

CHAPITRE VI**LES DERNIERES HOULES**

- . HIPPOMENE .
- . HYPERBOLE .
- . S.N.S. 122
- . CHAGRIN .
- . MAREE BASSE



Donna, here is my version of his Final Flight Plan:

Edwin Pipp is cleared to the outer limits of space to the very top of its windswept height. Heading west toward the edge of the universe, he will soon see a most wonderful sight.

In the clouds ahead sat a great white throne, and from this throne soon comes a nod. Ed flew alongside, reached out his hand, and firmly grasped the hand of God.

My deepest sorrow and sympathy, Donna.

*Howard Jones*



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June 27, 2001

Dear Donna,

Don Reid called to tell me of Ed's passing. Both of us were shocked because even though Ed was in his early eighties, he seemed so full of strength and energy. How many people do we know for example, still played racquetball at his age?

I've known Ed since his entry into the Air Guard and flew with him on many an occasion. He seemed to know everybody in the aviation and newspaper business. Once, he and I flew down to Cape Canaveral to witness a space launch and, walking into the "press only" area, he led me to an elevated platform, reached only by climbing a ladder. It was at the time occupied by only one radio announcer, so we both climbed up to have a better look. And there sat Walter Cronkite. Ed introduced him to me and the three of us had a friendly chat for a few minutes, after which Ed and I departed and let Walter get on with his broadcast preparations.

Whether it was about aviation, world history, or current events, Ed was the personification of enthusiasm. When telling of his experiences, his voice inflection would be all over the spectrum as he emphasized this and that point. He was the kind of person



one could talk with, hours on end, because he was also a keen listener

In his book, "The Greatest Generation", Tom Brokaw described the unique character of those people who survived the depression, fought the big war, and on returning home, pressed on with their lives. Back to work or school they went, with no whining. What a contrast with the generations that followed

I enjoyed flying with Ed. He was a fine pilot and an intelligent one. When trouble surfaced, he was not hesitant to make his situation known, and because of his ability to make quick and sound decisions, he saved his aircraft (and himself) on at least two occasions when we were in the same sky together; once when his external fuel tanks failed to feed while on the way to Puerto Rico and he successfully landed his fighter plane on Eleuthera - a small Caribbean island; and another time when he ran short of fuel on a ferry flight in deteriorating weather and again successfully landed on a nearly abandoned, former WW II airfield in Wadicon, Indiana.

I still remember him telling us about his experiences on Eleuthera while awaiting fuel to be flown in. He spent no small amount of time telling about the abject poverty on the island and gave an example of a beachcomber who was so excited



because he had found a short board that had been washed up onto the beach. "I'm going to use it on my house", he proudly told Ed, and Ed related it to us in much the same, enthusiastic way. And these are but two of the many interesting times we had with Ed. What a great guy he was!

We join you in the sorrow of his passing. We will miss him greatly.

Donna, I know you realize that you continually brought tremendous happiness into Ed's life and this was evident to all of us who knew him for so long. He was a lucky man to have had you as his wife and companion through your many, many experiences together. Surely, you two must have set some kind of record for SPACE A travel!

Again, please accept our heartfelt condolences in these dark days and, as Ed would want, keep your chin up.

Love,  
Pegi and Will

Enclosed is a copy of Ed's obituary from the news.



"25,000 feet, crew check in", came the bombardier's voice through the interphone.

The pilot of the Flying Fortress considered the men of his crew as they reported.

"Tail-gunner ok." Nineteen yearold James Babbs sounded almost bored. This was his tenth mission and it was old stuff to him.

"Right waist-gunner roger."

"Left waist-gunner roger."

The two acknowledgements came almost together were the two new men on the crew. They had been assigned to the  
he hadn't even heard their names.



"Ball-turret ok." The wind was a roar in the back ground. Eddie Zaban was on his seventh mission. He was a good eager boy to have guarding the underside of the big ship.

"Radio roger." ~~That~~ This is Bruen William's twelfth trip over enemy-held territory. He doesn't get much chance to shoot but he sure sees a lot out of his hole in the top of the airplane.

"Top-turret ok." Eli Roger's voice was high pitched as usual. The coolest man in the plane and eager to add another enemy fighter to the or get on the last raid.

The pilot nudged the co-pilot, Ben Lear, and motioned for him to fly the ship.

This was Lear's first mission. He had his own crew but was flying as co-pilot for a few rades to get some combat experience.

~~The formation was gaining altitude in the~~

The formation was gaining altitude in the safety of the skies over England before beginning the trip across the channel to the German ~~xxxxxxx~~ pens at St Nazaire. The airplanes

position was on the right side of the squadron leader and the squadron



"Pilot from navigator." Leland (Fuzz) Flower was calling over the interphone. This is his 13th mission. He is considered one of the best navigators in the squadron.

"Go ahead Fuzz." the pilot answered.

"Do you see the oil and smoke coming out of Smitties' number three engine (he was referring to the squadron leader's plane). It looks pretty bad.

"Yes, I see it. I hope he doesn't try to go on. This is his last mission. That engine looks bad.

The formation flew on for a while and then the pilot nudged the co-pilot. "The squadron leader has just lowered his wheels to show he is going to land. We'll drop down and fly in the hole. Give me 2400 rpm's and 42 inches".

2            The ship dropped back and took up a position below and behind the leader of the second element forming a diamond. The airplane that was flying on the other side of the squadron leader (Jones was the pilot's name) took a position above and outside the number three man of the second element

"I wish to hell Jones would come down



Now they were about **half** a mile behind the formation and to increase the r difficulties vapor trails were beginning to form behind the aircraft making it impossible to see the lead airplanes and very hard to pick the right one to fly formation with.

The pilot and co-pilot ~~xxx~~ were both sweating. A bomber out of formation over enemy territory is easy pray for enemy fighters. They were slowly catching up but at 25,000 feet it takes a long time to pick up speed.

