



91st Bomb Group, 323rd Squadron
“The Ragged Irregulars”

“TRIED AND TESTED”

“Elvira” Missions 6-11

Pilot - Capt. Jay Neely

Co-Pilot - Lt. Dale Fleming

Bombardier - Lt. Daniel “Flash” Gentry

Navigator - Lt. Bill Phillips

Flight Engineer - Mstr. Sgt. Matthew Hipps

Radio Operator - Sgt. Brett Williams

Right Waist Gunner - Sgt. Jack Bochee

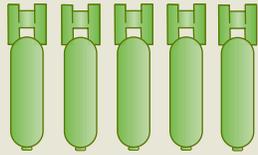
Left Waist Gunner - Sgt. Fred Barnes

Ball Turret Gunner - Sgt. Curtis “Boz” Boswell

Tail Gunner - Sgt. Clay Busby

“Fear came to some at the height of missions, while to others it was a cold shuddering aftermath experienced in the quietude of the darkened barracks...”

- from an official history of the VIII Bomber Command



Mission No. 6 Antwerp, Belgium December 6, 1942



The English days grew colder and shorter as December made its appearance but the missions were about to get longer and more dangerous. These winter months would see relatively few missions flown due to poor flying weather, but it gave Eighth Bomber Command time to build up more strength until spring thaws allowed maximum bombing efforts against Germany once again. Until that time, whenever there was an opportunity, the Fortresses would fly.

Elvira's sixth mission would be a trip to Antwerp, Belgium to bomb a synthetic rubber plant. *Elvira* was now flying in larger formations that contained other B-17's not in the 91st bomb group. On this mission, *Elvira* would be positioned in the middle of her formation but would be flying in the low squadron. This position was not well liked by the crews there because the Luftwaffe always seemed to single out the bombers flying in the low squadron. "There were more than a few colorful words passed about among the crew when they found out," said Lieutenant Dale Fleming, *Elvira*'s co-pilot.

The weather was good over England, the Channel, and over Belgium so all who flew today expected German resistance of some sort. The Fortresses would be escorted again by elements of the 4th Fighter Group and every crewman was happy that there would be 'little friends' along for the ride.

Elvira took off, formed up, and headed out on her sixth mission. Along with *Elvira*'s crew was a new tail gunner named Clay Busby. Busby was from Atlanta, Georgia but had a southern accent as big as the state of Texas. His drawl "made us 'yankees' from the northern states grin from ear to ear whenever he said *anything*," said Lieutenant Bill Phillips. "He was laid back and never seemed to get shaken. Nothing ever seemed to be a big deal for him."

The Fortresses, now over the Channel, were set upon by a small group of Messerschmitt fighters. The attack was mostly broken up by the escort fighters but two Me-109's managed to break through the defenses and make an attack run on *Elvira*. One Me-109 came in at 12 o'clock level while the other approached from 1:30 high. The 109 attacking from directly ahead was driven off by American escort planes but the other 109 came at *Elvira* fast. Bill Phillips, manning the starboard cheek gun; Matt Hipps in the top turret; and Jack Bochee on the starboard waist gun all took shots at the oncoming German. Only Hipps was able to damage the German fighter who attacked *Elvira* and missed. Before the lone enemy fighter could attempt another attack, it was driven off by the timely arrival of escort fighters.

No German fighters were seen as *Elvira* flew over the coast of Belgium. As *Elvira* approached the target area, however, she was set upon by numerous Luftwaffe aircraft. A twin-engine Me-110 was spotted by "Boz" Boswell in the ball turret climbing towards *Elvira*. "We've got a 110 below us and climbing," he announced to the crew. Boswell lined up on the 110 and fired, heavily damaging the slow climbing fighter. But before the Me-110 broke off, he sprayed *Elvira* the entire length of her frame with machine gun bullets and cannon shells.

The port elevator was struck hard and knocked out; Fred Barnes in the left waist gunner position was struck by bullets and seriously wounded; *Elvira*'s radio was knocked out; the bomb bay was struck and the bomb release mechanism was knocked out; Co-pilot Dale Fleming's oxygen supply was hit though the damage was not serious enough to knock it out; and "Flash" Gentry, the bombardier, was hit from underneath by the 110's bullets and also seriously wounded.

The Germans kept coming. Two more Me-110's were seen coming at *Elvira* from 12 o'clock low and 10:30 level. Boswell in the ball turret scored a few hits on the fighter attacking from 12 o'clock while the escort fighters managed to drive off the other 110. Boswell's Me-110 took some shots at *Elvira* but missed. After this attack, he too was driven off by escorts. No sooner had Boswell taken his attention off the retreating German fighter than he heard, "Two more 109's coming in 12 high and level." Dale Fleming also reported, "Another 109 coming in at 1:30 level." Before the two 109's approaching *Elvira* from the front could get into firing range, however, the American escorts swooped in and broke up the two attackers. Bill Phillips, still manning the starboard cheek gun, let off a burst at the 109 attacking from "the pocket". A few hits were seen to strike the fighter but he continued in his attack. The Messerschmitt fired and missed. Shaken by the effective fire from Phillips .50 caliber, the 109 did a "split-s" and dove out of sight.



Now temporarily free of attacking bandits, *Elvira*'s crew raced to check on damage and tend to her wounded. Jack Bochee got Fred Barnes patched up as best he could in the waist while Bill Phillips tended to "Flash" Gentry in the nose compartment. Both men were unconscious. Matt Hipps went back to the bomb bay to see about getting the bombs free when the call came to drop them. Captain Neely told Bill Phillips to take over Gentry's station. "I was no bombardier, but I did the best I could under the circumstances," Phillips would say about the mission.

Now on the bomb run and in formation, *Elvira* rode through the moderate flak barrage that was thrown up against her. Amazingly, the Fortress made it through the melee unscathed. Approaching the enemy factory, Bill Phillips attempted to get the bombs on target. He failed. "I thought I made a pretty good approach" said Phillips, "but I just flubbed it. Then, when I gave the 'bombs away' signal, Hipps tried to manually release the bombs. He eventually got them loose but about five seconds too late. The bombs overshot the target by about a mile or so."

Frustrated, Captain Neely turned *Elvira* with the formation and began the trip back to England. As the last few flak bursts faded in the distance, the Luftwaffe again attacked the Fortresses. Three Me-109's

approached *Elvira* from directly ahead. Two of the 109's were driven off by the escorts while the third attacked from the 1 o'clock position. Coming in level, the German fighter could only be fired at by Bill Phillips in the starboard cheek. His shots missed, but so too did the 109's. The attacking fighter shot past *Elvira*'s nose and disappeared.

