

anyway. As if a nation has the organic senses of a man. We were giving Austria our famous eye fake.

When these "nuisance raids" started, no one in our squadron was getting any medals or citations, except, of course, for the automatic ones like the Air Medal which was given after five missions with an oak leaf cluster added after each successive ten. Medals were awarded on the basis of a written report submitted by the squadron intelligence officer. What you actually did had little effect. But what the report said you did, and how it said it made all the difference

Our squadron intelligence officer was a man named Barudi or Buradi, something like that, a nice, mild, honest man as I remember. I think he had been a physicist teaching at Kentucky or Virginia. Whatever his talents, he couldn't write and no one was getting medals. You could have hung by your heels from the bomb bay and shot down ME 109's with bow and arrow and the report issued from the squadron would have made it sound drab routine.

Barudi (I'll call him) took a month's leave around the time the nuisance raids were starting and his replacement was a big, fat, cigar chomping American blowhard. What nation could have provided him so readily? He was everything Europeans lampoon in the American. He talked in a loud coarse voice and was unaffected by anything, dismayed by nothing And he could write. He could pour bullshit onto paper as easily as he could pour it into the air.

And in the entire Air Force, against odds of around 1500 to one, we, Lt. Howard (NMI) Steinberg and crew, were selected to run a nuisance raid on Innsbruck while the rest of the Air Force was bombing Vienna. Not going to Vienna where the Germans had over 300 flak guns was fine. On the other hand, even with Anthony Cartwright, our English immigrant tail gunner who had eight Zeros in the South Pacific and three ME 109's with us to his credit, going it alone over Austria wasn't inviting. In those days a bomber alone was virtually a sure target for a fighter.

Two navigators were on the flight deck behind the pilots. One, who I think was named Moody, operated a radar set that could scan the earth through the cloud cover below. The other operated what we called a C Box, a radar set that gave navigational fixes from impulses sent from fixed tower positions in allied-held territory. Our crew navigator, Ryan O'Brien, was in the nose turret just forward and above me doing pilotage navigation, taking fixes whenever the clouds parted and he could see recognizable check points.

Once I had pulled the cotter pins from the bomb fuses, usually when we were climbing from 9000 to 11,000 feet, allowing the bombs to arm as they fell, I had nothing to do until we reached the

target. The trip north was usual. Uneventful. The long ponderous climbing, the boring roar of the engines, the way the earth below gradually lost all vertical contour and flattened out as it wavered and fell back. Sometimes I pretended to sleep, tried to sleep, and often to show others how courageous I was I told them I slept.

I'll have to explain, I hope clearly and briefly, what happened on a radar mission. The radar navigator could see the town reproduced on the radar scope, though the bombardier could see only

the clouds below. The town would appear about the size of a quarter, depending of course on the size of the town, and while we were avowed to be concentrating on a particular strategic target, say the railroad marshaling yards at the south edge of the city, in reality we weren't fooling anybody. The chances of hitting even the town were only fair.

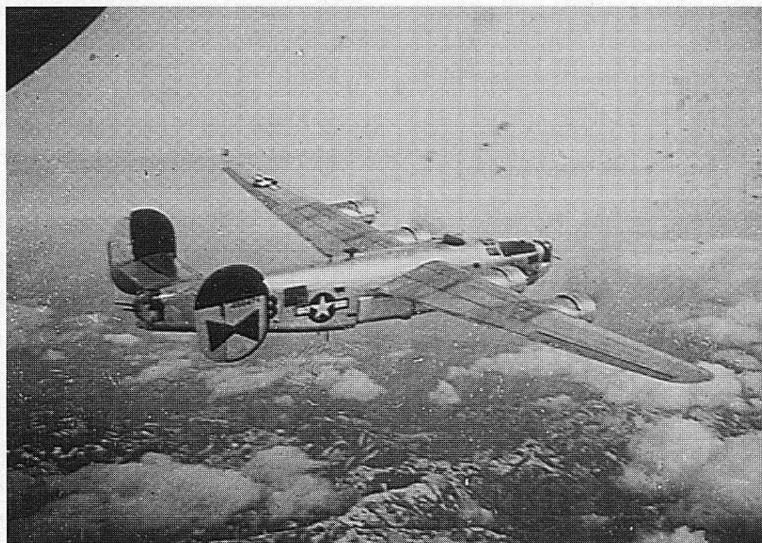
I would operate the bombsight just as if I could see the target, only the radar operator would act as my eyes by reading the information from the radar scope to me over the intercom. I

would kill course, that is fly the plane directly toward the target without drifting off course, by cranking corrections into the course knobs on the sight in response to the radar navigator's orders, "Left, Bombardier. Right, Bombardier." And I would kill rate, that is adjust the bomb sight so that the rate of a motor driven index toward a stationary index was corresponding to the rate of approach of the plane to the target. I did this by adjusting position of the stationary index on the bombsight in response to the radar navigator's announcements of approach angles to the target, "Sixty-five degrees. Sixty-degrees." When he said "fifty-five," the movable index should be moving exactly past fifty-five on the bomb sight. The indices were also electrical contacts, and when they met they sent an electrical impulse to the bomb racks and the bombs dropped.

Everything was set. I had the bomb bay doors open. My panel lights were on. The voice of the navigator was clear. I adjusted the stationary index, which really adjusted the rate of the moving index until the moving index was crawling up the dial on the sight at exactly the announced rate of approach.

The first thing that went wrong was my throat mike went out. This happened about two minutes before bombs away, so although I could hear the radar navigator I couldn't answer him. When the movable index touched the stationary index the panel lights indicating the bombs in the racks failed to go out, meaning the bombs hadn't fallen. I hit the salvo handle and still the lights burned. I hit it again. Nothing. Meanwhile, the radar navigator was saying over and over in my ear, "Bombardier, drop the bombs. Bombardier, drop the bombs."

There we were, flying through clouds 25,000 feet over Inns-



44-50476 "Peggy Ann" flies into a flack barrage