

One night on a long run over France and down into Italy, because sometimes we would try to surprise the enemy by coming in from the South through the mountains. I was getting tired of flying straight and level and decided to put "George" in. It locked in on heading and lateral control but didn't want to come back to programmed altitude as I got a blast from the tail "Doolittle, what's going on up there?" "Just putting George in, Skipper". "No! No! Take it out, it don't work!" I guess I lost 500 ft. but after that he clued me in a little more. Even new planes can have glitches.

Another instance sticks in my mind when the navigator screamed at the top of his lungs, "LET'S GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE!!!" We were over Dusseldorf and the Skipper was having a hard time getting me on the target, avoiding the search lights etc. I had to call "DUMMY RUN" twice. That's when the navigator screamed. I was afraid he might have gone into shock, as I have seen happen, but he brought us back. We did get our "cookie" on the target and the incendiaries where the cookie made the kindling.

We never really encountered enemy fighter attacks as we searched diligently and if we spotted one we would let fly a few rounds and when he saw the tracers he would usually go look for someone else. I hope we didn't chase any Spits or Hurricanes away.

We were very fortunate that we didn't lose our rear gunner as a piece of shrapnel went through his turret where his head would have been if he hadn't been leaning forward. They had that patched for our next scheduled flight.

We often did one night raid, one day raid for three day and not "hit the sack" The "wakey wakey" pills worked well but the Skipper did catch me sleeping once, I have to admit.

Maybe I was a bit of loner because whenever we did get leave I seemed to go off on my own, but had no trouble making friends.

One night in London I got a very pleasant surprise. I feel sure, now, that it was an Act of God. I was standing in a store alcove in a pitch dark blackout when I heard people talking in the next alcove. The voice was familiar so I called out "Bob Little?" "Frank Doolittle?" came the reply. The best friend I had made in two years of training. We did the navigation course together in Canada and never really got together since. He had two nice girls on the hook so we did the London town together. I was very saddened to hear, later, that their crew didn't return from a raid. I did get to meet his parents back in Canada, and offer my condolences.

Another night in London. Well I don't remember the night but I was awakened by the manager of the Duchie Hotel trying to get my door open. Apparently it was jammed and I was lying on the floor with all the bedding on top of me. A buzz bomb had landed close by and my windows were open to the ceiling but weren't broken.

Occasionally we flew over Norway and Sweden to approach from another direction. The Skipper wasn't at all concerned about the flack they sent up but, I'm sure, if a German aircraft flew over, their accuracy would improve greatly. They were neutral.