Approaching the Belgian coast, *Elvira* was once again attacked. This time an Fw-190 attempted a high side attack from the 10:30 position. He was quickly driven off by the American escort fighters.

Luftwaffe attacks fell off bit by bit as *Elvira* and her squadron headed back to England. Over the Channel she encountered a small gaggle of enemy fighters but they were easily driven off by the guns of the other Flying Fortresses.

The English coast was now in sight and every crewman began to relax again. The red flare was once again sent off into the sky as *Elvira* approached the landing field at Basingbourne. It was to become a standing joke among the other crews in the 323rd squadron that *Elvira* was the ship you needed to be on if you wanted a ticket home. For the last three missions, someone had been seriously wounded enough to get sent back to the states. "It was a jinx, but one that nobody seemed to mind." said Dale Fleming.

"Flash" Gentry and Fred Barnes were both wounded bad enough to get sent home. They would both fully recover from their wounds over time. Captain Neely was disappointed to see "Flash" Gentry get sent home. "He was the last officer out of the original crew besides myself and he was fast becoming an experienced bombardier. Don't get me wrong, I thought that all the replacements we got were outstanding and the absolute best at their jobs. But "Flash" was becoming a 'veteran' like myself. It just made me a bit sad."

Pilot - Capt. Jay Neely

Co-Pilot - Lt. Dale Fleming

Bombardier - Lt. James "Jim" Galluzzo

Navigator - Lt. Bill Phillips

Flight Engineer - Mstr. Sgt. Matthew Hipps

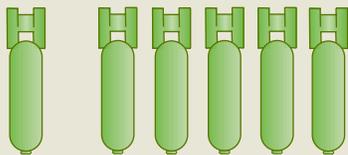
Radio Operator - Sgt. Brett Williams

Right Waist Gunner - Sgt. Jack Bochee

Left Waist Gunner - Sgt. Walter Briggs

Ball Turret Gunner - Sgt. Curtis "Boz" Boswell

Tail Gunner - Sgt. Clay Busby



Mission No. 7
Antwerp, Belgium
December 19, 1942



Elvira's crew awoke on December 19 to a bitterly cold and snowy morning. It seemed impossible that the thick and oppressive low hanging clouds would clear up enough to fly this day. Nevertheless, the weather officer said that the skies would be clear enough at takeoff time for the 91st to attempt another bombing raid against Hitler's "Fortress Europe".

The Forts would again be heading back to Antwerp, Belgium to bomb the same rubber plant that was attacked on December 6. Apparently, not enough damage had been done the first time out so the bombers would be sent out to have another go at it. Most of *Elvira*'s crew were a bit edgy about going back as they had suffered two casualties last time out, but not Jack Bochee. He was eager to go. He said, "I wanted to go back and finish the job since the German's kept us from doing so."



Elvira would be flying in the low squadron again much to the aggravation of her crew. The group would have fighter escort though by now it did little to ease the tension of *Elvira*'s crewmen. For the most part, *Elvira* would be flying the same exact mission as she had on the 6th...same formation, same position, same target. The only thing that would be different would be the Luftwaffe's reaction. That was always a very critical and very dangerous unknown factor in any mission.

Elvira took off, formed up, and headed out over the Channel in formation without much difficulty. The weather was good but barely so. The cloud tops were taller than they had been briefed to expect so it made joining in formation a bit hairy. Fortunately, there were no collisions. The fighter escort had some difficulty joining up with the bombers. Only a small handful of fighters were able to rendezvous with the formation due to the cloud cover though others would join up later as the formation continued across the Channel.

It was at this point when the Luftwaffe struck the formation hard. The pitiful fighter escort was nearly caught by surprise thanks to the German tactic of using the clouds to hide in until the right moment to strike. Jim Galluzzo, *Elvira*'s new bombardier, was impressed by the German rouse. "It was masterful. They approached with the sun at their backs and took advantage of our temporary vulnerability. A few of the Forts were still sliding into formation after flying through those high clouds and our escort was having trouble getting organized. We were just in the right place at the wrong time."

Flying in the vulnerable low squadron, *Elvira* was singled out for attack from no less than five heavily armed Fw-190's. Two approached from the front and port quarter, another from directly to port. A fourth began a dive on *Elvira*'s tail and the fifth one pulled up in a screaming climb over the Fortress and arched over into a vertical dive to attack from directly above. There was nowhere for *Elvira* to run.

One escort fighter got into position to drive off the 190 attacking from directly ahead but the other four kept coming. Bill Phillips manned the port cheek gun and tracked the 190 coming in at 10:30. Matt Hipps and "Boz" Boswell both tracked the fighter attacking from directly to port. Clay Busby and Brett Williams both tracked the 190 attacking from 6 o'clock high.

No one could track the fighter that was diving vertically. In a flash she fired a burst at *Elvira*, shot past her,

and continued down until out of sight. She did not score any hits on the Fortress. Bill Phillips took some shots at his attacking fighter but missed. The Focke Wulf, however, did not. Bullets peppered the bomber in the nose area but fortunately no critical damage was done.

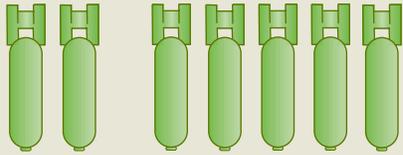
Hipps and Boswell both watched the 190 attacking from 9 o'clock level get closer. Hipps was the first to fire and his bullets struck the fighter hard. Boswell answered with his machine guns a second after Hipps began firing. Unfortunately, his shots were off target thus failing to give the fighter the *coup de grace*. The 190, wracked by Hipps's bullets, fired a burst from his cannons but his shots went hopelessly wide. He then sped off and disappeared in a cloud.

Clay Busby and Brett Williams watched the 190 diving on *Elvira*'s tail. Williams' shots missed but machine gun fire from Busby's twin guns severely damaged the Focke Wulf. However, it was not enough to prevent him from paying *Elvira* back in kind. The 190's cannons shot up *Elvira*'s starboard wing and struck the number three engine. The propeller on the engine began to spin crazily. Dale Fleming, the co-pilot, told Captain Neely, "We've got a runaway engine on number three!" Neely immediately told Fleming switch off the engine and feather the prop. After Fleming did so, Neely told Jim Galluzzo to jettison the bombs. *Elvira* would be unable to keep up with the formation on three engines and a full bomb load. Neely told the crew, "Boys, were gonna have to scratch this one. We haven't even made it to the coast of Belgium yet and we can't afford to lose another engine this early in the flight or we'll never make it back. When the sky looks clear of bandits, we'll break formation and make a run for home."



