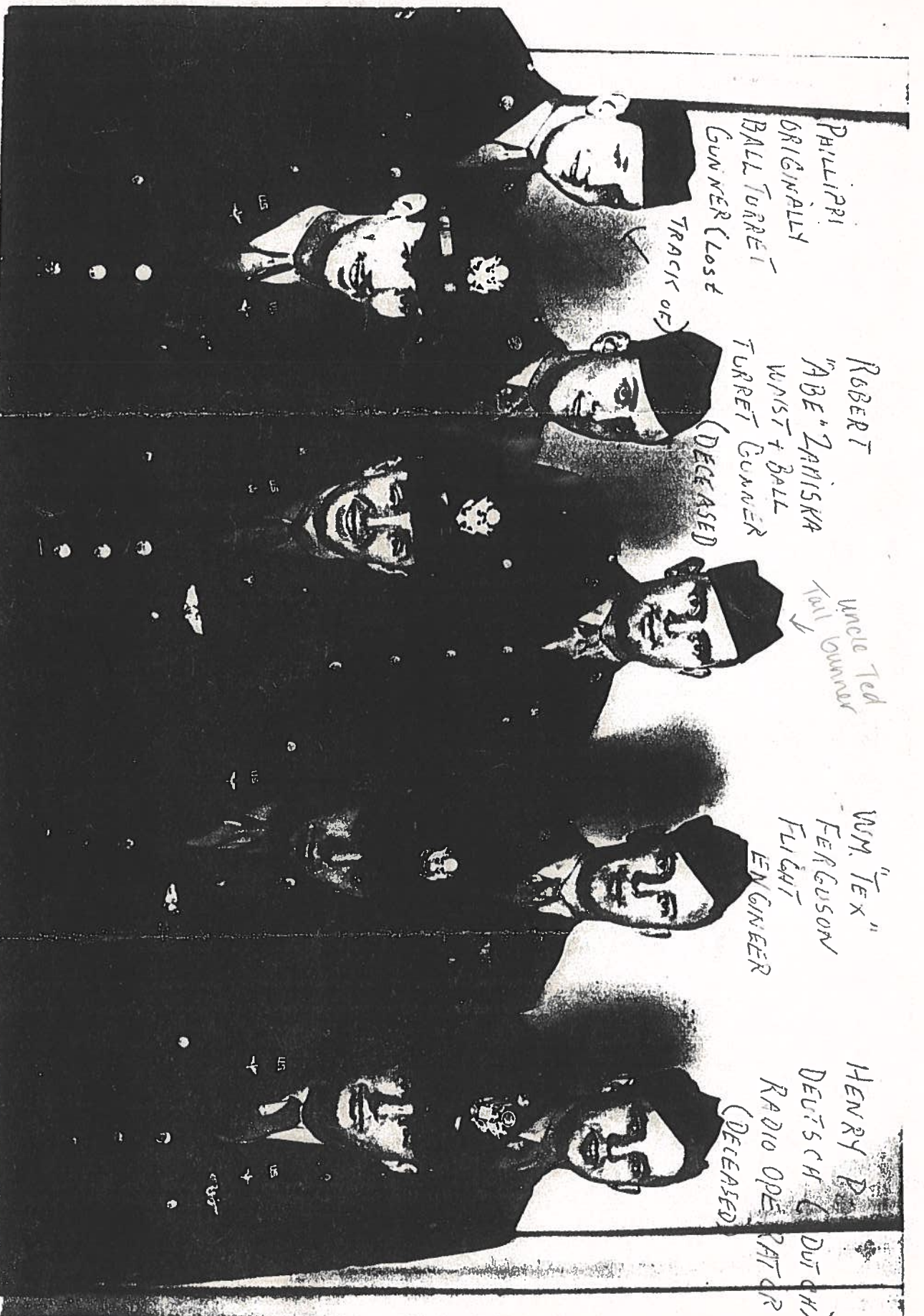
I am glad to know that God has been honored with a plaque in Henri-Chappelle cemetery. That is the least he deserved.

Sincerely,  
Al Babin

P.S. Should you have any questions, you think I may be able to answer, just let me know.



ORNIA



PHILIPPI  
ORIGINALLY  
BALL TURRET  
GUNNER (LOST  
TRACK OF)

ROBERT  
"ABE" ZANISKA  
WASIT + BALL  
TURRET GUNNER  
(DECEASED)

UNCLE TED  
TAIL GUNNER

WM. "TEX"  
FERGUSON  
FLIGHT  
ENGINEER

HENRY P  
DEUTSCH (DUTCH)  
RADIO OPERATOR  
(DECEASED)

ALL Babin -  
Pilot

FRANCIS B.  
"COLE" JOHNSON  
BOMBARDIER

DONOVAN "DON"  
"GLENN"  
CLEMETSON  
NAVIGATOR

GILBERT "GIL"  
MAGUIRE  
CO-PILOT  
(DECEASED)