"Pilot to crew. **Keep** your eyes opened -- we're over ~~xxxxx~~ France now -- don't let any fighters sneak through those ski trails."

2 Then the ship burst out of the clouds into the sunlight and the pilot breathed a sigh of relief as he saw the formation slightly ahead and below. In another minute he was down and in good formation off of Jones' wing.

"Fuzz, how long before the I. P.?"

2 \* After a short pause, "Navigator to pilot -- about nine minutes to the I. P. There are fighters coming up.

"Fighters at six o'clock high." Babbs still sounded bored.

"Twelve o'clock high" sang out the bombardier.



"Coming in!" he added.

The pilot saw the Faulk Wolfe coming straight at the nose -- saw the tracers from the twin nose guns lazily arc out toward it. At about 600 yards he saw it half roll and the whole leading edge of the wings light up as it fired. HE jumped as the two guns in the turret above his head roared and then he saw the German fighter dive out of sight beneath his right wing apparently unhurt.

"Waist gunners watch the ~~side~~ clouds." he heard Williams warn the new men. "There's one at five o'clock."

There was a continual racket over the interphone.

"Eight o'clock low -- follow him under Zaban."

2 "A roar of wind and rat-tat-tat of machine-gun fire as the ball turret gunner accidentally stepped on his mic button.

"Nine o'clock -- way out." Roger's high pitched voice and then the loud clatter of the top turret.

All the time the pilot was doing evasive action while keeping his same relative position in the formation -- dives, climbs, turns -- anything to make a more difficult target for the fighters. Then over the interphone --

"Pilot from bombardier -- bomb-bay doors opening.

We're on the bomb run."



"Pilot from navigator." Flower's voice came through the interphone.

"We've just crossed the Coast -- do you want us to test the guns?"

"Thanks Fuzz. Pilot to crew, check your  
guns."

The fortress vibrated as the twelve 50  
caliber machine guns were fired simultaneously.

"Anyone having any trouble? Crew check in."  
the pilot ordered.

Each crew-member replied that his guns were  
in working order.

The pilot then nudged the Co-pilot and told  
him, "I'm going to climb up and fly on Jones' wing -- he'll catch  
hell all by himself up there. Give me high rpm and some more manifold  
pressure. We've got to go through some prop wash so be ready to help  
me with the controls."

The plane dropped back 200 yards and then  
started up. It was immediately caught in the slipstream of the leading  
aircraft and lurched violently over on one wing. The pilot and co-  
pilot both struggled to right it only to have it fall off on the other  
wing. The controls were loose and ineffectual. Then they were above



"Bombardier from pilot, roger."

The pilot stopped the evasive act on action and brought the ship into as tight a formation as possible so the squadron's bombs, which would all be dropped when the bombardier in the lead plane dropped his, would fall in a small area. If the lead bombardier's aim was good the target would be destroyed.

"Flak underneath us." The ball turret ~~xxxxxx~~ reported.

The pilot saw the bombs fall from the lead ship and felt his own plane jump as it was freed of its load.

Then there was a big flash, a puff of black smoke, and a loud deep boom seemingly right on the left side of the nose. The pilot felt the ship jump. He felt something hit his <sup>foot</sup> -- heard the co-pilot say, "I've got it." and felt the wheel turn as the co-pilot took control.

Angerly he gripped the wheel and cried, "I'm ok watch the instruments. Fuzz, is anyone hurt in the nose? ~~xxx~~ That flak hit us same place."

After a few moments the voice of the navigator came over the interphone, "Mellelo is out in the head and face and we've got a big hole down here. He isn't out. Whose bit up there?"



The formation was now descending toward the Bay of Biscay and the pilot felt his ears stopping up. He cleared them by holding his nose and blowing. Then he called over the interphone.

"Pilot to crew, watch your ears, we're going down --- at 20,000 feet now."

"Pilot from radio, go ahead."

The pilot looked around and saw that the radio operator had gone back to his position and that the top turret gunner was in his turret.

"Go ahead Williams," he replied.

"Something must be on fire up there because there is a lot of smoke coming back here."

"Rogers, look around and see if anything is wrong. --- I've got it Lear, see what you can see." the pilot ordered as he took control of the airplane.

He took over the controls and held the ship in formation as, still ~~like~~ descending, they crossed the coast and headed out to sea. Then he glanced ~~around~~ behind him and saw Rogers in the corner with a fire extinguisher.

"What's burning," the pilot asked.

"Everything is ok now sir. The hydraulic



Blood is dripping down here."

As he was listening the pilot was inspecting the cockpit. His foot felt wet and heavy but did not hurt. He looked down and saw that ~~the~~ his feet and the floor beneath them were covered with a red liquid and that there was a small piece of metal laying on his ~~feet~~ right flying boot. As he bent down to pick it up he noticed that the hydraulic pressure warning light on the dashboard was on. Another glance at the liquid and he knew what it was --- hydraulic fluid. A piece of flak had come through the nose, cut a hydraulic line and come to rest on his foot. Pretty close!

Then he realized the co-pilot was poking his arm and pointing behind him. He looked around and saw the top turret gunner setting on the floor with his head in his hands.

"Rogers are you hurt?" No answer. "Williams come up and take the top turret." the pilot ordered.

"I'm all right, sir." Rogers said weakly and pulled himself up into the turret, "Just a little cut on the head."

The pilot motioned to Lear to fly the ship and turned around just as the radio operator, carrying his bottle of oxygen, came through the bomb doors.

"Rogers let Williams look at your head." the pilot ordered. "there aren't any fighters around now." he added.



pump burnt itself out and caught some of the upholstery on fire. I've got the fire out but can't stop the damn extinguisher."