All during this incident, the Fw-190 that was attacked by Bill Phillips had maneuvered around to *Elvira*'s 12 o'clock position and made another attack run at the bomber. Galluzzo in the nose and Hipps in the top turret both trained on the lone bandit. They both fired and scored damaging hits on the Focke Wulf. But the German fighter struck back and shot up the port wing and damaged the port wing root. Still, the German fighter had had enough and flew away after this attack.

Elvira now broke formation and headed back to England.. A few more escort fighters had shown up and began to form around the Fortresses heading to Antwerp. None of the escort fighters broke ranks to watch over *Elvira* as she sped home. Fortunately, she didn't need them as *Elvira* was close enough to England to keep from being attacked by any harassing German fighters. Still, the crew were frustrated that they could not go with their comrades and finish the mission. With their withdrawal, *Elvira* had pulled ten more guns out of the groups protective fire. Antwerp was also becoming, as Captain Neely would say later, "the target we just couldn't seem to hit."



Mission No. 8
Lille, France
December 23, 1942



Elvira's eighth mission was to bomb a chemical industrial complex in Lille, France that intelligence said was a large producer of elements that were needed for German munitions. The weather over England this day was surprisingly clear with only a few scattered clouds. The weather officer said the same could be expected over the Channel and the continent as well. *Elvira* would be flying in mid formation and in the low squadron as she had before. Again, the men silently cursed for being in such a vulnerable position.

Elvira joined up with the other Fortresses and her escorts over Thameshaven and headed out over the Channel to Lille. The air was calm and clear over the water and the most of the crew took in the sights as they crossed into France. "It was cold, but it was also breathtaking," said Captain Neely. "It was one of the clearest days I had ever seen since I had been in England. It was December, too which made it even more surprising."

But even with the unusually clear weather, *Elvira*'s escort was pitifully small. The men didn't have much time to dwell on the paucity of fighter cover for as they crossed the coast of France, they were set upon by German fighters. The few escorts that were available went after the German attackers, but three Fw-190's were soon singling out *Elvira* flying in the low squadron. One 190 came in at 12 o'clock high while the other two came in at both 3 o'clock level and high. Matt Hippias in the top turret and Jim Galluzzo in the nose both trained their guns on the 190 coming in at 12 high while "Boz" Boswell and Jack Bochee both singled out the 190 flying at 3 level. Both nose gunners missed as did Boswell in the ball turret, but Jack Bochee managed to score a few hits on the attacking German before he closed in, fired, and missed as well. The 190 attacking from 3 high was not singled out by any of *Elvira*'s gunners, but she too attacked, missed, and high-tailed it out of the area.

As *Elvira* finally neared the target area and began her bomb run, flak began to appear in the skies directly ahead of the Fortresses. The barrage was light and *Elvira* flew through it without accumulating any damage. Now over the target, she released her bombs. Twenty percent of *Elvira*'s bomb load landed in the target area, another "fair" bomb drop. Jim Galluzzo closed the bomb bay doors and Captain Neely turned *Elvira* in formation with the other Forts and headed back to England again.

About five minutes after *Elvira* had begun her journey for home, the Luftwaffe again attacked. The gaggle of attacking Germans were mainly Messerschmitt Me-110 heavy fighters. Friendly fighter cover had gotten a little better as the Fortresses flew home, but it could only be considered "fair". Regardless, what escorts were available did a superb job of keeping *Elvira* free from attacks. Two Me-110's were seen climbing toward *Elvira* from 10:30 and 3 o'clock low. No sooner had they been identified by Jack Bochee when escort planes swooped in, blazing away at the 110's. Bochee was unable to see what happened to the two German fighters because Clay Busby in the tail reported "110 coming in at 6 low." Sergeant Walter Briggs, *Elvira*'s new left waist gunner, announced "another 110 climbing at 9 o'clock." But before the heavy fighters could come into firing range, they too were driven off by the escorts. Other 110's were seen around the Fortresses but were held at bay by the defending guns of the heavy bombers. The Luftwaffe attacks finally

petered out and then ceased all together. No damage had been done to any of the Fortresses in the low squadron.

Elvira did not encounter any more attackers until over the Channel. What appeared to be a squadron of Me-109's had been lying in wait for the returning bombers to show. They came at the Fortresses with a vengeance. Immediately, three 109's attacked *Elvira* from head on, two from 12 o'clock high and level and another from 1:30 level. Matt Hipps and Jim Galluzzo both watched the two 109's coming in from directly ahead and witnessed escort fighters fly in and drive off two of the 109's. The Messerschmitt attacking from 12 level, the only fighter remaining, bored in for the kill. Both gunners fired and missed. The 109 also missed and flew underneath *Elvira*, jinking from side to side to throw off the aim of any other gunners that might have tracked her. The fighter continued on until the crew lost sight of him. A couple of minutes later the air was quiet again and the bombers continued on unmolested.

The weather in England was good and *Elvira* landed without a hitch. Brett Williams later said of the mission, "It was refreshing to get through a mission without a scratch because we had been banged up so much over the last few missions."

That night, the call came through to group headquarters that another mission was to be planned the next day in light of the unusually clear weather that was forecasted. Many of the crew wondered if they would be as lucky again.



As expected, the crew of *Elvira* was unceremoniously awakened to another clear and cold English morning on December 24. After the morning briefing, they found out that their target for this day's mission was an aircraft factory located in Meaulte, France, a relatively short hop across the Channel into the continent. Most of the crew expected the mission to be a milk run, but even the "easy" missions held danger and could even be deadlier than raids that penetrated deeper into enemy territory. The weather officer informed the crews that would fly this day that while the weather was mostly excellent at present, he was unsure how long it would last. He told the pilots to prepare for the possibility of inclement weather on their return. "That wasn't too surprising to me or to Dale," said Captain Neely. "This English weather could change at the drop of a hat. One minute it would be all sunshine and blue sky, the next it would be like flying in pea soup."

American flown Spitfire's of the 4th Fighter Group would be accompanying the Fortresses into France this day. Elements of the fighter group joined up with the Fortresses over the English coast before they made the final turn that would take them to Meaulte. The morning was almost cloud free as *Elvira* crossed the Channel but over the French coast the air became a bit more turbulent. Cloud cover rapidly grew thicker as *Elvira* and the other heavies crossed into the mainland. The Luftwaffe had left the bombers alone until about fifteen minutes from the start of the bomb run.



