Tom,

Interesting, have not heard that name before, any pictures in other pubs?

Warm Regards,

TE, ret.

Tombrittan@aol.com wrote:

Gentlemen,

I have B-24H-15 (not 20) FO 44-50929 as THE NIGHT-KNIGHT in 406th NLS with radio call letter X.

The aircraft in the photo is not 44-50929 because if it was that one it would have a larger Navigator's "bay window" It's a B-24J-10, 15 or 20 or a B-24L-1, 5 or 10 - probably the aircraft that the crew "ferried" to England and from which they were separated on arrival.

Tom.

Dans un e-mail daté du 14/08/2006 21:08:30 Romance Standard Time, defactohistorian@comcast.net a écrit : Beebs71@aol.com wrote:

Send the photo to Si,

Bill

Si, here 'tis, front and back. There will be a page for them on the website tonight or tomorrow. Bingham crew, 406th Night Leaflet Sq., picture sent to Bill by Robert Holmstrom, the orders have the correct names, passengers and even plane number (for Brittan). Will these scans be good enough for you or will you need the original (I have it here right now). Note that the crew pic appears to be a stateside pic, so some of the names on the orders don't match up with the crew pic. Butts for example belonged to Ed Canner's crew, but they crashed coming over from Cheddington and he finished with this crew. I will do some more research and see if I can have more details on their web page.

All The Best to all of the Addressees Herein,

TE, ret.

Subject: Re: Bingham crew From: Tombrittan@aol.com

Date: Tue, 15 Aug 2006 03:25:48 EDT To: defactohistorian@comcast.net

CC: alblue@cvn.net, dlstockton@msn.com, chris.gregg@389thbg.net, tjwil@ecn.purdue.edu, livo@digisurf.net.au, jimleddy@earthlink.net, b30.craig@gmail.com, marchese.nccs@worldnet.att.net, judepete@bigpond.net.au,

b29mann@frontiernet.net

Tom,

Whoops! For B-24H-15 read B-24M-15 - wretched typo! I can't remember from whom I got the name THE NIGHT-KNIGHT but I see that Pat Carty lists a B-24H named THE NIGHT NIGHT and gives no name for 44-50929.

By copy of this I am asking for help from the Team.

Tom B.

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TE, ret.

Written by Jennifer Nelson Daughter of Robert Holmstrom April 6, 2010

THEY FLEW IN THE NIGHT
Long ago was a man, who was just 17;
left home to win the war, or so it
seemed. Dreaming to be a
pilot, Harrington Field he would be;
serving his country, so we could be
free.

It was labeled the War to end all Wars; later to learn, there would be many more.

The training was fierce, the goal was unknown; how many months would he be away from home?

The OSS chose him as part of the crew; in the 406th, drop sites were unknown until they flew.

Who is this Carpetbagger who served in WW2? He is just a civilian who served people like me and you. Pilots were expendable. Morse code he

Pilots were expendable, Morse code he said no; He chose to be a gunner, in hopes to exit safely through the Joe Hole.

Average life as a gunner was 12 seconds in combat; if you ditched down to sea, you'd freeze in 5 minutes flat. At 30 below zero, they flew in the dark; with doors wide open, his mask left a deep mark.

To help out people but not to fight; this is why they could only fly in the night.

They dropped bicycles, clothes and sometimes a spy; these heroes never looked back to wonder why.

The Night Knight so fully loaded they scraped tops of trees; thank the Lord they made it, to come home and love you and me.

They depended on each other, they watched each other's back; the danger of their mission was the sky ever so black.

If one of the crew put them in harm's way; they pulled together or there would be hell to pay.

Danger all around them, they never could see; they look back now to realize what they did, had to be.

25 successful missions on the B24; all these men wanted to do more.

No internet, cell phones, only postcards or a letter; took months to reach home, sooner would have been better.

Mom never knew where her guy would be; nor did she know the impact or at what degree.

Two plus years later, the mission was closed; his life went on, still no one would know.

He was sworn to secrecy for at least ten years; now 67 yrs later, still many things we need to hear.

Grandmas attic is where they once lived: were the treasures of their past. His metals and certificates he could finally prove; but that was not his intention, he was just so moved.

Tears ran down his face, he realized what he had; these things from the past were important to my Dad.

There were coins, maps, trinkets, and images of bombs; but I cherish the love notes he wrote to my Mom. In the last few years she's just realized; that the love of her life was more than just wise.

I love to tell his story one we all need to know; these are the rare men if asked, would say, "When can I go?"

I want you to know my Dad wanted to do things right; and that is why he was chosen to fly Secret Missions in the Night!





Canister Drop



Our Banner in Savannah





Robert Kneeling on the left