The pilot breathed a sigh of relief and turned around in his seat. He told the co-pilot to fly the airplane and then removed his <sup>oxygen</sup> mask. He told the crew to do the same and flew the ship for a moment while Lear took his off. Then he turned around to watch Rogers

The turret gunner was standing, with an embarrassed look on his face, holding the fire extinguisher as it poured its fluid into the bomb bays.

Then over the interphone the navigator angrily shouted. "What in the hell are we doing now?"

The pilot looked out the window and saw that the formation was making a big turn to the left as if to go back into France. As he watched the formation continued around and made a big circle. He realized they were doing this to give the other groups and stragglers a chance to catch up. but it seemed to him like they were inviting the Luftwaffe out for another chance at them.

They continued around the circle and on their westerly course out to sea. The squadron was at 3,000 feet above



big broken cumulus clouds. In every direction were bombers, alone, in pairs, in squadrons, and in groups. The individuals slowly joined their groups and as the leaders saw fit descended ~~down~~ through the clouds to an altitude of 1000 feet so as to be out of the range of German ~~in~~ radar.

In the cock-pit a sense of hilarity prevailed. The men were still a long way from home but the worse was over. Their oxygen masks were off and every one was talking.

"Look at that right wing, sir."

Rogers exclaimed as he pointed to a hole between the two ~~engine~~ engines.

"That was close."

"It sure is but how about this piece of flak that stopped on top of my foot?" the pilot asked.

"Let's see it." ~~The navigator~~ said the navigator, who was standing in the catwalk running to the nose.

The pilot handed him the medal, a jagged piece of steel two inches round and half an inch thick.

"I thought sure you were hit when I saw the hydraulic fluid -- thought it was blood." said Lear.

"That was quick thinking and a good idea to bring over like you did." The pilot said. "I'm glad you were wrong though."



I didn't get a chance."

"That flak was the most accurate I have ever seen." Declared the navigator. "That was the second burst that hit us."

"How long do we hold this course before turning toward England?" the pilot asked him.

"About fifteen minutes." the pilot said after looking at his watch. "We want to be sure to miss the Brest peninsula. I'll go down and check up."

The pilot watched him crawl into the nose and then turned to Zaban and told him to return to his gun position and watch for fighters. There was still a remote chance of an enemy patrol intercepting them.

Then he told Rogers and Leap, "Don't change the setting of the cowl flaps or anything hydraulic. Maybe we'll have enough pressure in the emergency system for the brakes. We'll lean the gas mixture as much as possible and maybe we'll be able to make the home field instead of landing at the coast. Then if we crack up we'll at least be at home."

"Pilot from navigator. ~~From~~ Come over the interphone, "We should be turning soon. The new course will be



360 degrees. WE'll fly an hour and thirty minutes on the new course and then we should hit England."

"Navigator from pilot, roger"

Soon afterward the formation made a slow 90 degree turn to the right and ~~xxxxx~~ started on the final leg of the flight. After cautioning Lear to conserve the gas as much as possible and reminding him to listen on the command set, the pilot had him fly the ship and he relaxed for a much needed rest. He tuned in on a London commercial station with the compass set and listened to a dance band. His thoughts wandered away from the airplane.

"This is some war." ~~xxxx~~ he thought.

"An hour ago I was worrying about enemy fighters and flak -- had some of their bullets miss me by inches. Now I'm on the way home listening to good orchestras. In another two hours I'll have a good meal under my belt and will be ready for the squadron dance. I Hope the operations officer delivered ~~me~~ my message to that English girl so she'll be there tonight. The group hasn't lost any ships so everyone ought to be quit happy. Its been an easy raid compared to the last one when we lost twenty ships.

The formation continued on its course for an hour. the pilot and co-pilot relieving each other every fifteen minutes.



"That must have been pretty close to someone's head in the nose." SAid the Pilot. "How is Mallilo heasked the navigator.

"He's ok, just cut by some~~ex~~ glass. It's awful cold down there. Most of the ~~xxxx~~ glass in the nose is blown out. A lot of my ~~maps~~ maps have blown away.too.

"What happened to Rogers?" He asked, looking at the engineer.

"I don't know sir," ~~the~~ Rogers answered, whether the jolt of the explosion bumped my head against the gunsor if I got hit by some flak or glass. I've got a cut on my head and there is a big hole in the dome of the turret.# ---- I don't like these close ones! he added with a grin.

"What happened to Rogers?" ~~YENNY~~ Zaban, the ball-turret gunner, who had just come into the cockpit~~asked~~ through the bomb bays, asked.

"Just acut on the head. Did you see where the bombs ~~hit~~ went?" the pilot asked.

"I didn't see them hit. When I saw the flsk getting close I started to spin( he thought spinning his turret would deflect ~~flask~~ flak fragments) After that I was so busy looking for fighters



Then the course became erratic. The

pilot, who was flying, ~~was~~ cursed the leader the leader as they turned on a new course, flew it for a few minutes and then turned again. Each turn meant that he had to change the throttle settings to stay in formation, and this used gas that was needed to get home.

"Navigator from Pilot." He called over the interphone.

"Go ahead pilot." the navigator came back.

"What's the reason for all the turns--- we're flying almost E snow. Do you know where we are?"

"I don't know ~~what~~ why we are changing course but we should see England any time now.

"Radio from pilot, go ahead."

"Go ahead sir." Williams replied.

"See if any of the leaders are trying to get C.D.M. s. Let me know if they do and the course."

The interphone was quiet for a while.

The group made another turn. Then the interphone broke forth.

"There's land ahead."

The pilot didn't see it at first but



after peering ahead he discerned the on the horizon the dark line that meant safety to the crew and airplane. There couldn't be any trouble now.

Then remembering the mistakes other returning allied aircraft had made, he called the crew.

"Pilot to crew, every one get to his position. Shoot at any fighters ~~that~~ that point their nose at us. This could be France.

The land was closer now and an island could be seen with the land a short distance beyond.

"Navigator from pilot, do you know right where we are. Are we on course."