A few German fighters were seen in the vicinity and some of the escorts flew off to intercept them. Two Me-110 fighters made climbing frontal attack at *Elvira*, who was again flying in the low squadron. Both Jim Galluzzo and Bill Phillips saw the climbing fighters and sang out their clock positions over the interphone. The Me-110's were approaching from 12 o'clock and 10:30 low. Jim Galluzzo and "Boz" Boswell in the ball turret both trained their guns on the fighter attacking from 12 o'clock, while Bill Phillips swung his gun to bear on the fighter approaching from 10:30. Phillips was the first to let loose with a burst from his machine gun, but the shots went wide and did not damage the fighter. Jim Galluzzo and "Boz" Boswell also fired and missed as well. The two 110's attacked *Elvira* and, fortunately, scored no hits either. Fearing attacks from the nimble Spitfire escorts, the Me-110's peeled off and flew out of sight.

The escorts kept the other German attackers at bay while the group proceeded on the bomb run. "It was the smoothest bomb run we'd ever been on," said co-pilot Dale Fleming. "There was not a single burst of flak seen over the target. It was the equivalent of putting a big white 'X' on the factory below for our bombardier to line up on. It was a piece of cake." With *Elvira* left completely free from harm to do what she did best, bombardier Jim Galluzzo put forty percent of *Elvira*'s two and a half tons of high explosives onto the target area. It was the best drop that *Elvira* had made in the past nine missions and Galluzzo "was all smiles" according to Bill Phillips. Their job done, *Elvira* and her squadron turned for home again.

About five minutes after *Elvira* had assumed the course for home, German fighters attacked again. But the Spitfire escort was a bit out of position due to the thick clouds that were becoming even thicker each passing minute. A single Fw-190 attacked *Elvira* from her front port quarter. Matt Hips in the top turret, Walter Briggs on the port waist gun and Bill Phillips in the nose all trained on the fighter. Before they could fire, Boswell in the ball turret called out "single 110 attacking from directly below us." The 190 sped past the nose of *Elvira* firing his guns. No hits were scored and no damage was done to the fighter as it swept past.

"The pace of operations was grueling. Bomber crewmen had to complete 25 missions before being relieved. In the opening months of 1943, only one man in three completed his operational tour."

- Roger A. Freeman, magazine article "The Mighty Eighth Air Force"

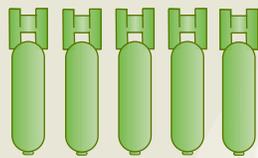
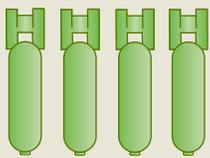
Boswell watched the 110 struggle in the air and attempt to get a shot off before he stalled. Flying at such a low airspeed, Boswell made short work of the attacking fighter with his twin machine guns. Boswell reported in his post mission debriefing, "I watched

him climb almost vertically towards us. My turret was nearly pointed straight down. He began firing at us but he was still a bit out of range as his shots arched away and fell behind us. When he got within 700 yards, I let him have it. I could see strikes all along the front of the fighter and the cockpit area. He began smoking heavily and slowly arched away to my left. A couple of seconds later his right engine burst into flames. A few seconds after that, the engine exploded violently and blew off the entire right wing. The 110 was thrown into a hard spin and continued down until I lost sight of it. I didn't see anyone bail out." It had been a while, but *Elvira* had acquired her fifth kill. It was Boswell's second.

Elvira was now over the Channel and the cloud cover was much heavier than it was when they had passed through on their way to Meaulte. The escort fighters had finally formed themselves into a good position around the Forts but it still did not keep the Luftwaffe at bay. A few German fighters attacked the heavies near mid Channel. The escorts drove off most of them, but one Fw-190 dove vertically on *Elvira* with all

guns blazing. With the escort preoccupied and *Elvira*'s gunners taken by surprise, the single 190 met no return fire of any kind. He screamed down in a near 80 degree angle with gun muzzles flashing. He scored no hits. The fighter continued down into a cloud below and disappeared.

As *Elvira* approached the English coast, the weather went from bad to worse. Thick clouds totally obscured the ground and the wind picked up considerably. Captain Neely and Dale Fleming flew on instruments until she was in the landing pattern. She finally broke through the cloud layer about 400 feet above the ground. "The approach was a little high," said Fleming of the landing, "but Neely adjusted quick enough and brought her in nice and clean. We heard later that two B-17's had collided on the base leg approach. One went down and exploded on impact killing everyone aboard. The other crash landed in a field about 1,000 yards away. Three guys were hurt but no one was killed." The tragedy reminded the crew that a mission was never really over until you had parked the aircraft and gotten off the plane and that death could come at any moment, even over friendly English skies.



Mission No. 10
Antwerp, Belgium
December 30, 1942



"Antwerp again."

In the dimly lit briefing room, Captain Neely shook his head as his eyes focused on the end point of the red yarn that was tacked onto the large briefing map of Europe which showed the route the bombers would be taking. He knew it was Antwerp the instant the commanding officer pulled back the large black drape that covered the map. Once again, the Belgian city that was quickly becoming a "feared target" for *Elvira* and her crew was chosen by Eighth Bomber Command as the target for December 30.

Dale Fleming, sitting next to Neely, exhaled slowly and said, "Wonderful."

As the briefing went on, Neely and Fleming's mood was lifted somewhat when they found out that they would not be flying in the vulnerable low squadron this day, but rather in the middle squadron. Flying formation in the middle squadron dramatically lessened *Elvira*'s chances of being singled out by attacking German fighters. "It was a small consolation," Neely said later, "but I'd take anything I could get."

When the rest of the crew found out that Antwerp was the target, there was much colorful language passed about from the "veterans" of the Antwerp missions, except for Jack Bochee. "He was raring to go back," said Clay Busby, the tail gunner. "Antwerp was the target that *Elvira* had always missed and he wanted to go back and get the job done. It was like a competition for him. Antwerp had 'beaten' *Elvira* twice already and Jack wanted to go back and try to even the score a little. He had a real 'gung-ho' attitude about the thing. He did manage to lighten our moods a bit with all his carousing and carrying on."

The weather over Antwerp was an unknown factor. The weather officer stated that it could change anytime

but figured it wouldn't be "so bad that you won't be able to see anything." The crews took his hopefulness with a hefty dose of skepticism. With such vague weather predictions, most crews expected the worst over Antwerp. Still, they would fly.

Elvira took off from Bassingbourne and joined up with her squadron flying in the middle of the formation. Dale Fleming joked to Captain Neely when they finally slid into formation, "I feel safer already." Neely smiled at Fleming through his oxygen mask. The escorts formed up in good positions all around the bombers and the mass of aircraft began their journey to Antwerp.

