



Lackland AFB, San Antonio, TX.  
 (L to R) Wm. D. Griffin and Harold H.  
 (Bull) Harmon.

*(President, from page 2)*

The schedule of activities will be published in this *INVADER*. The Reunion Registration Fee for 1991 is \$120.00 per person. If you have not made your airline and hotel reservations and sent in your registration fee, this should be done at your earliest convenience.

The first annual Memorial wreaths were placed on each of the Association Memorials at the following locations: Wright Patterson Air Force Base by Clifford Gruenwald, Lackland Air Force Base by Tony Curto, and United States Air Force Academy by Jackie L. Bugg. This was accomplished on Memorial Day 1991. Betty and I will look forward to seeing all of our friends and meeting new members in St. Paul.

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## This Bomb Is Ticking!

- by Robert T. Anderson -

I was employed in the fall of 1952 as a gunner on Douglas B-26's flying out of Kunsan (K-8), Korea. It was my good fortune to be assigned, along with my pilot 1st Lt. Evan R. Nesbit and our Navigator/Bombardier Capt. Bruce Lackey, to the 13th Bomb Squadron (L-NI).

We worked the night shift in this police action, which looked to me just like a war. To most men I have talked to who served with the 13th squadron it was "The Squadron" in their military careers. These are men who spent their adult lives in the military and served with many squadrons during their careers.

Since my pilot was a 1st Lt. and had no staff job, we usually left K-8 after midnight for whatever job site was assigned to us. This was my first full time job since graduating from junior college. I was 21 years old and in good health. The pilot and navigator were "older fellows" having been recalled after serving during WWII.

One night Capt. Lackey and I were out at the aircraft doing those last minute things and waiting for the pilot to clear operations and join us. We were pulling safety wires from the bombs and rockets. I had just finished up in the bomb bay and Capt. Lackey had gotten up on the hood of a jeep to pull the wires from the port wing load.

Capt. Lackey pulled the wire from a 260 lb. frag, hesitated, and then turned to the armament man standing next to me on the ground and very calmly said: "Sargent, this bomb is ticking. I believe this is now your job." If he said more I didn't hear it since I was trying for the world's record in the 200 yard dash. I thought I was young and fast until Capt. Lackey blew by me about 150 yards out.

After the armament man had calmly climbed onto the hood of the jeep and fixed the problem he called the brave crew back to the aircraft and when the pilot joined us we left for work.