"We' e a long way west of course. Those are the *Scilly* Islands. We should fly parallel to them until we get to *Land's End* where we turn in.

The formation turned to ~~the~~ right and flew parallel to tthe land for a while.

Then over the interphone, "Lookat that flak ship ahead." someone observed.

"Look at those shore batteries." Some one else said. "I'm glad this is England. What targets we'ld make at this altitude."



The pilot saw the flak ship ahead but ~~the formation~~ before they reached it the formation made a turn ~~into~~ into the bay the ship seemed to be guarding. He saw the green and ~~red~~ yellow ~~recognition~~ recognition flares burst from the leaders air lane and fall lazily into the sea/ In a few minutes he saw the signals repeated.

"Someone must be shooting at them up there." laughed the navigator. "That's the second set of recognition flares they've fired!"

Then someone tapped him on the shoulder. When he turned around he saw the engineer pointing at the number three engine.

~~it was~~ It was on fire.

Jagged pieces of metal were sticking up around the cowling as if something had exploded. The propeller was turning over normally.

"Damn it!" ~~thought~~ said the pilot to himself, "I've leaned it down so much it blew up. Now I'll have to land at the first field we come to."

He reached up and pressed the feathering button and turned off the ignition to that engine. Then he shouted to the



"Wait until I close the cowl flaps and then pull the fire extinguisher."

He turned the cowl flap control and saw the flaps on the engine close. The propeller was stopped in the full feather position and flames were still coming out of the engine cowling. Then the co-pilot pulled the fire extinguisher and he saw the flames die down. The engineer reached by him and turned off the gas cut off to that engine.

Then he saw a burst of flak 100 ~~yards~~ yards ahead of the airplane and heard an excited shriek from the navigator.

"Make a one eighty -- this is Brest."

The formation was turning sharply to the left.

He twisted the wheel and kicked the left rudder pedal to stay with them.

Panic gripped him as his foot encountered no resistance. His rudder controls useless.

He yelled at the co-pilot, "Are your rudder controls all right?"

Without ~~wait~~ waiting for an answer he pressed the mic button and shouted, "Crew get ready to bail out." There was no ~~overtones~~ overtone. The radio was no good.



The co-pilot shouted back, "My rudder pedals are useless but we can get back without rudder control."

"We're too low to bail out", hollered

Rogers in the pilots ear.

Seconds later while the plane was still in formation and completing the 180 degree turn toward the sea, there was a burst of flak under the right wing. The ship immediately rolled over on that side.

The pilot looked out and saw the number four engine on fire. He couldn't keep the plane straight even with the wheel turned fully to the left

The rest of the crew were forgotten.

The airplane started to dive toward the ~~xxxx~~ water. With all his strength the pilot pulled back on the wheel but could only partially stop the dive.

He gave the trim tab control and had it spin uselessly around.

The plane was ~~being~~ being shot at from all sides.

Machine-gun tracer bullets flashed the pilots



and co-pilots seat. They sounded like wind swept rain on a tin roof as they rattled across the wings and cockpit.

The ships own machine guns weakly answered the ~~fixes~~ the enemy.

Foot-diameter holes, the metal curling jaggedly outward, appeared in the wings as 20 milemeter shells exploded there. The number two engine burst into flame as it was hit.

The pilot was standing up now, pulling and turning the wheel with his full weight and strength, trying to get the plane out of its diving turn into the sea.

He heard a scream of agony behind him.

He took a quick glance over his shoulder but only saw a hand sticking out from the bomb-bays, blood dripping from the fingers. The body was in the bomb-ways.

As the ship rushed toward the sea the pilot knew he could never get it straightened out to make a good ditching.

The right wing hit first. The rest of the plane pivoted on it and the nose hit in a cloud of spray and submerged. The fuselage broke in two at the waist window.

The wreck sank quickly.



II

The pilot saw a flash of green water as the nose hit/

then he was setting on his seat as water poured through the nose into the cockpit. It was lapping at his feet as he groggly started to unhook his safety belt.

It rose rapidly and was swerling about his ~~fast~~ neck as he unfastened ~~his~~ the small window next to him and pushed it open. He took a deep breath of air just before it closed above his head.

Then, putting his head and arms through first, he wiggled his body through the small window and started to swim upward.

He seemed to swim for hours with out reaching the surface.

The horrible thought that maybe the suckion of the sinking airplane was pulling him under made him struggle harder.



His lungs seem about to burst and every

move was an effort/ Was he ever going to reach the ~~surface~~ air?

Finally his head broke the ~~water~~ <sup>surface</sup> He took

great gasps of air.

The thought of the sinking ships suction

still haunted him and he frantically tried to swim away from the spot.

His cloths, particularly his flying boots, were a great hindrance to

him.

He grabbed a torn yellow cushion that

floated from the wreckage and with that holding him up paddled with

his feet till he was so tired he could not move.

Then he looked back and saw that the

airplane had sunk. He saw a dinghy floating 100 yards to his right

and land about three miles to his left.

He reached down at his ~~xxx~~ belt and tried

to find the strings to inflate his ~~M~~ "Mae West". After furling for a

and not finding them  
moment he gave up.

He looked around again. Everything seemed

hazy. He couldn't think straight. He tried to concentrate on one thing

but could not do it.



For some reason it seemed to him that it would be impossible for him to reach the dinghy. So, shoving the <sup>h</sup> cushion under his chest, he started to paddle and kick his way toward the land.

Then he heard someone shouting, "Lieutenant! Lieutenant! The other way."

It was Babbs, the tailgunner. He was half way between the pilot and the dingy, ~~an~~ hanging on to a foot long oxygen can. To the pilot he looked like a monkey the way his ~~ix~~ arms and legs were wrapped around the can.

"Over to the dingy," Babbs shouted, pointing toward it.

The pilot looked at the dingy and at the land. Then he turned and started toward the dingy.