The group crossed the Channel unmolested. The skies over France, though, were quickly becoming quite uninviting which didn't surprise the crews, especially *Elvira*'s crew. "This was our 'jinx' mission, it was as simple as that," said Brett Williams. "I knew something was probably going to go wrong." Large, voluminous clouds were becoming ever bigger as the group crossed the coast of France. Visibility was slowly becoming worse by the minute. By the time the Luftwaffe finally attacked, the thick clouds had caused *Elvira*'s escort to become scattered and out of formation. But the problems caused by the thickening clouds also caused the Germans a few headaches as well. Their attacks were ineffective and only attempted by two or three fighters at a time, not in the massed groupings the crews had become accustomed to.

Elvira's crew began to hope that the weather would be a friend this time and help keep the Luftwaffe at bay. It was not to be. *Elvira* was singled out by two Me-110's climbing to intercept her. One approached from 3 o'clock low and the other from 6 o'clock low. "Boz" Boswell in the ball turret and Walter Briggs in the left waist both trained their guns on the slowly climbing fighter. Clay Busby zeroed in on the 110 climbing on *Elvira*'s tail. Busby waited until the fighter came within 800 yards until he began opening fire. His aim was accurate as the 110 caught the full salvo from Busby's twin guns. Bullets penetrated the fighters fuel tank and the 110 exploded in a fireball, throwing pieces of the fighter in all directions. "Hooooeee!" shouted Busby over the interphone. "I got me one!"

But Boswell and Briggs were not so lucky. Both of their shots missed the fighter attacking from 3 o'clock low. The Me-110, however, did not. A bullet struck Matt Hipps' oxygen supply in the top turret but did not knock it out. The port wing was holed by the 110's fire but no serious damage was done. The tail was also struck and the port tailplane root was damaged. The most serious damage, however, was done in the waist area. Both Walter Briggs and Jack Bochee were hit by bullets from the 110's guns. Briggs' left forearm was blown off by a cannon shell. He fell to the floor of the bomber, writhing and screaming in pain, holding what remained of his left arm with his right hand in a futile attempt to try and stop the bleeding. The top of Jack Bochee's head was cleanly blown away just above his eyebrows. Blood and brain tissue from Bochee's head splattered all over his gun and around the right waist gunners window area. Jack fell to the floor of the bomber and landed face down, dead. Matt Hipps immediately dislodged himself from the top turret and ran back to the waist gunners area to tend to Briggs. The sight he saw in the waist nearly made him sick.

"There was blood everywhere...all over the inside walls of the bomber. Jack was lying face down, his head



facing toward the opening of the waist gunners window. The blast of cold air had already begun to freeze the blood and brain tissue that was still flowing from what was left of his head. Briggs was sitting across from Jack shaking like a little kid. His eyes were as big as saucers. He was grasping his left forearm and blood was still running from it, freezing when it made contact with anything metal. I went over to him and managed to get his left arm loose and apply a tourniquet. I gave him a shot of morphine which seemed to help him a little. I moved him out of the waist and into the radio room. Brett (Williams) kept talking to him, trying to keep poor Walter from thinking too much about what had happened to Jack. He stayed there the whole mission with a dazed look on his face...that thousand yard stare. It was one of the most awful things I had ever seen.”

During this time period, the 110 that had killed Jack Bochee and wounded Walter Briggs had once again attacked *Elvira*. He swung around to attack from the 10:30 level position so only Bill Phillips was able to draw a bead on the fighter with the port cheek gun. Phillips missed with his shots but the 110 did also. After this attack, he flew away.

Now only twenty minutes from the bomb run, the weather really started to turn bad. The clouds were now very thick and nearly blotted out the ground below. Some of the cloud tops were rising to 25,000 feet which was about 2,000 feet higher than *Elvira* was flying. About ten minutes from the bomb run, *Elvira* and the other Fortresses broke through the clouds into a patch of clear air. It was not long before the Luftwaffe took advantage of the unexpected break and tore into the Fortresses.

The “little friends” were still badly out of position and many had lost visual contact with the bomber stream. As a result, the fighter cover was poor. It wasn’t long before three Fw-190’s dove on *Elvira* from “the pocket”. One 190 came in at 12 high, one from 1:30 high, and the third from 3 high. Jim Galluzzo took aim at the fighter approaching from 12 o’clock, Bill Phillips took aim at the one approaching from 1:30, and Matt Higgs set his sights on the 190 diving on *Elvira* from 3 o’clock high. All the gunners missed. Two of the 190’s, the fighters coming in at 12 and 1:30, bored in with guns blazing but also missed. They sped away after this attack. However, the 190 coming in at 3 o’clock high managed to score several hits on *Elvira*. Both wings were shot full of holes and the starboard wing root was hit, damaging it. A few hits were also scored in the pilots compartment, but fortunately no damage was done. A critical hit was scored on the bomb bay and it was one that the unfortunate crew of *Elvira* was all too familiar with. Enemy fire had struck the bomb release mechanism and rendered it inoperative. The bombs would have to be released manually. Captain Neely got Brett Williams to go back and check on the damage. When Williams informed Neely that the bomb release had been damaged, Neely swore loudly over the interphone. “Ah, son of a bitch!” he exclaimed.

The Fw-190 had swung around to make another pass at *Elvira*, now approaching from directly ahead and level with *Elvira*. Jim Galluzzo manned the nose gun again while Matt Higgs tracked the fighter in the top turret. Higgs missed, but Galluzzo fired a long, continuous stream of tracers and bullets at the 190 and “hosed” his shots into the path of the oncoming German. The 190 was racked with bullet hits but still kept coming. However, Galluzzo’s fire had shaken the German badly and his shots went wild. The fighter pulled up into a climbing right hand turn as he flew above *Elvira* and escaped into a small cloud, disappearing from view.

Elvira now began her bomb run but was still accumulating damage. Moderate flak was encountered on the

approach and *Elvira* caught plenty of it. She was hit five separate times with shrapnel striking the nose, tail, radio room, port wing, and the number two engine. Luckily for *Elvira*, all the damage was superficial and none of the hits caused any serious damage. Regardless, *Elvira* was in bad shape and her bomb run suffered as a result. With the combination of bad weather, the damaged bomb release mechanism, and hits from the flak barrage, *Elvira*'s bomb drop was hopelessly off target. All of her bombs landed wide of the target area and into a forested area, which did succeed in starting a fire. Jim Galluzzo closed the bomb bay doors and apologized to the crew. "Sorry, guys," he said. But no one blamed him. He had done the best he could. Antwerp was simply *Elvira*'s jinx.



Now turning back for home, *Elvira* was once again attacked by German fighters. The fighter escort was still ineffective as the weather and clouds had made coordinated defense of the bombers circumspect at best. Soon, three Fw-190's singled out *Elvira* for an attack. One Focke Wulf came in directly ahead of *Elvira*, while the other two fighters approached *Elvira*'s starboard side. Jim Galluzzo, angry at the bad luck they had encountered, gritted his teeth as he tracked the 190 coming in at 12 o'clock. Matt Hipps tracked a 190 approaching from *Elvira*'s 3 o'clock high position while "Boz" Bozwell locked onto a 190 attacking from 3 level. Jim Galluzzo, for all of his

determination, failed to score any hits on the 190, but the 190 also missed in his attack and flew away. Boswell did score several damaging hits on the 190 attacking from 3 o'clock low but was unable to knock the bandit out of the sky. The damaged fighter made an inaccurate attack and also flew away. Matt Hipps was also unsuccessful in damaging his attacker as well.

The Fw-190 attacking at 12 o'clock fired at *Elvira* and missed. Boswell's damaged 190 also fired and missed, then limped away at a fairly slow speed. The bandit attacking at 3 o'clock high, however, did manage to score more hits on *Elvira*'s frame. The port wing was hit yet again, striking the outboard fuel tank. Fortunately, there was no leak due to the rubberized self-sealing fuel tanks protecting what could have been an explosively violent ending for *Elvira* and all aboard. The 190 swung wide and bored into *Elvira* for a second time, this time approaching from directly ahead at 12 o'clock level. Hipps and Galluzzo both locked onto the bandit and fired but scored no hits. The 190 closed on *Elvira* at lightning speed, fired, and missed. Not pressing his luck any longer, the German fighter ceased attacks and sped off.

A few more "little friends" finally showed up as *Elvira* and her squadron began crossing the Channel back to England. No sooner had the coast of Belgium passed out of sight than four Me-110 fighters were seen climbing toward the bombers to make an attack run. Two of the heavy fighters singled out *Elvira*, approaching from 12 o'clock low and 10:30 low. This time, though, the escorts saved the day as they drove off both of the slow climbing fighters before they could get into firing range.

Holed and battered, *Elvira* flew home to England without encountering any more German fighter attacks. The weather in England and over Bassingbourne was good and, despite her damage, *Elvira* landed with no problem. An ambulance drove up to *Elvira*'s hardstand and the orderlies removed Jack Bochee's body from the plane. Walter Briggs sat unmoving in the radio room. Brett Williams tried to extricate him from his spot when the other crew began disembarking. His eyes were as wide as they were the moment Matt Hipps had

found him in the waist gunners area over three hours earlier. Williams later said, “When I tried to move Briggs, he wouldn’t budge. I talked calmly to him, hoping his muscles would relax enough for me to move him but he was like a stone statue. He was literally petrified with fear. Hipps came back to the radio area and tried to help me get him to move. He still wouldn’t budge.”

Briggs would have most likely stayed aboard *Elvira* indefinitely frozen in fear, until the group doctor came and gave Briggs a strong shot of pain killers which had the effect of causing Briggs to relax his muscles enough for he, Williams and Hipps to move him to the waiting ambulance. Watching the “meat wagon” drive off with Briggs and the doctor, Williams told Hipps, “Matt, I don’t ever want to go back there again.” Hipps nodded in total agreement.

Antwerp had officially become *Elvira*’s own personal Hell.

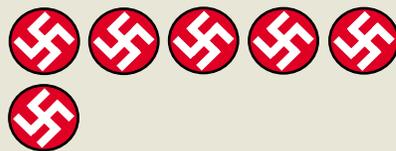
Out of Elvira’s crew, both veterans and rookies alike now began to fear the Belgian city of Antwerp. Three times Elvira had made a visit there and three times she had failed to effectively bomb targets. The only thing that the crew of Elvira carried home with them after an Antwerp mission was a terribly damaged aircraft, seriously wounded or dead crewmen, and an ever growing fear that the next mission to Antwerp may be worse than the last. So far, the Antwerp missions had been dealt to the crew in just such a fashion. Word was beginning to spread that you didn’t want to be assigned to Elvira when you flew to Antwerp.

Walter Briggs would never fly again, nor would he ever completely recover from his ordeal on the last mission he flew with Elvira. Briggs was only nineteen when he flew Elvira’s third Antwerp mission.

He would die at the age of thirty after suffering a massive heart attack.



Mission No. 11
Paris, France
January 11, 1943



Pilot - Capt. Jay Neely

Co-Pilot - Lt. Dale Fleming

Bombardier - Lt. James “Jim” Galluzzo

Navigator - Lt. Bill Phillips

Flight Engineer - Mstr. Sgt. Matthew Hipps

Radio Operator - Sgt. Brett Williams

Right Waist Gunner - Sgt. Larry Godfrey

Left Waist Gunner - Sgt. Clyde Price

Ball Turret Gunner - Sgt. Curtis “Boz” Boswell

Tail Gunner - Sgt. Clay Busby

After *Elvira*’s tenth mission, the group commander immediately gave all of her crewmen ten day passes to London to blow off some steam and live a little. The break was sorely needed and the crewman were grate-

ful to be able to spend New Year's Eve in downtown London, where they celebrated as much as they were physically capable. When they returned to Bassingbourne on January 10, all were glad to know that they would have the entire day to recover from all of their celebrating as the day was overcast and foggy, thus keeping the heavy bombers grounded. Then, on January 11, the crews were awakened from their slumber and told that they had "a mission today". Slowly rising from their bunks, some still nursing hangovers, the crewmen dressed and headed out to the debriefing hut where they would find out what the target for today was going to be.

They would be going to Paris. Unfortunately, the trip was not one of sightseeing but one that involved the bombing of an industrial complex. *Elvira's* crew, for obvious reasons, was relieved to know that they wouldn't be going to Belgium. Jim Galluzzo even went as far as to say, "I didn't care if they sent us to Germany as long as they didn't send us to Antwerp."

In the early morning mist that shrouded the base at Bassingbourne, the Flying Fortresses of the 91st bomb Group took off one by one and formed up over England. *Elvira* and her squadron slipped into position in the middle of the formation. Tucked in tight and secure, *Elvira* and the formation began their trip to Paris.