Babbs has left his can and was swimming toward it too.

The Lieutenant had only gone a short distance when he bumped ~~into~~ something a few inches ~~bene~~ under the water.

It was a man's body, floating on its stomach.



moment. He saw big holes ~~born~~ in the back and shoulders. There were no bubbles coming from the head.

He pushed it aside and continued toward the dingy.

His flying boots seemed like anchors on his feet. Every move was an effort. He wanted to stop and rest but forced to work toward the dinghy. He seemed to be moving as in a dream.

As he paddled along the cold water started to clear his head

The mist that enveloped everything commenced to disappear and details began to make an impression on his mind. He saw that Babbs had reached the dinghy and that it was capsized. He saw two of his crew members. One was floating near the dinghy. He was on his back with his hands behind his head as if he was enjoying a summer swim. The other man was slowly paddling his way toward the dinghy.

Then he was near the dingy. Babbs reached out and helped him the last few feet. Neither said a word for a few moments as the pilot hung on the raft and gasped for breath. He observed that Babbs jaw was swollen to about twice its normal and his face was cut in several places. He saw that the ~~other~~ man ~~was~~ ~~still~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~same~~ ~~position~~ ~~but~~ ~~was~~ floating on his back was Miallilo, ~~the~~ the bombardier. He was still in the same position but was



holding on to the dinghy with one hand.

type  
The dinghy, of which each B-17 is equipped

two, is a rubber raft eight feet long and two feet deep and three feet wide with rubber seats at each end. It looks like a big oval innertube with a piece of rubber stretched across the bottom. Around the outside at the water level a hand rope is strung, that is what the men were hanging on. The dingies are stowed on both sides of the fuselage of the airplane above the wings and are automatically inflated when released by two handles inside the airplane. How this one came to be ~~xxxx~~ released no one knows.

The pilot asked Babbs to see if he could inflate his life vest for him. The tail gunner easily found the strings and with a "plop" it ~~xxxxxxx~~ ballooned out. The pilot now did not have to worry about ~~xxx~~ sinking.

He then asked him to pull his flying boots off. With his "Mae West" holding him the pilot lifted his feet out of the water and Babbs removed the boots. The shoes came off with them and the pilot saw one of them float away. The others sank.

At this time Rogers, the other man the pilot had seen swimming, reached the dinghy. His face was contorted with pain.



"What's wrong?" the pilot asked.

"Oh Lord my chest hurts. I think its crushed,"

he groaned.

"Look Lieutenant, he still has his chuton,"

exclaimed Babbs. He searched underwater around the engineer's waist where the pack was hanging and tried to undo it. Rogers made no effort to help but just hung on the dinghy with his eyes shut.

"The release is ~~just~~ jammed," Babbs said

after a few minutes.

(The English parachutes, which many of the

men of the USAAF used at that time, had an emergency release. It was a ~~ci~~

circular fastener which held the harness together and was located at the

fliers stomach within easy reach of either hand. To ~~xxx~~ release the harness

the flier simply had to turn and then hit the fastener and the harness

became undone at the ~~harness~~ fastener.\* The chut pack was attached to the

harness.)

The pack had slipped so ~~the~~ it was around the

engineer's waist instead of at his chest. The pilot held it up while the

tail-gunner tried to loosen the release but they could not unfasten it.

Finally he said, "Let it go until we get him in

the dinghy."



By this time the initial shock of the crash and the men were starting to suffer from the cold/ The pilot was shivering and he saw that the other mens lips were blue.

"Rogers you and Millilo let go off the dinghy and Babbs and I will try to tip it righ side up," he ordered.

It was easy to tip over. Babbs pulled down on one side and the pilot pushed up on the other and it flopped over.

Getting in was another matter. While Babbs held down on one side to keep it from capsizing the pilot attempted to get in. The top of the gunwale was a foot and a half above the surface of the water and he got his body over that. Then because of his water logged cloths nand stiffnes and weakness due to the crash he could get no furhter. Reluctantly he slid back into the water.

"I'll hold this side down and you try to get in," he told Babbs.

The tail-gunner pulled himself partly over the side and then rested for a long time. Then with considerable wiggling and kicking he got the rest of his body over and fell into the bottom.

He rested for a moment and then got up to help pilot. When the pilot suddenly put his weight on the unwale the dinghy



Slipped dangerously and only the fact that Babbs was  
position:

25

against the other side kept it from capsizing.

After that he sat on the far side while the pilot pulled himself part way over. Then Babbs reached across the raft and got a hold on the seat of ~~the~~ his pants and dragged him in.

They rested for a few minutes. Then Rogers reminded them that they had more work to do.

"Lieutenant, please get me out of the water. I'm freezing," he begged.

Babbs sat on the opposite funnel and the lieutenant, from a kneeling position reached over the side and got a hold under the engineer's arms. Rogers made no effort to help him but remained a dead weight. The lieutenant started to drag him up and had him but a few inches out of the water when Rogers screamed, "Let go! Let go! You're crushing my chest."

The pilot quickly dropped him back in the water where he floated gasping and groaning.

The pilot sat down on the bottom of the boat and tried to figure what to do next.

"Lieutenant, here is Mellilo on the other side, maybe we can get him in," Babbs reminded him.



29

The pilot looked around and saw the bombardier

still floating on his back with his hands behind his head.

"Are you hurt bad?" the pilot asked him.

"Something is wrong with my legs." Mellilo answered slowly.

"Just wait a few minutes while I try to get some water out of the dingy and we'll try to pull you in," said the pilot.

He reached in one of the pockets on the side of the dingy, seeking something to bail with, and pulled out a pair of collapsible oars. He dropped these in the bottom of the boat and felt in another pocket where he found a canvas bucket.

He set to work with it but after a few moments decided it was too slow and that he had better get Mellilo in the dingy.

"Ok Mellilo," he said, "get as close to the side as you can and Babbs will pull in., I'll stay over her so the raft doesn't tip over."