About twenty minutes into the mission, escort fighters from the 4th Fighter Group began showing up and took their positions in and around the bomber stream. The skies were generally clear over the Channel and visibility was good. However, no Luftwaffe fighters intercepted the bombers as *Elvira* crossed the Channel into France. In fact, the first German fighter was not seen until the group was well past the French coast. Dale Fleming was the first to speak up: "Bandits ahead, 12 o'clock level." Matt Hipps in the top turret acknowledged Fleming's report, followed soon after by both Bill Phillips and Jim Galluzzo in the nose compartment. The American-flown Spitfire escort had already peeled off and were vectoring to intercept the German bandits.

In less than a minute, the formation was attacked by a large gaggle of mixed-type fighter aircraft, Me-109s and Fw-190s mostly. The escort fighters succeeded in knocking down three of the bandits before they closed in on the bomber formation. A B-17 flying in the high squadron shot down a fourth bandit. For a while it seemed as though *Elvira*, secure in the middle of the formation and protected by the guns of the other Fortresses around her, would escape the attention of the Luftwaffe. It was not to be.

Even flying in her secure place in the formation, *Elvira* was singled out by five heavily armed Fw-190s. The fighters approached her from every direction: 12 o'clock high, 10:30 level, 3 o'clock level, 6 o'clock high, and the fifth Fw-190 in a vertical dive. The escort fighters were too busy with other German aircraft to notice the 190s that slipped by them and were now preparing to deal punishing blows to *Elvira*. Every crew member, even those that couldn't see the bandits, tensed for the attack.

Elvira's battle for survival started off on a promising note. The Fw-190 attacking from 12 o'clock high was tracked by the guns manned by Jim Galluzzo in the nose and Matt Hipps in the top turret. Galluzzo's

burst missed but Hipps' burst struck home and the 190 shook from the hits it received from the top turrets twin guns. As the 190 zoomed over *Elvira*, the German pilot popped his canopy and bailed out of the wounded fighter. Pilotless, the fighter continued down a few hundred feet then exploded. Clay Busby in the tail confirmed the kill.

The Fw-190 in the vertical dive made his attack, missed, then flew off. So did the 190 attacking from 10:30 level which Bill Phillips, manning the port cheek gun, failed to hit. Ball turret gunner "Boz" Boswell and *Elvira's* new left waist gunner, Sergeant Clyde Price, both swung their guns to bear on the Focke Wulf attacking from 3 o'clock. Price missed with his shot but Boswell succeeded in heavily damaging the German fighter. Nevertheless, the fighter managed to get a few hits on *Elvira's* frame, though none of the damage was serious. The damaged 190 then broke off his attack.

Clay Busby in the tail and Brett Williams in the radio room both tracked the 190 attacking from 6 o'clock high. Unfortunately, even in this potentially suicidal position, the German fighter received no hits from either Busby or Williams. The undamaged Focke Wulf made the two gunners pay for their missed shots as he blasted the port wing full of holes, knocking out the number one engine and holing the port wing root. A few stray shots also hit the pilot compartment area but no serious damage was done. Captain Neely immediately tried to feather the propeller to the damaged engine but his attempt failed. Since the propeller blades could not be turned into the wind, enormous drag occurred and *Elvira* immediately began to fall out of formation. To lessen the weight of the aircraft, Neely ordered to bombs to be jettisoned. Knowing there was no way *Elvira* could still keep up with the formation with the enormous drag caused by the damaged propeller, he banked *Elvira* away from the formation and began the long trip back to England.

The Fw-190 that had successfully knocked *Elvira* out of formation was still not done with her yet. He swung around and began another attack run at the bomber, now from directly ahead at 12 o'clock level. Only Jim Galluzzo in the nose was able to track the bandit. He said later, "I was totally focused on this guy, more so than I ever had been before. I had tunnel vision. All I could see was that little speck out in front of us that began to get larger every second. I barely remember pressing the trigger on my gun and then...nothing. The next feeling I had was of Bill Phillips slapping me on the back, which jolted me out of my daze. He said, 'Damn good shot, Jim!' It was only then I realized I had shot him out of the sky."

Though the victory was sweet, the monumental task that lay before *Elvira* and her crew dwarfed it immensely. Again, they would make the attempt to fly back to England alone. Terribly vulnerable, they all prayed for friendly fighters to show up to escort them back to safety before the Germans found her first. As luck would have it, the Germans found her first.

Within sight of the French coast, *Elvira* was set upon by two Me-109s and an Fw-190. The 190 vectored to *Elvira's* 12 o'clock high. One of the Messerschmitt fighters came in at 1:30 level while the other came in at 3 o'clock level. There was no fighter escort to be seen. *Elvira* would have to slug it out alone.

The Fw-190 bore into *Elvira* head-on and fired. His shots went wide as did Jim Galluzzo's and Matt Hipps' return fire. The 190 whisked past and began a slow turnaround to set up another attack. The Me-109 attacking from 1:30 level scored a few hits on *Elvira's* frame again, but the damage was only superficial. Bill Phillips, manning the starboard cheek gun, scored no hits on the German fighter. The Me-109

attacking from 3 o'clock made his attack run but he too failed to score any hits. "Boz" Boswell and the new right waist gunner, Sergeant Larry Godfrey, both missed the fighter as it sped past. Both of the Messerschmitts peeled off then slowly came around for a second attack.

One of the Me-109s once again attacked *Elvira* from 1:30 level, but this time Bill Phillips scored damaging hits on the fighter as it sped past. Shaken, the Me-109 failed to score any hits on *Elvira* and finally broke off attacks. The Fw-190 came at *Elvira* from the front quarter again, this time from 10:30 level. Meeting no return fire from *Elvira*, the Focke Wulf scored several hits on the bomber but again the sturdy Fortress shook off the damage. The other Me-109 now approached from the port side at 9 o'clock high. Matt Hipps and Clyde Price both tracked this fighter and fired but scored no hits on the bandit. The Messerschmitt did not miss, however, and scored numerous damaging hits on the lone bomber. The bomb bay was struck hard and the bomb bay door was damaged, which meant little since *Elvira* was no longer carrying bombs. However, serious damage was done to the number two engine. Captain Neely was forced to shut the engine down but this time, fortunately, the propeller feathered properly.

The two remaining German fighters made one last attack before they called it quits and sped for home. The Fw-190 once again made a head-on pass at *Elvira* from 12 o'clock level. The remaining Me-109 also came at *Elvira* from directly ahead, but approached from 12 high. Jim Galluzzo tracked the Me-109 while Matt Hipps took on the sturdier Fw-190. Both gunner missed. The Me-109 blasted away at *Elvira* but scored no hits. The Fw-190 was more successful and once again *Elvira* shook from accurate German fire. Although the nose area was shot up a bit, there was no serious damage done to either man or machine. The bandits then flew off.