Mellilo thrashed around the water until he had maneuvered himself broadside to the boat. Then Babbs reached over and rolled him into the bottom.

He brought a lot of water in with him. So, while Babbs made him comfortable as possible on the bottom, the Lieutenant started to bail. He had only dumped a few bucket-fuls over the side



when Babbs made a lung and grabbed Rogers.

"He just let go and started to drift away,"

Babbs explained.

"Lieutenant! Lieutenant! Get me out of this water -- I'm freezing," shouted Rogers.

"You'll have to wait until I bail some more," the pilot told him.

"Get me out soon," he begged the wounded man. "I can't hold on much longer."

The pilot looked at the bombarier ~~in~~ taking up most of the bottom of the dinghy and at the four inches of water lapping his feet. "It would be impossible to put another man in there before some water was taken out," he thought to himself.

"Babbs, take some of that cord and tie Rogers to the raft so he won't float away. We've got to get more water out of here before we can put him in."

(The cord he was referring to was a piece of parachut cord 20 feet long that had been fastened to the airplane to allow the men time to get in before the raft drifted away.)

Babbs pulled some of the cord into the boat and was then not able to break it.



The Lieutenant saw his trouble and reached into his pocket for his knife. He found the knife and gave it to him. At the same time he remembered his escape kit which was still in his pocket. There were benzedrine tablets in it which would give them a little added energy.

He pulled the kit, a celluloid box half the size of a cigar box from his pocket and tried to open it. The cold had made his fingers too stiff to pry open the top. He fumbled with it awkwardly until Babbs handed him his knife ~~and then he opened it~~

Rogers was now irrational and was screaming "Get me out of this water. I don't have to stay here." Then he would start to sob and cry.

"Just a few minutes and I'll get you out," the pilot told him. "Here, take one of these and you'll feel better," and he handed him a benzedrine tablet. He also took one himself and handed Babbs and Millilo one.

Then the Lieutenant started to bail again.

He was interrupted by Millilo.

"Lieutenant, would you please move my foot? It's aching to beat hell." the bombardier said.

The lieutenant shuddered when he looked at the foot. The leg was broken a few inches above the ankle and the



foot had somehow gotten ~~unlabeled~~ completely covered  
The pilot saw his trouble and reached into his pocket for the  
He found the knife and gave it to him. At the same time he remembered his  
escape kit which was still in his pocket. There were benzodrine tablets  
in it which would give them little added energy.

He pulled the kit, a cellulose box half

the size of a cigar box from his pocket and tried to open it. The coils  
had made his fingers too stiff to pry open the top. He tumbled with it

unsuccessfully until Bobba handed him his knife ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~

Rogers was now irritable and was screaming

"Get me out of this water. I don't have to stay here." Then he would start

to sob and cry.

"Just a few minutes and I'll get you

out," the pilot told him. "Here, take one of these and you'll feel better."

and he handed him a benzodrine tablet. He also took one himself and handed

Bobba a Millie one.

Then the Lieutenant started to bail again.

He was interrupted by Millie.

"Lieutenant, would you please move my

feet? It's itching to beat hell," the bombardier said.

The Lieutenant shuddered when he looked

at the foot. The jag was broken a few inches above the ankle and the



July 17, 2001

Dear Donna,

I was so sorry to hear about Pepper passing on. It happened while I was in the hospital for open-heart surgery, and that's why you haven't heard from me before now.

Donna, I never considered myself a rocket scientist, but what the operation/anesthesia did for me (I suppose mercifully) was to completely obliterate my memory until about July 5<sup>th</sup>, when I finally began to put 2 and 2 together, but still not getting 4 every time. It seemed as though if I didn't understand or like the proceedings, I could close my eyes and enter what I called my 'netherworld'. Everything considered, I guess I am doing OK.

I could cry a bucketful about Pepper. He was my hero, Donna. Not every South Georgia country boy like me could have a personal, private hero. I am so grateful to you for bringing him into my life. Memories flood my mind...such as Pepper taking me to Cape Canaveral when he was covering the early space shots for his paper. He introduced me to—and I rubbed elbows with— America's finest.

I will never forget the beautiful view from your penthouse in downtown Detroit overlooking the Detroit River and the trip we went on up to Stratford-on-Avon, Canada where the latest New York plays are tried out before opening on Broadway. I still have the beautiful artwork I bought from there. And later, when you moved to Broxton, I was so proud to be your neighbor for awhile until I took a flying job out of town and left.

I flew a little with Pepper, and I thought he was the smoothest pilot I ever sat beside. He was meticulous about filing flight plans even in clear weather, where I was more likely to get in an airplane and go unless it was in instrument conditions.



July 2, 2001

Dear Donna:

It was at a late hour that Kathy and I learned of the shocking and tragic passing of your beloved mate and our dear friend.

We had no idea that Ed had been ill. As was his habit, he phoned after receiving my Christmas card. We were not home when he called. You two apparently were in Florida and since he assured me that I would not know where to reach him, he suggested I not call. He said he would try again. He did and missed us then too. I mentioned to Kathy that his voice sounded somehow different. He and I had lunched together the previous July during your brief visit to the Detroit area. His voice struck me even then as somehow different from what I knew it to be over the past 40 plus years, but, since he looked great and said he was feeling well, I gave it no more thought. I don't know if that perception had anything to do with his condition and I could be wrong. The News obviously did not give any specific details other than to list cancer as the offending cause.

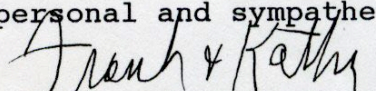
It must come as no surprise to you that the tragic news hit with particularly severe impact the legions of those of us who knew and loved him.

The love you and Ed so visibly shared was the one outstanding quality of a relationship that those close to you most admired and were hopeful of emulating in their own marriages.

It's difficult in these circumstances to console and comfort but let me offer this observation made by someone whose name escapes me; "When you cherish the emotional value of a gift, it can never really be lost, for what you carry in your heart is yours to keep, forever." It's not much, Donna, but we hope it provides some small measure of solace.

I'm sending along the obit tribute that appeared in the News in the unlikely event that others, in their sorrow, failed to send it. Our thoughts and prayers are with you. Words are inadequate to express how deeply his passing is felt and how sorely his ever present optimism and good cheer will be missed.

Warmest personal and sympathetic regards,

  
Frank and Kathy Gaal





## The Twenty-third Psalm



he Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

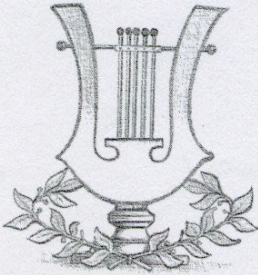
He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.





Music

SINGER:

REV. GRANT ABERNATHY

GUITARIST:

REV. GRANT ABERNATHY

SONG:

"INVITATION"

SPECIAL EULOGIES BY:

AL LOWMAN

COL. DON REID (RET. AIR FORCE)

POEM "HIGH FLIGHT" READ BY DIANNA PIPP BRICKMAN

FLAG PRESENTATION BY:

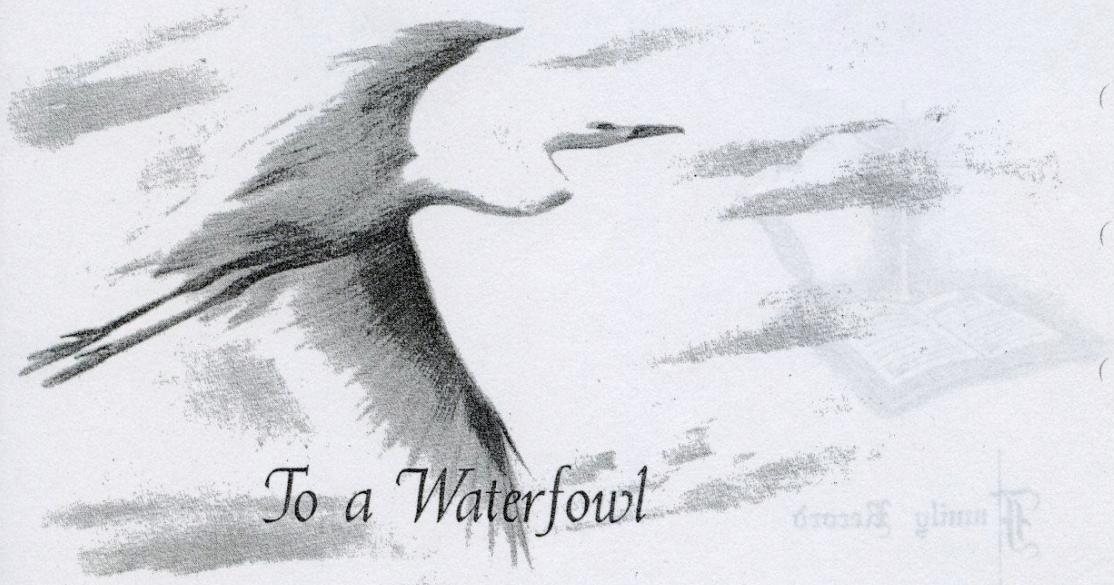
(COL. RET.) DONNIE COURSON

(COL. RET.) DON REID

AL LOWMAN

WOODROW MIXON



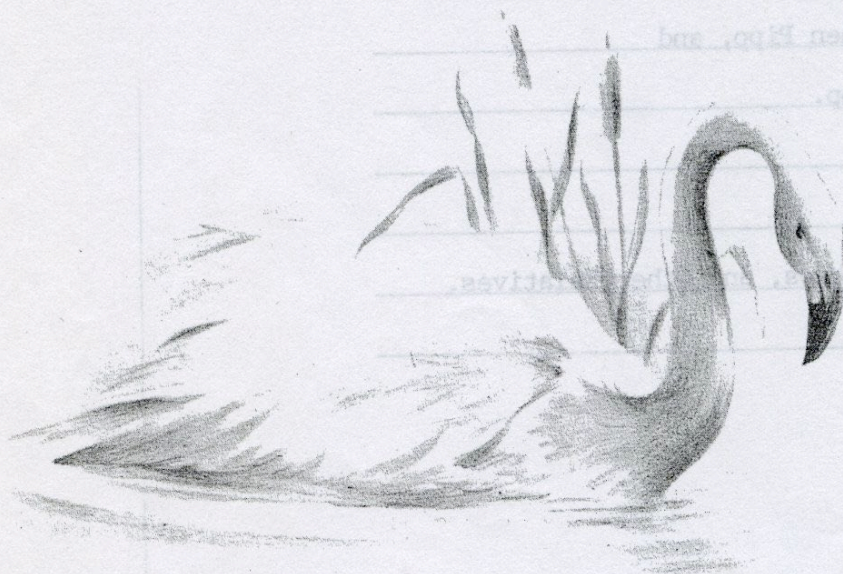


## To a Waterfowl

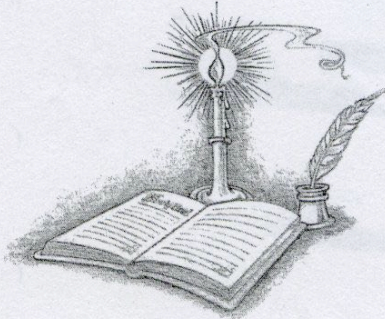
He who from zone to zone,  
Guides through the boundless  
sky thy certain flight,  
In the long way that I  
must tread alone,  
Will lead my steps aright.