Elvira was extremely fortunate. She was still flying although two of her engines were now out of commission. As long as she accumulated no more engine damage she just might make it back home again. However, Captain Neely was not happy with his gunners performance on this last attack. Jim Galluzzo said, "The skipper was a bit angry at the gunners. He reminded them that they were our only means of defense now and that they needed to get over any fear they had and concentrate on their jobs. He told them that if they wanted to, they could bail out now while we were still over land and take their chances with 'the good people of Germany'. Of course, no one wanted to do that. After letting that settle for about a minute, Captain Neely spoke up again and said, 'All right then, men...let's get this baby home. The drinks will all be on me when we land.' That broke the tension and all the men laughed and cheered."

Elvira made it out of France and was now over the Channel. Jim Galluzzo "prayed the engines would hold out" as no man wanted to ditch into the bitterly cold Channel waters below. But *Elvira* would have to fight off one last German attack before she would be free and clear. Then, as Jim Galluzzo put it, "I saw a sight that made my blood run cold." Five Me-109 fighters intercepted *Elvira* near mid-Channel with no friendly fighter escorts in sight. This time, *Elvira's* crew would literally be fighting for her life.

Once again, five German fighters attacked *Elvira* from every conceivable angle: 12 o'clock level, 1:30 high, 3 o'clock high, 6 o'clock high, and one in a vertical dive. Jim Galluzzo fired at the 109 approaching from 12 o'clock but his shots missed. The Me-109 did not. His slugs peppered the bomb bay area and the starboard wing. The bomb bay was hit again as were the bomb bay doors. The damage, while

significant, did not slow *Elvira* down.

The Me-109 attacking from 1:30 high was struck hard by fire from Bill Phillips manning the starboard cheek gun. The 109's return fire suffered as a result and his shots failed to score any hits. The 109 then flew away, speeding toward the French coast. Matt Hipps and Larry Godfrey both tracked the 109 attacking from 3 high but they failed to score any hits on the German fighter. Fortunately, the Me-109 also missed. The Me-109, diving vertically on *Elvira*, failed to score any hits as well. Clay Busby and Brett Williams both fired at the 109 diving on *Elvira*'s tail. Brett Williams missed, but Busby score heavily against the Messerschmitt though he failed to knock the bandit down. As a result, the 109's attack was ineffective and the fighter was forced to break off.

Still, there were three remaining German fighters for *Elvira* to contend with and they still had a lot of fight left in them. One of the 109s came in on *Elvira*'s port quarter at 10:30 level. The other two fighters approached the lone bomber from 6 o'clock high and level. The 109 attacking from 10:30 made his attack run but failed to score any hits. The defensive fire from Bill Phillips' port cheek gun was ineffective. Matt Hipps finally scored another decisive kill when his twin guns blew the Me-109 diving on *Elvira*'s tail out of the sky. Brett Williams, also tracking the fighter, added to the defensive fire but his shots missed. The last Me-109, attacking from directly astern, was tracked and fired upon by tail gunner Clay Busby. While he did succeed in heavily damaging the fighter, it did not knock the bandit down. Despite the damage, the 109 scored several hits on *Elvira*. The starboard aileron was hit, though the damage was not enough to render it ineffective. Other strikes were made on the port wing again, but this time the damage was fatal. The outboard fuel tank was struck hard and not even the self-sealing fuel tanks could contain the damage. The tank burst into flame. *Elvira*'s time had finally run out.

Immediately, Captain Neely told the crew to bail out. Clyde Price worked as fast as he could to get "Boz" Boswell out of the ball turret and into a parachute. After what "seemed like an eternity" according to Jim Galluzzo, the crew began to bail out. Clay Busby came out of the tail, followed by Price, Godfrey, and Boswell in the waist. Captain Neely stayed with *Elvira*, maintaining level flight while the rest of his crew safely bailed out.



By the time it was Neely's turn to bail, the port wing was engulfed in flames. It was a minor miracle that the Fortress had not exploded yet. Neely made it out of the plane safely as *Elvira*, now a hollow and dying aircraft, flew on in a shallow dive until all the men could see was a brilliant streak of flame that finally plunged into the cold Channel waters.

The mayday signal had been sent by Brett Williams immediately after Captain Neely told the crew to bail out. Matt Hipps, Brett Williams, Bill Phillips, and Jim Galluzzo were able to climb aboard a life raft that had been thrown out by Hipps as they jumped from the plane. The remainder of the crew, including Captain Neely, were never seen again.

The four crewman in the life raft waited for two days to be picked up in the bitterly cold and rough waters of the English Channel. When RAF sea rescue finally picked up the four crewman, only the bombardier

Jim Galluzzo was still alive. Hipps, Williams, and Phillips had all died of exposure.

Galluzzo spent about three weeks in the hospital recovering from his ordeal. He considered it fortunate because it gave the base commander time to move out all of the officers belongings and have them shipped back to their loved ones in the states. Galluzzo said that if he had made it back to base intact and been forced to spend too many nights in the empty barracks that he formerly shared with Neely, Fleming, and Phillips he “would have probably gone crazy.”

The group commander gave Galluzzo a choice to either stay and finish his tour or go home and work stateside, far away from the deadly skies of Europe. Galluzzo decided to stay and finish what he had started. By March 1943 he would be back in the air again, flying with a new crew and a new plane, one whose name had a familiar ring to it.

When the plane commander of B-17 work number 200978, a fairly new arrival at Bassingbourne, heard the story surrounding his new bombardier, he put a vote up to the other crewman on what they should name their aircraft. In a unanimous vote they decided on “Elvira Too”.



ELVIRA MISSION SUMMARY

Mission 1: St. Omer - Kills: 1 - Target bombed
Mission 2: Abbeville - Kills: 0 - Target bombed
Mission 3: Abbeville - Kills: 3 - Mission aborted
Mission 4: Lille - Kills: 0 - Target bombed
Mission 5: Abbeville - Kills: 0 - Target bombed
Mission 6: Antwerp - Kills: 0 - Bombs off target
Mission 7: Antwerp - Kills: 0 - Mission aborted
Mission 8: Lille - Kills: 0 - Target bombed
Mission 9: Meaulte - Kills: 1 - Target bombed
Mission 10: Antwerp - Kills: 1 - Bombs off target
Mission 11: Paris - Kills: 3 - Mission aborted

Mission Results - Success: 8
Failure: 3 (*aborted missions*)

Total kills: 9