William Cullen Bryant

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## Family Record

*Father:* Edwin Gaylord Pipp, Sr. Deceased

*Mother:* Eleanor Josephine Waters Pipp Deceased

*Deceased:* Edwin Gaylord Pipp, Jr.

*Married to:* Donna Jordan Pipp

*Children:* 3 Daughters: Nikki Pipp,

Dianna Brinkman, and

Wendi Shephard.

2 Sons: Carl Stephen Pipp, and

Jerome Pipp.

4 Grandchildren.

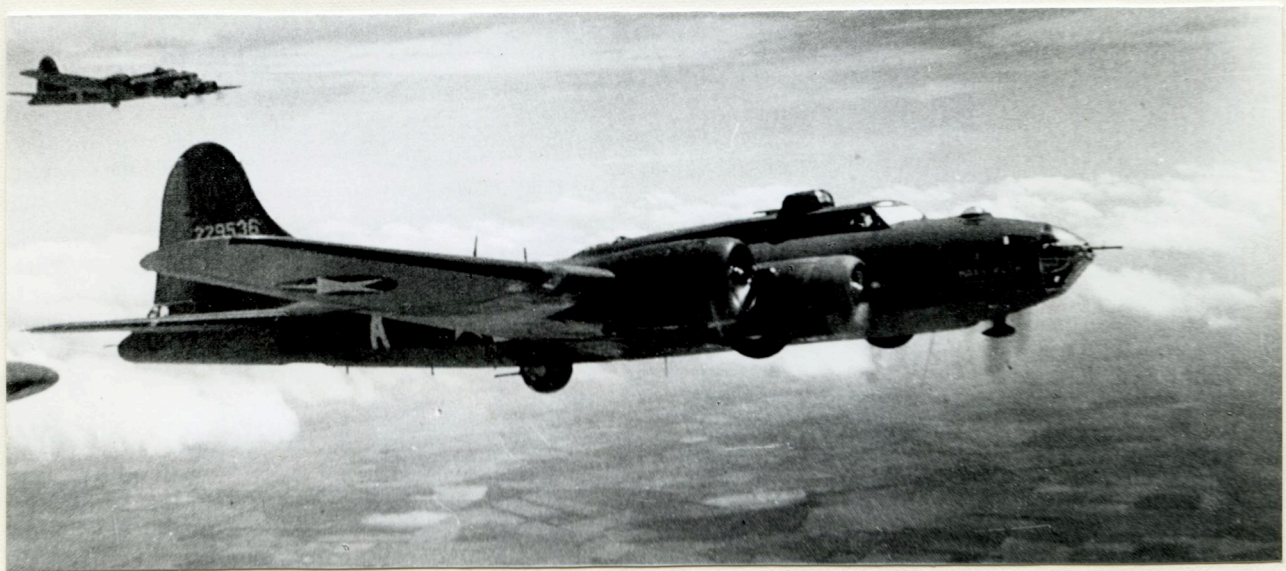
1 Great Grandchild.

Several Nieces, Nephews, and Other Relatives.



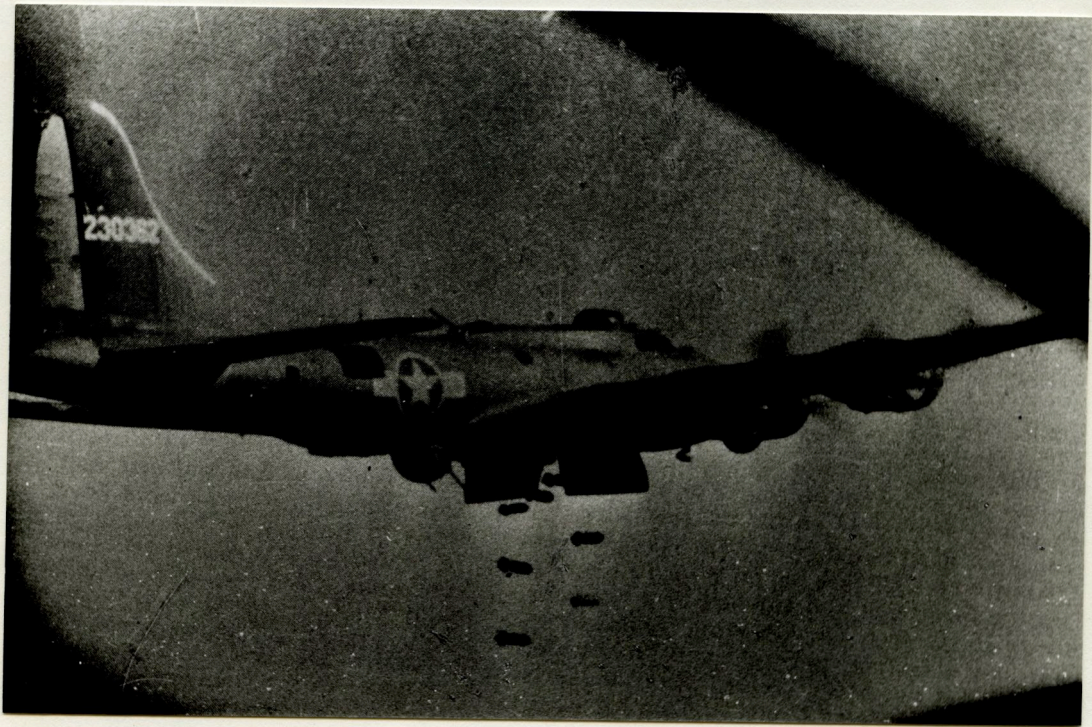


Le 305<sup>e</sup> B.G. en route vers S<sup>t</sup> NAZAIRE  
rejoint le 303<sup>e</sup> B.G. au-dessus des côtes  
anglaises de la MANCHE.



Les B 17 du 91<sup>e</sup> B G et ceux du 306<sup>e</sup> B G  
rallient l'objectif à l'altitude standard au-  
dessus de la FRANCE.





"Bombs away!"